

every one in the vessel. With the exception of the first day, we have had public worship on all the Sabbaths. The Captain spread the Union Jack for my pulpit, and ordered the bell to be tolled a quarter of an hour before. I have had all the medical duties to do on board, and in that way I have had many opportunities of speaking both to passengers and crew, about those things which belong to their eternal well-being. I hope God may add His blessing with what has been said to them. I have never had any fear of the dangers of the deep, being persuaded that He "who holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand," could easily protect me, if He had work for me to do.

We arrived at Calabar on the 22d of June. The appearance of the country I like much better than I expected. When we entered the mouth of the river, it did not seem very promising. There was nothing to be seen but low lying mangrove bush on either side, as far as the eye could reach. The rain, pouring heavily, did not improve the prospect. On getting up near Parrot Island, however, the rain cleared away, and it turned out a most beautiful day. As we steamed up the river, the ground on the east side began rapidly to rise, till at length we could see the Duke Town mission premises peeping out from amongst the luxuriant vegetation, on the top of the hill. At the mission house, the ground begins to slope down in the opposite direction, until at length it widens out into a kind of semicircular basin, around the bottom of which the houses of Duke Town are clustered; whilst up and around the sides may be seen lofty cocoa-nut and other palms, towering up above the surrounding bush. Looking away up the river, about the distance of two or three miles, may be seen the Old Town; and away, right across the river at the distance of five or six miles, Creek Town with the mission-house on the side of the hill, overlooking the town. To both of these places I paid a visit a few days after my arrival.

At Old Town I was kindly welcomed by Dr. Hewan and Mrs. Sutherland, and at Creek Town by Mr. and Mrs. Waddell. At the latter place I met King Eyo, and several other dignitaries belonging to the Town. One of Eyo's gentlemen died that afternoon. The flags were hoisted half-mast high over the palace, and a wailing commenced for the dead, which could be heard at a considerable distance. The deceased had often heard the gospel, but I understand had never manifested any signs of repentance. It was, perhaps, owing to my knowledge of this, that I felt there was something very saddening in the wild melancholy wail which the mourners set up. When people die here, their friends go in mourning for a certain number of days. This they show, by blackening the brow with charcoal. Mr. Waddell had invited Tom Eyo, the king's brother, to tea that evening, but, owing to the funeral, he could not come. He took care, however, to send up a slave, requesting his tea to be sent down to him, which Mrs. Waddell accordingly did, along with a due allowance of bread and butter.

A day or two after arriving here, I visited Duke Town, with Mr. Anderson. We called on several of the native gentlemen. There were some of them very kind in their own way. One of them (Ephraim Duke) was at dinner, and invited us to partake with him. He did not seem to care about the luxury of knives and forks, using rather those instruments which nature had provided him with. However, plates and knives and forks were brought out to us, and a tablecloth spread, which, I have no doubt, had once been white. The dish was the favorite Calabar chop, which seems to be about half composed of pepper.

The houses I can scarcely describe to you. The nearest approach to their style of building that I remember, are the sheep-houses that may be seen about our Scottish hills. There is generally a wall, forming the four sides of a square. The roof slopes down to the inside, and is thatched with palm leaves. The walls inside are generally painted after some native design. Some of them are very tastefully done, with a variety of brilliant colours. Back, at the wall, seats are usually placed, made out of a kind of hard clay, which, after being properly dried, is almost like stone. These seats are very successful imitations of English sofas, and are covered with native cloth. Large mirrors, china ornaments, etc., may be seen in the houses of the better classes, with English chairs, sofas, tables, etc. In the middle of the square (or yard, as it is called) may almost always be seen a little mound, in the centre of which grows a small tree, and around it are several cala-