

Understone, and as they have done so, they have told about the English, and what they knew about their religion and their habits, and their kind feelings towards other nations. All this has opened the way. The King and his people were delighted with their accounts, and often wished the English would come to them ; so when they really did come, all their hopes were realized, and they gave them the welcome that they did. You see how God often goes before us, and opens up the way. May he soon open the way in all the quarters of the earth !

(*To be Continued.*)

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## Poetry.

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BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

God gave to Afric's sons  
A brow of sable dye,  
And spread the country of their birth  
Beneath a burning sky ;  
And with a cheek of olive made  
The little Hindoo child,  
And darkly stained the forest tribe  
That roam the western wild.

To me he gave a form  
Of fairer, whiter clay ;  
But am I therefore in his sight  
Respected more than they ?  
No 'tis the hue of deeds and thoughts  
He traces in his book,  
'Tis the complexion of the heart  
On which he deigns to look.

Not by the tinted cheek  
That fades away so fast,  
But by the colour of the soul  
We shall be judged at last.  
And God, the judge, will look at me  
With anger in his eyes,  
If I my brother's darker brow  
Should ever dare despise !