

come to life. And Frank—my amiable and trusty Frank—was neither last nor least in his professions of love and sympathy, and gratitude to Him who had saved us from a watery grave.

The land party then returned with Frank to remove the goods to our new camp, and by night my tent was pitched within a hundred yards of the cataract mouth of the Nkenke. From the tall cliff south of us fell a river four hundred feet into the great river; and on our right—two hundred yards off—the Nkenke rushed down steeply, like an enormous cascade, from the height of one thousand feet. The noise of the Nkenke torrent resembled the roar of an express train over an iron bridge. That of Cataract River, taking its four hundred feet leap from the cliffs, was like the rumble of distant thunder.

We now—surrounded by daily terrors and hope-killing shocks of those apparently endless cataracts, and the loud boom of their baleful fury—remembered with grateful hearts the Sabbath stillness and dreamy serenity of the Livingstone.

(To be continued.)

The Baby's Burial at Sea.

THE saddest sight of life we ever witnessed was on an ocean voyage, in the death and burial of the child of a lowly German woman. Her husband had been smitten by consumption, and, with that longing so peculiar to this form of disease, thought if he could breathe the air of his own boyhood's Rhine chills he would be well again. But, being poor, he had to cross in February in the steerage. The cold winds, scanty fare, and hard bed were too much for him, and he had but scarcely reached his home when hemorrhages attacked him, and he sent to St. Louis for his wife and only child, a son, that he might see them again. The wife sold her scanty household outfit, and, taking her babe, set out to see her husband's face ere she should know what penniless widowhood and orphanage meant.

She wept night and day, and worst of all, she knew not what would become of the fatherless child. But soon she learned God's purpose. The child wasted away; his mother's grief had robbed him of his natural nurture, and she could secure no other. The poor people with her taxed themselves, and the little milk left from cabin use was procured, but the child closed its eyes in its mother's arms. She sat with it in her arms, bemoaning her sad fate until the ship's officers compelled its burial.

The ship carpenter prepared the rough box with the weights to sink it to its ocean bed; tender hands clipped the golden locks from the little head, to be carried to the dying father, and what remained was parted over the pale brow. No wraps enfolded it but the faded calico gown. A poorer neighbour spread her white linen handkerchief over its face, and the carpenter filled up the space with clean pine shavings, and as he did his work he groaned and said: "God bless this poor mother; God be thanked the wee bairn is safe."

The captain came down to read the committal service according to the law. He was a hard-faced, swearing, blustering Englishman, but beneath had a manly heart. He said to the carpenter: "Screw down the lid."

"Oh, no, captain," said the heart-stricken mother, "let me look at my baby once more."

He turned away and waited. Again he said to the grief-stricken mother: "I am sorry to deprive you of any comfort. God knows you have had few enough. But I must read the service."

She lifted herself, and the carpenter screwed down the lid, amid the sobs of the poor around her and the tears as well of those who are happier in this

world's goods, looking down from the upper deck. The captain read in plaintive tones the service, and faltered as he read, "I am the resurrection and the life." Poor man! Why he faltered at the anchor of human hope we could never tell. He took the box to be lowered into its billowy bed; the mother shrieked: "O captain!" and laid hold once more of her treasure; the captain stood waiting for her to kiss that rough box, and then she said, in broken English: "Fadder, thy will be done," and the little casket dropped into the sea, which took it quickly to its bosom, and a little bubble rose, the sea's last messenger, to tell us that all was well.—*Dr. Matchmore, in "Dumb Animals."*

The Painting or the Mosaic.

THEY have a way of making pictures in Italy, not with paint and brush and canvas, but with bits of variously-coloured marbles, called *tessare*, which, being skilfully put together with close regard to color and shading, and then beautifully polished, bring out figures of beasts, birds and men, and even landscapes and waterviews, of marvellous effect. Such is the wonderful mosaic of Pliny's Doves, in the Capitoline Museum at Rome, many copies of which have been made of all sizes, from the lady's brooch to the centre table. Many floors and pavements in the old temples and palaces were thus made. Just at the entrance of one of the unexcavated houses in the silent city of Pompeii you will see the representation of a dog lying on the floor, under which are the words, "*Cave Canem*" ("Look out for the dog"), beautifully done in mosaic. There is much of this work also in the great basilicas and the costly palaces of modern Rome.

