when I found her in a dying state. Although speechless, she manifested, by a heavenly smile, that I was recognized, and in the same manner assured us that all was peace within, and cheering in prospect. She struggled with two or three more most distressing convulsions during the day, and expired immediately after the last, at the hour before named, as we doubt not, in the spirit of a cheerful, triumphant martyr! To her therefore, very evidently, to die was to gain; but as it respects the station from which she was taken, all is dark and mysterious. Entering upon its duties immediately after her marriage, with the zeal and ardour of an entirely consecrated soul, she had already advanced the female department of the school to a greater state of perfection than it, perhaps, had ever before reached; she had also enticed the native women—six or eight in number—located in the small town on mission grounds, to attend school for the purpose of being instructed in reading and sewing, and likewise induced them to attend a meeting for religious instruction—when she was suddenly taken away from her interesting work! We do, indeed, *mourn* her loss, for it seems irreparable. We desire to be—we do feel resigned; but it is only because we know, "we walk by faith, not by sight," even so, Father! for so it seems good in thy sight!

The two deaths which have followed each other in such quick succession, afford both us and the Committee but too convincing proof that *our mission* is not to be exempt from that sacrifice of life which has attended *all other missions* to this country: and it ought not to be concealed from you and the Church, that the feeble health of our missionaries generally, furnishes melancholy evidence to the same effect. At the present moment, I, and Mr. Appleby, at *Rockbookah*, are the only members of the mission (I mean whites) who can be said to enjoy any thing like good health. It *ought not to be concealed* that there are seasons when we seem to hang by a thread over the grave, and the very existence of our missions seems threatened. We look anxiously around for those who would take our places. Amongst our converts we find none qualified for this purpose—and to AMERICA we look almost in vain. Nearly three years have now elapsed since *one missionary* came over to help us! Our thoughts are often turned, in this dilemma, to the West Indies, from whence we might reasonably hope that labourers better fitted to withstand the climate, could be obtained. But when, or how, or by whom shall such persons be brought to us? In these trying circumstances, it is sweet to know, that the cause is God's, and that *He* will take care of his own cause. Oh Lord! stir up thine own people to carry forward thine own work of salvation in a perishing world!

Large Congregation—Eight youths admitted to the Church by Baptism—Confession of an old man—Gnebwi's advice.

But perhaps I have indulged too much in what might be called the dark view of the subject. I proceed to the extracts from the journal:

Sunday, Sept. 26.—I preached to the largest congregation at *Grahway* I have ever met there. This morning I admitted to the church, by baptism, eight of the dear children for whom I have been labouring and praying for some years. Most of these children had been on probation some months, and all of them long enough to give good evidence of having been "born again."

Saturday, Sept. 31.—Made my usual visit to the three river *Cavally* towns to-day. At *Koblah* had a very interesting discussion in reference to the "*Greegree*" system. Most of those present seemed to be convinced of their vanity, though they were not quite prepared to throw them away at once. I was never before permitted to engage in a discussion in which there was manifested so sincere a disposition on the part of the natives to

arrive at the truth. One grave old man, after remarking that he had no greegrees, said that he was in the habit of cooking rice for the devil, and putting it before his door. He inquired of Gnebwi if this was right. G. answered, with great earnestness, "You say you have no greegrees. Well! But leave off also to throw away your rice. If you have children, feed them. Do not give your food to what does not exist. Your departed friends, if it be they you feed, cannot come back. In case they are with God, they do not wish to come. If in hell, they cannot come. Upon this subject the doctors teach *only lies*. We give our money to them for *nothing*." "You have well said we give our money to them for nothing," rejoined the old man. "This year, when I left my home to cut a rice farm, at the instance of a doctor, I killed a fowl to the devil, to induce him to mind my family during my absence. I had not been gone two days, before my child died. Soon after I was taken ill. I had then a chest nearly full of plates, of which I gave nearly all to the doctors to cure me, but received no benefit from them. To the last one who offered his services I replied that I would give nothing more for this object. I am now well."

All present agreed that they ought to, and would consider what we said, and act upon it. "It was *light* to them; it made them *see* and *wonder*." The king Siah, successor to Baphro, followed G. out of town, asking him questions, and giving evidence of the deep interest which he felt in the subject."

Communion—The eight youths admitted—Mr. Payne saves the life of a native—Test of guilt or innocence in the crime of witchcraft—Dreadful superstition—Preaches against it.

Sunday Oct. 1.—Administered the communion, and admitted to it the eight native youths who were baptized on the last Sabbath.

After service, it was my privilege to take home a man who was in imminent danger of being killed by repeated draughts of "Gidu." His case was this. Having been accused of witchcraft, he fled from the town in which he lived, and repaired to one of the smaller divisions of *Cavally*, as is often done, to drink "Gidu" *privately*. In this way, it is thought, the danger of having poisonous ingredients mingled in the draught by infuriated enemies, is avoided. The man in question had in this way taken the draught repeatedly; but in every instance had been almost killed by it. Last night I learned that he had taken it again, was very much exhausted by the excessive purgation which followed, and must die if he took it again. I immediately sent to the "Sedibo," to beg that he might be permitted to return to town, without again being compelled to submit to the ordeal; it being customary to have this done before the people, after it has been done privately. After some hesitation, they sent word to me, that as I had asked, they assented. I went, therefore, early this morning and brought the man to my home, and this afternoon took him to the people, who were assembled in the Sedibo's house. After we had entered, and were seated, the organ of the Sedibo remarked, if any one has any thing to say, let him speak. I replied, "I am a stranger amongst you; but feel for your sufferings. Two of your old men have just been killed by "Gidu," and here is another who has been very near sharing the same fate. I beg that you will let this matter drop, and allow this man to return to his family." They replied: "we assent; this man has now felt how bad it is to drink 'Gidu.' If guilty, it will be a warning to him not to repeat the crime with which he is charged; if innocent, it will teach him to be cautious in giving 'Gidu' to others. We do not wish to kill him; since you have brought him, we receive him. Wesseh is no longer a stranger, but our

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