



INDIAN VISITING.—(To accompany *Mrs. Wilson's letter.*)

happy father inspected his c. spring with the critical air of a farmer looking at his young stock, and rewarded the proud mothers according to his estimate of the value of their produce. Cannibalism was practised to a certain extent, I believe as a religious rite. Eighteen men from a neighbouring tribe, fishing too near Brass were caught, taken to the city, and there fed up and slaughtered as required. I was entertaining a distinguished party of kings, chiefs, and Ju Ju priests at breakfast about this time, and seeing that one of my guests had no appetite for my beef and mutton, I enquired the reason. He replied, that they had boiled two of the fishermen for supper the night before at Brass, and he had eaten two much and did not feel very well that morning. I asked him what was the best part of a boiled man. He said it was all good, but that he rather fancied the hands and feet, when boiled till tender in salted water. He then took a large tumblerful of trade rum, leered at us out of his bleary eyes, and departed to my infinite relief. There was, near the mouth of the river, a Church of England mission station, presided over by a native lay reader from Sierra Leone, named Johnson. This man was totally unfit for his position. There is a saying in Sierra Leone that no man is eligible for office in that city until he has served a term in the chain gang. I never knew whether Johnson's curriculum of studies included a chain gang, but I am sure that at least six years would have done him no harm. He was a married man, and lived in the mission house. His sister was living with him, and was engaged in teaching the native girls to sew. I have been told he used to treat her in a very barbarous manner. He was, I am told, guilty of immorality in the village.

I had under my care at this time a little girl, about thirteen years of age. She was the daughter of a great chief, and was to be the wife of King Ockya. At the desire of her father and the king, I sent her every day to the mission

school, they paying the fees through me. Johnson called one day to collect, and while I was in the act of counting out some tobacco heads, used as money there, I saw Johnson in the act of appropriating one of my shirts. I gave him a good talking to, and rubbed the advice well in with my boots. After my royal ward had been about six months at school, I examined her and found she could just read the first half page of words of one syllable in a book they used there, but she could not understand a word she read, and as for writing, she could do nothing but straight strokes and pot-hooks. This girl was afterwards married to Ockya, and I have reason to believe that when Ockya gave up polygamy, she was retained as his only wife. Her father,

I know, had great influence with the king. If I am not mistaken, Bishop Crowther has often complained of native lay readers, and has, I believe, also expressed a strong opinion as to the advisability of sending good white missionaries to Africa. I am inclined to agree with him in this matter, for I am sure that the native African catechist or lay reader, being only one, or at best, two generations removed from barbarism, does not possess sufficient moral stamina to enable him to resist the numerous temptations that beset him in a land where no man is honest, and no woman pure.

Since leaving Brass River, I have learnt that Ju Juism is now a thing of the past, and that, owing to the efforts of Bishop Crowther, the king and chiefs of Brass have given a piece of land on which they have built a wooden church, capable of seating four or five hundred. There is also a flourishing Sunday school in connection with this mission.

I have also heard that my old friend King Ockya, in his later years, publicly confessed Christ. In spite of his Ju Ju men he renounced his idols, which are now to be seen in the mission rooms in Salisbury Square, London, England. King Ockya also gave up polygamy, thus setting a good example to his people. In that same land where Bishop Crowther, a few years ago, found horrid cannibalism, and superstitions, whose name is legion, he has since found praying rooms where chiefs and their families gather regularly twice a day to worship the true God.

us, in spite of all obstacles, Christianity has gained a sure foothold in this darkest spot in the dark continent; and as the years roll by, the ancient river, that has for so long resounded with the clank of the slave's chain and the despairing cry of the victim of Ju Ju, will be bearing on its broad bosom the keels of commerce, and its grand old forests will re-echo with the voices of a happy and prosperous people, joining in the worship of the true God.