

LATER FROM AFRICA.

Liberia—Its Condition & Prospects.

The arrival among us of the President of Liberia, accompanied by several intelligent citizens of that country, will very naturally attract to the rising Republic a more than ordinary degree of attention.—President Roberts determined on the voyage for the benefit of his own health and that of his family, but at the urgent solicitation of the Legislature, consented to undertake the representation of the Liberian government at Washington, London and Paris, for the purpose of securing from these great powers an acknowledgment of Liberian independence. He appears among us, therefore as a public character, and the objects of his mission will demand the consideration of the American people.

We were present at the Rev. Mr. Jacobus' church in Brooklyn last week, at the meeting which was addressed by President Roberts and his associates. It is difficult to allude to the tone and bearing of the addresses made on the occasion, with any hope of conveying to others the impression made upon our own mind, for the reason that we saw the African race under a totally new aspect, and witnessed developments of its powers in the reality of which we could not have believed before seeing them. A gentleman was with us whose long Southern residence had made him familiar with the race as it exists in this country, and he declared it difficult to believe the evidence of his senses, so great were the changes which a different and better condition had wrought in these sons of Ham. The tone of conscious inferiority and servility, so universally and so naturally characteristic of the race here, had given place to a manly bearing which at once commanded respect.—It would be difficult to collect a more intelligent or respectable audience, and upon such an audience they made a most favorable impression. It added to the interest of the occasion that the speakers had long been residents of Liberia—one of them from ten years of age. His education had been, therefore, wholly Liberian. President Roberts, now about forty years of age, was eighteen when he went to Africa.

The speakers uttered a unanimous testimony in favor of their adopted country, some of them entering minutely into details as to climate, soil, productions, &c. They lamented exceedingly that mistaken impressions prevailed in this country, particularly as to the influence of the climate upon the health of the inhabitants. They declared the climate especially adapted to the colored race. It was indeed, they said, fatal to the white man, but this God had so ordered to preserve it for the black.—The relative mortality thus far had been less than that which prevailed in the settlement of America. The acclimating process was not now what it was formerly. The fever was better understood, was treated better, and no difficulty whatever on this score remained. They testified to the increase of wealth and comfort in the republic. It was no place for idlers or vagabonds, but men of industrious habits could not fail to improve their condition by emigrating. One of them enlarged particularly on the advantages of Africa as a home for the race, over the new regions of the South West, insisting on the impossibility of good neighborhood between the white and black races. God for some wise reason had constituted them differently, and it was true wisdom to keep them a good ways apart.

It was stated that the emigrant population of Liberia amounts at the present time to 5000 and upwards. The territory of the republic has been extended by purchase to 320 miles of sea coast, and embraces a population of 75,000 natives who have incorporated themselves with the Liberians, and enjoy the advantages of their institutions. Some of them, who formerly lived in huts formed of sticks, now live in framed houses. Many are sending their children to the schools of the republic,—many casting away their idolatry and superstition and accepting the Christian religion. Traders from the interior come down to traffic with the merchants of Liberia, whose influence through them extends to unknown tribes. Intelligent Liberians are impressed with the conviction that the Supreme Disposer of events has called them to a high mission; that they have transferred Plymouth to Africa, and that civilization, republicanism and Christianity are to proceed from them over a vast continent that lies in the shadow of death. They are nerving themselves to the fulfillment of such a destiny. They have grasped the great idea, and have incorporated it with the foundations of their republic.

Noticing the departure of the American bark, *Nehemiah Rich*, on the 4th of April, with President Roberts and his family on board, the *Herald* says the President, after his visit to the United States, will go to England. We copy the following account of his departure:—

Numbers of friends and spectators of both sexes

crowded to the wharf, to wish the travellers a pleasant and interesting visit to foreign lands.

The French brig of war, "*Bougainville*," Captain Chaigneau, and "*Dupetit Thouars*," Captain Protet, remained in port some two or three days for the purpose of escorting the President and his friends on board the bark, and it was with no ordinary degree of pleasure that we noticed the enlarged arrangements made by these accomplished officers to show respect to the President of the Republic and his distinguished friends. They had six boats in waiting, with the flags and pennants of their country, and the party set off in them from the wharf about half-past four of the clock. The boats had scarcely left the wharf before the firing of a national salute commenced at Fort Norris, under the direction of Colonel Yates. After the passengers had reached the bark, the President made a short visit to each of the brig of war, and was received on board with the honors becoming his rank.

Of the mission with which President Roberts is charged, the *Herald* speaks as follows:—

President Roberts left our shores clothed with certain powers, the amicable arrangements of which, in the United States, England, and with other powers, will raise our spirits and infuse new energies into every citizen. The Legislature, knowing full well the importance of having, at the earliest day, foreign governments to acknowledge the independence of the Republic, and at the same time having no available resources wherewith to send commissioners to foreign Courts for the purpose, found itself in rather an awkward position.

