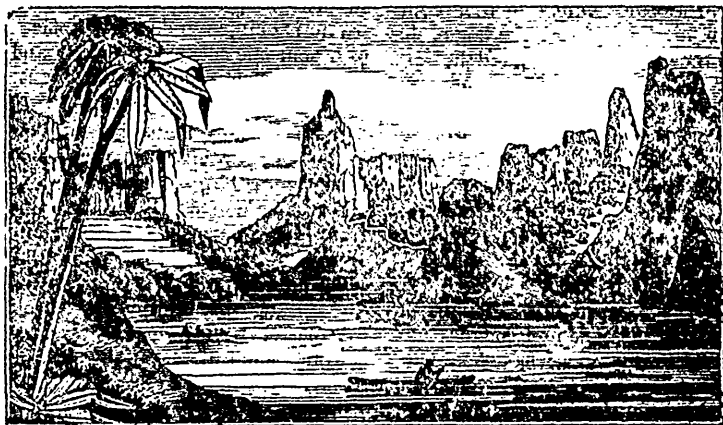


NATURAL HISTORY.



AN EASTERN SCENE.

Here the readers of the *Sunday School Guardian* have before them an Eastern scene. A great variety is crowded into a little space. There is a beautiful smooth sheet of water. Two boats are floating upon its glassy surface. A series of conical hills look just as if they had been built up in the present shape by the hand of man.—There, too, is the stately cocoa-nut tree—so abundant in different parts of the Oriental world, and so valuable because of the milk it contains, as well as the agreeable and nutritious food it furnishes.

REGION OF OLD CALABAR.

Calabar may be said to be the key to Central Africa. A few words will give you a general idea of the locality. Suppose yourselves on board the mission ship. On the forty-sixth morning after leaving Liverpool you come on deck, and are informed that you have reached your destination.

You look around with eager interest; what is it that you behold? On your left is an extensive tract of low marshy country. That is the Delta of the Niger—the spot long sought in vain—where this magnificent river, after a course of 2,500 miles, discharges its waters into the ocean by twenty mouths. On your right is the Cameroons, a mountainous ridge, rising to the height of 14,000 feet, and still farther to the right is the elevated and beautiful island of Fernando Po, distant about sixty miles. In front of you is the estuary, or Frith of Old Calabar. It is wide and winding. Sail up this frith and you will soon perceive that you are in a land of heathenism. When Lander ascended it, a few years ago, he saw a human being suspended from a tree, his hands and feet immersed in the water. It was a sacrifice to the demon of the river. Surely such a sight will make you hasten sail, that you may the more quickly be at your work.