

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!