

could speak when it came to us, and even sing a melancholy little dirge, or death-wail for its mother, which somebody had taught it. When it became able to toddle about the house, persons who had known it before were astonished at its recovery, and many women came from the town to see the lame child walking. Some proposed to bring other lame children from different parts of the country, to profit by our training. Mrs. W. told King Eyo, the same day that she took the child, that he must not consider it his slave; she would take charge of it and rear it as her own free child—to which he cordially agreed. I am happy to add, that it now attends school, and is able to use its primer; and lately I was greatly interested to see it stand before an alphabet-board to teach a full-grown man his letters. May the Lord accept, sanctify, and bless the child, with the best blessings of the new covenant.

"The other child, James, is but a few months old. One morning in the end of March, I was surprised to see Eshien, King Eyo's son, coming to our house, accompanied by a boy carrying a young infant. He brought it to us, and said that one of his father's head people had lately bought the child, with its mother, from another country, that the mother had gone deranged, and taken to the bush, forsaking her child—that the man who bought them was away at market, and there was no person at his house fit or willing to take care of so young a child, and therefore, hearing of its forsaken condition, he had brought it to see if Mrs. W. would take it and care for it. Most willingly did she agree to do so. It was a clean-skinned, fine, healthy, handsome little fellow, of seemingly a very few months old.

"A few days afterwards, the man who had bought the mother and child came to see the infant, seemingly very fond of it, and said it was better the child should be with us than be thrown into the bush to die, when it had lost its mother. I asked if he knew what became of its mother. He said that after running away from the child several times, she had at length hanged herself in the bush.

"Alas! what a passage in the history of slavery. The mother, I am told was a handsome young woman, recently sold out of her own country, for what cause I know not. The father of the child I could not learn. She lost heart, drooped, went deranged, forsook her beautiful smiling infant, and, in despair, hanged herself! Since then, however, I have learned that she did not hang herself—that her recent purchaser sold her elsewhere, because she had forsaken the child. But I cannot get rightly to the bottom of the story—a sad story in either way, of it. Whichever version be true, the poor infant has now found a mother who will be kind to it, with more than mere natural affection, even for the Lord's sake, to whom we have solemnly devoted it, to bring it up for him.

"Though it anticipates some other entries in my journal, I must continue the story of this child to its close, which, I grieve to say, was too near. Mrs. W. got a woman in town, who had a fine healthy child and plenty of milk, to come morning and evening and give the infant suck. It fed well from the spoon also, getting goat's milk and arrowroot, and sage, and was thriving finely for some time. It had a cutaneous eruption, which annoyed it for some considerable time, but was getting the better of it also, when its teething began, and made it very fretful. About the middle of August, a girl who was carrying it down the road, running away from a boy, fell with it and on it. Soon after it had large swellings under its arms, which being opened, discharged profusely. These induced fever, from one or all of which it died on 31st August. For a week previously it suffered great pain, and could rest only in Mrs. Waddell's arms by night or day. He died on a Sabbath, and it went to my heart to see the dear child, on my return from church, laid out in his grave-clothes, his sweet little face as placid in death as formerly when sleeping in health. The house children and others who called in to see him, could not forbear weeping. He quietly sleeps in Jesus. His sufferings and death have reminded me of a similar scene with our first son in Jamaica. Had this one been our own, in every sense of the word, we could hardly have felt more interest in him, or taken more care of him. My infant sons are widely scattered—one has his grave in Jamaica, another in Scotland, and now a third in Calabar. I buried him next day beside the others of the mission family who lie interred here, near Mr. Jamieson, Mr. Sutherland, and Mr. Hamilton's little son.

*Sabbath, 31st August.*—To-day we received into the fellowship of the Church, by