

his not having called to see you before. He is now very sick, but wishes to know when it will suit you to come to him, that he may send for you." Seeing however, that Mr. Leacock was suffering dreadfully from the wretchedness of his accomodation, he went on, "My father had desired a day or two to make preparations for receiving you, but I cannot leave you in this state. You must return with me to Fallangia this evening." Surprised, but full of thankfulness, Mr. Leacock accepted the invitation. At Fallangia he was warmly received by its aged chief, who met him saying, "Welcome, dear sir, thou servant of the Most High, you are welcome to my humble roof;" and then, other words failing to express what he felt at seeing a Christian minister in his house, he broke out into the Church's great song of praise, the "Te De um,;" and repeated it with great solemnity. A short silence followed, then the chief gave a brief sketch of his past life: he went on to say, "You are, sir, an answer to my prayers for twenty years. And now I know that God hears prayer, and that a blessing is come to my house. Here you are welcome. There is much work here to be done. In Fallangia there are over thirty children, which will be the beginning of a school for you. You can use my house; and next fall I will assist in putting up a house for you; and a church. In the mean time I will divide my house with you; you can have a private table if you prefer it, and if you should be sick I will help to nurse you." Well might Mr. Leacock say to himself, "Surely the Lord must have sent me here, and I have nothing to do but to remain."

For five months only was Mr. Leacock permitted to work at Fallangia. Fever attacked him soon after his arrival there, but he struggled against it.

He passed what time he could with his host whom he soon received into the Church by baptism, together with his son Lewis. Every evening he prayed with the assembled family and those who joined them, making them a short address. On Sundays larger congregations assembled, and when he had preached to them the chief would explain what they had not understood. The school was well attended by children, and even by some grown men. All this was done with failing strength. Then Mr. Leacock's health gave way entirely, he was obliged to leave all in Mr. Dupont's hands, and go to Sierra Leone. There he rallied a little, and would have returned to his work, but fresh illness seized him, and he fell asleep August 20, 1856, in his sixty-first year.

Others have entered into his labours. Mr. Dupont, now an ordained minister, waters the goodly plants he planted. But when we hear of the Pongas we must needs think of its first missionary so wonderfully sent there in answer to the unwearied prayers of that African chief.

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## Holy Days of the Church.

### ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

(MAY 1.)

"I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."—JOHN xiv: 16.

The Church celebrates to-day the festival of two apostles. St. Philip was one of the earliest disciples of our Lord, and preached after the Ascension in Upper Asia, where he made many converts. Toward the close of his life he came to Hierapolis in Phrygia, a great city devoted to the worship of a monstrous