

here which cheered me very much. I had the privilege of attending a weekly prayer-meeting, such as is held in Queen street Hall, and all denominations of Christians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Wesleyans, white and black, taking part in it; and it was interesting to hear some of the sable sons of Africa presenting the desires of their hearts to God, with strong crying and even tears, and beseeching him to send down the reviving influences of his Spirit on them, and on the heathen tribes around. May the Lord soon hear, and may the Lord soon give answer to their supplications. After leaving Sierra Leone, we duly called at Liberia, Cape Coast Castle, Accra, Lagos, and this day week passed close to the Nun, the principal entrance to the Niger; dismal and gloomy-like it seemed, stretching away through the swamps, with no appearance of life whatever. On Thursday last we got to Fernando Po, and anchored off Clarence, beautifully lying around a fine bay, with the mountain, some twelve thousand feet high, stretching away to the cloudland above. The Spanish are making an effort just now to colonize it, and began two years ago by expelling all Protestant missionaries, and now Roman Catholicism is the only tolerated religion there.

On Friday we got into the Cameroons river, where the Baptists have still a mission, and where some trade is carried on by English ships. Only a few hours before we arrived, a most atrocious scene was witnessed there; some of the natives went up the river that morning, caught a man, a stranger to them, murdered him on the beach, then placed his head on the front of their canoe, and sailed in this way about the river. Poor creatures, they know not what they do. May the Sun of Righteousness soon arise and chase away the darkness from that and all the other dark places in Africa. We left Cameroons on Saturday, and, as I have already stated, are now safe and well in the land of our adoption.

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INDIA.—BEAWE, IN RAJPOOTANA.—SCHOOL OPENED.

The following letter of the Rev. Mr. Shoolbred, dated 1st September, states that he has opened a school with encouraging prospects:—Now the cooler weather has set in, I have begun to carry out measures more aggressive to heathenism. You know I had been long in search of a suitable house in the city, to serve as a lecture-room and school-house. About three weeks ago I was fortunate enough to find the very place wanted. It had been built for a school-house, and was occupied as such for some time, in connection with the Government system of schools; but when the educational fund was low, they left it for a smaller and less expensive place. Do not from this begin to fear that I have leased an expensive house. For the school which was too dear for Government, I pay at the rate of two rupees (4s) per month. That seems to me not quite ruinous! The house is situated in one of the quieter streets near the city gate, and has a spacious walled court-yard in front, which makes an excellent play-ground. The main body of the building consists of a divan, supported on two rows of columns, and open along its whole front to the court-yard. Its dimensions are about 30 feet by 20. This is flanked on both sides by smaller class-rooms, with doors containing convenient shelves and pegs, etc., for hanging slates, laying away books, etc., etc.. A stair leads outside to the roof, which in the morning and evening hours will, no less than the divan below, be an admirable place for addressing the natives. The school furniture is neither extensive nor costly;—a piece of coarse cotton cloth, spread as a carpet, serves as benches, on which the scholars squat down to their tasks. I have ordered a common deal table and one bench, for the use of those who write on paper; but most of the writing is done on wooden slates, which are sprinkled over with a thin film of fine pink sand, in which the letters are formed with a pointed twig. Rude as are the materials, I assure you that, in the hands of some of the boys, really beautiful Hindi characters are produced; and if these possess all the evanescence which is usually assigned to writing in the sand, they have also this good quality, that they can be endlessly renewed by merely shaking the slate and beginning to trace anew. Although my own faith in the success of the undertaking was strong from the first, still grave doubts and fears had been expressed by