

uprooted from the minds of the people, heathen practices abolished, Christian ideas implanted, and the habits of Christian life and worship introduced. Thus the colony of Sierra Leone, peopled at first chiefly by liberated slaves—heathen, ignorant, and uncivilized—has, in the course of the present century, been changed into a Christian country which will now compare favourably with any part of our own land. The colony is divided into parishes or districts. In each parish or district there is a church, with schools, and, with the exception of two or three districts in Free Town itself, the capital of the colony and the seat of government, the ministers of the churches, and the masters and mistresses of the schools are all natives. Europeans, as has been shown, began the work, but native teachers have been prepared, and a native ministry raised up to take their places and carry it on. Sierra Leone, therefore, is no longer a field of missionary labour, but a settled Christian country, possessing its own self-governing, self-supporting, and self-extending Christian Church; and so presents a clear and distinct proof that Christian effort and enterprise are not labour in vain or strength spent for nought.

In the extension of Christianity in other parts of Africa, the native Church of Sierra Leone has had a large share, as most of the ministers, evangelists, and teachers have been drawn from its ranks, and many of the native Christians also have aided in the work. Liberated slaves, set free in Sierra Leone, and there christianized, civilized, and educated, have from time to time made their way back to their own lands, sometimes in considerable numbers. Where this has been the case, they have generally, after a short time, sent requests for missionaries and teachers to come and settle amongst them and their people, thus aiding the extension of Christianity, and the formation of native Churches in places far distant from the colony. It was in this way that the work in the Yoruba country—an extensive district, with a population estimated at about two millions, lying eleven or twelve hundred miles from Sierra Leone, to the south-east—was begun.

A number of Yorubans, who had been rescued from slave ships, and placed in Sierra Leone, returned, after some years, to their native land. Most of them had become Christians, and were anxious for the enjoyment, in their own country, of the Christian privileges and instruction to which they were now accustomed. They therefore sent requests to the missionaries in the colony that some ministers and teachers would come and settle among them in Abbeokuta,\* the chief city, and other towns. These requests were complied with, missionaries and teachers sent, and Christian work begun—the work of ministering to the little Christian community of about a hundred people who had returned from Sierra Leone, and of preaching to the heathen population of the great town of Abbeokuta and other places. The work was begun in 1846, and the result has been the establishment of a native Christian Church, numbering nearly four thousand people, who are ministered to, not by Europeans, but by thirteen ordained native clergymen. Another similar offshoot from the Sierra Leone Church has taken root along the banks of the river Niger, which, from the first, has been carried on entirely by native agency.

No account of Christian enterprise in Western Africa would, however, be complete without some brief notice of one remarkable individual connected with it, whose history is as wonderful as that of any man now living—Samuel Adjai Crowther, the Negro Bishop of the Niger Territory. To realize this strange history fully, let the reader imagine that he had stood, some fifty years ago, on the western shore of Africa, not far from the port of Lagos, and watched the revolting, but then common practice of barracooning and shipping a cargo of slaves; let him imagine what would have been his surprise and incredulity,

under such circumstances, if a bystander had pointed to one miserable lad among the slaves and said, "Do you see that boy there? He will one day be a Bishop of the Church of England!" Such a remark, had it been made, would have proved a true prophecy. The poor forlorn slave boy "Adjai" of fifty years ago, is now the Right Reverend Samuel Crowther, D.D., Anglican Bishop of the Niger Territory; a man whose praise is in all the Churches, and who is honoured and respected by all who know him. His history is a strange one. He was stolen from his native village as a lad by slave hunters and shipped off for South America: the vessel in which he was put was captured by an English man-of-war, and he, and his fellow-captives, rescued and taken to Sierra Leone. There he was received under the care of missionaries, and placed in one of the Church Missionary Society's schools. He became a Christian, and afterwards successively a school teacher, a catechist, and an ordained clergyman. In the latter capacity he went back with the first party of missionaries who went to the Yoruba country, his native land, in 1846, and was for some years engaged in the work there. During that time he found his mother, from whom he had been torn away many years before. After some years of labour as a native clergyman in the Yoruba country he was appointed Bishop of the Niger Territory, and consecrated in Canterbury Cathedral in 1864. Since that time he has been engaged in carrying on, with the help of native clergy and lay agents, a very successful mission on the banks of the Niger, which now extends over very nearly 800 miles, from Brass and Bonny, the two stations at two different mouths of the great river, to Lokoja, the farthest station in the interior.

