

LETTER FROM MRS. WATT.

SOME two years ago, Rev. Mr. Watt and Mrs. Watt, of Tanna, visited Canada, on their way back to the New Hebrides from a short furlough in Scotland, their native land. They wished to visit the country which began the New Hebrides mission, the country of Geddie and the martyred Gordon's, and of others who have died in the field, as well as of three of their worthy fellow laborers in the group to-day. They gave, during their brief visit, most interesting addresses on missionary life in the South Seas and especially in Tanna, whence Rev. John S. Paton was driven, some three and twenty years ago, by the treachery and cruelty of the inhabitants, and where the Watts, as missionaries of the New Zealand Presbyterian Church, have labored so faithfully for the past twenty-two years. None who heard can forget the sweet and thrilling tones of Mrs. Watt as she sang the Tannese hymn

"Yesu yerumann
Yesu asori
Yesu yerumann
Yesu siaou"

to the tune of "Jesus is Mine." From a private letter which she sent to a lady friend in Montreal, the following extract has been kindly given to the RECORD:—

TANNA, New Hebrides,
March 29, 1892.

MY DEAR MISS CROIL:—"Since our return to Tanna we have had every hour occupied and found it very hard to get letter writing done. I have a fyle of unanswered letters before me which have been put aside from month to month.

First, we have had the erecting of the 'Workers Memorial Church' at Port Resolution—the money for which we raised in Britain. The money we got in Nova Scotia and Canada went into the 'Teachers Fund,' and helped to keep it from death one year longer.

The Church building was very heavy work. Mr. Gray, our fellow-labourer, and Mr. Watt being the only Europeans; all the rest were natives; but it is a very nice-looking church and is much admired by the Tannese. We hope many will be born again within its walls.

We spent most of the cool season there and in January came round here to Kwamera, our oldest station. Here we have had a good deal to grieve us. The chief and three of his men stand aloof from the services, and that prevents others coming. Then the influenza raged for weeks and laid every one low. Many died. Whether there were fewer deaths among the heathen or not I cannot say, but, at all events, the cry has been increased 'The gospel kills.' In proof of this they point to three of our most promising girls who died in less than nine months. This has weakened our hands very much, and no one seems inclined take their places. But the Lord

reigneth, and He will yet bring light out of this darkness.

This has been a very unique year in the history of the mission—so many are away on furlough. Mrs. Leggatt, of Malekula, left this world in a sad way. (The lonely isolated life, the physical and nervous strain wore her down, reason gave way, and she took her own life. —Ed.) Mrs. Laurie, worn down too, and, reason gone, is in a lunatic asylum, and the Mortons are away, and not likely to return—both of them wrecks of what they were five years ago, their nerves quite unstrung and their health broken. Your friends, the Mackenzies of Efate, are quite run down and have gone to New South Wales for rest. We are, however, getting a new missionary, Dr. Lamb and his wife, and perhaps brighter days are near at hand.

We, personally, have been very well and have been enabled to do much in every branch of our work, and though we do not see so much fruit as we would like, yet we labour on, believing and hoping for the Master's 'Well Done!' at last. Won't that more than compensate for all our weary toil and waiting?

"I had a long, delightful letter from Miss McCulloch of Truro. It was like a cool drink on a hot day, and brought up such pleasant recollections of Nova Scotia. We have very pleasant memories of Montreal, and only grieve that our time was so limited at every place, though, through your kindness, we had made the very most in the circumstances of your magnificent city. Mr. Watt unites in warmest regards to all our Canadian friends."

LETTER FROM MISS BLACKADDAR.

TACARIGUA, Trinidad, Aug. 13, 1892.

DEAR MR. SCOTT:—The two RECORDS are at hand, and I read therein more than a hint for letters. Well I will at once sit down and see what items can be found.

We have just had such a shower, or rather downpour. Thunder rolled, little brooks have turned into rushing torrents, and our clear St. Mary's River has turned muddy and wild. Logs, trees, clothes, baskets, and goats, have taken a sudden and rapid journey from their quiet homes; if not fished out they go to the Caroni, then to the sea.

One of our leading planters Mr. J. L. Eccles was buried last week, he had the care of many large estates, and thousands of people, but all is over now.

A report has just come in that the Chief Justice Sir C. Gorrie is dead.

Owing to floods, and rain, we have a great deal of sickness just now, the usual fevers and diseases incident to the tropics.

Miss Archibald spent the night with me. This young lady is a splendid specimen of Nova Scotia vigor and strength. She has never missed