

tered their ears; but the character of God, his works and providence, redemption through his Son, death, judgment, and eternity, were listened to with unflinching attention during the remainder of my sojourn. Though the people of Moselekatse are composed of Matabele or Zulus, (the original stock) and of every tribe from the Bakone tribes to the south, the Mashona to the north, and Batonga, they are transformed by the nature of the government under which they live, and exhibit characteristics of intelligence and prompt attention, compared to which the tribes from which they have been taken possess but a shadow.

Numbers were arriving daily at head quarters, and returning to the different towns of his vast dominions, to bring news, and convey orders and instructions, so that what was preached in the presence of Moselekatse was conveyed to the extreme ends of his territories. Some who heard it at second hand published to others at a distance the strange news that Moshete had brought to the ears of the Matabele. The above services were to me, beyond all description, interesting. I felt that my prayers had been answered, and that I had obtained my heart's desire. After concluding the first day's service, I turned to Moselekatse, and laying my hand on his shoulder said, 'You have now made me happy. I want nothing else that you can give; I shall sigh no more.' 'How,' he asked, 'can you sigh, when I and my kingdom are at your disposal? You must preach daily, and receive my present also.' But I have omitted to state that the permission to preach was only granted on my return journey from the north-west."

Mr. Moffat than paid a visit to the dominions of Sekaletue, calling on Moselekatse again on his way home. The latter could scarcely part from him. "It was with a desperate effort," continues Mr. Moffat, "that I could get away from Moselekatse. He sent an escort to take me beyond the utmost bounds of his country, and to see my wants sufficiently supplied along the road, and also home to the Kuruman, where I arrived among my own people with feelings of lively gratitude to Him who has guided and guarded my seven months' wandering among savage beasts and savage men. During that period I preached the truths of the gospel to thousands who never heard the name of a Saviour before. I accomplished all that was within my power for Livingston. I gave Moselekatse and his people full proof of the deep interest I felt in their temporal as well as spiritual concerns; and I returned with my health greatly improved notwithstanding the toil and anxiety connected with such a journey.

I could not have done any of these things if I had gone either to the coast or to England, so kindly recommended by the directors. In addition to these considerations, Moselekatse generously presented me with more than what defrayed my journeying expenses, which were not small, as well as those of Mrs. Moffat, to Alogota Bay."

From the New York Recorder.

ANDREW MARSHALL, THE NEGRO PREACHER.

On Sabbath morning I attended divine service at the Presbyterian church, of which the Rev. Mr. Preston is pastor; he was absent, and his place was supplied by a New England minister. The building is very fine, of granite brought from Maine, and the interior is a noble temple. In the afternoon I determined to hear the renowned Andrew Marshall, the veteran pastor of the African Baptist church. This soldier of the cross has a world-wide fame, and a very interesting notice of his pulpit services may be

found in Sir Charles Lyell's travels. Mr. Marshall's church is a fair old building, and its interior much resembles a New England old country meeting-house.

I looked round upon the congregation, and noticed that the audience, without exception, was well dressed; the women chiefly wore head-dresses of Madras handkerchiefs, though many had bonnets, and most of the men wore gloves. Mr. Marshall, I should observe, is in his 100th year, his hair as white as snow, his countenance mild, without any wrinkles to mark decrepitude or decay. His voice is one of great sweetness and power; he read his hymn without spectacles, and such reading! In sober truth, I know no northern doctor who can read so well. It was read as Staughton used to read, and those who remember that style of giving out psalmody will long to hear Andrew Marshall. I came to church expecting to hear a wreck of a preacher—a negro preacher—I found in the pulpit a master in Israel. Age has not touched his faculties, his mind is as vivacious, and its workings are as true and faithful as are the intellects of men of 30 or 40 years of age. He preached for an hour an expository sermon on the man out of whom Christ expelled the devils who were permitted to go into the herd of swine. Mr. Marshall's sermon will remain in my memory associated with the discourses of great men. The exposition was scriptural, argumentative, full of imagination, and abounding in wit, yet all in keeping with the place. I was reminded all the way through the sermon of three great preachers in the old country, each eminent in his peculiar way. I refer to Rowland Hill, Christmas Evans, and William Jay. Marshall has much of the wit which corruscated from the desk of Surrey Chapel, while the graphic sketching of the Welsh Demosthenes, and the admiral colloquial style of Jay, are found all through his sermons. The noble preacher made more points of power in that hour than I have heard in a sermon for five years. I regard him as the most astonishing preacher I have ever listened to, when his age, his social position, and his illiteracy are all considered. No pulpit in New York or Boston but would have been honored by such a sermon. The limits of a letter will not permit me to give an outline of the sermon, but it will live in my memory, and its illustration would have been a stock in trade for a tyro in theology and many a sprig of divinity. Mr. Marshall's voice is euphonious, his manner dignified. Nothing but his white hair indicates his age, and I should never have supposed him more than sixty-five, had I not been informed. I must not forget his prayer, it was man talking with God, reverently wrestling with God. He saw the portals of the city—he had been often at its gates, and it seemed as if he *knew* the holy ones. Among the hearers were several white ladies and gentlemen, and I was glad to meet there with the Hon. Francis Granger and his daughter. They both unite with me in my high appreciation of the preacher, and Mr. Granger told me that he thought the reading of the hymn was one of the most impressive exhibitions of sacred oratory he had ever witnessed.

Mr. Marshall drove General Washington from Virginia to Savannah, and he observed that during the entire journey he never saw him smile.

From the Christian Times.

CASE OF JOHN EVANGELIST BORZINSKY.

BASEL, SWITZERLAND, June 18, 1855.

SIR,—In your paper of June 1, you have published, under the title "An Austrian Madia," the translation of a letter of the Rev. Dr. Nowotny, pastor of Peter-