and he is sometimes called the "Old Chief," because the Wyandott Indians loved and respected him. No. I, seen upon the grave-stone, points out the grave of "Between-the-logs." No. II, the grave of Sumedewat; No. III, the grave of Monuncue; and No. IV., that of Harryhost.

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MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

Mr. Smith made similar inquiries at several other villages, as well as in the city itself, and invariably received the same account. The number of males in the village was stated to amount to one-half; while in the city it did not seem to bear quite so high a proportion. The effects on society of this evil was visible to every eye; and the consequence of the paucity of female inhabitants was immediately evident.

These accounts exhibit to us not only the sin and necessity of Satanism, but its unhappiness. Where true religion prevails, there, and in its renewed state, it will no longer need the songs of Zion, and commune with her own heart. The time is now come when it would be very desirable that more perfect instruction be given. He received the native preachers with great kindness; invited them, without the least regard to caste, to take their meal with him; and expressed himself extremely happy to have so practically met with the confidence and love of the missionaries. During my whole experience in India I do not remember so striking an instance of the beneficial effects produced by the mere reading of the Scriptures to a person who had been brought up in the most idolatrous paganism, and who had an avowed hatred and contempt for the Christian religion. To God alone be the praise for such a case, as he has given me to witness.
She was inclined to think that he must be dead; cast on everything a golden tinge, and all nature yet could not bring herself to discontinue her of the young sailor were received—no letter, no years rolled on in rapid succession, and no tidings she replied, not knowing to whom she spoke; "I at her, said, "Is Mrs. M. at home?" "Yes, sir," the little wicket-gate, and looking very wistfully thought of her son, her long-lost boy. As she sat peaceful and lovely, the poor widow was seen weep. Were those sighs and tears in vain? We the heart-stricken mother. And all the comforts that he sends; Don't forget to breathe a prayer For those who know not of his care. Many little ones there are Over the sea so very far, Who never heard of Jesus' love Children who have never heard From Christian friends this blessed word— That gentle Jesus, meek and mild, Deadly loves a little child, And hides them always come and pray To him to take their sins away; This Saviour they have never known, And among the stones of stone. O children! ask of him to send Some one to be the heathen's friend; To guide them from destruction's road, Into the path that leads to God; That they may have their sins forgiven, And when they die go to heaven; That they and you at last may stand Within that happy, happy land. A LESSON FROM CAFFRELAND. There is in Caffreland a little society of about thirty or forty Christians, who are very poor—very poor indeed. A great part of them are widows, who are obliged to work hard to get bread to eat. The way in which they earn their food, is by picking up firewood and carrying it a long, long way to sell in a town; and for this they do not get much. When the time came of the Missionary Socie­ty's Jubilee, the minister in this place looked round on the people and all was silent. He said, "I shall not talk about the jubilee; they are too poor to give anything." But it happened that he went soon after to Graham's Town, on purpose to make a collection for the jubilee there. It came to the ears of his people, and one of them said, "Why don't you speak to us, and ask us to do something for the Saviour?" "Because," he replied, "I really don't think you can raise more money than you already. I wish you would feel more and pray more, but I cannot ask you to give money." The man replied, "Perhaps the Lord will put it into our hearts to give money too." The minister was so much struck with the man's zeal, that he called the little band of Christians together, and told them about the jubilee, still scarcely expect­ ing anything; for he could not tell where it should come from. But when the heart is moved, he cannot do a thing without success. They brought him more than a sum less a than fourteen pounds. One of the poor widows came, with how much do you think in her hand? Fifteen shillings. The missionary was unwilling to take it from her. She said, "You must take it, the Lord hath done much for me." By and by she brought another five shill­ ings. "What for, my dear?" he said, "it is not much." I have made up the pound." To one of the na­tive teachers the minister said, "You cannot do more than you do now." He answered, "I must try to do more. If we may only have one or two; one is, 'Ye are redeemed, not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ.' Who is he but the blood of Christ? And this is what God has redeemed us with. I must, therefore, try to do more. The other word is, 'What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' I must realize, not look at the soul as is indeed precious, therefore I must try to do more." O for the heart of these poor Caffres! My chil­ dren, if your hearts were as full of feeling as their case—of love to Christ, and to the souls not one of your little hands would be standing still—Miss. Repository. ENCOURAGEMENT FOR YOUNG DISCIPLES. God has made all the people in the world very much alike. The color of their skin may vary, these features may be different, but their hearts are fashioned alike. The same warm heart that beats within your breast, my little reader, beats within the breast of the black Hot­ tenso child. The same things make you happy, and the same things make you sorry, that make the boy of Hindostan rejoice or weep. And God's work in the heart is the same every­ where. When he converts the soul, it is every­ where in the same way. It is the love of Jesus that everywhere makes the sinner sorry for his sins; he feels his sorrow; then when he feels his sorrow, he feels an anxiety to be out of her sight, to be far removed from the sound of her earnest and affectionate ad­ vice. Deeply and bitterly did she mourn over her wild and wayward child; but she she her son, her long-lost boy. As she sat in her cottage porch. Her countenance had a sweet but melancholy expression, and often did the unbidden tear tremble in her eye. She thought of her son, her long-lost boy. As she sat she there, a tall and weather-beaten sailor approached the little wicket-gate, and looking very wistfully at her, said, "Is Mrs. M. at home?" "Yes, sir," she replied, not knowing to whom she spoke; "I an Mrs. M. Pray what is your business?" "O, Mother!" he exclaimed, "don't you know me? I am your son." There was a joyous meeting at that door, and they went to and fro, to all of his relations, from the woes and cares of the world, to plead with God for her absent boy. Days, weeks, months, years rolled on in rapid succession, and no tidings of the young sailor were received—not letter, no news, not one of his letters. By degrees openly to declare himself a Dutchman did at last. To himself he said, "I have made up my mind that everywhere makes the sinner sorry for his sins; he feels his sorrow; then when he feels his sorrow, he feels an anxiety to be
And how happy did the whole family become from getting up an altar and offering sacrifices there. They were poor black people, who had been stolen from Africa by wicked men, and bought by West India planters. They had no schools, and chapels, and ministers, their neat little cottages, with gardens before and behind. They learned to read, and sing, and pray.

