

strewn with the headless bodies of my fellow-men : and a person can buy slaves for the sole purpose of sacrificing, just as butchers do sheep in England.

How thankful ought we to be that we were not born in Asthanti ! And let us do all we can in helping to send the Gospel to these benighted Heathens ; for the Gospel alone is the only remedy for them. Something has already been done among them, of which I shall tell you in my next.

CHARLES HILLARD.

SORROW IN CHILDHOOD.

As the cars in which we were recently travelling halted, our attention was arrested by a beautiful little girl, apparently less than two years of age, who was looking from one of the windows of a house standing but a few feet from the track. She was wailing most piteously, and on her sweet, wan face was painted deeper sorrow than we had ever before seen on the face of an infant, such as this. All the while she repeated, with a pathos indescribably mournful, "They have carried away my papa. When will they bring him back ?"

Presently a lady, whom we instantly recognized as a former acquaintance, came from the house, and, entering the car in which we sat, took a seat near ours.

"Did you observe a child at the window ?" she asked, when the train had again taken wings.

"Yes," we replied ; "and with deep interest."

"A fortnight since," rejoined our friend, "the father of that little girl set out for the gold region. She was always amused at seeing the cars pass ; and the morning fixed for her father's departure, as she heard the train approaching, climbed to her accustomed place, and clapping her hands in great glee, watching its coming.

"At this moment the father and mother entered the room, the former with a forced smile upon his features and the latter pale and tremulous with suppressed emotion. One pressure to his fond heart, one fervent kiss, and the love pledge only was replaced at the window with a low 'God bless you, my darling Emi. Good-by.'

"This was evidently the first intimation to the little one of her father's intended departure. At the words, she turned quickly, and with a half-incredulous expression, from the window surveyed his person, and seeing that he was really equipped for a journey, returned his parting salutation.

"'Good-by, papa, good-by.'

"Another moment, and the adventurer had entered the cars, which were beginning again to move forward.—The young wife and mother turned from the spot where the long farewell had been exchanged, and re-entered her dwelling with streaming eyes. Instantly the child appeared to comprehend that her father's absence was destined to be not as usual, a temporary one ; the gay smile fled from her intelligent features, and, stretching her tiny arms towards her father, who, from a window was casting back a longing look, she cried, in lisping accents,

"'O, please do come back, papa, and take mamma and Emi.'

"The father, who had hitherto succeeded in maintaining external composure, was seen to withdraw his gaze, and press a handkerchief to his eyes.

"The child has scarcely smiled since. On the approach of the cars she always takes her place at the window, from which no inducement can draw her, and watches with eager eyes till she finds her father has not come, when, in a tone of sadness truly affecting, she repeats, as you have just now heard