

9. The acts heretofore passed in relation to Dalhousie College are hereby repealed, except the act passed in the fourth year of his late Majesty King George the Fourth, entitled, "An Act authorizing the lending a sum of money to the Governors of Dalhousie College, and for securing the repayment thereof."

MISSIONARY WORK AND ADVENTURE.

A noble and delightful book of missionary work and adventure—Mr. Waddell's "*Twenty-nine Years in the West Indies and Central Africa*"—lies before us. Mr. Waddell was sent to Jamaica by the Scottish Missionary Society in 1829. Fifteen years he laboured there. He saw the great Negro rebellion of 1832, when the maddened slaves fought their tyrants with the torch, and the midnight heavens glowed in one lurid sheet of flame, as if the country had been turned into a vast furnace. He saw the great day of freedom which closed the long bondage of the blacks in our West Indian possessions. As the day of emancipation drew near, the longing of the poor creatures for their liberty grew so intense that it made them sick, and they filled the hospitals not knowing what ailed them. Medicine did not reach their case. Shrewd Mr Waddell went quietly to their hospitals, and quickly healed, by kind or sharp words, some for whom the doctors could do nothing. He had lived among the black people in the dismal days of slavery; he was with them while the term of "apprenticeship" was dragging out, and he continued with them during the early years of the era of freedom. With such ample opportunities of observation, this calm and thoughtful missionary is a witness on the subject of emancipation and its results, whom it is greatly worth the while to hear.

From the day that the sun of Negro freedom rose in 1834, the hope was cherished that among the emancipated Christians of the West Indies, valuable agents would be found for spreading the gospel in the land of their fathers. Men perfectly adapted, it was thought, for the work of evangelizing Central Africa might be found in the Negro churches of Jamaica, and among missionaries already acclimated and experienced. These thoughts had long weighed with Mr Waddell, and his six Scottish brethren, who formed a presbytery in connection with the United Presbyterian Church. The Presbytery met, and, after a day devoted to solemn prayer, the members unanimously offered themselves to the mother Church of their native land to go as missionaries to Central Africa. This was in 1841. The year after, two of them were in Britain for their health. In Liverpool they met with captains trading to the Guinea

coast, and from the information thus received, their attention was directed to old Calabar as the probable location of their intended mission.

The project gradually ripened, and the brethren of the presbytery unanimously made choice of Mr. Waddell to be their first agent and representative in Calabar. He did not hesitate; and it was his happiness to find his "true yoke-fellow" prepared for her part in the new service. "It will be a sore trial," she said, "to leave this place and people, where we have been so long and so happy, and to go with these young children to a new country. But you must go where the Lord calls you, and it is my duty to go with you."

The United Presbyterian Church adopted the Calabar mission. Mr. Waddell sailed for his destination in January 1846, and reached the coast of Africa. A noble river ten or twelve miles in breadth for the first thirty miles, formed the approach to his new home. Its low and marshy banks were crowded with mangrove forests. The mangrove tree grows best in the muddy shallows about the outlets of tropical rivers. Its special function is the formation of new land. Growing only where the tide rises, dropping, like the banyan tree, shoots from its branches, which become new trees, and spreading its roots above the ground like a network, it arrests whatever the river carries down, and thus gathers and consolidates the new soil. When the land is formed and dry, the mangroves, having fulfilled their purpose, die out. The mangrove-bordered stream, on which Mr. Waddell was now sailing, was the Old Calabar river. Fifty miles up, the chain-cable rattled out, the anchor bit the bottom, and the missionary had reached the scene of his labours.

Six ships of strange appearance lay in the anchorage. They were roofed over, and thatched from the bulwarks to half way up the masts. These were English ships engaged in the palm-oil trade. King Eyo of Creek Town was on the river delivering oil to one of the ships, for he was the largest trader in the country. This savage potentate and first-rate man of business came on board the ship in which Mr. Waddell sailed. He was in native dress, which, except a white beaver hat, consisted of a few yards of broad fancy-coloured silk round his loins. Mr. Waddell had some conversation with his Majesty on the subject of his mission, and found him as favourable as possible.

King Eyo gave a weekly dinner, at which the officers of the oil-ships and the supercargoes were expected to be present. Three cannon, duly fired, served as dinner-bell, and gave warning to the "gentlemen of the river." Mr Waddell was invited to the dinner and went. Standing at the head of the stairs which led to the reception room, Mr. Waddell reckoned eight or nine court-