The peculiarity of these mosaics is that they have depth. They are pictures all the way through. It may be a pavement, but the tread and wear of human feet for twenty centuries have not obliterated this picture. If with some lapidary's knife you could shave off picture after picture from the surface, you would still have left the deep colourings of the eternal stone. If you had an eye like the eye of God, and should look upon these mosaics, you would see quite the same forms and figures all the way through the stones.

That is truth in the inward parts; and that is what God desires, because he has an eye that looks not on the surface, but that looks into character, and sees us through and through.

If to our eyes all things were transparent, how offensive would be all merely surface beauty! Not gilt, but gold; not plated ware, but the real plate itself; not stucco, but the solid stone; not paint, and varnish, and veneering, but the real grain and fibre of the wood—these are what would satisfy the penetrative eye. And shall God be satisfied with less in us? Shall our piety be the painting or the mosaic? Shall our religious characters have depth? Shall they wear brighter and brighter as the surface wears off? Such is the practical lesson of the wonderful fifty first psalm—"wash me thoroughly," "truth in the inward parts."—*Sunday-school Times.*

The "Upsetting Sin."

ONE night, at a meeting, a negro prayed earnestly that he and his brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsetting sins."

"Brudder," one of his friends said, "you ain't got the hang of dat ar word. It's 'besettin' not 'upsettin'."

"Brudder," replied he, "if dat's so, it's so: but I was prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin ob 'toxication, an' if dat ain't a upsettin' sin, I dunno what am."

Sure enough the old negro was right. Drunken-

ness is the upsetting sin—upsetting homes and characters; upsetting manhood, womanhood, and sweet childhood; upsetting and down-treading loves, hopes, and joys.—*Ernest Gilmore.*

The Sword of Gram.

HAVE you heard the rhyme of the sword of Gram—
A mighty sword with a sparkling hilt?
Oh, a flaming brand in the brave right hand
Of him who had scorn for the stain of guilt.
To a house that was ringing with bridal bells
It was brought, in the dusk of a sweet spring day,
By a kingly man—so the legend tells—
Close wrapped in a shadowy cloak of gray.

With the step of Odin he crossed the door,
With the voice of Odin he plainly spoke;
Lightly the sword of Gram he bore,
And cleft it deep to the heart of oak
Of a giant tree on the hearth that lay.
A silence fell on the wedding mirth:
"Who frees that sword," as he strode away,
Said Odin, "shall conquer all the earth."

Then one and another tried, to be sure:
But *this* was fickle and *that* way frail;
And many, alas! had lives impure,
And at touch of the hilt turned weak and pale;
Till a hero came in the bloom of youth,
And the sword sprang swiftly to greet his hand:
For white on his brow was the sign of truth,
And the gods had tempered for him the brand.

So here and there through the world he sped
To do the right and shape the wrong;
And crime and error before him fled,
This champion eager and blithe and strong.
He carried the wonderful sword of Gram
Wherever he went, and the world was wide:
There was peace in his breast, and love and rest,
For he strove with Odin upon his side.

You wish, my lad with the kindling eye,
'Twere yours to carry a blade like *this*—
A magic brand in a brave right hand,
And never the prize in a strife to miss?
Believe my words that the sword of Gram
Is waiting still for the hero's grasp,
Though never a king in a cloak of gray
May have brought it nigh for the victor's clasp.

If the heart be pure and the hand be clean,
The look be noble, and courage high,
The boy will conquer the foes that throng,
Nor droop his flag under any sky.
For a greater than Odin on his side
Will help him strive for the deathless right;
And he'll bear the mystical sword of Gram,
And lightly carry its matchless might.

Writing It Down.

UNCLE JOHN would sometimes take a tiny notebook from his pocket, and begin to write when the children were naughty and called each other names. Afterwards he would read aloud to them what he had written. They did not like to hear it, although they knew it was true—every word of it; for, "somehow," as Bess declared, "it wouldn't have been so dreadful if it hadn't been written down."

By and by, whenever Uncle John began to write in the little book, they would run to him and say: "Please don't write it down: we'll not say any more naughty words."

The good man would smile as he put away the little book, and spoke to them lovingly of "the Lamb's book of life," where every thought and word and deed is written down.

As time passes we forget that we have been so naughty; but it is all there against us, and when the book is opened we shall find much written there that we would gladly erase.

Dear little friends, the pages of your life are lying clean and white before you. What shall be written there? Now is the time to begin a record of which you will never be ashamed. The last words uttered by John B. Gough were: "Young man, keep your record clean."—*Youth's Evangelist.*