

BURYING ALIVE IN AFRICA.

That Africa needs the light and love of the Gospel, the cruel practice described in the following sketch by Archdeacon Crowther clearly shows: "A slave who professed to be a doctor, was decoyed from a neighboring village under pretence that he was appointed to offer sacrifices to dead men, for which a goat was also brought to the village Alenso. On arrival at the house where the corpse was laid out, the goat was taken from the slave-doctor, and he was at once pounced upon by two stalwart men and bound fast in chains. What an amount of treachery abounds in the worship of Satan!

The poor man saw at once that he himself, not the goat was to be the victim.—He calmly addressed the people around, saying he was quite willing to die, and need not put him in chains. A pipe was brought to him, which he smoked, a new cloth replaced his rags, and while he was having his last smoke the daughter of the deceased chief stood before him and began to eulogize her dead father, telling of his former greatness and achievements. The address was directed to the victim, as if to her dead father, that he might repeat the same to the inhabitants of the spirit world when in attendance there.

The news of the intended sacrifice was soon circulated. It reached the ears of the missionary, Rev. J. Buck, who, with some Sierra Leone friends, hastened to the spot.

A large hole had already been dug; the poor man was led into it and ordered to lie on his back with his arms spread out.

The missionary and his friends used all possible arguments, entreaties and pleadings for his release, but in vain. They offered bullocks for sacrifice instead of the man, but these were flatly refused; and while they stood entreating, the corpse was brought and placed on the poor slave. He was then ordered to embrace it, and obeyed. The missionary and his friend turned away from the horrible sight as the grave was being filled, burying the living, *as a sacrifice*, with the dead."

CHARACTER.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of

mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic, when do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying "I forgot! I did not think!" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the sufferings of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.

THE PERSONALITY OF SATAN.

The Rev. Dr. Wilson, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and a Professor in Cornell University, in an article entitled "Reason and Authority in Matters of Religion," which appears in a late issue of the *Church Review*, denies the doctrine of the Personality of the Devil, and asserts the only Tempter man has to contend against is *his own lusts*.

In answer to this Dr. Clover puts his argument in the form of a syllogism, presenting as his premise what Scripture teaches, and all Christians believe, viz., that Christ was without sin; and claims that, this admitted, the logical conclusion is irresistible, and proves Dr. Wilson to be in error.

1. Christ was without sin.
2. Christ was tempted of the devil.
3. It follows, therefore, as a necessary conclusion, and as the Catechism of the church teaches, that there is another Tempter besides the "lusts of the flesh," viz., the devil."

DEAR PAPA.

A friend of mine said to me, "All the money you ever handled couldn't buy that little piece of paper." With that he handed a manifold soiled scrap on which I could at first see nothing. At length I deciphered in rude, disjointed letters the two words, "Dear Papa." He had discovered it in the play-house of his little daughter, who died only a few days ago. Sometime when, in the midst of play her little heart had turned towards him she had scrawled these two words—and then having borne testimony of her love threw the paper away.