

one like ELLEN POWELL, tenderly brought up in the bosom of a christian family, to leave home and all christian society and go far off to a wild and lonely island, to teach the degraded natives to love God and obey His law.— You are not required to go away as she did; but perhaps some of you will yet be called to go. ELLEN POWELL had no thought of going till six months before she went. But there are many things you can do for the Saviour, though you cannot go away to Erromanga for Him. You can pray—you can learn to love Him—you can gather money and give it when it is needed.— You can be good members of the Sabbath School and of the Church where you are. You can love and obey your parents, teachers, ministers, and thus you will be glorifying God and extending His kingdom in the world.

But I must not keep back Mrs. Gordon's letter from you any longer.— Here it is:—

ERROMANGA, August 8th, 1860.

My Dear little Nephew and Nieces,—

I cannot write a separate note to each of you just now, and this is a tiny note to show you that I do not forget you, though far, far away. I often pray for you all that you may be good children and may belong to the fold of the Good Shepherd, who says, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." I hope you do not forget Aunt Ellen, but remember her in your prayers; and think too of the poor little heathen boys and girls! Do you not pity these children that have never heard of the name of Jesus—the meek and loving Saviour—who while on earth took little children in His arms and blessed them, and said that of such was the kingdom of Heaven! The poor little girls are not loved and carried by their parents as you are, but are used very cruelly—betrothed when mere infants; and they live only to be the slaves of vile men, to be beaten and abused by them at their pleasure. They have no home comfort such as you enjoy, but are huddled together like pigs in small huts. You cannot think how dark their hearts are and how hard it is to make them understand anything about the good God who made them and who sent His Son into the world to die on the cross to save children from their sins. Their parents are quite unwilling that the children should be taught what is good; and several nice little girls have been cruelly beaten because they came to see "Missi."

You will be glad to know that I have succeeded in getting one who is not betrothed, to stay with us. Her name is *Moiyeu*. She has been with us nearly a year, and can almost read and write while she sews very nicely. Her parents seldom come to see her, but she is very happy and it is pleasant to hear her when busy about her work singing, "*There is a happy land*," and "*O that we'll be joyful*." I will some day write out these Hymns in Erromangan and send them to you, when I hope many more children will be allowed to come here to school. I hope you will prize the privileges you enjoy, read your Bibles; love Jesus: be obedient to your dear parents, and gentle and affectionate to each other. I hope to see you again at some future time, but should we not meet in this world, I hope that you and I and all we love may meet in that "Happy land" when they "meet to part no more." O that *will* be joyful!

Look up dear children, see that star,
Which shines so brightly there;
But you shall brighter shine by far,
When in that world so fair;
A harp of gold you each shall have,
To sound the power of Christ to save.

Let me now say good night to you, and commend you all to the kind care and keeping of the tender Shepherd Jesus, with many fond remembrances.

I remain your affectionate AUNT ELLEN.

I need not tell the children that read the *Record*, how much the good children who received the above letter think of it, or how fondly they cherish the memory of her who wrote it, and whom they can never see again on earth. Yet I think they do not hate the wicked and cruel people who killed