

to the number of forty-eight, had met with similar disaster. Out of these forty-eight, only nine persons survived the attempt. So soon as they left the seabreeze, proceeding up the river, the noxious vapours arising from the swamps infected them with fever, which, in most cases, soon proved fatal,—several individuals sometimes dying on the same day. Here is the secret why nothing has hitherto been done for the heathens who are perishing without a vision in Central Africa. The river on which missionaries are doubtless to be borne ere long into the midst of that part of Satan's empire seems yet closed against them.

We may explain in a few sentences, the cause of the pestilence that hovers above the region where this majestic river meets the sea. When it comes toward its termination, it sends off its waters in about twenty streams, which fall into the ocean at wide distances from one another. This you will better understand by glancing at your map. An immense tract of marshy land is in this way formed by the smaller rivers into which the Niger is thus broken down. On this wide marsh the sun shines down summer and winter with a burning heat. It is a law of nature that where there is much heat, and moisture, and suitable soil, the earth is covered with rank and plenteous vegetation: and the burning sun, acting on a mass of water and of vegetable productions, spreading over some thousands of square miles, loads the air with pestilence. This pestilence stretches from the shore one hundred miles toward the healthful interior, where a European missionary might enjoy health and meet with a crowded population who have never heard the name of Jesus. But the question still remains—How can he safely reach them? Mr. Waddell may yet throw light upon this question. His Mount Pisgah is within 150 miles of the most important tributary that falls into this mighty river. He may yet help to

find out the door into Central Africa. Providence seems to have placed him at no great distance from it. The missions on the coast are paving the way for missions to the interior. This is particularly true of the missions in Sierra Leone, in Ashanti, in Abbeokuta, and Old Calabar. On the banks of the Niger there are many spots of enchanting beauty. We give you on the previous page, a sketch of the river and its banks above Idda. The steamer in view represents one belonging to the Liverpool expedition mentioned above.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

DEATH OF WHITE MEN ON THE NIGER.

Macgregor Laird, one of the officers of an expedition into the interior of Africa, undertaken about 18 years ago at the expense of some merchants in Liverpool, has written an interesting account of the hardships and loss of life connected with that attempt, and from which the preceding article seems to be taken. The officers and crews who gave themselves to the undertaking, left Liverpool on the 19th of July 1832, in a ship and two steamers. "The crews were all picked men, from twenty-five to thirty-five years of age;" and, in a few months, all who survived out of the number who entered the Niger in the two steamers, were nine. It should be mentioned, however, that some years seem to be more fatal than others to Europeans at certain parts of West Africa. A very great number of deaths of white men connected with British shipping took place, not far from Duke Town, immediately before Mr Waddell arrived there; and since that time, by the good providence of God, the danger seems never to have been so great. We can never forget that we have one grave on that dark continent, a monument of the danger of the climate; but God has been fulfilling his promise,—“He shall deliver thee from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust.”