

You will rejoice to hear that the cause progresses at present. There is a movement in favor of Christianity all over the island. I am just now endeavoring to follow up and improve the awakening which has already taken place. We have not attained our present position without a severe struggle, nor am I so sanguine as to hope that our struggle is over. We have still to contend with the confederate opposition of the heathen party, and a small party of white men engaged in the sandal-wood trade. But God hitherto shielded his cause and those engaged in it, in circumstances of danger and trial, and we feel an assurance that He will still aid us. The good work which has begun in this dark land must go on until it comes to a triumphant issue. A flame has been kindled in the heart of many a poor islander, which the waters of much opposition have not and cannot quench. The sun of righteousness has begun to arise on this benighted island, and though the clouds of adversity do sometimes seem to intercept his rays, yet his course is always onwards, and may we not cherish a hope that the day is not far distant when his life-giving rays shall penetrate every district, every village, and every habitation in Ancientum.

The delay of the *John Williams* has been a great disappointment to us. I am almost entirely out of printing and school materials. My boys have stopped writing for want of paper and pens, and I am at present gathering up all scraps of printing paper that I can find, in order to strike off elementary sheets for the use of the natives. Applications are coming in from all quarters for books, and I cannot supply them.

My letters to the Board of Missions will give you some idea of our labors, trials, and joys, in this dark land. We have been called on to suffer much, but we have also had much to encourage us. Our progress has never been remarkable, but it has always been onward and steady. I am happy to say that, after a succession of severe struggles, the cause of God is likely to live and triumph in this island. At present the whole island is in a state of commotion on the subject of Christianity. Even in the remotest districts it is the all-absorbing theme. Every week weakens the heathen party and brings new accessions to the Lord's side. This change has been brought about chiefly under God by native agency. For several months I have employed natives in whose knowledge and piety I had some degree of confidence, to converse with their benighted countrymen, and the result has been what I have mentioned. At present there is a chief at this station, from a neighboring district; he came to spend some time with me and receive Christian instruction. This man, whose name is Iiapai, has been a great disease maker, the most celebrated warrior on the island, and the terror of the natives at large. The natives used often to say to me, when I exhorted them to forsake their superstitions and sins, "get Iiapai to turn, and we will all turn." The Lord, I trust, has touched the heart of this very wicked man. Since he came to visit me he has been out among the heathen people every day, entreating them to give up their dark customs and embrace Christianity. Iiapai is a man of a masculine mind, as well as earnest in the cause, and his words, as the natives say, are like a great hammer which breaks every thing before it. None of the heathens can withstand him, and he soon puts them to silence. A few evenings ago he met with Nohont, the chief of this district, and talked with him until it was daylight next morning. The old chief cried like a child, acknowledged that he was a very wicked man, but said that he wished to remain as he was, and after death he was willing to bear the punishment of his sins. "Put your hand into that fire for a few minutes," said Iiapai, pointing to the burning embers before them. The chief refused. "Now," said Iiapai, "if you cannot bear the agony which that fire would occasion for a few minutes, how do you expect to bear the torments of Hell for ever and ever." This man is about sixty years of age, but he says that he must learn all that he can before he dies, and is now busily engaged endeavoring to master the alphabet. Many of the poor natives are really in earnest, and are doing what they can for the evangelization of their fellow countrymen.

You must not suppose that our trials are over, though many persons of influence have forsaken heathenism. There is still a formidable opposition against us. We have to contend not merely with the heathen, but also with a small party of white men who live on the island. The latter, as well as the former, have attempted to injure us, but they have not been permitted. If my journal, which will be forwarded by the first chance to Sydney, reaches Nova Scotia, it will make some disclosures which it will be hard to credit, and yet after all that I have written the truth is not half told. Our infant mission has met with a degree of opposition which would have vanquished any other than a divine cause. But where is the successful mission that has not had its struggles as well as its triumphs? I am sure you will sympathize with me in my present circumstances. Here I am situated in the midst of dark and barbarous islands, a distance of 1500 miles from the nearest missionary brother. If we are in difficulty, there are none with whom to take sweet counsel, and if we are in sickness, there is none to sympathize with and aid us.

I think we are indebted to some of the ladies in your vicinity for homemade flannel. I thought at one time, that it would not be a very useful article, but lately it has been turned to good account. The demand for clothing has become intense over the whole island, and I have been much put to in order to meet it. I have been obliged to cut the flannel up the centre lengthwise and divide this again into pieces about a yard and a half long, each of which makes a covering for one man. While grateful for past favors, I beg to say, that anything in the shape of covering for the natives, will always be thankfully received. I enjoy good health at present, and feel happy in my work. The natives all round the island call me their father, and with all their repulsiveness, I love them as

children. I have never for a moment repented the step which I have taken in coming to this dark and distant land.

