tion. Pretending to the most exalted piety and the habits and associations of the plough, the purest principles of benevolence, it violates the plainest maxims of divine will, and riots and his mind, that his after acquirements could only simplicity and emotion, he added, but only think require them without assistance to turn it into ing the standard of freedom, and the banner of the cross, it disgraces one by seeking to violate the It is in vain to attempt to give a full picture of How sorry Thomas must have been! This repre- the translation is incorrect, or defective, by proper dom, and stains the other with the blood of its imperfect dashes may help the imagination to a time to come. unfortunate victims. Assuming for its motto, faint idea of what none can fully conceive but At another time, Father Morris gave the details | defect. By this means we mutually instruct each that all men are born equal,' it seeks to bring | those who have seen and heard Old Father Morris. of the anointing of David to be king. He told other. One of the second class, a boy about about a loathsome amalgamation between two | Suppose yourself one of a half a dozen chil- them how Samuel went to Bethlehem—to Jesse's | twelve or thirteen years of age, is, we hope, conraces of people, in the very lineaments of whose dren, and you hear the cry-'Father Morris is house—and went in with a 'How d'ye do, Jesse?' verted to God. faces the hand of the Deity may be distinctly coming! You run to the window or door, and land how, when Jesse asked him to take a chair, As it respects health, we have all been highly traced, defining a broad and eternal separation. you see a tall, bulky old man, with a pair of he said he could not stay a minute—that the Lord favoured. Brother and Sister Clarke have had no Dark, indeed, must be the fanaticism-miserable | saddle bags on one arm, hitching his old horse | had sent him to anoint one of his sons for a king; attack of fever, which might be considered danthe delusion, that can calculate upon effecting with fumbling carelessness, and then deliberately and how, when Jesse called in the tallest and gerous. And much of the time, they say, their an object, so disgusting and so revolting, in a stumping towards the house. You notice his handsomest, Samuel said he would not do; and health is as good as it was in America. My own country like this. Before it can be done, sir, | tranquil, florid, full-moon face, enlightened by a | how all the rest passed the same test; and at last, | health has been better within six months, than it every rivulet which gushes from her mountains | pair of great round blue eyes, that roll with | how Samuel says, 'why, have not you any more | had been for the same length of time, since I first must be crimsoned with blood, every field must | dreamy inattentiveness on all the objects around, sons, Jesse?' and Jesse says, 'why yes, there is | had the fever. become the scene of some deadly fraternal strife, and as he takes off his hat you see the white little David, down in the lot; and how, as soon as Relative position of the settlements in Liberia. and drenched in fraternal gore.

ten in blood. Every exhibition of its infernal sa- great hand on your head, and with a deep rum- Father Morris sometimes used his illustrative It once had a somewhat extensive and lucrative turnalia has been followed in rapid succession by | bling voice inquires, unrelenting popular violence and outrage. Al- | 'How d'ye do, my darter?—is your daddy at | rebuke. He had on his farm a fine orchard of | carried on principally to supply slavers with vicready has its machinations convulsed the union | home?" from one extremity to the other; and if, in these | 'My darter' usually makes off as fast as possi- | year old gentlemen helped themselves more libe- | very small. Some of the merchants have recently demonstrations, the christian and the patriot do | ble, in an unconquerable giggle. Father Morris | rally than even the old man's kindness thought | given their attention to agriculture. Up Stockton not perceive the decay of their fondest hopes, goes into the house, and we watch him at every expedient.

and religious liberty.

But what has abolition done for the peculiar ob- easiness of childhood. can! Sir, it does appear to me, as if abolition, in a suppressed tone, tion, that it may laugh at their miseries; and sympathized. when too late they perceive the wretched deluchains and gibbet rises to their view, exclaims little parish, preaching simply to the hoers of Morris kept his peaches. with exulting mockery,

Now, ye wise saints, behold your light-your star! Ye would be dupes and victims-and ye are!

abolition is his friend. No matter what may be its views-no matter what may be the principles which govern its action-its inevitable tendency is the extermination of his race. Is this fancy, or is it the admonition of reason? Let us examine: If the professions of the abolitionists be true, if the polluted press which sustains and animates their unholy cause, is a fair exponent of their views and prospects, they aim at nothing less than a dissolution of the union, as a necessary prerequisite to effect their destructive and unhallowed purposes. If then a dissolution of the union should be effected—and I hold, sir, it never can be done without the effusion of blood-what will be our situation at such an eventful and awful period? We shall be plunged, at once, into the midst of a civil and a servile war-and the first blow that is struck will be the signal for the extermination of the coloured race. Every consideration of prudence and self-preservation would dictate, that we should first rid ourselves of the domestic foe, selects the hour of midnight for the perpetration of crimes, and, in the wild and unbridled career of have known it before!' passions, unregulated by mental influence, spares neither age, sex, nor condition!

