This is an island directly south of New-Zealand. It has been much visited by whale ships for supplies. We have frequently heard the masters of whale ships speak of touching there, and of the charity of the people. The facts communicated in the following extracts may not be devoid of interest.

Captain Brown, of the whale ship Peruvian, of New-London, thus writes the Rev. Mr. Forbush, at Lahaina, Feb. 20, 1847:

"We are now lying at an island where there are some forty white men living; but not all in one settlement—not over ten in a place. They have nearly all been on board at our recent meetings, although they live over ten miles from the ship. Last Sabbath we had an English schooner lying close by us, and a great number of the crew attended divine service on board of us. We have nearly all the natives, thirty or forty in number, attend our meetings every evening. They are nearly all missionaries, as they call themselves. They have no white missionary on Stewart’s Island; but there is one who lives on Rotolak, an island in the middle of Foveaux’s Straits; but the weather is so bad that there is scarcely any chance of having communication with Stewart’s Island.

"The natives of New-Zealand who reside on Stewart’s Island are fast becoming Christianized. They are very strict in their observance of the Sabbath; they will not go in their canoes to get a potato to boil on the sabbath; but always prepare enough on Saturday to last until Monday, and if they fall short they go without. All the white residents here were formerly sailors, who were either seamen or whalermen. There are no rum shops, nor do they ever have much liquor, unless vessels sell it to them. I must acknowledge, with few exceptions, that they are far superior to the majority of people in any other place I ever visited; nor is there any lack of interest for the cause of Christ. They seemed to be much pleased with our religious meetings, and always attended whenever the weather would permit, coming sometimes ten miles. Being on shore one evening, and the wind blowing so hard that I could not get on board, they requested me to hold a prayer meeting in one of their houses; which I readily agreed to, and they all attended. They all said they wished there was somebody living with them who would read and pray to them; they would cheerfully attend.

"I distributed all the religious books I had among them, which they all seemed to be eager for; namely, four Bibles, Baxter’s Call, Bodkin’s Rise and Progress, Alleine’s Alarm, Persuasives to Early Piety, Religion and Eternal Life, and a large number of tracts. They felt very much the want of Bibles, and I was very sorry we had no more to part with."—Honolulu Friend.

KWANYIN, THE GODDESS OF MERCY.

The above figure was accurately drawn from the image of Kwanyin, as shown and worshipped on board the Chinese junk.

Notwithstanding their different names, shapes, and history, this idol and Matso Po are identical, and he who worships the one worships the other.

Its sleepy and languid expression gives it an air of indifference; but when anything produces excitement, or depends upon it, it is found in the act of showing or representing it. It has a face of three thousand dollars, and when its income is ten thousand dollars a year. So that a poor man is less covetous in feeling and in action, than the same man will be when rich. Now it is very plain that men are more able to give the same proportion of their wealth to objects of charity or utility when rich than when poor. A man of two hundred thousand dollars can easily give one hundred thousand dollars better than another with two dollars can part with one; for so rich a man will still have an abundance left. But you will not persuade him to do it by protestation; it will increase with the increase of wealth. The heavier the purse hangs down, the tighter the strings are drawn. The more the hand is extended in grasping, the more difficult it becomes to open it.

Sailors, as a class of men, are proverbial for their generosity; but they are generally poor. The leaders of the Pacific squadron are noted for their generous disposition; but they too are poor—"I think a reprehensible improvidence in both these classes. It is desirable that they should be more careful, more restricted; on the other hand, had they great possessions, they would, if true to human nature, as exhibited in the experience of the past, be more covetous as a result. Let there be a million of dollars intrusted to one man, and let another million be possessed by a thousand men, and that would be one thousand dollars each,) from which you may obtain the greater sum for the spread of the gospel among the heathen, for public institutions among ourselves, or for any good and philanthropic enterprise? There can be no doubt but that, by the thousandfold more would be done by one family in which the million was concentrated. And yet there would be less ability in the many, by all the difference in the expense of supporting a thousand families instead of one. So that whether you look at the happiness to result from liberality, either to the giver or receiver, or both, pray that no one, not even yourself, may be abundantly rich; for, with the increase of wealth, covetousness increases; of which Jesus says, "Take heed and beware," but let us rejoice rather in that order of things which prevails among us, where great estates are uncommon, and a comfortable subsistence is the ordinary lot.—Rev. R. Tincker.

