

a horn, some a crab's claw, some a nail, a flint, a snail's shell, or a bird's head; these they carried about their neck in a bag adorned with glass beads. To this fetish they offered, morning and evening, the best provisions they had, praying to it for such things as they stood in need of. This was all their worship. Our friend, the Englishman, once saw a fetish *grigri*, or idol of clay, representing a man's head, set up under a small hut to cover it from the weather: he took a sketch of the people's idol. These idolaters had been visited by Missionaries; but, alas, they were Portuguese Roman Catholic Missionaries. They did not tell these poor Heathens the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, but taught them to repeat a few prayers that they could not understand, baptized them, told them they were Christians, and then left them.—But these idolaters not being properly instructed or taught to read the Scriptures, soon went back to their Heathenish practices.

This was at Sierra Leone two hundred years ago. What is it now? A flourishing colony, with many thousand inhabitants who carry on a great trade with England, France, and many other countries. The country for miles is cleared and cultivated, good roads are made to the surrounding villages.—There are many fine large houses.

Missionaries have visited and lived in the country for many years. There are churches, and chapels, and schools, in which thousands of black children are taught to read the Bible; and near the spot where Captain John Thomas's house stood there is a fine building, in which young black men are instructed, that they may be prepared to go as Preachers to their own countrymen; and this institution is called King Tom's Point.

Unchaste language is the sure index of an impure heart.

ROMISH IDOLATRY.

Is Romish idolatry less gross than Pagan? Let our readers judge from the following simple narrative, taken from the lips of an Irish Scripture-reader, and communicated to us by a person of unquestionable veracity.—He says:—

"I happened to sprain my foot, and I was told if I would visit a certain holy well, and address a given number of prayers to the saint, I should be cured. I told the poor ignorant people who urged me to go, that it was directly opposed to the word of God; but I resolved, if better, to go and see the far-famed idol, and accordingly went, accompanied by a friend, now Scripture-reader under Mr. ———, to visit the spot. The first thing that attracted my attention was a poor woman, who was offering prayers at the well. We remonstrated with her for praying to the idol, and at the same time directed her to pray to God; and, after reading a portion of Scripture, admonishing her, and praying for her, we proceeded to examine the place more minutely.—After looking at the offerings to the idol, deposited by the poor ignorant Romanists, which, in some cases, consisted of buttons, pins, and, in most cases, of red rags torn off their petticoats, we closed the well, and removed the idol—a man having previously told me I should *fall* if I dared touch it; I broke the head off, and proceeding to the school-house, put it under a pot of stirabout that was boiling for the children's dinner; the old woman we had found at the well was in a dreadful fright, expecting the pot would split, and the house come tumbling down about our ears, and she ran out of the house in a state of great excitement.—When we left, many of the people accompanied us on our way, thinking, as the barbarians of old did with respect to St. Paul, that something would have