

with us about five years as a kind of general servant. Just the day before he had been at Umaj preaching, and had spoken strongly (as they say) to the people about their sins and hypocrisy. We trust that this poor fellow is now better off than any of us. I have not returned to the woods since to finish my posts, but I must soon go back and hew the tree at which he fell.

To-day at my prayer meeting, I received from Lathella, our Harbor Chief, a small stone that in olden times was considered most sacred, and exceedingly valuable, as by its virtue were in some mysterious way brought under the power of its owner.

A few weeks ago it was found in the box of a dead man, who though for years he had been a church member, had never lost all faith in the sacredness. The chief when informed of the discovery went and threw it away in disgust, but I requested him to hunt it up again and give it to me, which he did to-day, and I exhibited it to the people at prayer-meeting many of whom were greatly astonished, to see such a contemptible looking thing and to hear that their father's worshiped such.

With warmest greetings from us both to yourself, Mrs. Scott and family, I am  
Yours faithfully,

J. ANNAND.

Letter from Rev. M. A. Robertson.

S. S. "John Elder,"

Mediterranean, March 5, 1833.

Rev. Dr. McGregor,

Dear Sir,—

I am anxious to get a line written to mail as soon as we shall have arrived at Plymouth, that you, the F. M. Com. and our friends generally may hear of our safe arrival in Britain as early as possible.

As a family we are very well, and have enjoyed our voyage so far very much indeed. Excepting for two days we have had delightful weather ever since leaving Sydney on the 20th of January. Our voyage from the Islands to Sydney was also very pleasant and not too long—only twelve days. The officers of the steamer expect that we shall arrive at Grave's End on Monday next, that is, on the 12th inst. I trust we shall, and that we may not have rough weather in the Bay of Biscay, but should we have it somewhat rough we ought not to forget the magnificent weather we have had for six weeks—but alas, how soon we forget our

many mercois and how prone we are to dwell on the shady side of life.

I have got three casks of Arrow-root besides our luggage in this boat and I left in the "Dayspring" eleven casks of arrow-root which Captain Braithwaite kindly engaged to tranship for me to London in a sailing ship which will go to Glasgow after discharging cargo at London, and the arrow-root will go to Glasgow where I hope to get sale for it, that our people may be able to pay for the publishing and binding of Scriptures in due time.

So far we have not felt the cold any more than our fellow passengers, and already Mrs. Robertson and the children are beginning to pick up their crumbs; the children especially are very well and to-day being fine with a smooth sea, they are racing and playing about the deck quite as lively as if they were on the green grass under the spreading fan-like branches of the Coca Tree in our charming Valley at Dillon's Bay. As for myself I never show good living, and if you can fancy me weighing 23 lbs. less than when I left Nova Scotia in 1871 and nearly 12 years older, with less hair on the top of my head, if that be possible, and a general washed-out appearance, you will have some sympathy with me when I fear I should go into thin air altogether if I were to go to Nova Scotia at once.

Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie and their two youngest children, Norman and Morrison, spent about three hours with us at Dillon's Bay on their way to Erakor. We were greatly delighted to see them and still more delighted to know that Mr. McKenzie had been quite restored to his former good health by his long voyage and bracing native air.

They brought sad tidings for Mrs. Robertson. She was fearful that morning as the "Day Spring" did not fly her flag as usual, and though I endeavoured to account for it by the strength of the wind at the time that did not satisfy her. She was quite unprepared to hear that her father had died. It was one of the greatest of Mrs. Robertson's wishes so far as this life is concerned, that she might be spared once more to see her parents and that they might be spared to see her.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Annand were looking well when we left Aneityum, but we think they were much grieved by the sudden death of one of their best men an old servant who bled to death from a wound inflicted while cutting a