You may judge how happy the know feel, if I tell you what sort of names they give to their little cottages and lands. These were some which a missionary found in one of their villages: "Blind Cecilia," "Happy Retreat," "Bit of my own," "All Blair's Comfort," and one poor old negro, who had lived to the age of seventy years before she was set free, called hers, "Me no been thinking," meaning, "I never could have thought it."

When the slaves were set free, the British and Foreign Bible Society sent a copy of the New Testament and Psalms to every negro who could read. The negroes heard of the noble present that was coming, and they were soon as busy as possible, trying to learn to read with all their might before the Bible-ship arrived. So many had learned to read, that it cost the Bible Society ten thousand pounds to keep their promise.

There was one poor negro girl, however, who could not lay claim to a testament. She sat and heard a sweet verse here and there, which made her long to know more; but when her teacher recalled his lessons, and it was time for her to go home, "Me feel it," said she, "I feel it."

It is assumed, that the moral illumination of the heathen world, its recovery from the superstitions worship of idols, to the worship of the living and true God, has been committed to the instrumentalities of the Church. Can these instrumentalities be withheld without imprudence, and is it not reasonable to expect that such a strongly marked tokens of the Divine displeasure will be the result of such moral delirium? It is assumed, that the Christian Church has both the means and the means for evangelising the nations, and to occupy every post now accessible to Gospel instrumentalities. Can her ministry be regarded as the Macedonian cry of help, and still claim affinity with the Paul's, the Zaviers, the Brainerds, the Westleys, the Martyrs, and the Judasons of the Church? Can her membership withhold the means necessary to sustain her devoted missionaries, without being chargeable with the blood of souls?

It is assumed, that Christian missions always exert a reflex influence, and that the spirit of Foreign Missions is the spirit of home revivals. If so, it can be expected that an anti-missionary Church can share the Divine approval, or present any special tokens of spiritual prosperity.

