

his stern duty. It is a dull imagination that cannot fill in the details of the tragedy. The basilica of St. Pauls occupies the site of a splendid old structure that was burned in 1823. Its internal magnificence is in marked contrast with its ugly exterior. The lofty roof is supported by four rows of polished granite pillars, eighty in number, which cast long shadows on a marble floor 400 feet by 222 feet, that shines like a mirror. In the centre of the transepts is the high-altar, supported by pillars of red alabaster, and enclosing a richly carved Gothic shrine, beneath which the precious dust is said to be preserved in a silver casket.* Around the fringe of the baldachino, or altar canopy, are inscribed in large gilt letters, the words,—TU ES VAS ELECTIIONIS, SANCTE PAULE APOSTOLE, PRÆDICATUR VERITATIS IN UNIVERSO MUNDO,—“Thou art a chosen vessel, Holy Apostle Paul, preacher of the truth in the whole world.” In front of this tomb there is another, much humbler one, which in one word tells its own story—TIMOTHÆ. “Strong is the temptation,” says McDuff, “for once not too exactly to demand or scrutinize authority for the truth of the legend, in itself so beautiful, that these two honoured servants of Christ, who had lived and laboured, wept and prayed, sorrowed and rejoiced together, are now resting side by side—the father and ‘his own son in the faith.’”†

Missionary Cabinet.

BISHOP SAMUEL CROWTHER, W. AFRICA.‡

IN the year 1810, a boy was born in a negro family living in the town of Oshugun, about 100 miles inland from the Bight of Benin, on the west coast of Africa. There he lived and thrived for eleven years, with two sisters and a little girl cousin, whose home was with them. Then, in 1821, there came a dreadful day, when a company

of men, from another tribe living not far away, came to Oshugun to capture some of the people, and sell them to the Portuguese slave-traders. There had been some trouble before this between the tribes, and that was what made them attack each other in this way. At this time the town of Oshugun was taken and burned, and a great many children and adults were carried off to be sold. Among them was this boy, Adjai. His father was killed in the fight, and he and his mother and two sisters and little cousin were all carried off. Very soon they were separated. Adjai and one sister were given to the chief; his mother and the baby-sister were allotted to some one else. Before night of that dreadful day, the boy had been traded for a horse, but his purchaser soon became dissatisfied and returned him. For a few months he remained near his mother; then he was suddenly hurried away to a slave market, and sold to a Mohammedan woman. Here he remained but a short time, when he was sold for rum and tobacco, and his new owners very soon passed him along to the Portuguese slave-traders who took him to Lagos and, after fettering him with others, 187 in all, marched them to the beach, and crowded them into the hold of a slave-ship to be taken to America.

The slave-trade had already become hateful to all humane people; and British vessels were on the watch along the coast of Africa to intercept the slave-ships. It so happened that a British man-of-war came along within two days, captured the slaver, and liberated all the slaves, who were taken on board the British cruiser. Adjai and five others, all young like himself, kept together, dreading all sort of horrible things from the stories told them by the Portuguese. But they soon learned they were among friends, and in due time they landed at Sierra Leone and many of the younger ones, including Adjai, and a girl from the same tribe, named Asano, were put into the mission school at Freetown, then under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Weeks. In three days he learned the alphabet; and in six months he could read the New Testament, and was so bright and eager to learn, that he became a favourite scholar. Within the next three years he had become a Christian, and on the 11th of December, 1821

* HOWSON AND CONYBEARE, say that “Weeping friends took up his corpse, and carried it for burial to those subterranean labyrinth, where, through many ages of oppression, the persecuted Church found refuge for the living, and sepulchres for the dead.” While that may be true, it is probable that when the proscriptions against the Christians ceased, the remains of St. Paul were removed to their present resting place.

† ST. PAUL IN ROME, by Rev. J. R. McDuff D.D., London, 1873.

‡ Abridged from THE GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS; Rev. E. R. Smith.