

In summing up, during the evening of our arrival at this rude village on the Nyanza, the number of statute miles travelled by us, as measured by two rated pedometers and pocket watch, I ascertained it to be seven hundred and twenty. Our marches averaged a little over ten miles per day, or, including halts, seven miles per diem.

(To be continued.)

My Love for Mother.

BY THOS. KLMES.

I THOUGHT I loved my mother dear,
In childhood on her knee,
Or when in youth she knelt in tears,
And to her God gave me,
But when in manhood sickness came,
To mother 'gain I flew;
To rest awhile, from worldly gain,
And test her love anew.
She nursed me fondly, night and day,
And pressed my aching brow,
I thought I loved her years ago—
I know I love her now.

I heard her, O! how cautiously,
Open my bedroom door,
I heard her step so noiselessly,
To my couch across the floor;
I felt her hands my temples press,
Her lips just touching mine,
And in my anguish and distress
'Twere sinful to repine.
I thought my sands were nearly run,
I'd passed life's mountain brow,
I thought I loved her years ago—
I know I love her now.—

Her face was hovering over mine,
Her warm tear on my cheek,
Her whispered prayer of thought divine,
Rose fervently and meek;
Her bosom rested on my arm,
I felt its troubled throb
I knew the cause of its alarm,
I knew its source of woe;
And then the blood my pulses through
Came throbbing on my brow,
I thought I loved her years ago—
I know I love her now.—

Thus watched the tired and patient one,
By night as well as day,
In sadness and almost alone,
Till weeks had passed away;
Bereft of sleep, deprived of rest,
Oppressed, borne down with care
Till O! her labours have been blessed,
For God hath heard her prayer.
Her cheek regained its wanton glow,
And placid was her brow,
I thought I loved her years ago,—
I know I love her now.

Possibilities of Work.

MARK draws aside the curtain, and gives us a glimpse of the busiest life that was ever lived. One Sabbath-day's record will suffice to show how Jesus of Nazareth taught and wrought. First we have an expository sermon in a synagogue, and the healing in the same place of a wretched demoniac. Passing out of the synagogue and into a private house, he cures a fever patient. And as the day wears on, the crowds increase, and all the city is gathered at the door—demoniacs and people afflicted with all manner of diseases—and he restores them to health and sanity.

The miracles of Christ that are circumstantially recorded in the gospels are comparatively few. And this is well. A skilful painter is accustomed to put only a few strong figures in the foreground, else there would be only confusion, and lack of clearness and definiteness of impression.

Even so the evangelists bring out upon the canvas a limited number of representative discourses and miracles, while giving us hints, suggestions, and glimpses of a great multitude more. So

many, indeed, that the last one of them, as he is about to lay down his pen, is constrained to say: "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

Never a moment of time lost he, nor a single opportunity. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Such was the language of his boyhood, and such was the spirit of his manhood. He never loitered by the way. "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work." This explains the urgency with which he pursued his mission.

Instead of economizing our time, utilizing our spare moments, "buying up the opportunity," and packing our days with pious deeds, we allow our lives to run to waste, wondering, meanwhile, how in the world the saintly men and women, whose biographies we read, ever managed to do so much; and, by-and-by, at the grave's mouth, we wake up to the awful consciousness that we have done just next to nothing. The truth of the matter is, that the most of us do but trifle when we ought to be dead in earnest. And if we only were, and had, besides, a little sanctified common sense, we should presently be astonished to discover how much of beneficent labour could be crowded into a day, and more and more, as the years went by, would each of our days be like one of the days of the Son of man.—*Baptist Teacher.*

Her Energy Directed.

THE Potts family, one of the oldest in Pennsylvania, preserve among their annals record of a member of the family who was one of the most remarkable women of the early days of the Republic.

Benjamin Franklin, it is reported, wished to marry her when she was a gay, beautiful girl, but she was already betrothed to Robert Grace. Her husband died a few months after their marriage, and she retired from the world, and devoted herself with energy to working the coal mines of which she was the owner in the mountains of Pennsylvania. Her beauty and firm will gave her an ascendancy over the rough miners which no overseer could obtain.

Whitefield, when in this country, visited Pottstown and preached to these men on their drunkenness. The sermon was so offensive that they swore to kill him if he preached again. The next Sunday they assembled, with clubs and guns, in the field in which he was to preach.

Whitefield mounted the platform, and at the same moment "the lovely Mistress Grace" rode up in hot haste, her horse covered with foam and mud, took her station under the temporary pulpit and fixed her keen, commanding eyes on her men, whom she controlled until the sermon began.

It was one of the famous preacher's most powerful efforts. A great silence fell upon the mob. Mrs. Grace turned and faced the speaker. Before the service was over she and the miners were kneeling side by side, weeping and praying together.

Mistress Grace never married again, but became a devout Christian and laboured faithfully among her workmen, showing as much energy in her Master's service as she had formerly displayed in business affairs.

When she was an old woman she heard that Franklin was dying, and made the journey from her home in the mountains to see him. They met for the first time since she was a girl. She prayed and talked earnestly with him, and when she bade him farewell, declared her conviction that "though

he was no Methodist, his soul was just before God."

It was a time when strongly marked characters asserted themselves, unsoftened as now by friction with popular opinion; and Mistress Grace, with her beauty, her obstinate will, and her zeal, powerfully influenced her generation, and always to pure and good ends.

And all this seemed to result from a little thing,—the animosity aroused in the breasts of rough men by the plain speaking of a preacher, which compelled this woman to go to hear the man, in order to preserve order and prevent violence. But in eyes that are wiser than ours no events are little or insignificant.—*Youth's Companion.*

Triumph By-and-by.

THE prize is set before us,
To win, our Lord implores us,
The eye of God is o'er us
From on high!
His loving tones are falling
While sin is dark appalling,
'Tis Jesus gently calling,
He is nigh.

CHORUS.

By-and-by we shall meet him,
By-and-by we shall greet him,
And with Jesus reign in glory,
By-and-by.

We follow where he leadeth,
We pasture where he feedeth
We yield to him who pleadeth
From on high;
For naught from him can sever,
Our hope shall brighten ever,
And faith shall fail us never;
He is nigh.—*Cho.*

Our home is bright above us,
No trials dark to move us,
But Christ our Lord to love us
Dwells on high;
We'll give our best endeavour,
And praise his name forever,
His precious words can never,
Never die.—*Cho.*

Little Women.

THE seven-year-old daughter of a very busy mother, who in consequence of her husband's early death was obliged to carry on his business, was asked one day by a friend what she was able to do in the way of help.

"I can only pray to God and hem the dusters," was the child's reply, in all seriousness; but it showed that she had learned to do the duty that lay nearest her. As years went on she developed into the steady, reliable, cheerful girl to whom the whole household looked for help, and seldom, if ever, looked in vain.

Very pleasant are the hours spent by our little Mary in the kitchen, still under "mother's" wing, or that of some trusty or reliable servant. How she enjoys picking the bits of stem from among the currants, stoning raisins, buttering the cake tins, and cutting any spare dough or paste that may be over, when the pies are made, into rounds with the top of a glass. And what a crowning joy it is, when she is allowed to have a whole gooseberry or a tiny apple to make a dumpling for her own dinner or nursery feast! And what an important personage she is when on busy days she may even be trusted with washing up the breakfast things!

If all little girls were allowed these early visits to the kitchen, with real participation in its work, the world would not hear so much about undomesticated wives and housekeepers, who cannot teach their servants what they have never learned themselves.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*