
 Young People's Department.



THE LATE BISHOP CROWTHER.

 BISHOP CROWTHER.

SINCE our last magazine was published, the news has come from Africa of the death of Bishop Crowther, and this brings up before us once more the wonderful story of his life. As a boy he was a worthless little negro, living as best he could in the Niger Territory, in the wilds of Africa. His name was Edjai. He was carried off by Mohammedans in 1821 and was made a slave boy, and that meant a very hard life for him. But when people have a hard life to live they should live it cheerfully and try to be content with their position, however trying it may be. And especially is this the case with regard to slaves. It is not of much use for them to be obstinate or to fight against their position. It only brings fresh grief for them and harder blows. A slave that won't work cheerfully has

a very hard life. And this was the case with Edjai. He was so cross and naughty all the time that his master got rid of him, but his new master found him no better, and he, too, was glad to sell him. And so he was passed on from one person to another. He was traded away once for a horse, and was returned a bad exchange, and another time, was sold for a little rum and tobacco! Then the poor lad tried to kill himself but God preserved him from that great crime and his hard life continued. He was sold to some Portuguese traders who made it much harder than it had ever been before. Slaves on board ship are packed away in the hold like pigs or sheep, and in this way poor Edjai was found by the British ship *Myrmidon* when looking for slave ships. He was rescued from the Portuguese and put on board the *Myrmidon* where he was treated kindly by the officers and crew. Poor Edjai! It was a new thing for him to be