WEST INDIAN SLAVES.

A West Indian planter, walking on the estate of a friend, where the slaves were instructed by the missionaries, saw some peas growing among the sugar canes. Knowing that the slaves were short of provisions, he called to one of them who was near, and asked why he did not take those peas, as they were ripe. "They are not mine," answered the black. "How is this?" said the gentleman; "you negroes are always ready to take everything you can lay your hands on." "No massa," replied the slave; "negro who pray, never thief." Theplanter was struck with astonishment. "What have I been about," exclaimed he, "not to let the missionaries come to my estate? I have since returned home, he sent to them, desiring they would come and teach his slaves whenever they pleased.
CHRISTIAN STEWARDSHIP.

In the midst of the wide ocean I fall in with a crew walking on the fragrant planks of a hopeless wreck. I have a supply of water and a cask of bread; but the poor wrecked mariners are entirely destitute. Shall I keep my provisions, and leave them to pine away with hunger and thirst? But suppose I have not only bread and water, but many luxuries, while the men on the wreck are perishing with the want of a morsel of bread and a drop of water? And then, suppose I have casks of bread and other provisions to dispose of, and intend with the proceeds to furnish myself with comforts and elegancies, and feed myself for ourselves? Can we do it, and be guilty of blood?

I erect a splendid mansion; extend about it a beautiful garden, and furnish it with every elegance; make sumptuous entertainments, and live in luxury and ease. In the midst of it, the woes and miseries of my ruined race are brought vividly before me—their present wretchedness and eternal agonies. And it is whispered in my ear that these woes might have been relieved by the expenses I have so profusely lavished. O how like Balaam must I feel, and almost imagine, that the groans of the lost souls are echoed in every chamber of my mansion, and their blood seen on every ornament.

Let us have the love of Christ in our hearts, and then spread distinctly before us the world as it is—the sum total of its present wretchedness and eternal woes. In such a world, and as God's stewards, who can be at a loss in regard to the course of duty? When twenty millions of men every year are entering upon the untold horrors of the second death, and we are stewards to employ all means in our power for their salvation; when millions of men every year are entering upon the untold woes of true religion; and equally does it prove the tendency of religion to expand the mind:—

PRAYER FOR MISSIONS.

BY MIN. LYDIA H. MOORENBY.

Night wraps the realm where Jesus woke;
No guiding star the magi see;
How small the sum appropriated, by a million;
And heavy hangs oppression's yoke

In the Mohammedan doctrine. Having ascertained that there are countries where there is light six months in the year, and darkness the other six; in other words, the sun is six months above the horizon without setting and six months below it without rising, so that there is but one day and one night in the year. Now every Mohammedan is expressly enjoined, during the time he is in the society of an intelligent Mohammedan, to employ all means in his power for the extension of commercial intercourse will lead to the course of duty? When twenty millions are entering upon the untold woes of true religion; and equally does it prove the tendency of religion to expand the mind:

A PERSIAN BOY.

Todynscung was a celebrated chief among the Delaware Indians of North America, about 1780. The efforts of the Christian missionaries had been the means of diffusing much instruction among the native Indians, and their doctrines were frequently the subject of conversation among them.

One evening Todynscung was sitting by the fireside of his friend, who mentioned the golden rule to him as very excellent:—"For one man to do to another as he would have the other do to him." "It is impossible; it cannot be done," said the Indian chief. After smoking his pipe, and musing for about a quarter of an hour, "Brother, I have been thoughtful on what you told me. If the Great Spirit that made man would give him a new heart, he could do as you say; but not else."—Christian Missions.