It is assumed, as a heart-rending fact, that, while multitudes of the heathen are hourly perishing for lack of evangelical knowledge, there are those in the Christian Church, claiming to have a part in the commission of their redeeming Lord, and professed votaries of the heathen Jesus, who have no ear to listen to the truth, wall of these precious of despair, so hard to un vitiate over their blinded and besotted survivors, and no hand of Christian charity to stretch forth for their relief. Will the disclosures of the last day pour a flood of light upon such insensibility and spiritual delinquency that shall cause their hearts to quail with terror, and all their fordinantly cherished hopes to wither and die? Will not the very housethemselves rise up in the judgment against them?

It is assumed, that there are thousands of professing Christians within the pale of the Church, who live in "coiled cells," revel in Epicurean luxury, and indulge in all the costly and fashionable follies of the times, and yet have little or nothing to spare for the benevolent enterprises of the Church. Hence it is not strange, in the solemn morning date, "Give an account of thy stewardship!" take them by surprise, and open to their terror-stricken consciences the full import of that awful question, "What is a man profited if he shall gather the whole world and lose his own soul?"

It is assumed, that vital Christianity always prompts to its own diffusion. It does not, therefore, follow, that those professing Christians who are full of the spirit and active sympathies in the claims of a perishing world, are in a condition to surmise the sincerity of their own profession, and the validity of their hopes.

It is assumed, that the contributions by members of Christian Churches upon the corruping folly of the age, would not only sustain all the Protestant missions and institutions established, but also supply every accessible, point where they are needed. If this be so—and who doubts it?—there is certainly nothing very mysterious in the fact, that a death-like lethargy, to a mournful state, has so long prevailed in our Christian Zion generally. True Christian charity is world-wide in its range, and although it always begins at home, it attempts to conline it or to give the Church, in some account of the school under brother Collins' care, we refer our readers to the communications in another part of this paper.

NEW-YEAR'S OFFERINGS.

The present number of the Missionary Advocate will probably reach the most of our subscribers before the ushering in of the New-Year. We deem this a suitable occasion to remind our patrons of the importance of doing something for the missionary cause at this season. The Sabbath-school Celebrations and Juvenile Anniversarys are many of them held about this time, and furnish suitable occasions for successful efforts to replenish our empty Treasury. Will not the friends of the cause rally to our help, by a united effort to swell the contributions of the Juvenile Associations and Sabbath Schools? Many of the missionary organizations, both in Europe and our own country, are receiving most encouraging aid from juvenile efforts; and we sincerely hope that no anti-missionary Church will suffer by a combination with that of other evangelical churches.

LATE INTELLIGENCE FROM CHINA.

Dispatches, of as late a date as August 1, have been received by the overland mail, via Soochow. We are happy to learn from those that brother Hick's health had considerably improved; so much so that he and recalled his teacher, and resumed his Chinese studies. The education of the Chinese is solemn to health, though somewhat prostrated by the peculiar heat of the climate, all were anticipating favorable results from the approaching entrance of the New-Year. For an obituary notice of officer Wilson, in"some account of the school under brother Collins' care, we refer our readers to the communications in another part of this paper.

BOOK NOTICES.

Lauder's Life of Christ.—From a curious examination of this volume, sent us by the enterprising publishers, we have been led to the conclusion that it is a week of no ordinary merit. It abounds in original, bold, striking thoughts, and is peculiarly adapted to the intellectual and theological struggles which continue to agitate Germany, and which probably contributed to call it forth. To use the language of its author, "It bears the marks of its production in an age of crisis, of isolation, of pain, and of tears." While we would not be responsible for the defense of all the author's opinions, in view of the evangelical character, spirit, and general tendencies of the work, we can most cheerfully recommend it to the Christian student and sincere inquirer after truth, as a work calculated to render the elements of the Greek

MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.
COMMUNICATION.

OBITUARY NOTICE OF THE LATE LADY M. C. WHITE.

