

STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE

Henry M. Stanley was not a missionary, nor an explorer, properly speaking. He was a newspaper reporter. He worked on various newspapers in various states in our own country, with great success. One day the publisher of the New York Herald appointed Stanley as special correspondent with an English expedition in Abyssinia. Then in 1869 Mr. Bennett sent for Stanley to come to Paris, France, to begin his greatest adventure and assignment. Stanley went, and entered Bennett's room; the publisher climbed out of bed, asking who the intruder was.

"I am Mr. Stanley," said the reporter. "What do you want of me? I am ready for your orders."

The publisher began at once: "Mr. Stanley, where do you think Livingstone is?"

Stanley admitted he didn't know; he had heard that Livingstone had gone to Africa and had been missing more than twenty months, but he had not felt any personal concern about Livingstone. Mr. Bennett told him that one relief expedition had been sent after the missionary, but he had not been found. Then he said to Stanley, "Go find Livingstone. I want you to find him, to write me how you found him, and where you found him. I think he is alive and can be found, and I want you to find him."

Mr. Stanley was amazed, for he had never been to Africa, and such a hunt would be a stupendous task. He did not want to go, and feared Mr. Bennett did not realize the cost of such an undertaking; but when he spoke of this Mr. Bennett asked what it would cost. Stanley told him the first expedition had cost \$25,000. But the persistent Bennett replied:

"Draw \$5,000 now; when you have spent that, draw another \$5,000; when that is spent, draw another \$5,000; and when you have spent that, draw another \$5,000, and keep on in the same way, but find Livingstone!"

Soon Stanley was bound for the heart of Africa. With ample means and the influence of the great publisher, he was on his way to cover one of the greatest newspaper assignments of all times. His first port was Bombay, India, then to Zanzibar on the east coast of Africa, where he organized his searching party, and on March 21, 1871, he began the long trek through the tropical forest and wilds of Africa.

"He was besieged by hostile savages, encountered wild animals, was bed-ridden with fever for weeks, fought through the bush and mountain fastnesses and over high and arid plains. He crossed mighty rivers and plunged through swamps. He was attacked by cannibals and fought them off with guns. Every obstacle imaginable seemed to confront him, but he plunged on and on, a gallant, intrepid reporter whose feat was to surpass that of the youth who, years later, was to carry the 'Message to Garcia.'

"On and on for almost eight months, fever-racked, his brain kept repeating his publisher's command, 'Go find Livingstone; go find Livingstone; go find Livingstone!' At last, contacting a tribe of friendly savages, he was directed to the village of Ujiji on the outskirts of the jungle, on Lake Tanganyika, and there, on November 10, haggard and worn, and walking like an old man, Stanley stumbled into a camp showing marks of a white man's civilization."

The expedition halted; the leader was out

of his ranks holding his flag aloft. Then his interpreter said, "I see the doctor, sir! Oh, what an old man! He has a white beard!"

Stanley, in writing of the occasion, said, "What would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness where, unseen, I could vent my joy in some mad freak, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were almost uncontrollable? My heart beat fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it detract from the dignity of a white man's appearing under such extraordinary circumstances."

"So I did what I thought was most dignified. I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semi-circle of natives, in the front of which stood the white man with the gray beard. As I advanced slowly toward him, I noticed that he was pale, looked wearied, had a gray beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band around it; he had on a red-sleeved waistcoat and a pair of gray tweed trousers.

"I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob; I would have embraced him, only he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat and said, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' 'Yes,' said he, with a kindly smile, lifting his cap slightly.

"I replaced my hat on my head, and he put on his cap, we clasped hands, and I then said aloud, 'I thank God, Doctor, that I have been permitted to see you.' He answered, 'I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.'"

And so the quest of many months ended.—The Church Herald.

A CHALLENGE

A certain Hanoverian countess, who lived about a hundred years ago, was a noted unbeliever, and was especially opposed to the doctrine of the resurrection, as indeed every unbeliever might well be, if his opposition could alter it.

This lady died when about thirty years of age. Before her death she gave orders that her grave should be covered with a slab of granite; that around it should be placed square blocks of stone, and that the corners should be fastened to each other and to the granite slab by heavy iron clamps.

Upon the covering this inscription was placed:

THIS BURIAL PLACE
PURCHASED TO ALL ETERNITY
MUST NEVER BE OPENED

All that human power could do to prevent any change in the grave was done. But a little birch tree seed sprouted, and the root found its way between the side stone and the upper slab and grew there. Slowly but steadily it forced its way until the iron clamps were torn asunder, the granite lid was raised, and it is now resting upon the trunk of the birch tree, which is large and flourishing.

Here is a voice, and a very loud one, too, for those "who know not the Scriptures nor the power of God."

Two things are outside the will and power of man—the retaining of his natural life on earth when death comes upon him; and the ability to hold his body in death when God's resurrection power is put forth.

"There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he

power in the day of death: and there is no discharge in that war; neither shall wickedness deliver those that are given to it." (Ecc. 8:8).

Man will be quite impotent in resisting the power of God in resurrection as he was in evading the hand of death.

"All that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of judgment." (John 5:28-29). And who can reverse God's decree?—George Cutting, in Faithful Words.

FAULTS THAT HINDER

Rev. E. E. Shelhamer

"Ye did run well; who did hinder you?" These Galatians were soundly converted and did well for a time, then something hindered their progress. It is the same today; some things in themselves are not sins, yet they cripple and hinder one's usefulness. Let us mention a few.

1. Talking too much. As sure as one does this he will drift into at least one of three sinful practices: evil speaking, foolishness, or drawing attention to self.

2. Carelessness about paying debts; especially to those who are of the "household of faith." It is wicked to take advantage of a good brother or of an old sister and let the debt "ride" while a note at the bank must be met promptly, or the sheriff will be coming.

3. Wasting time. Just sitting around aimlessly without trying to accomplish something worthwhile; whereas something ought to be learned or done each day worth recording in Heaven.

4. Meddling, prying into the affairs of others where you have no business, giving away to curiosity about who is to get married, or divorced. Keep your nose at home.

5. Being untidy. It does not cost much to keep your shoes, fingernails and collars clean. Spots on clothes and run-over heels ought not to appear.

6. Fidgeting. There is no sin in being nervous with your fingers or mouth twitching, but many a good soul has crippled his usefulness by so doing.

7. Breaking promises. Wesley said, "Never disappoint a congregation." Better go through rain and mud than keep people waiting. If you borrow a book or a saw, take it back on time and in as good condition as received.

8. Being hard to please about finances. Why should a preacher act as though he were going to the poor house if he does not get a certain amount? Too bad when he becomes more concerned about money than souls, and asks, "How are the finances coming, brethren?" "This accursed thing" cursed Adam and has crippled more than one otherwise successful man.

Reader, has it affected you?—Gospel Banner.

John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," never married and never had a home. He wrote his world-famous song of home in Paris in 1882, as part of a play called "Clari, the Maid of Milan." He died in Tunis at the beginning of a second term of service as American consul in Tunis. His body was buried in Tunis and remained there for more than thirty years. It was finally moved to Oak Hill Cemetery, Georgetown, Maryland, the end of the trail for the man whose soul was haunted by loneliness to the end of his days.—New Orleans Christian Advocate.