A DELAWARE CHIEF.

Todynscung was sitting by the fireside of his friend, who mentioned the golden rule to him as very excellent:—"For one man to do to another as he would have the other do to him." "It is impossible; it cannot be done," said the Indian chief. After smoking his pipe, and musing for about a quarter of an hour, "Brother, I have been thoughtful on what you told me. If the Great Spirit that made man would give him a new heart, he could do as you say; but not else."—Christian Missions.

A PERSIAN BOY.

When the celebrated Rev. Henry Martyn was at Shiraz, in Persia, translating the New Testament into the language of that country, he seems to have been delighted with the following incident:—"The poor boy," says he, "while writing how one of the servants of the high priest struck the Lord on the face, stopped and said, 'Sir, did you never read what is written to you?' "—MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.
A number of years since, says a Christian minister, I was preaching at Plymouth, when a request was sent to the pulpit to this effect: "The thanksgiving, I desire to offer up, to Almighty God, by the captain, passengers, and crew of the—West Indies, for their merciful escape from shipwreck during the late awful tempest.

The following day I went on board the vessel, accompanied by some pious friends from the shore, and, in conversation with the passengers, I heard thus expressed herself: "Oh, sir, what an invaluable blessing must personal religion be! Never did I see it more exemplified than in my poor negro, Ellen, during the dreadful storm. When we were tossed to the heavens, and sunk again to the depths, and expecting every succeeding wave would break over the vessel and entomb us all, my mind was in a horrible state; I was afraid to die; I could not think of appearing before God in dread dismay; Ellen would come to me, and say, with all possible composure, 'Never mind,' missus, look to Jesus Christ; he save me. Jesu Christ, massa; O, he be very good to me. Jesu Christ, O, he be very dear to my soul! Jesu Christ, O he be very dear to me!—Christian Missions, Nos. 59 and 60.

When, sir, we neared the shore, and were at a loss to know on what part of the coast we were, gazing minute after minute to be dashed to atoms, and mind still in a most distracted state—I feared to die—I knew nothing of religion; poor Ellen, with the same composure as before, came to me, and said, 'Don't be fear, missus; it's dat we no die; he sufer on de cross; he spill dat as he save us all, my mind was in a horrible state; I was afraid to die; I could not think of appearing before God but in dread dismay; Ellen would come to me, and say, with all possible composure, 'Never mind,' missus, look to Jesus Christ; he save me. Jesu Christ, massa; O, he be very good to me. Jesu Christ, O, he be very dear to my soul! Jesu Christ, O he be very dear to me!—Christian Missions, Nos. 59 and 60.

One of my sons remains in Madras, the other is about to proceed to Ceylon. A highly favored missionary, who left England in the spring, was met with an interview from the London Missionary Society, were to the service of Jehovah Jesus. I have but a single sentence, in my last letter, to the British Missionary Society, about the missionaries in South Africa about five months before his death, and the word of God had almost immediately so powerful an influence on his heart, that every one who knew him was greatly astonished to hear him express himself as he did. He compared his sins to the grains of sand upon the seashore; but exulted in the power of Jesus, and the result is that education is eagerly embraced that religion which had already triumphed over almost every other heart in the island except his own. His conduct proved conformable to his professions as a Christian.—Ch. Missions.

The Rev. Dr. Scudder, having returned to his labors in India with reinvigorated health and accomplished by his second son, on being called to proceed from Madras to Matura, wrote, under date of April 6, 1847, "Last night Mrs. Scudder and myself took leave of our beloved children and missionary associates, and left Madras for Matura. One of my sons remains in Madras, the other is about to proceed to Ceylon. A highly favored father and mother are we, to have children to take of our children, of the circumstances which now exist; children who have consecrated themselves to the great work of laboring for the good of the perishing heathen, of laboring to bring back this dark land to the service of Jehovah Jesus. I have but one prayer to offer to God for my children, and that is, that they may all follow their brethren to this heathen country, with hearts alive to the interests of its teeming population."—American Missionary.