From the foregoing paper it will be seen that Christian effort in Africa, commenced and carried on under so many difficulties, has produced great and permanent results. Not only has it led to the establishment of settled and self-supporting Christian churches in the colony of Sierra Leone, but has also issued in the extension of Christianity and the formation of similar churches in other and far distant parts of "the Dark Continent." While, therefore, Englishmen must ever remember with shame the wrongs that we, no less than other nations, once inflicted on the negro race by the slave trade, they may rejoice and thank God that so much has been done to make amends for those wrongs, by Christian enterprise in Western Africa.

\*The town of Abbeokuta contains about 100,000 people.

The late George Affleck, of Hartford, Connecticut, left Bishop Williams, or his successor, \$9,000 in trust to be expended for the suffering poor of Hartford in such manner as may seem best. He also gave \$2,000 to the Hartford Hospital, and \$3,000 to the Hartford Orphan Asylum.

The shock that buried Lisbon in 1755 never ceased to vibrate till it reached the wilds of Scotland and the vineyards of Madeira. It was felt among the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, and it changed the level of the solitary lakes that slept beneath the shadows of the North Alps. Even so the shock that Satan's kingdom sustained when Christianity was established will not cease to vibrate till it move the whole world.

A son had heard his father for years praying, "Let Thy kingdom come," and he had seen so little cash going in that direction that he became skeptical, and came to believe that this was a grand flourish by which his father got in from his long explorations in the regions of his dreary daily devotions. He said to his father one day, impatiently, "Father, give me the keys to the safe, I think it is about time to help the kingdom of God to come by the expenditure

of a little cash, or dry up on the subject altogether."

A very good story is told of a young minister, who was invited to preach in a country church in Pennsylvania on trial. An older preacher told him that it would please the people to quote a little Latin, Greek, and Hebrew in his sermons, taking it for granted they would understand it, when really they knew nothing about those languages. The young minister was puzzled, as he was a native of Wales, and knew nothing of those languages himself. But he was equal to the demand; and in his first sermon, having made a quotation from the Scriptures, he said: "This passage, brethren, has been slightly altered in the translation: it is only in the original Hebrew that you can grasp its full meaning; and he gave them the passage in good Welsh. They liked it, apparently, and presently he gave them some Welsh as Greek, and then some more as Latin. Then he was going to give them the Chaldaic version in Welsh, when he saw a Welshman sitting by the door, almost bursting with suppressed laughter. The preacher did not lose his self-possession, but instead of the Welsh quotation he was going to give, said, in Welsh, "For goodness sake, my friend, don't say a word about this till I have a chance to talk with you." The Welshman never betrayed the secret, and the congregation called the preacher to be their pastor. Query: Who did reveal the secret, the young preacher, or the old one who gave the advice?

Some twelve years ago, just after her marriage, the Princess of Wales, then on a visit to Belvoir Castle, was asked to record her "preferences" in an album belonging to the hostess. She complied by writing that her favourite Queen and King were Queen Dagmar and Richard Cœur de Lion; her favourite hero, poet, and artist, Wellington, Byron, and Sir Joshua Reynolds; her favourite author, Charles Dickens; her favourite virtue, charity; her favourite colour, blue; her favourite dish, a French tart; her favourite flower, the rose; her favourite name, Mary; her favourite occupation, reading aloud; her favourite amusement, "Driving my ponies;" her favourite motto, *Dieu et mon Droit*—her husband's, by the way; her favourite locality, home; her chief ambition, not to be fast; and as for her chief dislike, she has none.

