

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SLAVE PREACHER.

JACK is a Methodist local preacher. In one of his sermons he told this story. When I was a lad, there were no religious people near where I lived. But I had a young master about my age, who was going to school, and he was very fond of me. At night he would come into the kitchen to teach me the lesson he had learned himself during the day at school. In this way I learned to read.

When I was well nigh grown up, said Jack, we took up the New Testament, and agreed to read it verse by verse. When one would make a mistake, the other was to correct him; so that we could learn to read well.

In a short time we both felt that we were sinners before God, and we both agreed to seek the salvation of our souls. The Lord heard our prayer, and gave us both a hope in Christ.—Then I began to hold meetings for prayer and exhortation among the colored people.

My old master soon found out what was going on. He was very angry, especially because his son had become pious. He forbid my holding any more meetings, saying, that if I did, he would whip me severely for it.

From that time I continued to preach or exhort on Sabbaths and Sabbath nights; and on Monday morning my old master would tie me up and cut my back to pieces with a cowhide, so that it had never time to get well. I was obliged to do my work in a great deal of pain from day to day.

Thus I lived near a year and a half. One Monday morning my master, as usual, had made my fellow-slaves tie me to a shade tree in the yard, after stripping my back naked to receive the cowhide. It was a beautiful morning in the summer time, and the sun shone very bright.—Every thing around looked very pleasant. He came up to me with cool deliberation, took his stand, and looked at me closely, but the cowhide hung still at his side. His conscience was at work, and it was a great moment in his life.

Well Jack, said he, your back is covered all over with scars and sores, and I see no place to begin to whip. You obstinate wretch, how long do you intend to go on in this way?

Why, master, just as long as the Lord will let me live, was my reply.

Well, what is your design in it?

Why, master, in the morning of the resurrection, when my poor body shall rise from the grave, I intend to show these scars to my Heavenly father, as so many witnesses of my faithfulness in his cause.

He ordered them to untie me, and sent me to hoe corn in the field. Late in the evening he came along, pulling a weed here, and a weed there, till he got to me, and then told me to sit down.

Jack, said he, I want you to tell me the truth. You know that for a long time your back has been sore from the cowhide; you have had to work very hard, and are a poor slave. Now tell me, are you happy or not, under such troubles as these?

Yes, master, I believe I am as happy a man as there is on earth.

Well, Jack, said he, I am not happy. Religion, you say, teaches you to pray for those that injure you. Now will you pray for your old master, Jack?

Yes, with all my heart, said I.

We knelt down, and I prayed for him.—He came again and again to me. I prayed for him in the field till he found peace in the blood of the Lamb. After this we lived together like brothers, in the same church. On his death-bed he gave me my liberty, and told me to go on preaching as long as I lived, and meet him at the last in heaven.

I have seen, said Jack, many Christians whom I loved, but I have never seen any I loved so well as my old master. I hope I shall meet him in heaven.—*West. Chr. Adv.*

INFLUENCE OF SOLAR ECLIPSES.

M. ARAGO, in his account to the Academy of Sciences of the solar eclipse of the 8th July last, stated that he had often heard accounts of birds dying from the mere influence of an eclipse of the sun; but could scarcely credit the statements as they could only die from fear: and the dis-

charge of a gun ought to frighten them much more, and yet it is certain that it does not kill them, unless they are actually hit. One of M. Arago's friends made the following experiment: He placed five linnetts in a cage, they were lively and active, and fed up to the moment of the eclipse; when the eclipse had terminated three of them were dead.

A dog was kept feasting from morning; immediately before the eclipse he was offered food and fell on it greedily: but when the dusk commenced he suddenly ceased eating.

The horned cattle in the fields seemed affected with a kind of vague terror; during the eclipse they lay down in a circle, their heads being arranged toward the circumference, as if to face a common danger.

The darkness influenced even the smallest animals. M. Fraisse observed a number of mice which were running briskly, become suddenly still when the eclipse began.

ENGLISH SAILORS BAPTIZING NATIVES.

REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, the martyr Missionary, records the following in his interesting books on the South Sea Islands:

The day we reached Upolo, natives from various parts of the island approached us, saying that they were "sons of the word," and that they were waiting for the "religion-ship of Mr. Williams to bring them Missionaries." In one of these we perceived two Englishmen. Upon being admitted on board, and learning who I was, thinking that it would afford me pleasure, they began to describe their exploits in turning people religious, as they termed it. Wishing to obtain all the information I could from these men, I inquired the number of their converts, which they stated to be between two and three hundred; and having asked how they effected their object, one of them said, "Why, Sir, I goes about and talks to the people, and tells 'em that our God is good, and theirs is bad; and when they listens to me, I makes 'em religion, and baptizes 'em." "Sure," I exclaimed, "you baptize them, do you? how do you perform that?" "Why, Sir," he answered, "I takes water, dips my hands in it, and crosses them in their foreheads and in their breasts, and then I reads a bit of a prayer to 'em in English." "Of course," I said, "they understand you." "No," he rejoined, "but they says they knows it does 'em good."

