

began to give me an account of the blowing in of the Cashmere gate. The dying man listened, and when the description was finished, signed to me that he wished to speak to me. I put my ear close to his mouth, for he could hardly speak. These were his last words: '*Ah, sir, 'tis naething but the love of Jesus can burst the gate of the sinner's heart.*'

"The natives quite understood this story, and listened to it, and to all I said, with deep attention. Mr. Ross kindly interpreted for me. It was a great help, in speaking, to know that the exact sense of what I said was given to the people. A hymn, in which all joined most heartily, and prayer, concluded the meeting. It was the first occasion on which I had addressed such an audience. I felt it to have been a most solemn one. I could only pray earnestly that the Lord would grant His blessing. The heathen formed up outside the church to salute me, as they would a chief, when I came out, but I remained in prayer, and they went away. I felt thankful for this I had no wish to receive honor from men. When I did come out, the Christians gathered round me and thanked me, as they said, for my good words.' They said they had made their hearts glad; they had been cheered and encouraged. For this I thanked the Lord.

"The remainder of the day was passed by the people in preparation for the public meeting to be held on the morrow, at which about two thousand persons were expected.

"Three oxen and forty sheep were slaughtered to provide food for the guests. The Christians and heathen joined in preparing the feast. The latter were in great glee at the prospect.

"While I was watching the scene, Moni, chief of Mbulo, asked an interview with me. I am sorry that I cannot remember his speech. It was to this effect:—'I thank you very much for coming to see me and my people; for coming so far to see us. We are much pleased when 'great people' (sic) come to see us. It shows that Government cares for us. When Mr. Schlater came to us, we thought he had been cast out by his country people. We were very sorry for him. He slept under a tree. I tried to do what I could for him. Now we see he came to tell us good words about God. We see now that you have come to say good words to us, and do us good. You did not only come to see Mr. Schlater; you came to see us. We thank you very much.'

MISSIONS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE LOWER PROVINCES.

We quote from the last number of the Home and Foreign Record of our sister Church the following extracts from a letter from Rev. J. W. McKenzie:—

ERROMANGA.—I cannot describe my feelings when on a beautiful Sabbath morning we set foot on the shore of that ill-fated island. As we entered the Bay they were ringing the bell to call the natives together for worship. We landed near the spot where the blood of Williams reddened the waves. Going up the Bay a little distance, Dr. Geddie pointed out to us the spot where Harris fell. And along a few steps further, nearly opposite the mission premises, under the shade of the feathery palm, are two mounds of stone, marking the graves of the Gordons and McNair. We went to church and found about seventy or eighty assembled. About forty of them belonged to Portinia Bay and had fled there for safety when Mr.