

our way home I never heard a murmur. The report they gave of the expedition, both in public and private, and very kind expressions towards myself, were sufficiently flattering.

A fresh party was despatched with ivory, under the guidance of an Arab from Zanzibar, and two days only given for preparation; and when they return or even sooner, my companions are to start again. That their private opinions are in accordance with their public profession, I have evidence in the number of volunteers who offer themselves to go to the east with me, knowing I have not wherewith to purchase food even. And they are not an enthusiastic race either; there is not the least probability of any mere adventurer attaining much influence among them. If the movement now begun is not checked by some untoward event, the slave trade will certainly come to a natural termination in this quarter, our emizirs have rendered slaves of so little value now on the coast. Commerce has the effect of speedily letting the tribes see their mutual dependence. It breaks up the sullen isolation of heathenism. It is so far good. But Christianity alone reaches the very centre of the wants of Africa and of the world.

"Theoretically, I would pronounce the country about the forks of the Leeba and Leembye of Kabompa, and the river of the Bashukulumpo, as a most desirable central point for the spread of civilization and Christianity. And unfortunately, I must mar my report by saying I feel a difficulty as to taking my children there, without their own intelligent self-dedication. I can speak for my wife and myself only,—we will go, whoever remains behind."

Miscellaneous Extracts.

THE BIBLE FOR THE GIPSIES.

Some of the friends of the Bible have interested themselves for the last thirty years in the welfare of a large, uncared-for portion of the human family who dwell among us, but are not of us, our Heathen at home, the Gipsies. Their number in England is said to be 18,000, and on the continent of Europe, more than half a million. Whence they come, we know not, for they have no authentic records; but it is supposed they emigrated from India at the time that Timur Bek ravaged the East, and put five hundred thousand persons to the sword to make proselytes to Mahomedanism. We conclude this to be their origin from their language, which in all countries strongly resembles Hindostanee.

The Sudras of Hindostan are wanderers, and, like them, the English Gipsies wander from lane to lane, and common to common, living under a few bent sticks, and an old smoked blanket. Both eat the flesh of almost every unclean creature, and care not if it is tainted. Of late years the English Gipsies are become more choice in their food, but still in the winter still dress and eat snails and hedgehogs. The countenance, eye, mouth, hand, ankle, and quick manner, especially of the female Gipsy, is of a perfectly Hindoo character.

These people have suffered much among the civilized nations. Always suspected of roguery and prosecuted as vagrants; driven and worried from place to place, especially during the last fifty years, while the rest of the world was progressing they were getting worse, and lived more by sheep-stealing, horse-stealing, and fortune-telling, till some efforts, as above mentioned, were made to mend them.

A committee was formed at Southampton in 1823, for the Reformation of the Gipsies in Hampshire, whose exertions have been in some degree attended with success; the name of the Rev. James Crab, "the Gipsies' friend," is dear

to many of the outcasts; a paper "the Gipsies' Advocate," contains the history of his labours and sacrifices. He rented a piece of ground on Shirley Common, as a place of sojourn for the wanderers, where they might learn lessons of useful industry, and hear of the "way that leadeth to salvation." Fifty-nine Gipsies were thus reclaimed by him; five of whom died in the blessed hope of eternal life. He had many children taught to read, and then apprenticed them, or put them to service.

We have received from the Rev. Carr Glyn, Rector of Wiltchampton, Dorset, (who also interests himself strongly in the welfare of this singular race) the following recent particulars concerning the Gipsy children: he says, "The children are clever and interesting; they come into our schools like heathens, but often derive great benefit; they are most desirous to hear the Bible, very quick in apprehending its meaning, much interested in anything about Jesus, and they have voluntarily subscribed pence to the Bible Society, 'to send the good book to others.'"

"We have had sixty of them in our Asylum, a great many of whom learned to read the Bible; and when they have returned to their friends, they had the New Testament given to them, and have often been seen under a hedge reading it.

