

Sierra-Leone is so unhealthy? it looks very pleasant and healthy.

*Mamma.*—The climate of Sierra-Leone is very hot. The bright sun, that Mary admires so much, is no friend to the Missionary. Instead of having winter as we do, they have a long-continued heavy rain, which they call the "rainy season." This rain causes the trees and all vegetation to grow very rapidly. After the rains, the bright sun shines very hot, and draws up an unhealthy moisture from the damp ground and decayed vegetables: this causes fever and ague. The Missionaries are much exposed to these darp fogs. Often they have got to go great distances to preach to the Negroes of an evening. When they get to the chapel, they generally find it crowded; even the windows are blocked up with eager listeners. In this stifling atmosphere the Missionary preaches, and shows forth the unsearchable riches of the Gospel to these once degraded Africans. After preaching, he perhaps has to meet the classes; and, languid and exhausted as he is, his spirit rejoices in him as he listens to these happy Negroes, who, with their faces beaming with joy, bless God who sent His servant among them to tell them of the Saviour who died for them. All his duties finished, the Missionary goes home, the heavy dews falling upon his dress, already soaked with perspiration. Can you wonder that disease seizes upon him, and that many Missionaries have died in Sierra-Leone?

*Mary.*—But why do they not build nice, large, airy chapels, that would hold all the people comfortably?

*Mamma.*—They would be glad to do so; but they have no money to build chapels. Most of them are very poor. When taken out of the slave-ships, they have nothing, and are obliged to learn a trade, and work hard to get a living. They are building one large chapel in Sierra-Leone, which is to be called

Buxton Chapel, after Sir Thomas F. Buxton, who did so much for the abolition of slavery. Several friends in England have given subscriptions towards helping to build it; one gentleman gave the roof; and other presents have also been made. It is not finished, for they have not got money enough yet.

*Emma.*—What language do the Negroes speak?

*Mamma.*—There are Negroes from many tribes, and each tribe speaks a different dialect or language; but they mostly talk what I suppose they think to be English; they call it talking "country fashion." It is a curious jargon, and sounds very silly to English people when they first go there.

A lady who went to live in Sierra-Leone, determined she would not talk to the people in their own way, but would speak proper English to them. She was told by her friends, that they would not understand her. One morning, she asked her servant for a breakfast-cup; he brought a cream-jug. She then said, slowly and distinctly, that she wanted a large blue cup; the boy then brought a dessert plate. The lady then said to him, in his own way of talking, "Go fetch big tea-cup; he live in pantry:" then the boy understood her. There is no neuter in the Negro grammar, and every thing is endowed with animation; they say of dinner, "He live on table." The same lady one day sent into the market for some mutton; instead of receiving a message from the butcher to say he had not got any, she received the following note, for the Negroes are very fond of writing letters:—

"PLEASE MADAM,—I very sorry no mutton live in market this morning.

"Your affectionate butcher,

"JOHN MACAULEY."

I could tell you many more stories about Sierra-Leone, and the people; but I have not time now.