

a duffel jacket, much the worse for wear and an old hat, neither black nor white. Such was his dress, as you see, in the world AFRICANER was poor, but he had found the pearl of great price—and he is now, no doubt in heaven, one of the children of Africa, who, through the means of Christian Missionaries, will by God's grace, remain at his right hand for evermore.

MISSION TO DAHOMI.

In the February number you had a little account of Mr. Freeman's visit to the King of Understone, and his return to Badagry.

After Mr. Freeman had rested a few days at Badagry, he set sail for Whydah, a town where the King of Dahomi generally lives. He was, however, at that time at war, and so Mr. Freeman had to go many miles into the country, to a place called Kanna, before he could have a meeting with him. As he approached the town, the King sent different messengers to him telling him of his happiness to meet with him, and at last a company of soldiers to bring him in with all honour. The captain of these soldiers was a singular looking man. He rode upon a mule, was dressed in the most fantastic style, and had a large umbrella carried over his head to shade him from the sun. When he came near to Mr. Freeman he made the soldiers form a circle round him and his friends, and begin singing a sort of welcome, while he got off his mule and danced before the Missionaries, to shew how glad he was to see them. As they entered the town, the people assembled in large crowds to look at them, and so many companies of soldiers were sent to meet them, that they were surrounded by them on every side. As he passed the gates of the palace, the people knelt down, threw dust in the air, and touched their chins and foreheads out of respect to the King, whom they think the greatest Prince in Africa.