It is to avoid calamities like these that colonization comes. Its path is not marked by blood and carnage, nor is it strewed with the fragments of 'who is this minister?' our sacred union. Its banners bear no such traitorous inscription, as disunion, nor is it stained with a brother's blood! But spread upon its folds all the morning, how I could have read the Bible the patient watching of the husbandman. Many Episcopalian missions are, in respect to the is Liberty, Union, and the Cross! For, while it seeks to preserve the integrity of the union, and proffers freedom to the bondsman, it carries the cheering beams of a holy religion to a dark and benighted land. It is to this land that colonization invites the coloured man, and there let him go. Here he can never be free. No matter what may be the circumstances by which he is surrounded, he is still a slave. The distinguishing colour of his race is not more plainly marked, than is slave written upon his brow. Let him go, then, to the land of his fathers. Let him go to the place which the finger of the Deity has point- the trees,' he said, 'you could just see it from with old Simeon, 'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy ed out as his peculiar residence. There indeed Jerusalem.' And there the Lord Jesus and his servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen he may be free in the most comprehensive sense of the term. There chains and manacles fall from his arms. There his soul may walk forth in the majesty of its own dignity. There he may realize the grand conception of the poet,

Os homini sublime didit cœlumque tueri. And who shall say, that the infant republic, planted on the shores of Africa, may not be the germ of a powerful and vigorous nation? Who by his triumphant joy at the resurrection scene. will be held in everlasting remembrance by Him shall say, that imbibing, as it does, its notions of earth, it may not at some future day present the proud spectacle of a people adorned by all the arts that embellished, and strengthened by all the nation? For my own part, I have the liveliest | paintings. hopes of the future prospects of the colony, and solemnly believe that the brightest anticipations of the christian and philanthropist will be completely realized.

The following article is a happy mixture of the sportive and pathetic; we hope its length will not deter our readers from its perusal.

(From the Lady's Book.)

Old Father Morris. BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Of all the marvels which astonished my child-

curling wig that sets off his round head. He | ever Samuel saw David, 'he slashed the oil right | In the old colony, Monrovia is the principal town. But what after all, with all its boasted philan- comes toward you-and as you stand staring with on to him; and how Jesse said, he never was so It is situated near the mouth of the Messurado thropy, has abolition effected? Its history is writ- all the children round, he deliberately puts his beat in all his life.'

proved to be the cup of bitterness and woe! A | His deep, thundering, protracted a-hem-em was | the boys steal them?' said | Little Bassa is a native salt-town on the sea-coast, bloody record of its madness and its folly may be like nothing else which ever I heard; and when he-'no indeed!' 'Why, sir,' said I, 'I have a about twenty miles north-west of Edina. A few found in the history of one of the southern states, once as he was in the midst of these performances, whole lot full of peaches, and I cannot get half of colonists reside here in houses of native construcabundantly attesting its peculiar adaptedness to the parlour door suddenly happened to swing them,'-here the old man's voice grew tremulous, tion, for the purpose of trade. Here a slave facameliorating the condition of the unfortunate Afri- open, I heard one of my roguish brothers calling | because the boys in my parish steal them so.' tory has recently been established, and is pursu-

meeting-house and spire. You follow the travel- plicity.

Scripture history, that Governor Griswold, in he had told over before. passing out of the house, laid hold of the sleeve

to so little purpose as not to see all these particu-

lars he has presented!' Martha and Mary, and Lazarus.

