

On Thursday morning I left this place at eleven o'clock. My course was now easterly, across the country; but, notwithstanding the instructions I received, I got confused among the various tracks. I lost confidence, and began to fear I was in for a night in the Bush. Having seen a hut about a mile off the road, I retraced my steps; but, on coming to the place, found it empty. The sun was now down, the rain was pouring in torrents, and my poor horse was lame. What was I to do? My fears overcoming my sympathy, I put spurs to my horse, and made for the track, I had left; on reaching which, I pushed through the scrub, *cooing* as I cantered on. At length I discovered that there was a fence on my left hand; and thus assured, I held on, convinced that I must be near some head station; and at seven o'clock I found myself at the very place which I sought. The letter which I had sent, apprising them of my visit had not reached them; and consequently there could be no meeting that night. I was thus compelled reluctantly to spend next day at this place, where we held a meeting, which was well attended. I was thus prevented visiting one station I had marked out for myself. On Saturday morning I took a south-westerly direction, my intention being to spend the Sabbath day at a large station about sixteen miles distant; which I did, and preached twice to large attentive audiences, the majority of whom were Scotch.

The next four days were occupied in a similar manner—visiting during the daytime, and preaching at night. There is, I think, a growing desire to have these visits more frequently. And I only regret that, having Clara to supply as well as Kooringa, it is out of my power to visit them so frequently as I could wish. This is the third visit I have made to the Bush during the year I have been settled here. As a general rule, I have confined my visits to those who have asked me to come and hold services with them. And this rule I intend to abide by. The Church of England minister is the only one beside myself who makes incursions into the Bush; and, as many of the people are attached to that form of worship, my services might not be so acceptable to them, although there are many of this class who have asked me to visit them regularly. There is, however, plenty of room for us both. The field is a wide one, and it requires much careful culture. It will cheer you, however, to know that there are shepherds in the Australian Bush in the regular receipt of our periodicals, as deeply interested in, and as well acquainted with, the affairs of the church, as when they resided in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and taught in our Sabbath Schools. It has been my privilege to meet with more than one of this class; and, permit me to say, that we only wish you could make the *Missionary Record* as large again. There is much in the Bush that requires improvement, calculated to make us sad; and yet there is much to make us take courage. We must, however, have more earnest labourers before the work can be adequately overtaken. The prospect of soon greeting Mr. Law has cheered us exceedingly. We are thankful for the gift: only we require one or two more.

The intelligence we have had from Jamaica month after month has cheered us exceedingly, and led us to cherish the hope that we too will be visited with a shower of divine influence from on high. "Paul hath planted, Apollos hath watered: it is the Lord that giveth the increase." The thought, that we are remembered daily in prayer, strengthens our hands, and keeps us from fainting. And, in conclusion, I only add, let earnest prayer ascend daily on our behalf. For we are more and more convinced, that it is in answer to prayer that the work in which we are engaged can ever be accomplished.

OLD CALABAR.—DUKE TOWN.

Letters received by the last mail intimate that the agents were all in good health, and that, owing to the want of the usual rains, there was a fear that the country would be visited with famine. The following extracts from the journal of the Rev. W. Anderson, show that the bigoted king and chiefs of Duke Town are obstinately zealous in the work of blood. There are three things which we wish