

and were carried over every sea. For a long time their dreadful wrongs cried to God. Then you have read the story of perils and escapes through which travellers have passed in exploring a way to the sources of the great African rivers—of the sad deaths so many have met—of the wild scenes of savage life of which others tell us—of the trackless places where the missionary's foot has never been—and of the millions of souls who have never heard the name of Christ, and to whom all you learn and love in your Bibles is shut up and sealed. Mungo Park's adventures on the Niger, and his melancholy fate at last, every young reader knows well—and scarcely less interest has been thrown round the distresses, the lonely journeys, the dangers escaped, and the triumph won by the heroic Landers, on the banks of the same mighty stream. We may well say, then, Africa is a land of terrible mystery and sorrow.

But noble as have been the lives laid down on its pestilential coasts, or lost in the gloom of its desert graves, the toil and sacrifice have not been in vain. It was said, you know, in early times, when the saints of Christ were suffering great persecution, that the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church. And so the blood of devoted men on the banks of African waters and in the sands of African deserts, is likely to be the seed of toil yet more devoted, and sacrifices yet more pure and glorious in their love. Paths are being opened up, wide and far, also in the interests of commerce and science; and in their track missionaries of the cross will follow. For all these perishing souls in the wilderness depths, there are the glad tidings of a Saviour, so tender and unforgetting in His love, that He will make their very sorrows and their cut-cast state the means of drawing towards them the prayers, the interest, and the help of far off Christian hearts. He will yet prepare the way, and scatter abroad the seed, and shed down the dews of heaven, so that the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Meantime, from the records of a late expedition up the Niger, take the following picture of savage life, such as eyes of white men never before had witnessed:—

"We entered," (says Dr. Baikie, the writer of the narrative,) "a creek on the north side of the river, and shortly afterwards sighted a village, at which we soon arrived. To our astonishment, the first thing which brought us up was our running the bow of the boat against a hut; and, on looking around