A PRIEST OF ORO.

A Hottentot, named John de Vries, but usually called Old John, connected himself with the missionaries in South Africa about four months before his death, and the word of God had almost immediately so powerful an influence on his heart, that every one who knew him was greatly astonished to hear him express himself as he did. He compared his sins to the grains of sand upon the seashore; but exulted in the power of Jesus, and the result is that education is eagerly embraced that religion which had already triumphed over almost every other heart in the island except his own. His conduct proved conformable to his professions as a Christian.—Ch. Missions.

The king of the Island of Toobow, one of the Friendly Islands, avowed an attachment to Christianity. In the early part of 1835 he went on board a British vessel, to pay a visit to the captain, and unconsciously conveyed a very forcible practical reproof to the party. He sat down at the captain's table to partake of some refreshments, though food was wanting; but he made a very observable pause; and when asked why he did not begin, he replied that he was waiting till a blessing had been asked on their food. The reproof was quite a startling one; they were ashamed at being rebuked by a man whose intellectual attainments they considered far inferior to their own. They rose, and the king gave thanks previous to their commencing the repast.
**MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.**

NEW-YORK, JUNE, 1848.

BUENOS AYRES.

Dispatches have been recently received from Rev. D. D. Lore, our new missionary at this place, dated Febru­ary 11, 1848, when it is stated that brother Lore and his lady arrived at their destined field of labor on the evening of the 16th of December, 1847, in good health and spirits, after a passage of eighty-seven days. They found the society anxiously awaiting their arrival, hav­ing been without pastoral oversight since the first of Au­gust—at which time brother Norris left for the United States. During all this time public services had been suspended, and a sermon read every Sabbath, excepting a short period while the church was undergoing repairs. The arrival of our missionary and lady was hailed with many points of satisfaction. Brother Lore remarks—"We were made to feel that we were not among strangers in a strange land; but that we dwelt among our own people."

The church is represented to be in a good condition, having been recently and thoroughly repaired, at a cost of about one hundred and thirty dollars; which sum was promptly paid by the congregation. The attendance upon the ministerial services has been very encouraging; and the prayer meetings are regularly attended by united persons, numbers of whom are young men. The society, including probationers, now numbers twenty-four. The Sabbath school is reported to be in a most flourishing condition; and our missionary states that he has never seen one more orderly. It has one superin­endent, twelve teachers, and one hundred and seven children's names on the record. A donation from the church is formed one of its most pleasing features. Of these, there are two—one male and one female, consisting principally of adults. The male class is under the care of brother Fay, the class leader in the church, and the female under that of Mrs. Lore. These promise much good.

The native population still remains inaccessible to a Protestant ministry. The prospects of doing good, how­ever, among the English and American residents, though not so flattering as at some other points, are by no means discouraging. We learn that the importation of provisions of this mission is so meagerly sustained, there is opportunity for us who remain at home to endure privations and severe toils in the service of Him who is yet tolling and the work of redemption. Are there not millions who are moved to such a career, by a holy ambition to live near to Christ, and commune with the scenes of God's, kingdom and Calvary. Our devoted missionaries, whose pious and noble course we so often admire, have served and cheered themselves for their privations and sufferings, by becom­ing familiar with such scenes. O that we might desire and strive to imitate them! After alluding to the be­reavements and sorrows incident to a missionary life, one of its most pleasing features. Of these, there are two—one male and one female, consisting principally of adults. The male class is under the care of brother Fay, the class leader in the church, and the female under that of Mrs. Lore. These promise much good.