TO THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,—You have probably been informed already of our great loss in the decease of our beloved sister White. A brief notice of her life, and a few particulars in reference to her last illness and death, would doubtless be of interest to yourself, to the Board, and the Church. I have endeavored to griffit, so far as I am able, this desire in the following narration. — Jane Isabel, the wife of Rev. M. C. White, and daughter of Ezra Atwater, was born in Homer, Cortland Co., N. Y., August 26, 1822. When the Methodist preachers first visited that region, they found a home in the dwelling between whose husband and wife were civil members of the first class when organized there. Sister White's mother died while she was yet too young to have seen the world, and in the instructions, or realize the great loss she was sustaining; and she was left the youngest member of the family, to care for her father. He appears to have merged his sorrow for the dead in his duties to his family and his work. He was a business man of large acquirements, and in the discharge of his multiplied responsibilities with the enlightened views, the ardor, and the perseverance of true friends, was able to direct his own course on high, and long earnestly for the well-being of his children, he led them to the open door of Gospel treasure. He was wont to call them around the family circle, and there, in accordance with an excellent custom, the number of them which your ardor would in ear be a part in reading the sacred lesson. I have been that particularly in noticing these circumstances, though neither noted nor strange; because of the pious influence and example of the case of the beloved sister White. I remember to have heard her when she had been taken up upon the remembrance of these things, the comfort in the words of comfort: what has it been conceived when, having learned to read, the gift of a new Bible from her father announced that it was her privilege to join her voice in the morning and evening services. In that volume, which was thehardt light of the household in the time which shone from its inspired pages, seemed mollified by a thousand associations of familiar interest and touching tenderness. If the recurred giver of that sacred book, already zealous for heaven—his limbs sheltered by life's long pillow, tumbling upon the brink of the grave—to yet wite his master's call, and his eyes shall fall in sorrow upon those lines of sadness, it may be an alleviation of his grief to know that our departed sister used to attribute her conversion to the influence of truths which he imparted to him; she acknowledged her indebtedness for her earliest Christian instruction, and those lofty views of Christian duty which fashioned the plan and purpose of her life. Though he implored her truth should not be told in haste, and is called to another home just as he was looking too soon their full-grown fruit, she shall soon know, in holy, heavenly communion with him, that Jesus is the fountain of immortal life, and have the words of comfort:—"He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall surely come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." She made a public profession while a member of Coles Seminary; joined the M. E. Church in that place on graduation Jan. 21, 1840, and was received in full connection in December of the same year. After graduating at that institution, in 1842, she went to Rochester to reside, where she continued till her departure for China. Influenced by her earnest desire of being engaged for the promotion of Christ's cause among the destitute, she united with the Bethel Church. This was at that time an independent congregation, united for the purpose of more direct and energetic efforts in behalf of the neglected and degraded portions of the city population, and, as the name importated, more especially the lowest and neglected classes of the community. She was a Sabbath-school teacher who is not content simply to disseminate the right principles up to this time. She remembered that there was a special interest in the colored children within the range of her visit. She was permitted to visit with them, in some instances, in their own homes, and to see some of those to whom she had been the savior of life, full twenty years in Jesus. The full inquirings of her life were not cut off at the close of her labors she remembered that there were those more distant from the sound of the Gospel, and she desired to go and labor among them. Indeed, this desire had been present almost from the time of her conversion, and she believed the opportunity offered her of doing so. She left Rochester with her husband on the day of their marriage, March 15, and sailed from Boston for China April 10, 1847. Nothing unusual occurred during the voyage. With the exception of occasional sea-sickness, her health was good; and she devoted herself to reading, and the study of the Chinese language. It was my privilege to be one of the company in which she sailed, and to partake of her society and Christian converse. In her manors she was unassuming, easy to be pleased, of a great cheerful disposition; evincing, in her conversation, much thoughtful study; of a steady, earnest, unostentatious piety, and very constantly impressed with a sense of the solemn responsibility of making the Christian effort, she seems to have been of some of her abiding traits of character. We arrived at Fuh-Chau, the place of our destination, September 27, 1847. She worked very hard, and gave much labor, became partially settled, and procured a teacher, very well acquainted, doubtless, with his own tongue, but, like all his fellow-citizens, quite unacquainted with the English, she set herself with great diligence, to the study of the Chinese language. She afterward believed that, from the commencement, her labors and studies were not so successful as she could wish, unacquainted as she was to them, undertaken in a new climate, and amid unfamiliar and disadventageous circumstances. In the latter part of December she began to cough slightly, and this was supposed to be some temporary complaint, and nothing serious was apprehended. But as it obstinately maintained itself, and increased in spite of remedial agencies, we could not resist apprehensions of an unfavorable issue. These forebodings, though but slightly credited, were, at last too well founded. In looking back at the progress of her disease, it seems to have seized itself at first, insensibly in her system, and gone forward with a steady and fatal progress to its consummation. It seemed quite to disregard the influence of medication. In addition to his own unceasing solicitations, brother White obtained the assistance of Dr. Har...
time. After an interview with her husband, which he mentioned as having been a most unexpectedly pleasant, for its instructions and consolations, and which neither the particular hour nor the number of the school per day averaging about twelve. The small sum of money which, distributed among the poor, and the amount of which I make to depend upon the regularity of their attendance, without doubt is an efficient agent in this case.

