

God's gifts to us are the blessed Bible and Jesus the Saviour of sinners. There are millions of children in this world, George, who have never heard of the Bible, or the Saviour. Why were you not born a little ignorant heathen child, instead of being born in a Christian land, where you are taught the way to heaven?" "Because God gave me a good father and mother," answered George. "Yes, that is just the reason, George; and do we not owe thanks to God for his goodness in this respect?" "O yes, indeed mamma?"

It would take me a long time, George, to tell you of the many things we have to be thankful for; and then there are so many blessings to pray for, for ourselves and others. O, there are reasons enough why we should kneel together as a family, and by ourselves, morning and night, to thank our Heavenly Father for his Mercies, and to pray for these things which we need. But here comes papa. Shall we have prayers, George?"

"O, yes, mamma; O, yes! I am sure I shall never again think such a wicked thought as I did this morning."
—*Christian Treasury.*

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

Kumasi is a large and populous town, and the capital of the kingdom of Ashanti. Its streets are wide, the houses are built regular, and by far the best constructed of any purely native houses that I have seen in Africa. The Mission-house is a neat little cottage. A view is given in the "Juvenile Offering" for August 1849, and also in the Quarterly Paper for September, 1850. Soon after my arrival, the King sent to say that he wished to give me a public reception. I immediately repaired to the place appointed for this ceremony, where I found the King seated upon an artifi-

cial turret of earth, surrounded by several of his great Chiefs, and a multitude of his people. They were seated near the King, in a semicircular form; and in the midst of the crowd a narrow open space was left for me, through which I had to pass, putting out my hand in the Ashanti manner, greeting the chiefs and their people.— When I came to the King, I uncovered my head, and bowed after the English manner. I then passed through the other part of the semicircle, at the end of which I sat down. The King then sent me some palm-wine to drink his health. After which, the King, Chiefs, and their people, passed in procession before me, and returned the salutation. The King and Chiefs had each of their large umbrellas carried over their heads; those of the Chiefs were made principally of red cloth, and those of the King were made of rich silk velvet, of various colours. Every Chief was also accompanied with a band of rude martial music, attended with many of his vassals, with their warlike weapons. The clashing of arms, the shrill blasts of numerous horns, the beating of drums, the tinkling of cymbals, and the roar of the vast crowd of human voices, produced a deafening noise, which I was anxious to escape. The drums and horns were decorated with skulls, and various other parts of the human skeleton. The handles of the swords were overlaid with gold; and in the procession I noticed the chairs of the thrones of the deceased Kings, richly ornamented with gold and silver; besides various articles of furniture of European manufacture, such as silver vases, boxes, tea and coffee-pots, looking-glasses, &c. The scene altogether was rudely grand,—calculated to strike a stranger with terror and dismay.

After I had retired from this confus-