Then the narrator went on to tell how Lazarus | whole frame shook with emotion. died-describing with tears and a choaking voice, It was not many years after, that this simple and the distress they were in-and how they sent a loving servant of Christ was gathered in peace messenger to the Lord Jesus, and he did not come, unto Him whom he loved. His name is fast passand how they wondered-and thus on he went, | ing from remembrance; and in a few years, his winding up the interest by the graphic minutiæ of | memory, like his humble grave, will be entirely an eye-witness, until he woke you from the dream | grown over and forgotten among men, though it

civil government, from the purest model upon | Scripture painting was listened to with breathless | sight the death of his saints is precious. interest. But it was particularly in those circles called in New England, 'Conference Meetings,' that his whole warm soul unfolded, and the Bible, resources that constitute a great and powerful in his hands, became a gallery of New England

He particularly loved the Evangelists-following the footsteps of Jesus Christ-dwelling upon his words-repeating over and over again the stories of what he did, with all the fond veneration of an old and favoured servant.

exceedingly practical turn, as one example will Their conduct and proficiency are, in general,

which met for social prayer, and took occasion the to us as interpreters. Should they progress as first time he re-collected a tolerable audience, to | they have done, and be permitted to stay with us tell concerning the Conference Meeting which a year or two longer, their services will be of the disciples attended,' after the resurrection.

But Thomas was not with them,' said the old is the only place to which we can look for good hood, there is none I remember to this day with | man, in a sorrowful voice. 'Why! what could | interpreters, and instructors in native schools. so much interest, as the old man whose name | keep Thomas away? Perhaps,' said he, glancing | Brother Day confines himself to English stuforms my caption. When I knew him he was an at some of his backward auditors—'Thomas had dies. I have two classes of the most forward of aged clergyman, settled over an obscure village in | got cold-hearted, and was afraid they would ask | the boys, whom I instruct once a day in reading | New England. He had enjoyed the advantages him to make the first prayer—or perhaps,' said he, their own language. The second class are in the of a liberal education, had a strong original power | looking at some of the farmers, 'Thomas was | 'Bassa Spelling Book.' The first class having of thought, an omnipotent imagination, and much afraid the roads were bad-or perhaps,' he added, gone through that, I furnish them with manugeneral information. But so early and so deep | after a pause, 'Thomas had got proud, and thought' script reading. Out of school, with the assistance

rejoices in the midst of human suffering. Unfurl- mingle with them, forming an unexampled amal- what Thomas lost, for in the middle of the meet- English. If the translation is correct, they will constitution, which secures and guards that free- such a genuine unique; but some slight and sentation served to fill the vacant seats for some illustrations and explanations of the idea they will

their most cherished aspirations, it is because turn, as with the most literal simplicity he makes Accordingly, he took occasion to introduce into and the St. Paul's, about five miles from Monrovia, their prayers mingling together around the throne himself at home—takes off his wig—wipes down his sermon one Sunday, in his little parish, an is the town of New Georgia, inhabited by recapof the Eternal, strengthen their faith in the per- his great face with a checked pocket handker- account of a journey he took, and how he saw a tured natives. Three miles further, on the St. petuation of those institutions, which, alone of all | chief-helps himself hither to what- fine orchard of peaches, that made his mouth | Paul's river, is the town of Caldwell, containing the governments upon earth, amply secures civil ever he wants, and asks for such things as he water to look at them. 'So,' says he, 'I came up probably three or four hundred inhabitants.

attentive hearer-many a listless, idle young per- come.' I once heard him narrate in this picturesque son, began to give ear to words that had long falway, the story of Lazarus. The great bustling | len unheeded. A neighbouring minister, who had city of Jerusalem first rises to view, and you are | been sent for to see and rejoice in these results, told with great simplicity, how the Lord Jesus | describes the scene, when, on entering the little 'used to get tired of the noise'-and how he was | church, he found an anxious, crowded auditory, 'tired of preaching again and again to people who | assembled around their venerable teacher, waiting would not mind a word he said'-and how, 'when | for direction and instruction. The old man was it came evening, he used to go out and see his sitting in his pulpit, almost choking with fulness friends in Bethany. Then he told about the house of emotion as he gazed around. 'Father,' said the of Martha and Mary—'a little white house among | youthful minister, 'I suppose you are ready to say disciples used to go and sit in the evening with thy salvation.' 'Sartin, sartin,' said the old man, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, and his

Among his own simple people, this style of who forgetteth not his servants,' and in whose

(From the Baptist Missionary Magazine.) Missions to Liberia.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF MR. CROCKER, DATED EDINA, JULY 21, 1838.

