

the end of March, when the *John Knox* is expected to visit Tana. Then I intend going to Aneiteum. I do not feel so gloomy as you will, I know, be expecting me to feel. At times I cannot help it. I read a great deal, and that is company for me now. I also expect, when stronger, to make up some natives' dresses for Mr. Paton. This is the hurricane season, and no vessels call, so that at Aneiteum they have not heard of our troubles yet. Mr. Matheson did not hear for *certain* for three weeks. A flying report from the natives reached him, and it was again contradicted. At last he sent his boat round to see. I was not able to go. The land path has not been safe for one native to go to the other station the whole season, from the enraged state of the natives and their fighting, &c.

Now, dear parents, I need not say, pray for me. And, brothers and sisters, I need not make the request of you either, I feel assured of the prayers of you all. Farewell to you all, precious ones to me.

I remain, dear parents,

Your loving daughter,

ELIZABETH JOHNSTON.

MR. JOHNSTONS LAST JOURNAL.

We subjoin a copy of the last sheet of Mr. Johnstons Journal, which we are sure will be read with melancholy interest by the Church. He had just brought it up to the incident on the evening of New Year's day, described by Mr. Paton. His sheet being full, he seems to have laid it aside, and never finished it.

PORT RESOLUTION, DECEMBER, 1860.

For some time I have written almost none. But now I purpose commencing again.

I lay down this sheet with the intention of noting down from time to time some of the more important events that transpire around us. We have a nice comfortable room. You would enjoy an hour in it more than any hour you have ever yet enjoyed. This is the rainy season—the unhealthy season. But as yet we enjoy good health. Betsy had a very slight attack of fever. But with blessing upon the use of means she is quite restored, and is now as well as ever I saw her. Sickness is prevailing among the natives to a most alarming extent. They are all scrofulous; and consequently they are susceptible of all kinds of disease. Few of them are altogether free from running sores, and many of them appear to be masses of corruption. It is most distressing to see them. But what can we do for them;—the blood is the seat of their diseases; and their food, habits, etc., all tend to make the blood impure. But there is one comfort; they do not seem to suffer nearly so much from their sores as we would do from the same sores. With amazing rapidity they are prostrated with sickness, and with equal rapidity recover or die.

The Foreigners landed two Tanese whom they had employed, and who were suffering from the measles. This disease is now spreading with fearful rapidity—but I forbear saying more about it until we shall see the result.

22nd.—The measles are making fearful havoc among the poor Tanese. As we pass through their villages a most mournful scene is presented to the eye. Young and old prostrated on the ground—suffering all those painful symptoms which usually attend these loathsome and malignant diseases. In some villages there appears to be few able to prepare food and carry drink to the suffering. How painful to see these sufferers destitute of every comfort, attention, and remedy that would ameliorate their sufferings, and remove their disease. As I think of the tender manner in which we are nursed in sickness, the many remedies employed to give relief; and all the comforts and attentions bestowed