HORRID CANNIBALISM.—The Rev. R. Maunsell, writing from Waikat-Heads, New Zealand, under date of July 12th, 1841, and speaking of his visit to Lake Taupo, says, I was just in time to meet a party returning from the Western coast, to which place they had proceeded to seek satisfaction for the death of sixty of their number, who had been slain in a late invasion by them of that neighborhood. Providentially the people of the villages had timely notice, and fled. Disappointed of a living subject on whom to wreck their fury, they assailed the dead, and incredible as the fact may appear, I can solemnly avouch for its truth, exhumed two bodies, that had been recently buried, washed off the putrified parts, and ate them! Taupo is now, however, the last resort of genuine heathenism in this island; so will its dark places very soon shine with the Gospel light, which is now pouring forth with such mighty power through the length and breadth of the land.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

CANADA.—THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.—The Kingston Statesman of the 12th inst. states, that in consequence of the rumours lately afloat respecting the removal of the Seat of Government from Kingston, a deputation from the magistrates, consisting of Messrs. Cartwright, Smith and Counter, waited upon His Excellency, to know if there was any foundation in fact for such rumour, and also to see if His Excellency had received any definite instructions prior to his leaving home, from the Imperial Government, relative to the permanent seat of the United Canadian Provincial Government.

The Statesman adds, that His Excellency gave the deputation to understand that there was not the slightest foundation for said rumour, and that when any arrangements, different from those in existence, would be in contemplation relative to the locality of the Seat of Government, no time would be lost in communicating them to the public.—*Transcript.*

It will be seen that nothing is said respecting "definite instructions" as to permanency.

✂ An address of congratulation to His Excellency Sir Charles Metcalfe from the inhabitants of Montreal, is now lying for signature at the News-room. We understand that the Address expresses a hope that his Excellency's Government may be as successful here as it was in Jamaica and India, and that it may be in the power of the signers to accord in the measures which His Excellency may adopt in the present difficult aspect of affairs. All should sign it.

DETAILS OF THE LATE EARTHQUAKE.

Extract from a most appalling Letter, from a gentleman in the West Indies, to his friend in Halifax—dated St. John's, Antigua, Feb. 22, 1843.

"I shall now proceed to give you some faint idea of the late most awfully dreadful, and most appalling Earthquake, which visited this and the neighbouring Islands. On Wednesday forenoon, the 8th instant, at about 23 minutes to 11 o'clock, the inhabitants of this town were thrown into a most terrific state of alarm and dismay—the most intense and absorbing that human beings were ever called upon to witness and endure—by the most alarmingly protracted and desolating calamity, that has been experienced in this portion of the globe, unparalleled in its severity, extremely protracted in its duration, and most destructive in its effects,—having in less than three minutes laid prostrate or otherwise materially injured almost every building, both in town and country—particularly those of stone and brick, those of wood being but partially deteriorated by the foundations giving way.

"With very few exceptions, out of one hundred and fifty estates on this Island, all the mills and other works are now a heap of rubbish, the most of the dwelling houses and all the churches in the country laid flat on the ground. I could not hazard an opinion as to the amount of loss, which however is momentous, nor can it be properly ascertained until we see how much of the crop may be saved. This Island appeared to be in a very flourishing state before the occurrence of this frightful convulsion,—the heavy crop on the ground estimated at about 18,000 hogheads.

"I was up in my chamber after breakfast, in the act of putting on clean linen, when the first quaking of the earth commenced. I sprang instantly to the street, with nothing on me but my pantaloons and shirt, and, oh! the heart-appalling scene that there presented itself: crowds of human beings huddled together, high and low, rich and poor, black, coloured, and white, in one common mass—praying, shrieking, and struggling in the last agonizing pangs of despair; then indeed there was no respect of persons, the proud and high-minded European clinging for support in the moment of danger, on the arms of the sable African, the once degraded and bound slave, supporting the trembling and tottering frame of his old and severe task-master. Massive stone and brick buildings were tumbling to pieces on both sides, the solid and rocky ground shaking in the most horrifying and convulsive state of agitation, the very earth herself bursting her writhing bowels, and splitting in every direction, like the opening planks of a frail bark, when tossed to and fro on the heaving bosom of a raging and tempestuous ocean, emitting volumes of sulphurous smoke, roaring out in the most thundering sounds of deafening noise—in trembling expectation of being in one moment swallowed up alive in the gloomy and dark abyss. And, oh! what a heart-quivering intensity of feeling we endured, in that awfully-dread moment, when about to be hurried, unprepared, into the august presence of an offended God!—It was then in very deed that we witnessed and endured the terrible end of time, "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds,"—as such we truly felt it, but it were vain and idle, and even presumptuous to attempt to do what no language can, to transfuse into the minds of others, any correct notion of this mysterious visitation of providence; let us bow with entire resignation to the will of God, and humbly submit to the chastisement of the Almighty.

"What cause of thankfulness to a merciful providence, for the preservation of our own lives—when we hear of the most melancholy loss of life and total annihilation of property, in the next Island, Guadeloupe,—over five thousand beings are missing—three thousand dead bodies have already been dug out of the ruins—and over one thousand in the most laceraated and hopeless state of existence—the beautiful little town of Point a Petre, now a mass of rubbish, and completely deserted by the inhabitants—but I must close this long letter, the brig sails forthwith, and you will perceive by my pen that I have not yet got wholly over the nervous excitement caused by the awful scene."

PRICE OF A SLAVE.—In the districts near where the "model farm" was established by the Niger expedition, the price of a slave varies from eight pounds to twenty-four shillings; and in times of great distress, some were sold for about ninepence. Children were sold for ten yams apiece!