The subject of supporting the children of your Missionaries must engage your attention at some future day, and on this subject I hope soon to write to the Board. They cannot be brought up in these islands, at least for years. You may rest assured that we should never think of parting with our children, if we did not consider it an imperative duty. Of all our trials in this dark land, this is the greatest.—*Miss. Reg.*

## OLD CALABAR—DUKE TOWN.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE REV. H. GOLDIE.

*Too many Capital Punishments.*—Monday, 2nd June.—Usual meetings yesterday. On going in to Egbo Basy's yard, found him busied with some matter or other. He came and explained that he had just got tidings that one of his slaves in the plantation had killed another, and had fled to the bush; and that he was now sending off a canoe, I suppose, in pursuit of the fugitive. We have a great number of capital punishments here, and yet they do not seem to impose a check upon crimes of much efficiency. They have rather an opposite tendency. The familiarity of the people with blood, renders them regardless of human life.

*The Claims of the World preferred.*—Monday 16th.—Usual meetings yesterday, with the exception of that in Antika Cobham's yard.—Antika sent to let me know that he was sick. I called on him, suspecting that it was merely a polite way of getting rid of the meeting, and found him busy counting coppers and preparing to send off his canoes to market. He had got a cold, but this, though it served as an excuse for attending the worship of God, was not any hindrance in his attention to the things of the world. I spoke a few serious words to him, but Antika endeavored to justify himself, by pleading the impertinence of the ship-captains for their ail, as the reason of his having engaged in such matters on Sabbath. How often is God thus treated—his claims are disregarded rather than the calls of the world. If time cannot be found for both, the former must give way to the latter. And yet there is a coming judgment and an approaching eternity.

*African Criticism.*—Monday 23rd.—Usual meetings yesterday. The subject in Henry Cobham's yard was Matt. vi. 19, and following verses. As I read the nineteenth verse, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust (*nkaraſung*) doth corrupt." Henry interrupted me, and insisted that I must be mistaken, that it could not be *nkaraſung* (rust), but it must be *nkabat* (the white ants), which are named as *ukaraſung* did no damage worth speaking of, whereas *nkabat* were very destructive. I accepted Henry's reading, at least classed the *nkabat* among the agents of destruction. Henry seemed to feel the subject, at least in its representation of the uncertainty of our hold of the things of the world, having a fortnight before lost a considerable quantity of goods he was sending to market, his canoes being swamped in a tornado; and about two months before that a similar calamity had befallen him. The superiority of things spiritual was perhaps less apparent to him, but he listened very attentively to what was said on the matter.

*People beginning to like to hear God's Word.*—We have had a better meeting than usual these two Sabbaths, in Egbo Basy's yard; and I was pleased to hear him say, that formerly his people were anxious to hurry off to market before the meeting, but now they wished to stay to hear God's word.

*Stomach Palaver.*—A small meeting as usual in Antika Cobham's.—Though we have for some time commenced our Sabbath day's services at seven o'clock, it is market time before we can reach Antika's yard, and most of the people about him are at their marketing; for though the market is not now held on Sabbath in the middle of the town, it is still held in the suburbs, as was the case at Creek Town for a time, after the market in the town was stopped on that day. On remarking to Antika the smallness of the meeting, he said it was stomach palaver, and he would not see that the stomach could be attended to without marketing on the Sabbath, or that the concerns of the soul were to be attended to in the first place. He grumbles that we keep the meeting in his house, at such an inconvenient hour, but this cannot be avoided, as we must take the meetings in order until we get a church erected.

*An Advocate of Old Customs.*—Monday, 30th.—Usual meetings yesterday. The Ikpo (devil-working) going on for Adam Duke, caused much noise in the town on Saturday evening. On calling on one of the chief men, I asked if he was engaged with the Ikpo. He replied that he was, and proceeded to say that white men had done the Calabar people too very bad things, in stopping the slave trade, a frequent subject of complaint with him, and in putting an end to the slaughtering of human victims for the dead. Formerly, he said, the slaves were very submissive, but now they they were too saucy. We had a long conversation on these topics, though I doubt whether it was much to his conviction. He clings tenaciously to old customs and superstitions, though he and some others profess now to have given up their objects of idolatrous worship.

*Visit of a Spanish Slave Ship.*—Monday, 28th July.—Usual meetings yesterday morning. They were all more than usually well attended. May the people of this dark region be made to value and improve the precious means of grace with which God is now visiting them. O that they knew the time of their visitation.

A Spanish slaver has been hanging about the river for the last week.