

which you sent to the Sunday School here. The translation in English showed us the great progress which you have made, but we particularly admired the copy written in your native language, which to us was really surprising.

We were very much delighted also at your spiritual and moral improvement. We sometime since saw your likeness which was sent to this country, and like your appearance very much. We also read a description written by your teacher of the different scholars in her school, in which you are spoken of with great praise. So, having seen your likeness, and knowing something about you, I have a warm friendship for you.

It is not likely that we shall ever meet in this world, but I pray that we may in heaven.

I am, dear Ruth,

Your little Canadian friend,

KATE G.

### THE DESERT FLOWER.

It is related of Mungo Park, the celebrated African traveller, that on one occasion he was nigh being lost in the desert. He had been robbed and wounded, and was left all alone in a very desolate spot, and exposed on the hot sands to die. Dreary indeed the minute was. The copper sky burned above him—the houseless waste was every where around him. He had scarce so much strength left as that he could crawl—and miles and miles he felt he was banished from any one who had the smallest interest in him, or who would breathe into his ear the word *home*. Just in the moment of his despair, his eye fell on a delicate desert flower growing up out of the sands beside him, its little petals spread out within their sheath in hues most exquisite, and as now and again a little breath blew, the beautiful fringed thing waved and bent on its stem, as if out of its cup it would scent the air. The sight of that hidden flower stirred the weary heart. "What!" cried Park in a burst of hope, "is there a God who stoops down to frame and paint that fragile growth, and how much more will He not care for me!" So restored in faith—talked to by the whisper of the desert flower, he revived his efforts, crept to a hut near, was received with kindness by some pitying natives, and ultimately was saved. Was it not the old lesson, dear children, of our Saviour, in the words—"Consider the lilies of the field"? You know where in your Testament to find the passage, and how it applies. And was it not a lesson such as, any day or hour, a