own countryman. You may take him to his house." I then conducted him home, where I received his thanks, as well as those of his family. In returning, as I passed the king's house, the latter called me, and expressed his gratitude to me for saving his fellow-townsman. There is, I am persuaded a growing scepticism in the validity of the "Gidu," as a test of guilt or innocence, many saying, "eh le gnebo pududuka," it kills men without cause. Thinking the season a favourable one, I have preached against it to-day, and shall continue to do so through the week.

Large Sunday School—Pious native teachers for evening Schools—Death of Budah, or "Peter Van Pelt"—Budah's grave—King Idebabo—Scene of bitter grief—Suitable stone procured for the grave of Budah—Inscription—The burial service read—Religious character of Budah.

Sunday, Oct. 9.—In returning from *Grahway* this morning, I was pained to see many of my people at work, notwithstanding the pledge so lately given to observe the Sabbath.

Our Sabbath School, this afternoon, was much larger than usual, in consequence of the attendance of six women, and the members of one of the evening schools taught by our boarding scholars. The number present was above fifty.

Sunday, Oct. 16.—I was cheered this afternoon by the largest Sabbath School I have ever seen in this region. This was swelled by the attendance of most of the members of the three evening schools before spoken of, as being taught by our boarding scholars, male and female: there were upwards of *one hundred* in attendance. For teaching these evening schools our scholars receive no compensation. Those who are engaged in it are, for the most part, professors of religion, and I placed it before them as a duty they owed to God, and to their fellow-men, to do all they could to glorify the former and enlighten the latter. So far, they have gone on with cheerfulness and zeal.

Friday, Oct. 21.—Returned from *Taboo*, whither I was unexpectedly summoned to perform the last sad offices of kindness to one who had endeared himself to all the members of the mission. It was with feelings difficult to be described, that early on Wednesday morning, I received information from one of our scholars that Budah, or Peter Van Pelt was dead! He had left us ten days before, complaining of a sore throat, and swelling in his limbs, from the latter of which, however, he appeared to be recovering. He had been absent somewhat longer than he anticipated; and although his former punctuality made us somewhat uneasy, on this account we hoped that all was well. In this, however, the information now received showed we were to be disappointed. He was taken ill on Saturday, and on Tuesday was a corpse!

The messenger who brought these melancholy tidings said that he had died at *Grand Taboo*, some thirty-five miles from here, but was to be buried at his father's place, half that distance. Hoping to be able to reach this latter place by the time the corpse should arrive, I took a canoe, and in three hours was at the town of Nimbleh, the father of Budah. On landing, however, I was informed that B. had been buried at *Grand Taboo* the previous day. I therefore went on to Mr. Minor's, at the river *Taboo*, not designing to proceed farther. On arriving there, however, I received three messages from King George, of *Grand Taboo*, urging me to visit his town. Having coucluded to do so, I left Mr. Minor's after early breakfast, and after passing four other small towns, in two hours reached *Grand Taboo*. As we were entering the town gate, my guide directed my attention to a grave on the left, which he said was Budah's. It was made in civilized style, stood entirely alone, and was surrounded by a fence of sticks about

six feet long, and meeting at the top, forming a sort of arch over the grave. On entering the town I was met by King Idebabo, alias "George," who has visited ENGLAND and SIERRA LEONE, and speaks very good English. He saluted me as his "very dear friend," and conducted me into a yard enclosing a number of his houses. Budah's mother is a sister of the king, and in this yard Budah died. A scene now followed which baffles description. Seated around in the enclosure, were the bereaved parents of the deceased, with a number of his relatives. Whether in consequence of my approach or not, I do not know, but as I drew near there was a burst of *such wailing* as could only proceed from those upon whom beams not one ray of hope beyond the grave. Harrowing, however, as this was to the feelings, an object was soon presented, which, for a moment caused me to forget all else. Seated on the ground before me, almost naked, was a grey headed agonized woman. It was Budah's mother. As I took my seat, she poured forth afresh the bitterness of her soul, and throwing her eyes and hands widly around her, gave vent to her feelings in words like these: "*Oh, my son! my son! where are you? Your father has come now. Don't you see him? I know you do. You are glad now; you are satisfied, I know you are, my son.*" While repeating these words, she dragged herself along on the ground, until she got quite up to me. And oh! as she stared at me wildly and hopelessly, how I wished that she had that consolation in her son's death which his life authorized her to feel.

Well aware of the suspicious character of the natives relative to all deaths which occur, I was not without some anxiety as to my reception by the afflicted relatives of the deceased. I was not long, however, in suspense. The father, seating himself by my side, after assuring me how well he knew my kindness and attachment to his son, added, "*eh ye nah te. Gnisnah ah te nae,*" (it—B's death—is not your affair, but God's.) He soon afterwards told me that he would put another of his sons in Budah's place, as he has done. King George's son, who had been with me, I was assured, too, should return. Having returned me thanks, in a formal and particular manner, for all my kindness to Budah, and dashed me a goat and fowl, they added, there was one request which they must make, namely: that as B. had died there, I would endeavour to procure for them a teacher. Informing them of the saying among Christians, "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church," I expressed to them my conviction that the death of this Christian boy would draw the attention of the Church to this place, and that sooner or later they would have a teacher. The king now requested me to write something on a board, descriptive of the character of the deceased, to be placed over his grave: I told him that a board would rot so soon, as to render it useless to put one there, and that a piece of stone would be much better—little expecting to get a suitable one. Very soon, however, he brought me a tablet of soft stone, about eighteen inches in diameter, upon which I wrote with my penknife as follows:

"PETER VAN PELT,"

"The son of Sebueh Nimbleh and Badeh, of the Babo tribe. Born 1822; entered the P. E. Mission school, *Cape Palmas*, 1837; was baptized, 1841; taught in the Mission school at *Cavalla*, where he led a godly life until October 18th, 1842, when, on a visit to this place, he died."

Having finished this, Nimbleh, the king of a neighbouring town, who had also visited ENGLAND, asked if I would not read the *burial service*. Ashamed that the hurry in which I left Mr. Minor's should have caused me to lose sight of a duty of which I was now reminded by a Heathen King, I sent back in haste for a prayer book, that I might comply with the request. Soon after dinner I called the people together and preached to them, "Jesus and the resurrection." Before preaching, I sung, as usual, a hymn in

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