

otherwise, of missionary literature. They shall secure from the various boards such pamphlets as describe the work of the Church, both at home and abroad, and shall cultivate such a spirit as will lead them, if need be, to go into the work itself. They shall, with the co-operation and counsel of the pastor, have charge of the weekly prayer-meeting of the society, choosing the leaders and subjects. This committee shall, with the pastor, arrange for meetings to be held for special instruction, by the pastor or some member of the session, in the doctrines and government of the Presbyterian Church.

Rev. H. A. Robertson, of Erromanga, where John Williams was cruelly clubbed to death, writes of his recent trip around Erromanga, where he has been as a missionary of the Canadian Presbyterians for twenty years :

October 10, 1894.

Chrissie and I accompanied by a band of young men as carriers and a number of chiefs, elders, teachers, etc., have just completed a thorough visitation of every district round this large island. We walked every inch of the way except when carried over rivers. I settled six teachers, examined several schools, gave short addresses, taught new hymns, gave out books, had talks with leading men, roughly surveyed the country, and completed the census. There are only 1745 natives on the island, 397 males and 848 females. This time I took no notice of the natives who have gone in labor vessels, for they are as good as dead. I know exactly by name 1800 souls, and have visited them in their own villages. Our following, during the three weeks of our journey, was never fewer than *fifty*, and sometimes it ran up to *three hundred*, and one day there were *three hundred and fifty*. What a grand sight it was to look back as we journeyed over the winding path ! Women in their bright Birmingham prints, men in their shirts and trousers, and some with their Lava-lava of calico round their loins, and the boys and girls with bright flowers in their black hair, and all carrying something. When we came to the teacher's house and church, where we were to stop, his people met to shake hands with the missionary and his daughter, and then with *all* the people ! Then came the opening out of our clothing, etc., and later a supper of native pudding, baked fowls, drinking cocoanuts,

and the never-to-be-omitted cup of hot tea, which with biscuit, sugar, and butter, we had brought with us. After our hammocks were hung and things made snug for the night, came a meeting in the church, which was packed, then the natives had supper, sang hymns, and chatted till eleven o'clock, then evening prayers in the different camps, and by daylight we were up, had a cup of tea, took a photograph of the group, and were off again, and so on each day till we got home. Chrissie walked 175 miles and I, 195, as I wanted to visit some inland villages, and she remained with the teacher's wife. My daughter is the *first* white woman who ever *walked* round Erromanga, and perhaps the only one who will ever attempt it, for it is a great undertaking for any woman. Next year, if spared, I intend to take two months over it, and thus be able to examine carefully every school. I have now 37 teachers on full pay. The Canadian Church provides for 30 of them. The teachers themselves provide for 2, both last year and this year, and the remaining 5 I have settled *on faith*. An Erromangan never betrays feeling, and in twenty-two years, except in their prayers, they have never expressed any word about our work for them, but their changed life and the glorious victory over heathenism, rendering life and property safe all over Erromanga, these are our reward, and above all God's precious presence and blessing. Mrs. Robertson has much improved in health since June; until then she spent most of her time in bed, but now is up all day, able to attend to many household duties.

The Man of the Book.

When, in 1853, a rebellion broke out in the region around Amoy, and all Europeans were in danger of their lives, and when no other European would venture out among the rebels, William C. Burns was free to go where he liked. "*That's the man of the Book,*" they would say ; "he must not be touched." The Lord was with him, because he so magnified His word, and the freedom he enjoyed was itself a convincing testimony to his character as a disciple. What says the first Psalm of him whose delight and meditation centre upon the law of the Lord ? "*Whosoever he doeth shall prosper !*"