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**FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.**

Fellow Christians, we ought to remember that our Saviour gladly endured several severe and conspicuous than any other being in the universe. He was the life of pain and a death of untarnished anguish. His name, too, is yet despised, his character defamed, his doctrines rejected, and his honor trampled in the dust, in all parts of the world.

Much of his past sufferings and present reproach must be attributed to the malignant hatred of Satan and his spiritual agents, and to the misrepresentations of those who have made to his efforts to destroy the works of darkness, and to win sinners to God. Hence it might be expected that somewhat of the same hatred and hostility would be directed to his disciples, his ministry, his church, and his command; and enter into his work with holy real and fidelity. Thus, in the nature of things, fellowship with Christ's sufferings would be an essential consequence upon discipleship.

This Christ distinctly foretold. "Remember the word that I said unto you. The servant is not greater than his Lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also. If the world hate you, ye know it hated me before it hated you." Moreover, he assures his followers that the moral character and the moral life he recommends will make enemies of them, will subject them to trouble and shame; and that faithful service in his cause will imme­diately demand self-denial, and inevitably occasion oppo­sition and persecution. But while he points to trials and difficulties, he equally speaks to his followers of comforts and peace. He says—"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." The happiness of the Christian soul is always a sphere of conflict with the world. Hence it might be expected that they would share in all the trials and difficulties which the Saviour foretold for himself and his disciples.
COMMUNICATIONS.

REV. MR. BENJAMIN'S DIARY.

(Concluded.)

Dec. 24. I awoke this morning at an early hour, and found myself relieved by increased comfort and anxiety. I could not again compose myself to sleep. About five o'clock I heard the report of a gun, immediately followed by an outcry; but such occurrences are so common in this place, that I thought little of it until the next day, when we heard, to our surprise, that one of our neighbors, a Mr. James, was shot by a Congo. Both men were out watching deer, on a small plantation, and the Congo, in a fit of madness, fired at a deer, feared and killed him almost instantly. He was imprisoned to await his trial. Mr. J. was a printer in the office of the Liberia Herald, a member of the Baptist Church, and a very worthy citizen.

Mrs. B. continues in feeble health. This is the last existing Sabbath of the year, our quarterly meeting was held at Monrovia. Our love feast was a very good and hearty meal, and enjoyed at Caldwell last Sabbath. Mrs. B., I am glad to say, has so far recovered as to be able to attend church services, and I was able to preach and consecrate the elements of the Lord's supper. Lord, hear prayer in our anxiety, I could not again compose myself to sleep.

Feb. 17. In the morning the packet arrived on board the Liberia packet for America. Many of the members of the mission, and other friends, accompanied us to the dock; but as we had about two miles to go in a boat, before reaching the vessel, I was not late, I attended the service, and delivered my inaugural address, and many members of the congregation, and our conférence assembled little parlor, with four side berths. I was sorry to learn that Mr. Archibald, a young gentleman, who was on board the packet, and had been at Monrovia a few months, was supposed to be in the last stages of the fever. During his residence here he has not only conducted himself with becoming propriety, but has constructed a temporary table for effecting their object, as she filially escaped with her living cargo. What is the American squadron doing on the coast at the rate of two miles an hour. How does she feel: I am glad to say, has so far recovered as to be able to attend church services, and I was able to preach and consecrate the elements of the Lord's supper. Lord, hear prayer in our anxiety, I could not again compose myself to sleep.

Jan. 8. We set sail at an early hour. We have two quarters in the ladies' cabin, an elegant fitted up and furnished with all the conveniences and comforts of a private home.

The day was fine, and Charlotte and myself, embarked on board the Liberia packet for America. She was well wet with spray, and evidently had had a fierce contest with the sea, but all hands appeared cheerful, and wanted nothing but to ascertain our longitude. The weather was pleasant, and we were quite comfortable, progressing at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour, whether we are sick or well, awake or asleep.

Jan. 19. Having encountered a heavy tornado, attended with frequent flashes of lightning, and heavy rain, the crew seemed indisposed for religious worship, especially as most of the day was rainy; and therefore was omitted.

