

pastors, churches, and schools. We have often heard of Sierra Leone as "the white man's grave," but we feel now that the costly sacrifice of life was not in vain. It is an echo of the story of the cross. The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep.

Further south along the coast, we come to Lagos, and here learn something about the Yoruba country, with its many mission stations. The two colored bishops, recently consecrated, are hard at work. We pray that God may bless them as we shed a tear for good old Bishop Crowther, the once slave lad, who died at Lagos.

At Bonny, in the delta of the Niger, we search for the famous idol temple decorated with human skulls, but hear that it has been destroyed by the native Christians. We find a church.

A trip up the Niger brings us Lokoja, but we must go no further into the vast Soudan until we have breathed a prayer that the sacrifice of such noble lives as those of the Rev. J. A. Robinson, and of Mr. Graham Wilfrid Brooke, the devoted leader of the Soudan mission, may not be in vain.

Following Stanley's route up the Congo and across the Dark Continent, we find ourselves in Uganda, surrounded by native Christians eager to learn more about the King of Love. Sailing up Lake Victoria, Nyanza, we cannot resist stopping a moment at Usambiro, where died Mackay, whom Stanley called "the best missionary since Livingstone."

Turning eastward, we find, to our astonishment, mission work going on among the Busoga people. It was said of Bishop Hannington, when he first passed through this district, that he might as safely have walked into a den of lions as have ventured in Usga.

Arriving at the coast, we mingle with freed slaves, now Christianized, and pray that "the Truth" may indeed make them free—free, not only from the tyranny of their brother man, but free also from the tyranny of deeply rooted evil habits. We recognize at once the importance of the moral training of the rising generation, nominally Christian.

Embarking at Zanzibar with some missionaries returning to England to plead for more volunteers for the work, we accompany them as far as the Suez Canal, where we leave the steamer to visit Cairo. Here we find a station of the Church Missionary Society, and a dozen missionaries laboring among the Mohammedans. It is evidently uphill work, but in due time they shall reap if they faint not.

While coming up the Red Sea, we passed close by Abyssinia. Far to the west of us are the provinces of Tripoli, Algeria, and Morocco. Could we get hold of some of the colporteurs of the British and Foreign Bible Society, they would give us a most interesting account of their work in these regions—among a mingled race of Europeans, Arabs, Moors, and negroes; among Mohammedans and Jews. We sigh as we ask the question: Where is the church of North Africa, so vigorous in the days of Tertullian, Cyprian, and Augustine?

But our journey now lies eastward, so we bid farewell for a season to the continent of Africa.

F. H. DE VERNET.
(To be Continued.)

THE CARES FOR ME.

If I could only surely know
That all the little things that tire me so
Were noticed by the Lord,
The pang that cuts me like a knife,
The noise, the weariness, the strife,
What peace it would afford!

I wonder if He really shares
In all my little human cares—
This mighty King of kings!
If He who guides through boundless space
Each blazing planet in its place
Can have the condescending grace
To mind these petty things!
Blent with each ill would come such bliss
That I might covet pain!
Dear Lord, my heart hath not a doubt
That Thou dost compass me about with sympathy divine.

Thy love for me, once crucified,
Is not the love to leave my side,
But waiteth ever to divide each smallest care of mine.

—Selected.

DEACONESS WORK.

MANY of our readers, we trust, are interested in the Deaconess Home lately established in Toronto in connection with our church. We give the following sketch of a truly noble life, in the hope that some of our Canadian young women may feel the call to devote their whole life to the work of a deaconess. The sketch is from the pen of Miss Battersby in the "Home Friend."

Have you ever heard of Agnes Jones and her work? I am afraid very few of my readers can answer "yes," for this beautiful life made little stir in the world, though Florence Nightingale wrote of Miss Jones that she realized in our busy nineteenth century the sweet pure legends of early saints.

Born at Cambridge in 1832, she was yet an Irish woman by virtue of her par-

ents' nationality, and was full of the fun and vivacity of her race, the delight of all who knew her, both at home and in Mauritius, where her father was stationed with his regiment for six years.

Some of the persecuted Christians from Madagascar took refuge in the island, and the child's earnest mind was filled with the thrilling stories of their suffering, and with a burning desire to preach the Gospel of the meek and merciful Christ to heathens and sinners. The wish was granted, but in God's way, not hers.

Colonel Jones returned from abroad in 1843, and the next years were passed at Fahan House, a lovely spot near Lough Swilly, where Agnes became deeply interested in the poor Roman Catholics around, but school interrupted this train of thought until she was summoned home on the death of her father in 1850. Different arrangements, and months of travel followed, far from that dear Irish dwelling, but the golden thread of purpose continued unbroken, and six years later Agnes Jones settled down to definite mission work at Fahan.

God had blessed her with overflowing health and spirits, so that no weather, no weariness, daunted her. Wrapped in her warm cloak, the young girl set out daily after breakfast, and spent the long hours in visiting, teaching, and nursing among the poor ignorant cottagers scattered over the black hillsides.

No difference was made in giving help whether the recipients were Romanists or Protestants, but one rule was firmly adhered to—Agnes never paid a visit without reading some verses from her Bible, and the holy words entered into the darkest hearts with their own peculiar power.

The knowledge of the good she was enabled to do was a cordial which carried her on, though roads might be slippery with snow, and the keen wind often made her head ache sorely. But the deeper sufferings of her poor patients put all thoughts of self aside, and many a terrible wound and scald was brought to her to be dressed. One little child was "burned from the waist upwards—a shocking sight," but Agnes never shrank from any pain she could alleviate, and her healing powers were looked upon as a special gift by the poor. Can we venture to say "No" to their simple faith?

Miss Nightingale writes that she was absolutely without selfishness, and in her humility she desired to be looked on as a mere Scripture reader, and even drew