

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The Board of Foreign Missions met at New Glasgow on the 27th ult.—A large amount of interesting correspondence from the Missionaries was submitted and read. We regret that it came too late to appear in our present No., but the principal portions will appear in our next, which will be issued early. We may mention however, that while these letters contain much interesting information regarding the labours of the Missionaries, and the state of the work on neighbouring islands, there has been no particular change, since the date of the letters already published.

A deeply interesting letter was read from Mr. C. B. Pitblado, enclosing the following medical certificate:—

“This is to certify, that I do not think Mr. C. B. Pitblado's constitution, such as to warrant his safe removal to a tropical climate.

“J. W. DOHERTY, M. D.

“Kingston, Richibucto, April 18th, 1862.”

A similar certificate was given by another gentleman. In consequence of this, Mr. Pitblado to his deep regret felt himself under the necessity of abandoning the cherished desire of his life to preach the Gospel to the Heathen. The certificates of the medical men were so decided, that the Board felt themselves reluctantly compelled to acquiesce in this decision, though the loss of Mr. P's. services was no inconsiderable disappointment to them. It was resolved accordingly to advertize for another missionary to supply his place.

DR. TURNER'S VISIT TO ERROMANGA.

In our last we noticed Dr. Turner's work on Polynesia, and referred to his visit to Erromanga in 1859. Our readers will be interested in his account of the state of matters on the island at that time. We therefore insert it in full.

ERROMANGA.

Anchored at Dillon's Bay on the following morning, viz., Saturday the 15th October. Mr. Gordon was soon on board, and, accompanied by him, some of us went on shore, and up the hill to his residence, about 1000 feet above the level of the sea, and there we found Mrs. Gordon, well. Owing to the unhealthy swamps on the low grounds, Mr. Gordon has built his cottage on the high land. Close by the house he has erected a small chapel, and has a fine bell at the one end, which echoes from hill to hill, and calls the tribes to their little Zion.

Every direction is associated with the tragic scenes of November, 1839. At the foot of the hill on which the chapel stands is the stream in which Mr. Harris fell, and the beach where Mr. Williams ran into the sea. Down the hill, below Mr. Gordon's study window, is the spot where the oven was made in which Mr. Williams's body was cooked. Over in another direction is the place where the body of Mr. Harris was taken. Inland is a grove of cocoa-nuts, underneath one of which the skull of Mr. Williams was buried. The bones taken to Samoa by Captain Croker, in H. B. M.'s ship, “Favourite,” in 1840, were *not* the remains of Williams and Harris. He had no proper interpreter. The natives thought he wanted to *buy human bones*, and took off for sale whatever were handy from one of the adjacent caves, where they deposit their dead. One of the skulls was that of the father of a lad we had for some time with us in our institution in Samoa. It is difficult, at present, owing to hostility among the tribes, to get at the precise tree under which the skull of Mr. Williams was buried; but there let the remains