

for worship, the French came upon them. They came in while worship was going on ; but were called out till it was ended. When Mr. McFarlane retired the marines rushed in, seized all present, being only the Rarotongan teachers and their wives. Them they took prisoners, putting the men in irons, where they remained for five days.— After seizing the men in church they marched through the village, when a few of the natives attacked them. This afforded them a pretext for burning the whole village.

All communication with the brethren ashore was conducted through Capt. Fraser, the rest of us having been prohibited to land. By a special act of the Commodore's grace, Mrs. McFarlane was permitted on board on Saturday, and our lady passengers, to land on Sabbath.

We have on board Mr. Ella and family in the service of the London Missionary Society, sent out from Sydney to occupy a station on Wea, another of these islands. He was not allowed to land, nor the vessel to call at that island. We asked an interview with the commodore ; which was denied us. So we now bring back Mr. Ella and family with us. This is a specimen of the favour shown by the French Government to Protestants and Protestant missionaries. Any one that is acquainted with the machinations of Popery, will have no difficulty in recognizing its devices here. We know not how soon this iron heel shall be laid on the New Hebrides group. O hasten to the rescue ere the door be closed.

This morning at 4 A. M. while at anchor in the roadstead at *Chepenche*, (Mr. McFarlane's station) enjoying the shelter of the land from an easterly breeze, we were struck by a sudden thunder squall from the west, driving us directly on the shore. The wind for a short time blew a hurricane ; the howl of the rigging was terrific. The thunder rolled incessantly. Before the last clap had ceased to rumble another burst upon the ear. The very sea was trembling under its mighty jar. The lightning flashes all but an incessant glare of livid blue. The watery element on which we floated soon leaped into unison with the raging elements above. The rain poured down in driving torrents. The

darkness was intense, but the livid lightning revealed the strife of elements all around.

All hands on deck is the cry immediately. Still before the men could be dressed and out, she had dragged her anchor, as if hastening to the roaring breakers at her stern. A second anchor is dropped. The chains are lengthened, 75 and 25 fathoms. The sea rises as the tempest driving into the bay goes on. The poor *Dayspring* leaps and howls as if in agony. Only 4 fathoms of water now at her stern, and she on the very margin of the roaring breakers ! Day begins to dawn ; but to reveal to us more fully our peril. The waves dash against the steep cliffs astern ; the spray flies half mast high. And still the *Dayspring* tosses and tugs, and pulls violently and incessantly. Well might we then in the language of inspiration say : ' What meanest thou, O sleeper ? Arise, call on thy God.' We did rise and did call on our God. He heard, He answered ; He saved. The wind veered around gradually, lifting us off the reef ; it also abated in fury. Thus at morning worship we were calmly permitted to sing a few verses from the 29th of the 107th Psalm. We have seen danger ; but not a hair of our head is hurt. O what a God Jehovah, our God is ! Blessed are the people whose God is the Lord !

We are all of us sound and strong as when we left your shores.

DONALD MORRISON.

Letter from Mrs. Morrison.

The following extracts from a private letter from Mrs. Morrison will be read with interest :

July 27, 1864.

I returned a week ago from a cruise round the islands. I will try to give you a short account of it.

VISIT TO MARE.

We left Aneiteum on the 28th of June, Tuesday evening, and could see Mare, one of the Loyalty Islands next morning.— About noon, we anchored near Mr. Jones's station and went on shore at once. We found Mrs. Jones and four children well. They are succeeding very well in their efforts to elevate the poor natives. They are building a fine stone church, quite a cath-