Mission School .- Our school, under the care of brother Day, give us, at present, a good degree of Sometimes too, he would give the narration an satisfaction. Sixteen native boys belong to it. pleasing. Two of the most forward, from their He had noticed a falling off in his little circle knowledge of English, are becoming very useful inestimable value to the missionaries. The school

be able, commonly, to point out the error or

river, about seventy miles north-west from Edina. talent to a very good purpose, in the way of trade with the natives; but, owing to the wars, peaches, from which some of the ten and twelve | tims, their trade with the natives is, at present creek, which communicates with the Messurado cannot lay his hands on, with all the comfortable to the fence and looked all around—for I would Twelve miles further up the St. Paul's, and about not have touched one of them, without leave, for | twenty miles from Monrovia, Millsburg is situjects of its pretended benevolence? Has it im- I remember to this day, how we used to peep all the world. At last I spied a man, and says I, ated-about three hundred inhabitants. The proved the physical or moral condition of the co- | through the crack of the door, or hold it half a | 'Mister, won't you give me some of your peaches?' | three last-mentioned towns are principally agriloured man? Has it loosened one chain that binds | jar and peep in, to watch his motions—and how | So the man came, and gave me nigh about a hat | cultural. Coming down the coast from Monrovia, him? Has he, by its efforts, tasted of the sweets | mightily diverted we were with his deep, slow | full. And while I stood there eating, I said, | we next come to Marshall, a small settlement, of that liberty, which, in the plenitude of its be- manner of speaking, his heavy cumbrous walk, 'Mister, how do you manage to keep your peach- about thirty-five miles north-west of Edina, near neficence, it would proffer him? Or, rather, has but above all, with the wonderful faculty of hem- es.' 'Keep them?' said he, and he stared at me- the mouth of the Junk river. The inhabitants not the chalice which it has presented to his lips | ming which he possessed. 'What do you mean?' 'Yes sir,' said I—'don't | give their attention to farming. The sea-port of 'Why sir,' said he, 'don't their parents teach them | ing its business with an energy which threatens with the hell-engendered cunning which the poet | 'Charles, Charles, Father Morris has hemmed | not to steal?' 'And I grew all over in a cold | rapidly to depopulate this region. As this estabhas ascribed to the veiled prophet of Korahan, the door open!' and I told him I was afeard they didn't.' lishment is within eleven miles of the town in seeks to allure its unfortunate victims to destruc- long and desperate titter, in which I sincerely 'Why, how you talk!' says the man: 'tell me | which I reside, from its influence, though perhaps where you live.' 'Then,' said Father Morris- | not aimed directly against our enterprise, I have But the morrow is Sunday. The old man rises | the tears running over-1 was obliged to tell him | been hindered, no doubt, in trying to get a native sion into which they have been led, and while in the pulpit. He is not now in his own humble, I lived in the town of G.' After this, Father house completed. The head-men on whom I rely for the building of the house, find it so much corn, and planters of potatoes-but there sits | Our old friend was not less original in the logi- easier to get money by selling slaves than by Governor D. and there is Judge R. and Counseller | cal than in the illustrative portions of his dis- | work, that their attention is very much taken up P. and Judge G. In short, he is before a refined | courses. His logic was of the familiar, colloquial | with that. Edina, the place where we now reside, Let not, then, the coloured man suppose that and literary audience. But Father Morris rises - kind, which shakes hands with common sense like is a pleasantly situated town, having the ocean on he thinks nothing of this—he cares nothing—he an old friend. Sometimes, too, his great mind its western boundary, and on the eastern a broad knows nothing, as he himself would say, but and great heart would be poured out on the vast expanse of water, formed by the union of the St. 'Jesus Christ and him crucified.' He takes a schemes of religion, in language which, though John's, Mechlin, and Benson rivers. The two passage of Scripture to explain—perhaps it is the | homely, produced all the effects of the sublime. | latter empty into the first, and, passing along walk to Emmaus, and the conversation of Jesus | He once preached a discourse on the text, the | between Bassa Cove and Edina, are poured into with his disciples. Immediately the whole start | High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity;' and | the sea. This town contains not far from three out before you, living and picturesque—the road from the beginning to the end, it was a train of hundred inhabitants, a large portion of whom are to Emmaus is a New England turnpike—you see | solemn thought. With his usual simple earnest- | beginning to turn their attention to agriculture. its mile stones, its mullen stalks, its toll gates. ness, and his great rolling voice, he told about the The mission-house stands on a hill just out of the Next the disciples rise, and you have before you | Great God-the Great Jehovah-and how the peo- | village, and commands a very pleant view of all their anguish, and hesitation, and dismay ple in this world were flustering and worrying, Edina, Bassa Cove, St. John's and Mechlin rivers, talked out to you in the language of your own and afraid they should not get time to do this, and and of the ocean. Bassa Cove, on the south side fire-side. You smile—you are amused—yet you that, and t'other. 'But,' he added, with full- of St. Jonn's river, is a pleasantly situated place, are touched, and the illusion grows every moment. hearted satisfaction, 'the Lord is never in a hurry: having the ocean on the west, and Benson's river You see the approaching stranger, and the mys- he has it all to do; but he has time enough, for he on the east. This town has been built since we terious conversation grows more and more inte- inhabiteth eternity.' And the grand idea of infi- came here, and appears to be flourishing. The resting. Emmaus rises in the distance, in the nite leisure and almighty resources, was carried inhabitants have entered upon the cultivation of likeness of a New England village, with a white | through the sermon, with equal strength and sim- | their farms with a commendable zeal, and encouraging success. This town contains, probably, a lers—you enter the house with them—nor do you But the sayings and doings of this good old man, little over three hundred inhabitants. About wake from your trance until with streaming eyes | as reported in the legends of the neighbourhood, | seventy or eighty miles down the coast is Senou, who, goaded to desperation by some mad fanatic, the preacher tells you that they saw it was the are more than can be gathered or reported. He purchased by the Mississippi Colonization Society, Lord Jesus, and what a pity it was they could not lived far beyond the common age of man, and con- as a location for their emigrants. The town is tinued, when age had impaired his powers, to tell on the sea-coast, having the Senou river on the It was after a sermon on this very chapter of over and over again, the same Bible stories that east. The principal place of residence for the colonists, is, I believe, about four miles up the I recollect of hearing of the joy that almost | Senou river. The number of inhabitants is small; of his first acquaintance, 'pray tell me,' said he, broke the old man's heart, when, after many how many, I do not know. About seventy or years' diligent watching and nurture of the good | eighty miles further to the leeward, is Cape Pal-'Well, he is an oddity—and a genius too! I seed in his parish, it began to spring into vegeta- mas. This seems to be the most delightful region declare!' he continued, 'I have been wondering | tion, sudden and beautiful as that which answers | of any in the colonies. The Presbyterian and a hard, worldly-hearted man-many a sleepy, in- natives, laying a good foundation for the time to