I have some assurance of矿业 the degree with which those who have learned the characters of a book understand the meaning. This varies very greatly with the mental character of the individuals. There are some pupils who have profited from two to four years, and who pronounce the characters of a book, with great facility, who, notwithstanding, can accurately explain a word of it in the colloquial dialect, and scarcely understand the meaning of its meaning. There are others who have no more ready at the character, who are very quick to catch the meaning of what they read, and yet do not feel the dictates of daily life. This fact evinces the great obstacle which exists in the two-fold character of the language to the dissemination of the truths by means of the printed page.

It is like scattering traits in Lulu among our American people. Most are eager to get them, and can pronounce most of the words; but the meaning is hidden. This illustration, though the best I can take, is stronger than the reality. You must make number of Chinese who understand what they read, is greater than that of the Americans who would understand a tract written in Latin. The Chinese can not read and write in our school. He ocrivesthis in a considerable degree, and a marked difference is perceptible between the boys instructed here and elsewhere, in this respect.

Our Sisters of the mission are working very interestingly to me, and I think it is to the children. Their vivacity and correctness in answering questions I have nearly seen in the Chinese trees. Her death has diminished our mission circle, and filled our hearts with a desolation and sadness which seems to have the least comprehension of its meaning.

I think that little old can be derived from an unconverted teacher in the religious instruction of the school, any further than as to assist the missionary to communicate with the scholars; and the more completely the pupils and teacher are made to feel their dependence upon the missionary, and their interest connected with his, so far as the school is concerned, the more likely is the result to be a confession of his fault to the school.

This was on Saturday, and the holiday—a day of fast—and the children were much averse to coming to the arrangement. I however enjoined him to come in this morning. I repeated, and told him plainly I must insist upon it. He did not come; and I accordingly dismissed the scholars on Monday. The pupils in turn petitioned for his restoration, saying that they could not attend with any other teacher. I however thought it best to make the experiment, and with singing, prayer, and a few remarks, dismissed them until another pastor could be called. I felt persuaded they would make no difficulty of attending, and such is my opinion still. I did not have an opportunity of testing them, as the former teacher sent me a message, confounding his error, his incongruity with our firmness of purpose, and complying thereby to comply with our wishes, and also, if he were reinstated, to make a confession of his fault to the school.

This proposition was satisfactory; and with the advice of my brother I employed him again. I think that this transaction was, on the whole, of advantage to the school. It has been of much service to me.

My general health is good; but I do not find myself equal to that close application which I could bear at home; I sometimes, in distributing tracts among the people, endeavor to converse with them a little; and from their questions and remarks I believe I convey to their minds the great truths of Christianity. If your funds are allowed, it is a great advantage in distributing tracts upon a public thoroughfare, and of conversing with the people, I believe it would be productive of good. In the mean time I pray the benevolence of God will take notice of the scenery, and endeavor to speak to them the truth. All will be in vain without the Spirit; and for this the prayers of the Church are asked and granted. J. D. Collins.

Fuh-Chau, China, Aug. 1848.

TO THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

DEAR BROTHER,—With just to add a word in brother Collins' letter, to say that my Savoir has been profited in the Lord in my late severe illness.