While in a state of uncertainty as to the most practicable course to be adopted, under these untoward circumstances, it was intimated that the President intended to make a foreign visit for the benefit of the health of his family. It was proposed by some of the members of each branch of the legislature, to seek an early opportunity of introducing the subject to the President, and if possible obtain his consent to attend to our foreign affairs while abroad.

The interview took place, and the President, though disposed to do all in his power to forward the affairs of the state, was unwilling to be burdened with matters of so much importance, when his object was to seek health. But after considerable reasoning, the President said he would no longer consider himself at liberty to decline performing any duty, however arduous, that the Representatives of the people might be inclined to authorize him to attend to.

No delay took place before the Legislature passed resolutions clothing him with such authority, and it must be gratifying to the members of the Legislature to hear the favorable opinions coming from all parts of the State, as to their action in this respect. President Roberts is intimately acquainted with every particular of our affairs, more so than any other person. For the last seven years he has been the chief executive officer of Liberia, and as such has been obliged to carry on correspondence with the representatives of Great Britain, of a very important character, which to us seemed to wear a threatening aspect. It is not improbable that some of the subjects embraced in that correspondence, may be forced up for discussion in England, when that government is called upon to acknowledge our independence. It is from that government more than any other, that we expect to receive the most friendly assurances.—*N. Y. Recorder.*

Perseverance of saints.

This is a doctrine exceedingly liable to be abused by its false friends, and caricatured by its real enemies. "Once in grace, always in grace!" The antinomian snatches at this; and on the strength of this assurance that he has been in such a state, gives himself up to sin without restraint. He thus turns the grace of God into lasciviousness; and evidently proves that he is one of those who "*pretend they know God; but in works they deny him, being abominable, and disobedient, and unto every good work reprobate.*" On the other hand, some good men, shocked at this gross perversion of the truth, fly off at the opposite extreme and discard the truth itself, as well as the abuse of it. They maintain, that men will fall entirely and forever from grace; and that they may fall totally, and yet recover themselves; and that they may go through either process many times successively. They thus reach a result quite as demoralizing as Antinomianism itself. True religion is made to appear, not as a new nature, not as being of the very substance of the soul; but rather as a sort of outside garment, to be put off or put on as convenience may seem to require. This tends to produce shallow, superficial, and even spurious, experiences. The converts keep

but a slight and unsteady hold upon the Christian hope, secretly expecting, it may be, to give it up again, to be resumed at leisure. And what, perhaps, is still worse, the impression at last becomes very general, on the mass of unconverted men, that religion, instead of being a real and therefore lasting change of heart wrought by the power of God, is but a mere human impulse, fickle, inconstant, and fanatical.

The Bible Christian, avoiding either of these perilous extremes, believes that regeneration, in its own nature, as a special work of divine grace as a renovation of the soul, must needs be a permanent change. That a man should be a child of God to-day, and a child of hell to-morrow, seems utterly incredible. That his name should be written in the book of life this week, and blotted out the next, then re-written, and again expunged, till the sacred page, it may be, is blurred from top to bottom, looks in the highest degree improbable. That a man by faith should be incorporated into the body of Christ as a living member, and then be wholly and incurably cut off exceeds all bounds of reasonable belief. Christ, the Head, will not suffer his own limbs to be torn from him; and his mystical body to be maimed, scarred, mangled, and cartailed of fair proportions to all eternity. That the Devil should be able to pluck one of Christ's own sheep out of his hands, and thus insult and rob and triumph over the Great Shepherd, is an abhorrent thought. The angels should rejoice over a penitent, who shall yet deeply disappoint and mortify them by his apostasy, is to paint them in a very precarious heaven.

Such suppositions are inadmissible. While we know that a sincere child of God may be surprised and overcome by temptation, and fall far and foully from the grace received, we cannot believe that he may fall finally and totally. If a professor of the highest character and most saint-like seeming were to become an open apostate, it would not prove that he had fallen from grace, but only that he had never had any true grace to fall from. No matter how loud and how positive his assertions and professions may have been; it is comparably more reasonable to believe that he was utterly deceived as to his spiritual estate, than to suffer his example to make us think meanly of God's work of grace in the soul, or lower our estimate of the sufficiency of the promises and faithfulness of the Most High.—*Boston Recorder.*

"Laborers are Few."

Rev. Lyman Beecher, D. D. of Cincinnati, preached in this city last Sabbath afternoon. Dr B. is now far advanced in life, being about eighty years of age; but he is evidently enjoying good health, and still possesses the characteristics for which he has formerly been distinguished, except perhaps, they may be somewhat less striking, owing to the possession of less physical strength.

