

as he advanced to the charge, and finally settled himself down on my face or hands in the shape of a maniacal gnat. The sting of these thirsty blood-suckers is most tantalising, and frequently produces most painful inflammation of the skin. Our bed, we found, was surrounded by gauze curtains called a mosquito net, to protect us from the ravages of these insects by night.—Nor did it add to our comfort in this strange land, when we were cautioned to carefully examine our bed before getting into it, and to be sure to shake our clothes and shoes well before putting them on again, lest we should find ourselves stung by a scorpion, or bitten by a centipede.—However, we got accustomed to all these things and a great many more in time; and though having our share of mishaps and narrow escapes from snakes, scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas, etc., we never suffered any serious injury.

In the evening of the day of our landing, a service was held in the Mission chapel to thank God for our safe arrival, and to introduce us to the people. Never shall I forget the scene. We sung together the beautiful hymn commencing

“How are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is thy defence.”

Words of affectionate Christian welcome were again addressed to us; some of the negro Christians thanked God on our behalf, and in earnest, artless, but hearty prayers commended us to our Father's protection and sought for us his blessing. It was good to hear men who only a few years before had been slaves—mere chattels—now pouring out their hearts at the “throne of grace” on our behalf, with as much fervour and propriety as would have marked like exercises in our own beloved land; and we felt that we could go to our work cheered and strengthened by the love and the prayers of these black brethren. Another hour or two of social intercourse with the mission family, and we thankfully retired to rest. Thus ended our first day on the “strange land.”

EARNESTNESS IN MINISTERS.

I know not what others think, but for my own part I am ashamed of my stupidity,

and wonder at myself that I deal not with my own and other's souls as one that looks for the great day of the Lord; and that I can have room for almost any other thoughts or words; and that such astonishing matters do not wholly absorb my mind. I marvel how I can preach of them slightly and colilly; and how I can let men alone in their sins; and that I do not go to them, and beseech them, for the Lord's sake, to repent, however they may take it, and whatever pains and trouble it should cost me. I seldom come out of the pulpit, but my conscience smiteth me that I have been no more serious and fervent in such a case. It accuseth me not so much for want of ornaments and elegancy, nor for letting fall an unhandsome word; but it asketh me, “How couldst thou speak of life and death with such a heart? How couldst thou preach of heaven and hell in such a careless, sleepy manner? Dost thou believe what thou sayest? Art thou in earnest or in jest? How canst thou tell people that sin is such a thing, and that so much misery is upon them, and before them, and be no more affected with it?—Shouldst thou not weep over such a people, and should not thy tears interrupt thy words? Shouldst thou not cry aloud, and show them their transgressions, and intreat and beseech them, as for life and death?” Truly, this is the peal that conscience doth ring in my ears, and yet my drowsy soul will not be awakened, O, what a thing is a senseless, hardened heart! O Lord, save us from the plague of infidelity and hard-heartedness ourselves, or else how shall we be fit instruments of saving others from it? O, do that on our own souls, which Thou wouldst use us to do on the souls of others!

The God of mercy pardon me and awaken me, with the rest of his servants, that have been thus sinfully negligent! I confess to my shame, that I seldom hear that bell toll for one that is dead, but conscience asketh me, “What hast thou done for the saving of that soul, before it left the body?” There is one more gone to judgement? And yet I have been slothful and backward to help them that survives
—*Baxter.*

It is our main business in this world to secure an interest in the next.