Mr. B. and Charlotte have nearly recovered from their attacks of sea-sickness. We passed a brig about ten o'clock, P. M., supposed to be Capt. Goodmanson, the crew, company, and cargo, but designs to stop at Sierra Leone, and, if practicable, probably will lay on us, but has now abated a little. For the last two or three weeks, in making arrangements to begin this republic, and now that they had assumed their right. His disease is of a pulmonary character, while ours is of a bilious type. A warm, mild climate, (if such one can be found,) free of any special responsibility; embracing everything right. His disease is of a pulmonary character, while ours is of a bilious type. A warm, mild climate, (if such one can be found,) free of any special responsibility; embracing everything right. His disease is of a pulmonary character, while ours is of a bilious type. A warm, mild climate, (if such one can be found,) free of any special responsibility; embracing everything right.

Jan. 23. This morning a Hamborg brig spoke us, from homebound bound for some Spanish brig and bringing them into Sierra Leone, one having on board seven hundred and fifty, the other eight hundred. They also had in charge a Baltimore merchant and his family, supposed to be on board. They fired at her several times, without effecting their object, as she finally escaped with her living cargo. What is the American squadron doing on the coast at the rate of two miles an hour. How does she feel: I am glad to say, has so far recovered as to be able to attend church services, and I was able to preach and consecrate the elements of the Lord's supper. Lord, hear prayer in our anxiety, I could not again compose myself to sleep.

Jan. 26. This has been an unpleasant day, blowing a head wind, almost a gale. I have never before seen a head wind. At the Horey Clay, having heard about one-fourth of a mile, aright, leaving a valley between twenty to thirty feet deep. Sailing over such a surface strongly reminds a landman of a calm. It is my hope, that God will continue to send us a calm, and favor us with a safe and speedy arrival.

Feb. 2. This has been an unpleasant day, blowing a head wind, almost a gale. I have never before seen a head wind. At the Horey Clay, having heard about one-fourth of a mile, aright, leaving a valley between twenty to thirty feet deep. Sailing over such a surface strongly reminds a landman of a calm. It is my hope, that God will continue to send us a calm, and favor us with a safe and speedy arrival.

Feb. 4. Am much better in health; continued rough weather, and head winds. Last night "no small wind" but has now abated a little. For the last three days we have progressed about one hundred and seventy miles only, under close-reefed topsails; not to ward 111°, but the Banks of Newfoundland. This may i: designed at a trial of our faith and patience.
February 5. This morning is quite calm, but there is a
Some defect in the fixtures which coupled the top
Feb. 29. In consequence of a strong head wind, we
Feb. 22. I commenced writing my annual report, hoping
to meet us in joyous sportiveness like lambs in spring,
March 2. In consequence of a severe north-west wind,
Feb. 24. Early this morning, as we were sailing ra-
Feb. 25. About midday the captain ascertained, with
Feb. 19. This morning Mrs. B. called me to see a
Feb. 24. A pleasant breeze of yesterday increased
Feb. 18. Our pleasant breeze of yesterday increased
Feb. 15. I commenced writing my annual report, hoping
to meet us in joyous sportiveness like lambs in spring,
Feb. 24. Early this morning, as we were sailing ra-
Feb. 18. Our pleasant breeze of yesterday increased
Feb. 25. About midday the captain ascertained, with
Feb. 22. I commenced writing my annual report, hoping
SEFOLU.

I am going to tell you a very touching history of a little girl called Sefolu, a scholar of Mrs. Rolland, missionary at Beersheba, in Africa. This lady had established a Sunday school, and several young native girls assisted in teaching, and came each Sabbath evening to give an account of what they had seen and heard. Mrs. Rolland was for a long time, the most interested child in the assembly. From the beginning she had felt a particular solicitude about her, believing that God had marked her with his hand. "This child," she said, "one day shall be my right hand." All this dear child's conduct showed that her heart was indeed renewed. Teachers and scholars often repeated, "Sefolu is really a Christian."

