

val of the Commodore. Much depends upon what these vessels may do for the protection of life and property on these islands. We have drawn up a memorial to the Commodore, calling attention to the outrages committed by the heathen on British subjects in the mission service, and on natives employed by them. Unless these, the representatives of Her Britannic Majesty, do something to turn the tide, the insolence of the heathen, in some places, will know no bounds. At present, they boastingly count the number of foreigners with whom they have made war, with impunity!

A day or two and we expect to return again to Fate, to our beloved work and home.

All the missionaries are well. Mr. Robertson is doing well among the natives. They look on him as a personal friend, he is so kind and gentle with them.

Mr. Geddie's natives are longing for his return,—and, no doubt, he is longing to return to them. Yours, sincerely,

D. MORRISON.

Letter from Rev. J. D. Gordon.

*Dillon's Bay, Erromanga,
August 29th, 1865.*

REV. J. BAYNE,

Dear Sir,—The "Amateur" Captain Longmuir, bound for China, is in Dillon's Bay at present. He and his wife, who is with him, are members of Dr. Steel's congregation, Sydney. The Capt. brought me my boat safe and sound.

I have not heard a word from or of you for several months. A mail for the group, however, which came when I was absent, may contain some letters. It was sent on to Aneiteum, so I shall not know for some time yet about the contents.

TROUBLES.

I have still to record the goodness of the Lord which endureth ever. "Goodness and mercy all my life," &c., ought to be, if it is not, the matter of my song; notwithstanding murky skies and stormy weather. The last few months have been troublous, and the past week unusually exciting. On Thursday the 24th July, the *Dayspring* sailed hence for Tana, and anchored at Black Beach next day. The first thing necessary was to catch the bell-wether, which was done when the chief of the place came off. After this we went on shore and through him Mr. Paton addressed a number of the people in the school-house. Next day, Sabbath, just after the commencement of the service, a boat from a trading vessel came to the shore, and that had more attraction for the poor souls than our presence or words. The chief would not translate as the people were urging him to let them

go, and soon off they went. It was proposed to sail on Monday morning before daylight, at which information the chief was so sulky that he would not accompany us to the beach. The vessel remained; much was bought and sold, chiefly yams and sow pigs. So we left them in good humor.

On Tuesday we went off Umirarakar, and landed for a short time. The rocks around the inhospitable shore awoke reminiscences of a very touching character. It was not deemed advisable to venture off the shore.

PORT RESOLUTION.

On Wednesday we were off Port Resolution. A native taken from Sydney had been left at Mr. Matheson's station; another for this place had died after a long sickness, at 2 o'clock the preceding night and was buried in the morning near his own home. He, of course, received the continuous attentions of Mr. Paton, and we can say, at least, that he died not beyond the boundary of hope. It was a trying time for poor Mr. Paton. It was especially so when we concluded not to enter the port; some were for passing by it altogether.—Intercourse was held with Nowar, a friendly old chief who stuck by him in the day of his adversity, and who was, on the first opportunity which afforded, well rewarded for his fidelity. Another lad subject to fits was left, or left of his own accord, at the port. At dusk we bore away for Aniwa. The *Dayspring* was freighted with at least one heavy heart. All things considered the visit was not fitted to give buoyancy to the spirits of our brother, or soothe his crushed feelings.

ANIWA.

At Aniwa Mr. Paton and I landed—I, chiefly to see some Erromangans who were there, ten in all. Our reception was civil. A squall overtook us as we neared the vessel, and she was in danger of being stranded, but the Lord delivered us. This is the second time we were nearly wrecked on this little island. The state of Fortuna, all things considered, was encouraging. I would choose that island were I disengaged from this one.

I do not know that our meetings on Aneiteum, of conference, would be characterized as a great success.

VESSELS OF WAR.

The mission vessel has cost, and is costing much time, as well as £1200 stg. annually. No doubt she is needed, and had we half a dozen more men her services would be required in this group all her time. Very likely after the extensive machinery connected with her begins to play with less creaking, and curiosity is fully satisfied, the times will be reversed, viz., that she will be eight months in the islands and four in