I have not a morrning word to utter, but feel to say, it is my loving Father who has done this, and I cannot, comparatively, judge of the labor of the missionaries were more, or felt more willing to do and suffer the whole will of God, than I do at present.

Affectionately yours in Christ,

H. C. White.

TO THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

DEAR BROTHER,—The time has arrived for making report to your regular report for the last quarter. I shall first speak of the school, as the subject with which I have been principally charged, and to which I have directed my principal attention. A side mention of the language. There are thirteen boys now in the school, varying in age from nine to sixteen years. They are, I think, children of respectable parents in the ordinary walks of life. They are, of course, very unqualified in their literary attainments, of them having been engaged in study three or four years, and others who have been engaged in religious exercises. At the time of my arrival there, I found the temporary chapel, which had been erected by the people in the time of slavery, almost ready to fall down. The only thing that Colony, and the evidences of the Divine blessing by which they were attended:

I went out in connection with the London Missionary Society, at his request, and engaged in the work at St. Louis, 1838. On my arrival there, I found the temporary chapel, which had been erected by the people in the time of slavery, almost ready to fall down. In the first instance, God was victorious, and the evidence of the Divine blessing by which they were attended:

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MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.
79

over-exertion and exposure to the sun, I was at the first sickly season, laid low on the bed of sickness; and at the same time a neighboring cryer was also very ill, and he was called out of time into eternity.

As I began to mend, I was much improved with the fact that my neighbor was taken and I was not, and that I was so much more able to be the life and soul of the sick-bed, and get into the putip, I sought to improve the circumstances, and met a large congregation, and preached to them with great power, and remarked on the great goodness of God in sparing my life in some measure restoring my health. The people seemed cordially to enter into the subject. I therefore determined to observe that, if they really felt as they appeared to do, it would be proper for them to express their gratitude by deeds, and not by words alone. I further observed, that, if any of them were so disposed, they might on the following Sabbath morning, bring any sum they thought proper as a thank-offering to God for his mercy to me.

Accordingly, the next Sunday morning, at the close of the service, I reminded them of the circumstances. As soon as I had done so, one of the most moving scenes ever I beheld presented itself: young men, maidens, old men and children, pressed forward to place upon the altar a little, and there a little, of the word of God; and explain and apply the sermon. I do the service; when two of our most intelligent deacons again explain and apply the sermon delivered in the morning. I then preach the same sermon as plainly as possible; so that my hearers may have but a few sermons; but I am disposed to bear him on their shoulders, than so much that it is much hotter than my own, and white men die here if they walk in the sun; I cannot walk to-day, lest I feel the heat too much, and take fever. You do not wish to see me sicken; you do not wish to see me die, as soon as I come to your land; and, if you do not carry me, this is very likely to be the consequence.

One of my fellow-passengers to Cape Coast was a Danish gentleman, a Mr. H., belonging to the Lutheran Church. A few days after our landing, this gentleman found it necessary to provide himself with a new Testament, which they had never before heard was professed by any people. Since that time, the progress of truth has been slow and among the twenty millions of Armenians in Western Asia, yet it is progressive. Colporteurs sell Bibles and religious tracts readily, and eager ears are opened to the expounders of the new religion. Already five flourishing Protestant Churches are established in different parts of Turkey; persecution has followed in its worst forms; but the adherence of Christians to their faith, and their constant piety, have secured for them the protection of government, and they are now enjoying an unexampled degree of religious liberty in the Mohammedan Empire.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