"Dear little creature," cried Mrs. Rolland, "so thoughtfully that even when she was twelve years old, she was very cautious, yet she exercised a great influence over her companions—she well knew how to maintain order, and often made excursions and inquirers over her schoolmates—she knew how to maintain order in the classes by gentle firmness, and with a smile, or sometimes even by a tear, she would subdue the most violent outbursts.

One day Mrs. Rolland heard her companions asking her to tell them the news of her village. Sefolu replied immediately, "Ah, I should like better than you to ask me to tell you of the things of God which I learn from my teachers, and which I forget too soon because I do not speak of them enough."

One evening before she returned home, Mrs. Rolland asked her, "Sefolu, who is your favorite companion?"

"My much loved companion is Mantinle." Mrs. Rolland asked her, "Sefolu, who is your favorite companion?"

"Mantinle, then, is my favorite companion, for I am in amicable harmony with her." "You hope, then, to see her again?" asked Mrs. Rolland. "Sefolu looked astonished at her teacher, and then her reply was, "Yes, Lord Jesus, will give me strength to walk upon earth with faith and in the spirit of prayer, I shall go where she is." The next day Sefolu rose, and, according to her usual custom, she read in the New Testament and sang her favorite hymn,—

"You ask me what is my hope;—
'Tis Jesus who is my hope."

The hour at which she usually arrived at Mrs. Rolland's passed away, and she did not appear. Mrs. R. became uneasy, and inquired of those around her if they had seen Sefolu; one old man came forward and said, "Do not seek for Sefolu more: she is no longer here; she has been cut down and received by the Lord in one moment."

This was indeed true. Sefolu, in obedience to her mother, who was a widow, and to whom she was very useful, had gone to search for sand under a large piece of rock, when suddenly a great stone running about the streets naked; but they walk to school, nicely dressed after the European fashion, and would probably have been useful, had gone to search for sand under a large piece of rock, when suddenly a great stone

"The Rev. Mr. Richards, an American missionary, relates, that, in 1832, a Hindoo was seen to throw his living child into the river, as a sacrifice to the Ganges, a river first violently forced it from the arms of its weeping mother. The man was apprehended, and, on his examination, pointed out the Brahman who directed him to do this awful act to save his sins.

"A HOTTENTOT BOY.

From (London) Wesleyan Juvenile Offering.

CHILDREN IN WESTERN AFRICA.

My Dear Young Friends,—Knowing that you are always interested with facts, however simple, from this part of the mission field, (the Gold-Coast,) and when I look at the Report for the year 1846, and see the noble sum of £4770,19s., raised in this country, for the support of Missionary ; and as we enter we are met by most of the school children are converted to God, and have promised to think of her each day, and so I do; and upward, of eight hundred children in this part of the mission field, (the Gold-Coast,) and when I look at the Report for the year 1846, and see the noble sum of £4770,19s., raised in this country, for the support of...
INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT IN CEYLON.

The Rev. Mr. Spaulding writes from Ceylon, "Your valuable present of fifty copies of Social Hymns and Sacred Songs has just arrived. Even before their arrival I had begun teaching my pupils to sing, and now these hymns and sacred songs will form quite an addition to our varied and comprehensive second literary devotions with a sacred song, and in their social meetings the children are delighted with this exercise, often singing in the night as well as during the day. I shall be glad to hear you." He continues, "I believe we are not without evidence that the Lord is with us. Last Sabbath eight were received into the church at this place; one who was married left the school before I went to America, and seven who are now inmates of the school. Some four or five others are deeply interested, and several more are thoughtful. While writing, twenty of the girls who are serious, came voluntarily into my study to hold a meeting. Even now I hear their voices of song in their school-room, while the drums are beating a few rods off in a heathen temple."