## Children's Department.

### LOVING AND TRUSTING.

Give Jesus your heart. What does that mean? It means love Him. Why should you love Him? Because he has done so much for you. What has He done? He died that sinners might be saved. How are sinners saved? By trusting in the merits of Jesus's death. What do you understand by that? Relying upon His death as a sufficient punishment for your sins. If He has been punished for your sins, there is no necessity for you being punished for them too. So, you see, if you trust in Jesus, God will forgive you and save you; and if He forgives and saves you for Jesus's sake, you ought to love Jesus. Then give Him your heart.

In some parts of Eastern Europe there is a big black bird. It looks like a crow, and makes a loud cawing, much as crows do. Great flocks of them fly together, and when they alight, the roofs or trees or fields look black with them.

One day some of them flew into a missionary's yard. There was Miss Pussy, eating something. One Mr. Crow was hungry. He watched puss and flew about her, cawing. She went on eating and minded him not at all. He bore it as long as he could. Then he came

down to the ground, stepped up behind Miss Puss, and pulled her tail with his bill! She turned around as he knew she would, and Mr. Crow snapped up the rest of the dinner, and flew away with it.

Did not Crow plan how to get his dinner from the cat?

It is especially noteworthy, that 180 of the Hebrew race have taken Holy Orders in the mother Church of England, many of them men of prominence, some having risen to the Bishopric.

Men will cheerfully give up their property to save the life of the body, yet, for the sake of property they will sacrifice the life of their souls.

A good mother always knows the company her daughters keep.

CHRISTIANITY.—Christianity means to the merchant that he should be honest; to the judge it means that he should be just; to the servant, that he should be faithful; to the school-boy, that he should be diligent; to the street-sweeper, that he should sweep clean; to every worker, that his work should be well done.

### MERE ROSE'S DECISION.

STORY FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

#### CHAPTER II.

One cold November day Mere Rose sat over the fire in her cottage, which was situated in a little out-of-the-way Normandy village. The kitchen was paved with stone; there was a large table in it, a clock in one corner, and a dresser, on which was crockery, surmounted by a row of shining copper sauce-pans which were the pride of Mere Rose's life. They were kept so bright by her that you really could see your face in them. In the wide open hearth, with its narrow board on which some brass candlesticks stood, was a wood fire, burning well, and keeping the large hanging kettle of water quite hot.

Mere Rose sat by the fire in her tall Normandy cap, short blue skirts, and orange handkerchief crossed over her chest, and as she knitted, she thought of old times, when her children had gathered round her—children who were now all gone to that eternal home where all Mere Rose's affections were set. She thought of them, and a sigh would escape her now and then! but soon a smile lit up her face with its fine features, and a happy look came into her dark eyes as she thought that the dear Lord had indeed not left her alone, for, besides His unceasing care over her, had He not left her Clothilde and Julie? Mere Rose was really their grandmother, but they followed the fashion of the whole village, who called Madame Savelle, Mere Rose. Old and young, the few rich, and the many poor, called her Mere Rose, and it suited her well. Besides her being so truly kind and tender, and like a mother to all who needed her, she seemed to look at everything through rose-colored glasses. Not that she had that lazy way of surveying the unhappiness of others that made her shut her eyes to what she need sympathise with—it was not that, but just that, believing in the guidance of a wise Father's hand, she looked for the good in all the workings of life, whether in her own or that of others. But I have digressed, and must return to Mere Rose as she sat over the fire. A minute or two after the clock had struck half-past three the sound of wheels was heard, and a carriage, that was dashing at full speed through the village, drew up suddenly at the cottage.

Mere Rose guessed who it was, and before the footman had time to knock, she opened the door and saw her old

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