

Formerly, at this great annual festival, literally torrents of human blood were shed; but on the last occasion, only one person was put to death, and he a criminal, who had forfeited his life by his offences against the laws; and on the principal day of the feast, when the excitement was at the highest pitch, between one and two hundred of the natives withdrew from the scene of temptation, and met together in the mission-chapel for the public worship of Almighty God. The regular religious services both at Kumasi and Bantama are well attended, and great interest is created by the preaching of the gospel, on the occasional visit of the missionary, in the town of Jabin. On a recent occasion, Mr. Chapman took his usual stand in the public street, and, on the very spot which the natural superstition had frequently soaked with the blood of human victims, directed the attention of a listening multitude to the great Christian Sacrifice, whose "blood cleanseth from all sin." Some events have occurred during the year, which, while they serve to show the difficulties which a mission in Ashanti has not unfrequently to encounter, at the same time as clearly prove how much the cause of peace and humanity depends upon the presence and influence of the missionary. The mission at Badagry affords much encouragement. The chapel is well attended, and sometimes even crowded with the residents of Badagry, and visitants from the interior."—*Report for 1845.*

Anecdotes.

Mr W., a native of America, and a member of the Society of Friends, residing at Paris, had employed four workmen, who often experienced his liberality. On the commencement of a new year, they waited on him with their respects, to receive a new-year's gift: "Ah, my friends!" said Mr. W, "I have thought of you, and have prepared for each of you a little sum of 15 francs; or, if you prefer it, I will give you the Word of God: fifteen francs is but a small sum, and would soon be spent; but the Word of God will remain a continual source of consolation and salutary counsel.

The oldest of the men modestly inquired, what was the Word of God. "It is the Bible, friend, the Holy Bible." "O, sir," said he, "I should like to have the Word of God, but it would be of no use to me, because I cannot read." The second pleaded his urgent