The Bible contains a treasure of comfort for a Christian when in sorrow and trouble. It tells him, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." The Bible never[G. 691] shows the wretchedness of the wretched, and therefore they do not enjoy its blessed comfort in the time of affliction. They try, however, to obtain comfort from foolish superstitions; and their worldly riches make a gain of their fears and folly. On the coast of China there is a large city called Fuh-Chan. It contains above half a million of Chinese. It is situated on the banks of a noble river called the Min. The surrounding scenery is of the finest kind. Its fair blue mountains in the distance are a valley of fertile fields, in which crops of rice and sugar-cane, orange-groves, and flower-plants, delight the eye with their varying colors. A street, nearly three miles in length, leads from the southern gate of the city to the river, where a little town called Nan-tai has sprung up, and is inhabited by fishermen and sailors who frequent the port. A steep hill leads to a spot which affords a full prospect of the city below and the country beyond, with its busy enterprises and crowded population. Here is a fine monument, which conceals the body of the wealthy native, to the bare hillock which covers the remains of the beggar. Close by are numerous temples, within the walls of which may be heard the beating of drums, the sounding of gongs, and the slow, measured chantings of heathen priests. To these buildings the poor sons and daughters of affliction bear their tale of sorrow, and vainly seek the help of them which are no gods. Let the following instance of superstition, of which I was an eye-witness, furnish a specimen of the fickleness of the heathen, and of the vain delusions of a poor child and die. You do not wish to see me die, as soon as I come to your land; and, if you do not carry me, this is very likely to be the consequence.

From the above you will perceive that my neighbors have but one sermon each Sabbath; but I am happy to be able to say, that, through the Divine blessing on my labors, for the last twelve months I have but a little, and there a little, of the word of God; and explain and apply the sermon delivered in the morning. I then preach the same sermon as plainly as possible; so that my hearers may have but a few sermons; but I am disposed to bear him on their shoulders, than so much that it is much hotter than my own, and white men die here if they walk in the sun; I cannot walk to-day, lest I feel the heat too much, and take fever. You do not wish to see me sicken; you do not wish to see me die, as soon as I come to your land; and, if you do not carry me, this is very likely to be the consequence.

AFRICAN LOGIC.

One of my fellow-passengers to Cape Coast was a Danish gentleman, a Mr. H., belonging to the Lutheran Church. A few days after our landing, this gentleman found it necessary to proceed by land to Akra; and as his excellency the Governor was also about to visit this place, arrangements were made for them to journey in company. Accordingly, hammock-men were hired, and the many necessities for a journey in Africa collected, and on the day appointed the party set out. His excellency soon left my friend behind. For some time all went on favorably; when, greatly to the surprise of Mr. H., the men came to a sudden stand, and, without ceremony, set their master comfortably down. One of them, who spoke a little English, addressing him, said, "Now, master, if you please, you must walk a little." My friend was greatly surprised at this, and asked, "Why?" "Because," said the bearer, "you are heavy," was the reply; "but I hired you to carry me; and you must carry me." Native. "No, master, we have carried you far, and are tired; you are heavy, and must walk a little." Mr. H. "No, indeed, I will not walk; I must be carried." Native. "Well, but, master, all white gentlemen walk a little, and then ride a little, and you must do the same." Mr. H. "No; I will not walk; you shall carry me." Native. "But you must." Mr. H. "But you shall." Native. "But we won't." The good gentleman, finding that they were not to be coerced, then became more gentle, and began to use milder words. "Now," said he, "you know I am but just come to your country:
services of the superintending priest. Soon the idol. Here he frequently bowed his head to uttered tones. At one time he pretended to whip

ings. At one time lie prayed in a scolding voice: 

George, near New-York, became

the ancient learning, and of the celebrated sages whom

Came with the accents of prayer and praise,

The missionary lone,

The first, the first who had call'd on God

With the voice of that secret prayer.

They were broken words that met his ear.

They were broken words that met his ear.

As forth the wanderer trod:

But a far more glorious day

A Hint to those who wish to do good.

The statistics of misery. — Some benevolent indi-

When a lonely son of Britain stood,

They were broken words that met his ear.

And they are broken words that meet his ear.

It was the name of Christ he heard,

A native of that savage isle,

For mercy, for help in the hour of need,

A Welsh clergyman, near New-York, became

In an isle of the southern seas,

For He who answers while yet we call,

In the third, nine beds, and forty-five persons. In the second, three beds, and

Patents at Washington, hasa corn-field in the Wa-

And the voice of secret prayer.

Patents at Washington, hasa corn-field in the Wa-

No eye, but the eye of God;

A native of that savage isle,

As forth the wanderer trod:

As forth the wanderer trod:

A native of that savage isle,

The language of secret prayer.

The language of secret prayer.

A native of that savage isle,

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