

upon us ; and then contemplate these sufferers stretched on the ground—naked and destitute of every comfort, and attention, my heart sickens within me ; and I say, Oh ! my ingratitude, and the ingratitude of Christian people. How little we value a Christian birth, education, and privileges. Where are the evidences of our gratitude for the invaluable blessings so lavishly conferred upon us, and mysteriously withheld from myriads of the human family. Their present trouble seems to humble them very much. They are willing to worship, and say that they will live better in time to come. Mr. Paton cut his ankle very badly—unable to go about—I have to attend to the interests of the Mission. I go almost every day to some of the villages to the suffering and dying (for numbers are now dying.) Though little can be done for them, yet I like to go among them, that I may more deeply sympathise with them—feel more grateful for my blessings, and give a word of comfort, admonition or instruction. Thus time passes on. But one sad feature in this calamity is now beginning to manifest itself—the people are beginning to waver, incline to their old superstitious notions—and say that the *Nahah* is killing them—that our worship is bringing these calamities upon them, and that if we would leave them the disease would leave, that Satan was destroying them all because he does not like the worship, and does not allow them to worship. They are now beginning to threaten us. They say some of us must die to satisfy *kempramu*. Events become more and more threatening until the year closed and it expired under a dark gloomy cloud. But still I did not anticipate any personal danger to myself or any connected with the Mission ; though rumours of all kinds were daily coming to our ears, and our teachers were greatly alarmed, still I did not fear, disbelieved, and went freely among the people. (I suppose you will say. Fulton like) I saw a change in their countenances, etc, but was not molested in any way.

January 1st, 1861.—This morning with a heavy heart and a feeling of dread, I knew not why, I set out on my accustomed wanderings among the sick. Their melancholy condition truly aroused my sympathies. I hastened home, and directed the teachers to carry Mr. Paton to the scenes of distress—we carried water and medicines. I carried a bucket of water in one hand, and medicine in the other. We spent a large portion of the day in thus endeavoring to alleviate their sufferings ; and I think our day's labours did not only tend to alleviate suffering, but also had a happy effect upon the minds of many. In the evening as usual we went into Mr. P's. to have worship. The houses are only a few steps apart.

DISTRESSING INTELLIGENCE FROM ANEITEUM—RAVAGES OF PESTILENCE, FIRE AND HURRICANE

The same steamer brought the two following letters from Mr. Geddie, giving a most affecting account of the calamities which have overtaken that island :

ANEITEUM, NEW HERRIDES, APRIL 3rd, 1861.

REV. AND DEAR SIR.—I take my pen to address a letter to you. The information which it contains is of a less favourable kind than you have been accustomed to receive. The last three months have been eventful in the history of this island. Aneiteum, which of late years has been the abode of peace, prosperity and happiness, has been recently the scene of some sad disasters.

GREAT MORTALITY FROM MEASLES.

The first of these has been the introduction of measles, in almost every case accompanied by dysentery, which has been very fatal. About three months ago the disease was brought to the island by a sandal wood vessel. No care was taken to prevent the spread of the contagion, and it almost seemed as if the parties who introduced it were determined that this island should not escape a disease which