

those restrictions are to which they refer. What pleasure is there, even according to their own estimate of pleasure, which our faith denies us?—Let them mention one which will bear to-morrow morning's reflection, and we engage to shew that the saint is not forbidden to enjoy it. Is he forbidden to taste of the fruit of the vine, and to be merry with his friends? Did not his Master stigmatize constantly by his presence—yea, minister to it by a bodily exercise of his power? Is he forbidden to read about a wife in honorable wedlock, under the clear shining of the sun,—so unlike the infidel, who curses star light and lamp-light in the prosecution of his low and guilty amours? Is the saint prohibited from being a musician, or a poet, or an astronomer, or a boatman, or a student of any department of science whatever? Surely that Nature which his Father has framed is as patent for his contemplation, as for the unbelieve's; while he has a principle of devotion within his heart, which capacitates him for a sweeter relish of its pleasures. O, there be men, scarcely able to write their own names, who, because they have contrived to spell through the ill-written pamphlet of some profligate atheist, will set themselves forward as persons emancipated from the thralldom of superstition, and talk about the narrow-mindedness of christians, as if Newton had been no philosopher, Milton no poet, and Hampden no patriot; and as if Thomas Paine had been a scholar, and as if Robert Owen, who mocks at the remembrance of his mother's virtue, were possessed of the common properties of a man! Brethren, I warn you again—"Beware of dogs." I will tell you in what consists the liberty of the infidel beyond that of the Christian—he is at liberty to gain for himself the ruined character, the desolated fortune, the palsied frame, and the untimely death of a drunkard; he is at liberty to gain for himself the violent death of the murdered duelist, or the Cam-like conscience of his murderer; he is at liberty to gain for himself the shame and torment of the public exposure, and unrelenting vengeance of his paramour, whom he has betrayed and cast off—she, too, a hag, and monument of the light-hearted, mocking ungodliness of her sex; or to gain for himself that rottenness of bones which is the fruit of his profligacy:—See him as he goes—there is your man of pleasure, who mocks the saint for his gloomy and slavish superstition!—*Regeneration: by William Anderson, D.D., Glasgow.*

TRIAL AND PRAYER.

Nothing so quickens prayer as trial. It sends us, at once, to our knees, and shuts the door of our closet behind us. In the day of prosperity we have many comforts, many refuges to resort to; in the day of sorrow we have only one, and that is God. Our grief is too deep to tell to any other; is too heavy for any other to soothe. Now we awake to prayer. It was something to us before, but now it is *all*. Man's arm fails, and there is none but God to lean upon.

Our closets, in truth, are the only places of light in a world which has now become doubly dark to us. All without and around is gloom. Clouds overshadow the whole region; only the closet is bright and calm. How eagerly, how thankfully, we betake ourselves to it now! We could spend our whole time in this happy island of light which God has provided for us in the midst of a stormy ocean. When compelled, at times, to leave it, how gladly do we return to it! What peaceful hours of solitude we have there with God for our one companion! We can almost forget that the clouds of earth are still above us, and its tempests still rioting around us.

Prayer becomes a far more *real* thing than ever. It is prized now as it was never prized before. We cannot do without it. Of necessity, as well as of choice, we must pray, and send up our cries from the depths. It becomes a real asking, a real pleading. It is no form now. What new life, new energy, new earnestness, are poured into each petition. It is the heart that is now speaking, and lips cannot find words wherewith to give utterance to its desires. The groanings that "cannot be uttered" all now burst forth, and ascend up to the ear of God. Formerly, there was often the lips, without the heart; now it is oftener the heart without the lips. Now we know how "the Spirit helpeth our infirmities." We begin to feel what it is to "pray in the Holy Ghost."

There is now nearness to God. Communion with God is far more of a conscious reality now. It is close dealing with a living, personal Jehovah. New arguments suggest themselves—new desires spring up—new wants disclose themselves. Our own emptiness, and God's manifold fulness, are brought before us so vividly that the longings of our inmost souls are kindled, and our heart crieth out for God; for the living God. It was David's sorrow that quickened prayer in him—it was in the belly of the fish that Jonah was taught to cry aloud—and it was among the thorns of the wilderness and the fetters of Babylon that Manasseh learnt to pray.—*H. Donar.*

PORTRAIT OF VOLTAIRE.—The distinguished Frenchman, who conspired with Frederick the Great, to put out the light of christianity—whose common motto was—"Crush the wretch."—meaning *Christ*—exhibited in a rather mean plight in the vivid pictures of Macaulay! How wonderful the providence of God! These learned and powerful atheists, who no doubt expected that long before the middle of the nineteenth century, by means of their labors, the religion of Jesus would be ranked with that of Jupiter, are now brought out and exhibited in private life, as worthy of the honor of plotting to destroy the only religion which inculcates rational doctrine in connection with purity of morals. How striking a fulfilment of the Saviour's declaration, "Upon whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder."

