As soon as he had expired, his female friends were sent for, from far and near, to lament over the body. At stated hours, for the space of two days, they gathered around the corpse and wailed loud enough to be heard at the distance of half a mile; sometimes they beat themselves with violence, and rolled on the sand with hideous contortions of body—forcibly reminding one of Jeremiah's description of the *hired* mourners among the ancient Jews.

Meantime, the body of the king had been painted red, and laid in state in front of his house. On the day of the funeral all his house furniture and personal property were brought out and exhibited to the spectators. The body was then carried to an open plain, where a scene ensued which almost baffles description. Hundreds of soldiers, dressed in the African war costume, (viz: the body painted and partly draped with furs—the head decked, with feathers and horns of wild animals) performed military evolutions peculiar to themselves, around the corpse, wildly firing over and upon it—dancing and shouting all the while like maniacs.

When this performance was ended, formal addresses were made to the deceased; the one from his brother was peculiar striking—referring to difficulties which had existed between them, he said they were all settled now, and begged Wier to be propitious to him and grant him good luck in his worldly business. At the conclusion of his speech, he took up several burning faggots, and, with an impressive gesture, threw them into the water.

OFFERINGS TO THE SPIRIT.

The body was then carried to the grave, in which had been placed a part of a bullock, a jug of rum, a quantity of rice, and other offerings to the spirit. Without further ceremony poor Wier was hastily interred, and left to the solitude of his last dark home.

During the whole scene an immense crowd, composed of gray-haired fathers, aged mothers, young men, women, and *little children*, looked on with evident delight. Many of them were much intoxicated, and all seemed striving to drive away serious thought, and to set death at defiance.

This dark picture will give you some idea of the horrors of heathenism. Scenes like this have been occurring for *centuries* past; and they will continue to occur among Afric's degraded millions, until the gospel of Christ shall drive Satan from this his last stronghold—until

"God shall arise, and *Afric* view
With an unclouded face—
Until *her* time shall come, his own
Appointed day of grace."

Cavalla, West Africa, August, 1854.

YORUBA.

Ibadan is an African town in Yoruba, containing about 60,000 souls, a hundred miles inland from the West Coast of Africa. The only missionaries there are Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer, and the Rev. J. T. Kefer. Mrs. H. has written home a journal of the mission, from which I have now given our readers a few extracts.

Let us look into her dwelling house:

"The scene," she says, "would be amusing, in our little native dwelling, with its mud walls and thatched roof, with no ceiling, no doors or windows; and yet we feel as secure as if we had bars and locks. People are too much afraid of us to steal, even if they were so inclined. Many comforts surround us, and we are quite as happy as though we were in a palace, though not

perhaps quite so comfortable. For instance, it is raining: patter, patter, it comes on your head, and you must move: it is soon put to rights again, and as soon you find it coming down in another place. But it is a variety, and often affords a little amusement. It has not spoiled anything yet, and when the roof gets thoroughly soaked—which it will soon do now, as the rain comes in good earnest—we shall not have these disturbances. Now and then a frog hops in to take a survey—but, being taken by surprise, it is generally glad to hop out again, after a little scream from me, and some long, worm-like looking things, with at least a hundred legs. But my greatest enemies are the mosquitos; they are too fond of biting."

The cruelties practised by the chiefs are most horrible. "My husband," says she, "told us a sad story. A cruel chief onced lived in a house we saw. One of his wives having committed a trifling offence, the rest of his wives were called out—at least many of them—and had to stand in a circle; he then cut off the offender's head, and made them all drink of her blood. My hand trembles as I write of such cruelty; but I could tell you of far more barbarous acts. We went to the son's house: the cruel father is dead. The son is not so bad. My husband pointed out a spot where an immense ditch has been dug, and kept open for dead bodies killed in this way. The cruel man was head chief—a perfect tyrant: no one could conquer him. His house was fortified. His own death was awful, like that of Herod, and more horrors than we have recorded in Scripture of Herod. But now the blessed gospel has entered this barbarous place, and what may it not effect? Oh! God, send out thy light and thy truth!" *African Repository.*

CENTRAL AFRICAN PIC-NICS.

I arose at sunrise, and leaving Achmet to have my baggage removed, walked through the town (Khartoum) to my head quarters at the Consular residence. I found Dr. Reitz's horses saddled in the court, and himself walking in the garden. He was greatly surprised to see me, not having expected me for another week. After the first greetings were over, he informed me that Abdel Kader Bey, the Governor of Kordofan, was about leaving for Obeid, and his friends intended to accompany him as far as the island Moussa Bey, in the White Nile. During my absence, Mahommed Kheyr had presented Dr. Reitz with a fine Dongolese horse, which he offered to me, that I might participate in the festivities. While I was at the Catholic Mission, relating my adventures to Dr. Knoblecher, a messenger came to announce that Abd-el Kader's boat had left, and that he, with other chiefs of Khartoum, were ready to set out on horseback for the White Nile. We rode at once to the house of Moussa Bey, who had quite recovered from his illness. The company was already mounted in the square before the house, and only awaited our arrival. We dashed through the lanes of the slave quarter, raising such a cloud of dust that little except red caps and horses tails was visible, until we came out upon the open plain, where our cavalcade made a showy and picturesque appearance.

The company consisted of Abd-el Kader Bey, Mousa Bey, Musaker Bey, Ali Bey, Khasib, Abou-Sin and Owd-el Kerim, the Shukoree Chiefs, Ali Effendi Mahommed Kheyr, Dr. Reitz, Dr. Peney and myself, besides a number of inferior officers and at least fifty attendants; in short, every body of consequence in Khartoum, except the Pasha, who was represented by one of his Secretaries. The Beys were mounted on fine Arabian stallions, Dr. Peney on a tall dromedary, and the Arab chiefs on mules and donkeys, while the grooms and pipe-bearers ran behind on foot. I shall long remem-

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