

Although it was in the beginning of January, the day was beautiful as the finest summer day in Britain. When sailing home again, we sang together the hymn containing the words,—

Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

I never felt so much the beauty and force of these words as I did that afternoon, when sailing on one of Afric's noble rivers, and at the same time looking at thousands of lofty palms towering up in the forest around us. Although there was much to please, at the same time no one seeing the deluded people could help having somewhat of the feelings of him who, "when he saw the multitude, had compassion on them."—*U. P. Missionary Record*.

NEW MISSIONS TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

New missions have been resolved upon to Central Africa, in the one case amongst the Makololo, on the Zambese river, about 500 miles west of Quillimaine, under Dr. Livingston himself, in the other by Mr. Moffat, amongst the Matabele, the subjects of the potent chief Moselkatse. To carry out these important and interesting objects, the Directors of the London Missionary Society make an earnest appeal to their friends and to Christians in general. In a circular issued by them, they state "that on the first announcement of this new enterprise, an unknown friend, from a deep conviction of its importance, generously commenced the fund by a donation of £500. A second anonymous donor, not aware of this liberal contribution, but impressed with a similar conviction of Christian duty, also presented £500. and a third offering has since been received from a benefactor, also unknown, of £200." This auspicious commencement of the Special Fund has been followed by liberal contributions from several attached supporters of the society. "Never," say the directors, "was an appeal presented to the Church more powerfully sustained by considerations of consistency, benevolence, and Christian obligation. From the interior of South Africa, where the intrepidity and zeal of our devoted missionary have corrected the errors of geography, and transformed the Great Desert of our maps into a land of rivers and fertility, God proclaims by His providence that the curse of Ham shall not for ever rest upon his children, and the voice of her hitherto unknown and outcast millions is sent across the seas to 'the country that loves the black man,' in the loud and piteous cry—Come over and help us." Can this appeal from suffering Africa to Christian Britain remain unanswered."—*Christian Times*.

EAST INDIES.

The following letter from the Rev. G. Stevenson, Missionary of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, appears in the *Ecclesiastical and Missionary Record* for August. Bancoorah, April 17th, 1857.

My Dear Friend,—Since I last wrote you the Bengali year has come to a close. The last month of the year coincides with the latter part of our March and the former part of our April. On the three last days of the year, the most cruel and debasing of all the Hindoo festivals annually takes place. It is in honour of Shiva the Destroyer, and is signalized by the public exhibition of practices alike shocking to humanity and revolting to Christian feeling.

I went along with my fellow-labourer, Baikuntha Nath De, to the neighbouring village of Rangong, to witness the two closing days of the festival, or as it is called by the natives the Doorga Poojah. The principle which actuated me was that of which the Prophet speaks in Lamentations iii. 51: "Mine eye affecteth mine heart." I wished to have my heart drawn out in deeper compassion for the perishing multitudes around me, and in more enlarged commiseration for their miserable condition. In relating shortly what I witnessed, my desire and prayer is that this may be the effect produced on those who read the account.