

"A hundred thousand welcomes! how my heart is gushing o'er,
With the love and joy and wonder thus to see your face once more.
How did I live without you these long, long years of woe!
It seems as if 'twould kill me to be parted from you now.

"You'll never part me, darling, there's a promise in your eye;
I may tend you while I'm living, you will watch me when I die;
And if death but kindly lead me to the blessed home on high,
What a hundred thousand welcomes will await you in the sky!"

MARY.

But the hope was not to be realized. She did accompany him to Africa, but to bid him farewell at the Cape, when he set out to explore the Zambesi. On his return for three months she basked in the sunshine of her husband's presence and support; then the call came and the brave soul was led "to the blessed home on high" In a lonely grave she rests at Shupanga, by the waters of the Zambesi.—Sel.

A LITTLE BIT OF LOVE.

Do you know the world is dying
For a little bit of love?
Ev'rywhere we hear their sighing
For a little bit of love;
For a love that rights a wrong,
Fills the heart with hope and song,
They have waited, O so long,
For a little bit of love.

From the poor of every city;—
For a little bit of love,
Hands are reaching out in pity
For a little bit of love;
Some have burdens hard to bear,
Some have sorrows we should share;
Shall they falter and despair
For a little bit of love?

While the souls of men are dying
For a little bit of love,
While the children, too, are crying
For a little bit of love,
Stand no longer idly by,
You can help them if you try;
Go, thee, saying, "Here am I,"
With a little bit of love.

—Sel.