

of help within the reach of all. *This is prayer.* We can scarcely have a louder call for prayer. What can Mr. Annand do among the united body of heathen at Iririki himself? What can Mr. McKenzie do among the savages beyond Erakor without Divine aid? Simply nothing. Are we then making it part of our daily Christian life to pray for the advancement of the kingdom and for its advance *there*? Would that our estimate of missions were more Christ-like! Oh, for a deeper sympathy with Jesus, in his missionary work, thirsting with his thirst, breathing His Spirit, burning with desire for His glory, continuing to wait upon the Lord *always* and not to faint.

Let many prayers ascend for our missionaries, remembering them by name, knowing that they need special grace and support—prayers too for their converts; for inquirers, for feeble churches, and for a break in the ranks of the heathen where Satan's Kingdom remains unbroken. Say to the missionaries, If you see fruits of your toil, we will rejoice with you, but work on in faith, though the night be long, hoping for the day, and God forbid that we should cease to pray for you.

Letter from Rev. J. Annand.

IRIRIKI, EFATE, Nov 4th, 1874.

Dear Mr. McGregor,—

The three months and a half that have elapsed since I last wrote you, have made but little change in matters here; still the little that has taken place, we trust, has been in the right direction. The great majority of our people are as much opposed to the Gospel as ever, so that we have not been able to hold any services among them. The most that we can yet do is to speak to them individually in private. By doing this we hope gradually to overcome their prejudices, and make them interested to know what the Gospel really is. They still practise their old rites, and delight in their abominable idolatries. The greatest power in the universe is ascribed by them to the evil one; in fact all their prayers and offerings are to him. When a man dies suddenly, they unhesitatingly assert that the devil killed him. Only three weeks ago, a great feast was held on Fila to the honor of "Tatimali" (the devil), to induce him to stop the rain and thus save the yam crop. However, the feast has not had

the desired effect, for it has rained nearly every day since. I have learned by experience that it is imprudent for me to go near them while they are engaged in any of their idolatrous ceremonies.

ONE LAD UNDER INSTRUCTION.

We have one encouraging fact to set opposite that dark picture. Some weeks after we sent away our last mail, a Fila lad, about fourteen years of age, came over to the mission house, and asked to remain all night that he might go with me on the morrow in the boat for fine coral. He stopped that night, and ever since, notwithstanding he was shamefully persecuted by men, women and children. They tried almost every possible means to get him to leave us. One man even threatened to kill him if he would not go home. He is now learning to read and write, and his conduct is all that we could expect from a heathen lad. This is truly the day of small things with us, yet, though our patience is often very sorely tried, our faith bids us labor on. God's set time to favor these people may soon come.

SPYING OUT THE LAND.

Probably a short account of a tour, with Mr. McKenzie through a part of his large parish, may be more interesting to you than anything more about our own field would be. To us two the whole of the south side of Efate is assigned, and as the language of my people limits my labors, nearly the whole country side falls to Mr. McKenzie

ITS EXTENT

from "Tukituk" (where the entrance to the lower world is situated, according to native tradition) on the west, to the farthest village east cannot be less than forty miles, and from "Iluk" to the shore is not less than fifteen. You may wonder how this can be when you recollect that on the authority of Capt. Cook, Fata is said to be seventy miles in circumference; but it is very evident that the famous Capt. did not walk around it, or we should have had different figures. The above distances at home where there are good roads would not seem great, but in a tangled tropical forest, where there are no roads and only very inferior footpaths, they seem very different.

PLEASANT COMMENCEMENT.

Starting from Erakor, on a Tuesday morning in August, in company with six natives, we rowed up the shore against the trade wind and a moderate sea, until we had passed the worst part of the coast and fatigued our crew; we then landed, sent the boat home, and walked along the beach for five or six miles. This was a charming walk. The refreshing breeze off the water