The Village Church.

I love the ivy-mantled tower, Rocked by the storms of thousand years, The grave whose melancholy flower Was nourished by a martyr's tears; The sacred yew, so feared in war, Which, like the sword to David given, Inflicted not a human scar, But lent to man the arms of heaven.

I love the organ's joyous swell, Sweet echo of the joyous ode, I love the cheerful village bell, Faint emblem of the call of God. Waked by the sound, I bend my feet, I bid my swelling sorrows cease; I do but touch the mercy's seat, And hear the still small voice of peace.

And, as the ray of evening fades, I love amidst the dead to stand; Where, in the charnel's deepening shades, I seem to meet the ghostly band. One comes-Oh! mark his sparkling eye, I know his faith, his strong endeavour; Another-ah! I hear him sigh, Alas! and he is gone forever!

Another treads the shadowy aisle, I know him—'tis my sainted sire;" I know his patient angel smile, His shepherd's voice, his eye of fire! His ashes rest in yonder urn, I saw his death, I closed his eye; Bright sparks amidst those ashes burn, That death has taught me how to die.

Long be our Father's temple ours, Woe to the hand by which it falls; A thousand spirits watch its towers, A cloud of angels guard its walls. And be their shield by us possessed; Lord, rear around thy blest abode, The buttress of a holy breast, The rampart of a present God.

· Hooker.