

heart, and *hira* on strict commercial principles, the faithfulness with which the old slaves frequently through all the changing fortunes of the southern war, clung to their masters and their masters' children; the unswerving devotion of old retainers to their chief or baron, make manifest that the inevitable distinction between rich and poor does not of necessity antagonize, and charity means Christ's love manifested to the needy, and Christ's love touched hearts with brotherly power. A man may be beneficent in his manner of relieving the beggar that crosses his path, but benevolence goes further; the alms is soon spent, the interest may lay the foundation for eternal habitation.

"For he whom Jesus loved, hath truly spoken:

"The holier worship which he deigns to bless

"Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,

"And feeds the widow and the fatherless."

"Follow with reverent steps the great example

"Of him whose holy work was *doing good*;

"So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,

"Each living life a psalm of gratitude.

"Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangour

"Of wild war's music o'er the earth shall cease;

"Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,

"And in its ashes plant the tree of peace."

Correspondence.

OUR FOREIGN MISSIONARIES, TRIP TO LONDON.

On Saturday morning, April 3rd, at eight o'clock, we boarded the Cunard steamer "Pavonia." It was snowing at the time and quite chilly. A number of people came on board to say farewell to the missionaries, especially to their old friend, Mrs. Fay. About nine the whistles blew and the goodly vessel started on its course. Many stood upon the wharf, some waving their handkerchiefs, some struggling to restrain their grief and tears in order to look cheerful, and others unable to restrain their sorrow turned away to wipe their weeping eyes ere they took their last look at the vessel which bore away their friends. So we started. The waters were very calm and our minds just as much so. The prospect of a useful life together with the affection we had for each other, and our confidence in God, enabled us to banish all unnecessary care and superfluous sorrow, and be cheerful in spite of dull weather and the parting with friends and native land.

The passengers on board the vessel were not numerous. Among the number was the celebrated American poet, James Russell Lowell. One of the Boston papers reported the missionaries as also among the celebrities. We had dull weather generally speaking throughout the journey, but the water was unusually calm. One gentleman who had crossed over sixty times declared that he had never known it to be more so. Little sickness was induced by the violence of the waves. Ere the first day closed, however, a young woman who had been put on board in an advanced stage of consumption, passed away, and next morning with very little ceremony, her body was cast into the sea, and a few days after, a man who died from abscess of the brain, shared the same fate. Mrs. Currie suffered little or no inconvenience from sickness. My health and comfort was all that I could have expected or wished for had I been on land. Among other things we spent our time reading, singing, and trying to digest a few words of the Umbundu language in order to be in part prepared for our work when we shall arrive in Bailundu. Service was held each Sunday morning in the saloon conducted by the purser, but we were not invited to take any part in it. I was anxious to hold a meeting at least among the steerage passengers, but the way was not opened and none was held. On Tuesday morning, April 13th, after ten days sailing we arrived in Liverpool. Next morning we took train for London, stopping at Bedford to visit the scenes connected with the early life and labors of John Bunyan. We arrived in the great metropolis on Wednesday evening and have since been vigorously making our preparation to sail from Southampton on Saturday April 24th, for Lisbon. So many of our people visit London, and the place is so great, and there are so many things to talk about in connection with it that I shall say not a word further.

OUR VISIT TO BEDFORD.

We arrived in Bedford about two o'clock on Wednesday, 14th, had but two hours to spend there and were anxious to see as much as possible during that time. A coach was hired; the driver was instructed not to let the grass grow under his horses' feet, and we dashed away in the direction of Elstowe, the early home of John Bunyan. Our attention was first directed to a little roughcast cottage by the roadside, said to be the house under whose roof the future author first saw the light of day. It was a very humble place, and could have given no prophecy of sheltering so great a man in embryo as John Bunyan. On we drove; for we had little time to spare, to the old church where Bunyan attended in early youth. As one might expect the building was an old fashioned edifice, built of stone, more striking for its solidity than for its beauty.