DA SOUZA, THE PRINCE OF SLAVE TRADERS.

Da Souza, it is supposed, scay from Africa, during his career as slave trader in more than 20,000 slaves. "His commencement," said Mr. Wilson, in 1817, "is a fair index of his character. Through a Portuguese, by birth, he long ago put away the costume of civilized life. And not only does he dress like the natives; in almost every respect he has conformed to their habits. He is said to have more than two hundred native wives. While he is very rich, he is compelled to hide his gold in the sand for safety. He spreads a princely table for strangers, but is so afraid of being bewitched that he takes his meals in a dark closet and eats with his fingers." The following sketch of him, in the *Colonization Herald*, is extracted from a paper, presented to Parliament by Thomas Hutton, of London, on the destruction of Lagos.

M Da Souza, the notorious slave dealer, died about fifteen months ago; this man was in his 81st year when he died. He went to Whydah in the year 1792, in his 24th year. Various have been the rumors that occasioned his going there; he however himself once told me he came out as secretary under the Portuguese Government to their fort in Whydah, and remained three years in that service, and then returned to the Brazils, where I imagined he was born. He wished it supposed he was a Spaniard by birth, and was always treated so in courtesy, and styled Don. The Portuguese did not long continue to support their Government in Whydah, and the slave trade there fell into the hands of the most enterprising, the most so of whom was M. Da Souza. He had for many years an extraordinary good luck, and it was imagined had amassed a large fortune. His fame as a slave dealer gained him unlimited credit in the Havana and Brazil, and ship after ship arrived from those places at Popo, Whydah, and Lagos, consigned to him, generally with full cargoes of merchandise and specie; the goods were recklessly landed in bamboo store houses on the beach. The accumulated cargoes brought upon him an immense amount of debt; of this he appeared utterly regardless, so long as it had the desired effect upon the natives to cause them to consider him possessed of inexhaustible wealth, and for the king of Dahomey to imagine the same, on whom he lavished vast sums of wealth, but who in return could never at any time supply more than a fraction of the amount of slaves for the large amount of property that was sent to him. Frequently from thirty to forty ships, in the year 1826, were lying in the roadsteads of Whydah, all consigned to Da Souza, who had landed all their cargoes, but in return could seldom supply more than four or five cargoes of slaves. Many of the ships, after staying out twenty months to two years, from their light construction, went to pieces on the beach; others lost all their crews and were abandoned; some became prizes, and the general result was, as no account was kept whatever of cargoes landed, every species of extravagance and expenditure took place, to the ruin of the owners. Some of them sent out supercargoes to see what the former were about. Frequently, the fate of the second supercargo and ship and cargo, went the way of the first. So lucrative, however, was the profit on slaves, or the want of them so much required, that some years elapsed before these reckless consignees to Da Souza began to grow cautious—in fact not before many were ruined. In the interim a more rigid law had passed respecting the capture of slave-trading vessels.

The King of Dahomey, who thus had had, for years past, countless wealth poured in upon him, became at last exacting, when the rapid torrent ceased to flow so fast as formerly, and it took some years before he could in the least comprehend the causes that had diminished the supplies to his agent Da Souza, who had years before virtually become so, to have the monopoly of the trade, and who went annually to Dahomey, with tribute to the King, and with vast supplies to his chiefs, to furnish them with means for the next slave-hunt. Year after year these supplies became gradually less; Da Souza having become gradually poorer, and also troubled with a host of creditors in the Havana and the Brazils. The principals or consignees themselves, in many instances came to Whydah to clear their debts. Da Souza keeping no accounts, generally denied all knowledge of the parties or the business on which they had come about; frequently he would absent himself or be in Dahomey for months, when a party of creditors arrived from the Havana or the Brazils. Yet such was the nature of the trade, a lucky voyage or two enabled him to pacify the clamors of these distressed creditors. He treated them with country presents and an unbounded hospitality, and with tales of the endless resources of the King, who would at any time send him as many slaves as he pleased.

Various enactments took place, the cruisers were more vigilant than ever, and matters grew worse and worse. Merchants in the Havana sent agents to have interviews with the King; heavy complaints were made against Da Souza, which for policy's sake, the King would not listen to, he himself not being the rightful successor, but upheld by Da Souza's influence and vast presents to the chiefs. At last, after a few more years, it was arranged that agents from the Havana and Brazils might settle at Whydah, and Da Souza should give up shipping slaves, but to receive a commission of a doubloon for every slave that was shipped. On this he lived in the latter years of his life. He had also raised up duties or contributions on every native who held a slave, at a certain amount per head, which enabled him latterly to keep up some appearance before the King and his chiefs; but this grew less and less, until he actually became tortured with the thought of want.

When he died, his stores were empty. The King of Dahomey sent to have his property taken up to him, and his chiefs entered into the house, and all that could be found was simply a little furniture and some plate;