

overcome by the sword of the Spirit. While I was thus rejoicing at the prospect of having our hands strengthened, and of the wilderness being made to blossom and bud as the rose, my heart was made sad by the news of my mother's death. Truly "in the midst of life we are in death." And thus the strongest tie which bound me to my native country is now severed. Oh! my dear mother, I shall not see thy beloved face until we meet in the world of spirits. God has called thee and I must prepare and follow thee, and be forever with the Lord. I am sorry to say that even here, where we are surrounded with heathenism and everything that is appalling, we cannot live as near God as we should. How shortsighted and neglectful we are, and how much we need God's grace and fatherly care in our sojourn in this vale of tears! May we be found up and doing, while God spares us; and when we fill up the measure of our days; may we hear His voice saying, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Some of you will, no doubt, think that we are delinquents; but when you consider that we get only two glimpses of the *Dayspring* in the year, and that we are more than 300 miles from the nearest mission station, and besides this, that matters are of such a nature that it is not safe to send letters any other way than by the *Dayspring*, you will understand the reason why our letters appear so seldom in the *Record*. I assure you that I write by every opportunity. Besides sending a letter by every trip of the *Dayspring*, I have sent some by trading vessels; some of these letters sent by the traders were to private friends, who tell us that they did not receive them. If our letters miscarry, we regret it, and have as much reason to complain as any one has of the small number of letters received. We have just received a letter from the Rev. A. McLean, of Belfast, written a year and a half ago; it was open, the envelope was merely holding together, and it could scarcely be deciphered. We have known of some of our letters from home being upwards of six months on board of the trading vessels, and these mostly all opened.

There is an attempt made by traders and others to get these islands inhabited by white men. I trust that none of our Nova Scotian friends will be caught in this whirlpool. If they come here, they will not find it such a paradise, abounding in all the luxuries and fruits imaginable, as is the impression among some of them.

In conclusion, we wish all our good friends, and all who are interested in the salvation of the heathen, the richest blessings of God's spirit and grace.

JOHN GOODWILL.

P.S.—A word or two to my kind and thoughtful friends of the Temperance Society of the West River, near Saltsprings. I thank you very kindly for the gift you have sent me, and accept it with pleasure. I am happy, my friends, that you have taken this step, because it is a move in the right direction, and will do much in the way of stopping the mouths of those who charge your societies with selfishness and meanness. I had frequently occasion to combat this accusation brought against your members. I cannot express my heartfelt sorrow and indignation, at seeing the traders introducing and setting up the god Bacchus, and establishing his worship and orgies among these poor degraded heathen. "But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." I wish you all success in reclaiming men from the sin of drunkenness. Believe me, I feel as much interested even now, and perhaps more so, in the cause of temperance, than when I was among you in my native land. J. G.

Cape Lisbourne, Santo, May 28, 1872.

The Rev. Hugh Robertson writes as follows, under the date of July:—

"We have yesterday been settled on Erromanga by the Missionaries on board. The meeting of Missionaries appointed us to this station. It never was my choice or Mrs. Robertson's; but nevertheless I trust that God will continue His loving kindness to us, and bless us in His own work amongst this people. I do hope we may gain the attachment of the Erromangans, without which it will be cold work. Aneityum, Eraker and Fate were the places I cared for. I trust our making way for the McKenzies at Eraker will yet be blessed to us. One thing we, are not envied where we are going. The Murrays were settled on Aneityum, the McKenzies at Eraker, and the McDonalds at Havannah Harbour. The headquarters of the *Dayspring* have been changed to Sydney. The name of our annual meeting has been fixed, viz.: "The New Hebrides Mission Synod."

WE regret that the Report of the "Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund," by coming to hand late, has been crowded out of the present issue. A number of copies of the Report will be struck off separately for distribution among the subscribing congregations.

An article on "Liberality" will appear in January.