In his sermon Dr. Beecher said,—If one thing more than another, made him tremble for the welfare of his country, it was that so few pious young men of late years had entered upon a course of study in our literary institutions. It was a lamentable fact that there are now in our colleges fewer pious young men, in proportion to our numbers, than there were in former years; and of those who have been in our literary institutions, or are still there, too large a number of them have chosen other professions than the gospel ministry. This ought not so to be. The language of our Saviour still is—"The harvest is great, but the laborers are few." Parents had been unmindful of their duty in this matter.—Because their children were not already converted, they have been unwilling to consecrate them to God—unwilling to have them educated for the cause of Christ. He believed that if parents were faithful to their children, and had trained for the ministry, God would put them into it. It was so in his case; he had his children educated for Gospel ministers, and God had already called several of them into the work and he believed that before long he would call the others. Almost all literary professors, said he, are crammed, but the demand for ministers was never greater. If he had now one or two hundred ministers, he could find work for them especially in the West. Ministers and churches had not done their duty. They have not searched out the young men who should engage in the work of preaching the gospel, and encouraged and assisted them as they ought to have done. Till parents, ministers, and churches do their duty, the laborers will be few.

He thanked Christians for what they had done in erecting and supporting literary and theological institutions. Had it not been for their benevolent efforts, hundreds of ministers, now laboring in different parts of our land, and whose labors God has greatly blessed, would not have been in the ministry. The salutary effects of their labors will be felt throughout all time and through eternity.—*Christian Reflector and Watchman.*

CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY LANARTINE.

It was a fine morning, I was standing on deck; we made sail towards the mouth of the Bosphorus, skirting the walls of Constantinople. After half an hour's navigation through ships at anchor, we touched walls of the seraglio, which prolongs those of the city, and form at the extremity of the hill which supports the proud Stamboul, the angle which separates the sea of Marmora from the canal of the Bosphorus, the harbor of the Golden Horn. It is there that God and man, nature and art, have combined to form the most marvellous spectacle which the human eye can behold. I uttered an involuntary cry when the magnificent panorama opened upon my sight: I forgot for ever the bay of Naples and all its enchantments; to compare anything to that marvellous and graceful combination would be an injury to the fairest work of creation.

The wall which support the circular terraces of the immense gardens of the seraglio were on our left, with their base perpetually washed by the waters of the Bosphorus, blue and limpid as the Rhone, at Geneva; the terraces which rise one above another to the palace of the sultan, the gilded cupolas of which rise above the gigantic summits of the plane-trees and the cypresses, were themselves clothed with enormous trees, the trunks which overhang the walls, while their branches, overspreading the gardens, a deep shadow even far into the sea, beneath the protection of which the panting rowers repose from their toil. The stately groups of trees are from time to time interrupted by palaces, pavilions, kiosks, gilded and sculptured domes, or batteries of cannon. These maritime palaces form part of the seraglio. You see occasionally through the muslin curtains the gilded roofs and sumptuous cornices of those abodes of beauty. At every step elegant Moorish fountains fall from the higher parts of the gardens, and murmur in marble basins, from whence, before reaching the sea, they are conducted in little cascades to refresh the passengers. As the vessel coasted the walls, the prospect expanded—the coast of Asia appeared, and the mouth of the Bosphorus, properly so called, began to open between hills, on one side of dark green, on the other of smiling verdure, which seemed variegated by all the colors of the rainbow. The smiling shores of Asia, distant about a mile, stretched out to our right, surmounted by lofty hills, sharp at the top, and clothed to the summit with dark forests, with their sides varied by hedge-rows, villas, orchards, and gardens. Deep precipitous ravines occasionally descended on this side into the sea, overshadowed by huge over-grown oaks, the branches of which dipped into the water. Further on still, on the Asiatic side, an advanced headland projected into the waves, covered with white houses—it was Soutari, with its vast white barracks, its resplendent mosques, its animated quays, forming a vast city. Farther still, the Bosphorus, like a deeply imbedded river, opened between opposing mountains—the advancing promontories and preceding bays of which, clothed to the water's edge with forests, exhibited a confused assemblage of masts of vessels, shady groves, noble palaces, hanging gardens, and tranquil havens.

The harbor of Constantinople is not, properly speaking, a port. It is rather a great river like the Thames, shut in on either side by hills covered with houses, and covered by innumerable lines of ships lying at anchor along the quays. Vessels of every description are to be seen there, from the Arabian bark the prow of which is raised, and darts along like the ancient galleys, to the ship of the line, with three decks, and its sides studded with brazen mouths. Multitudes of Turkish barks circulate through that forest of masts, serving the purposes of carriages in that maritime city, and disturb, in their swift progress through the waves clouds of albatross, which like beautiful white pigeons rise from the