"Our Missionary, Axford, was listened to by hundreds near London, and the reading and preaching of God's word to them was blessed to many. It often quieted them when rude, and noisy, and quarrelsome. The Holy Book made evidently a deep impression on their poor heathen, ignorant minds. It is the true means, as we have found, to bring the Gipsy to the Saviour—as it has proved to the Bechuana. We are going, D. V., to have another missionary for them near London, and schools as they wanted. The Gipsies are chiefly found at Wandsworth, Bow, Mitcham, and other suburban places, and at the hopping and pea-picking time in the counties of Kent and Surrey. In the winter some of them settle in London, Westminster, Bristol, and other large towns, when a good opportunity is presented for teaching them to read. In the spring they find work in the market-gardens."—*The Book and its Missions.*

A MISSIONARY LETTER FROM A QUEEN

The Queen of Rarotonga, an island in the South Pacific Ocean, having about four thousand inhabitants, who were converted to Christianity, addressed the following letter to the Treasurer of the London Missionary Society.

Dear Sir—Love to you through the Lord Jesus the Messiah. You know that ours is, a land of poverty, and that we have no gold holes here. Firewood, sweet potatoes, and poultry, are the only means by which we can obtain money.

At the annual meeting of 1855 we found that our subscriptions did not amount to what we intended; and we urged one another to increased diligence that our subscriptions might be more next year. One of our number got up and said, "The lag for this year is not full. Let us try if we cannot choke it up before we talk about next year." Then we began to search our pockets, and by some means or other we got up to what we promised, and we were very happy, and thanked God for giving us the means.

We are prospering spiritually and temporally. Men and women are imitating the good ways of you foreigners, who have come to us with the blessings of the gospel, and whose customs were never before known in this land. We are planning to get more money for the coming year, and we have already obtained something toward it. This is my word to you, Mr. Moneyholder. Do not be cast down; you have hi-

ther to had much, and I hope you will yet have more. We will do what we can, and would do more; but we have no hole here where gold is found. These are our desires that the word of God may increase among us, and spread throughout the world. The amount of our subscription for 1855 is two hundred and thirty dollars. Signed,

NA MAKEA.

HABITATIONS OF CRUELTY.

There is an inveterate enmity between the Ojibwas and the Dakotas. Some, indeed, do not participate in acts of aggression and blood. The Lake Superior Indians, for example, are not accustomed to form war-parties. Still the sad heritage of both tribes is a feeling of hatred and hostility. It descends from father to son, like an heirloom. It is cherished and enjoined, as something that is sacred and imperative. In the annals of civilized lands, unfortunately, we can find the counterpart of this strange anomaly.

The key to this state of things is found in the history of the two tribes. The Ojibwas are said to have driven the Dakotas from their ancient home; and this great wrong must needs have been avenged. Blow followed blow; one act of retaliation led to another; and now there seems to be no possibility of a peace, unless the United States government shall establish it by absolute force. A recent occurrence may hasten this consummation.

A Dakota girl, eight or ten years old, lately dwelt on the banks of the Minnesota, between Fort Snelling and Shakopee. Her name was Susan Rainbow. For several years she had been in the family of Dr. Williamson, when he resided at Kaposia; indeed, his sister had taken her in childhood, hoping that with proper care she would become a worthy and useful woman. More recently she has lived with an elder of Rev. G. H. Pond, once a missionary of the Board.

If you could have seen Susan a few weeks ago, you would have found that she had forgotten her native language, and that she had no wish to live with the Indians. She resides among white people, and intends to be like them. By dress and education she is like them. She is contented and happy. Is she safe, however, from the Ojibwas? "Safe? What has she to fear? She is far from their country, as also from her own tribe." Alas! An Indian will travel a long way to gratify his thirst for blood. "But what has she done to offend them? She is a mere child. Never has she wronged them in the least." That is not the question. An Ojibwa never asks, "Has this man, this woman, or this child, wronged my nation?" No. He reasons thus: "All Dakotas, of whatever age or sex, are my enemies." "But Susan has separated herself from her people, and cast in her lot with the whites. Will not these grim warriors dread the power of the pale faces?" "Revenge is sweet," they think; "we will take our chance."

Our story is soon told. Six red men approach the house where Susan lives. She does not fear them; she thinks they are Dakotas. They ask for water; she gives it to them. One of the company inquires in English if she is a "part Dakota." She answers affirmatively. They are gone. "It may be that these six Indians have some evil design!" Such is the surmise of that white family. The woman takes Susan to a neighbour's, to spend the afternoon; but these relentless men are not so foiled; they soon follow. One enters the house. He seizes the poor girl by her hair, and tosses her to another in the door. In a moment she is in the air and four bullets have pierced her body! Even this is not enough. These ruthless savages must bear away her head, as a trophy of success. It is theirs; and now they will ha-