

## Gleanings.

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### A COLORED PROFESSOR.

The Rev. J. W. C. Pennington, D.D., of New York City, has been elected President and Professor in the Woodstock Manual Labor Institute, Michigan. The friends of learning in Michigan may congratulate themselves on this accession to their ranks. The Rev. gentleman is as black as ink—was a fugitive slave at the time of the passage of the fugitive slave law, although he has been for several years the pastor of a very respectable Congregational church, in Hartford, Conn. He was at that time travelling in Europe, as is the fashion with many other distinguished D.D.'s, and there received the Doctorate in Divinity from a distinguished German University, it being no less than that of Heidelberg. After the enactment of the law he feared to return to his congregation until his friend, Hon. John Hooker, of Hartford, purchased him 'running' for a small sum, and thus secured a good title to the Dr., and then presented to himself his 'reverence,' and his theology, and his literary title, and his tongue, and the right to own his wife and children, as well as his bones and muscles and black skin. He has since been the Moderator of a Presbytery of New York, and now is the President of a college or literary institution, for the education of coloured people in Michigan.—*Detroit Tribune.*

[Dr. Pennington, during his sojourn in Scotland, often preached and with great acceptance, to Congregations of the U. P. Church, by the Ministers of which he was always treated as a brother, and in all respects placed on a level with themselves. We recollect hearing him address the Annual Missionary Meeting of that Church in the Music Hall at Edinburgh in the presence of the Synod. On his rising, the Rev. Andrew Somerville, the Mission Secretary, referring to the prejudice against color in the States, and to the position Dr. P. then occupied as a fugitive from his native land, proposed that a special mark of respect should be shown him here. Whereupon the whole of the immense audience started to their feet, and gave the Ethiopian a hearty fraternal greeting.]

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#### LINES FOR CHILDREN.

If ever I see,  
On bush or tree,  
Young birds in their pretty nest;  
I must not in play,  
Steal the birds away.  
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know,  
Would sorrow so,  
Should I be stolen away;

So I'll speak to the birds,  
In my softest words,  
Nor hurt them in my play.

And when they can fly  
In the bright blue sky,  
They'll warble a song to me;  
And then if I'm sad,  
It will make me glad  
To think they are happy and free:

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\* \* \* The Statistics of the Flamboro' Presbytery reached us on the 26th ult.—too late for the present Number. We shall gladly give the paper a place in our next. We entreat that all Communications be forwarded *as early as possible*.—Those arriving late, must either be excluded, or inserted with great inconvenience.