

LETTER FROM A PASTOR.

Dear Children: -

You are all more or less interested in any thing that is wonderful. Whatever occurs of a marvellous nature is sure to attract your attention. I have no doubt you have been much interested in the Sabbath School lessons of late, and have learned a good deal about that most wonderful man, Ehjah. What a grand romantic character he was. Wonderful in his appearance, his life, character, and departure out of this world.

I want to tell you today about another wonderful man. You will not find his name in the Bible, yet in looking at his remarkable life you can draw lessons and learn something from it. A beautiful and noble life always leaves an impression.

The man of whom I am going to tell you a few things is one of the greatest of modern explorers. He has travelled under great difficulties into a country of which people knew little or nothing. Lately he has written two books, costing \$10, about a great river in Africa.

The name of this man is Henry M. Stanley, and during the last 17 years he has had a remarkable history. You would perhaps like to know something of him for his name is often mentioned in the newspapers and, see how he rose from the little boy until he became a man and attained fame.

Stanley was born in Wales and came to the United States when 15 years of age. He shipped as a cabin boy in a vessel bound for New Orleans. Though young, and far away from home among strangers, he sought work and had no desire to return at once to his native land. He was soon employed by a merchant, to whom he was dutiful and obedient. A strong attachment was formed between them, and at length his employer adopted him and gave him his name. When the war between the Northern and Southern States was raging he entered the navy. After peace was declared he still roamed about the world, and after a time visited Turkey and Asia Minor. Being fond of travel, of an active life, and a young man of a good deal of pluck, he was always ready for deeds of daring and willing to face difficulties. A gentleman knowing something of him engaged him to undertake a work involving great toil. He was asked to go and find Dr. Livingstone, the great missionary who was lost in Africa. For two years nothing had been heard of him and he was thought to be dead.

Immediately he set out, and at last found the object of his search. But he did a great deal more. Almost at the risk of his life he travelled through the country to discover the course of the river Congo in Africa. Six toilsome years was spent by him in accomplishing his task. He was 1400 miles from the coast, and for weeks during a season of sickness was at death's door. The manner in which he cut his way through the forests, fought the hostile natives, he and his men carrying their boats on their backs, and sometimes suffering from famine, forms a most wonderful tale. Few men have passed through what he did.

What has been the result? A country almost unknown has been opened up to the commerce of the world, and the missionary can now enter in and occupy it for Christ.

You cannot all be Stanleys. But you can all do something for God and for the good of others. The true way of success is, trust in God. Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass. Thus trusting, no matter what may befall, you will go on and meet difficulties and surmount them. Try, try again.

MINDS LIKE SIEVES.

'A simple Hindoo woman went to receive her weekly Bible lesson, when the lady missionary found that she had remembered but little of what she had taught her the week before. Being discouraged, she said, 'it seems no use teaching you anything; you forget all I tell you. Your mind is just like a sieve: as fast as I pour water in, it runs out again.'

The woman looked up at the lady missionary, and said, 'Yes it is very true; my mind is just like a sieve. I am very sorry I forget so much; but then, you know, when you pour clean water into a sieve, though it all runs out again, yet it makes the sieve clean. I am sorry I have forgotten so much of what you told me last week; but what you did tell me made my mind clean, and I have come again to-day.'

The missionaries at home and abroad go on pouring water into these sieves, and though it runs away and seems to be unprofitably spilled upon the ground, yet the private, the domestic, the public, and the national life of the people is the cleaner for it.