

knife and the rifle-bullet have all been tried to cause them to reject the teachings they have absorbed. Staunchly in their beliefs, firm in their convictions, they have held together stoutly and resolutely; and Mackay and Ashe may point to these with a righteous pride as the results of their labours."

As I fear I have exhausted the space allotted in the *MAGAZINE* to this paper, a line or two must suffice as an analysis of Mr. Mackay's character. He was a man of great courage. There was no fear in the presence of danger or of his enemies. His faith, also, was strong. In the hour of trial it never seems to have failed him. Then with patience he waited for the results of his labours. As he felt persuaded they would

NAPPAN, N.S.

come, so he calmly waited. His unselfishness shines out continually. When he had to return to the coast in consequence of fever, he did not desire anyone of the number to return with him, but urged them to press on to Uganda. And repeatedly he preferred to remain alone among those savages than leave the work unsupplied. His consecration to the Lord Jesus was supreme. His motto was, "Africa for Christ." And he placed all his abilities at the disposal of the Saviour, so that he might contribute something towards this noble end.

This life of cheerful, self-denying labour will doubtless be found in the last great day to have done much for the practical redemption of Africa.

"HE CARETH."

MARIAN A. FARNINGHAM.

WHAT can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long and the days are
dim?

Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
Above His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss unruffled by any strife,
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me,
While I live in this world where the sor-
rows be!

When the lights die down from the path I
take,

When strength is feeble, and friends forsake,
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayers,
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang over the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and
wrong;

When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour,—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that Heart above;
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He comforts me in the gloom of night,
He lifts the burden, for He is strong,
He stills the sigh, and awakes the song;
The sorrow that bowed me down He bears,
And loves and pardons because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our hours of pain:
Our Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love;
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble which He doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord will care!

I HOLD that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on
The rounds of love to men.

—Alice Carey.