

I hope to have my annual report ready before the *Day Spring* leaves for Sydney. I shall enter into more details regarding births, deaths, marriages and other matters of interest. At present there is very little sickness at our side. A fine little girl named Alice died a few days ago, notwithstanding all the means employed for her recovery. She was a beautiful child and an elegant reader considering her advantages which she turned to good account.

I have been visiting schools during the last fortnight, and have found things very satisfactory. I shall resume my visitation next week and give you the result in my report.

"PRAYER, PAINS, PATIENCE."

We must not forget that christianity is in its infancy here, and there is much to be regarded with a charitable eye when we remember the former condition of the people. Besides, there are peculiar temptations at a harbour station both for the missionary and the native, and much wisdom and grace are needed to avoid the appearance of evil.

In conclusion we have much reason to thank God, and take courage. It was the saying of a great and good man, that prayer, pains and patience, can accomplish anything. There is a world of meaning in these three words, when rightly understood.—Prayer is the secret of the christian's success, be his calling what it may. It forms the beginning, the middle, and the end of his course, and is his passport to the skies; or, as the poet Montgomery has beautifully expressed it,—

"Prayer is the christian's vital breath,
The christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven by prayer."

And nothing worth having can be obtained without some pains in matters, worldly and secular. Much more is it necessary in spiritual things to take pains,—to strive, and wrestle, and run, and fight, in order to lay hold on eternal life and win the crown. The apostle Paul was made all things to all men, that he might by all means save some. How important is patience. Even the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience

for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. So with many of God's most useful and honoured servants, they have sown in tears, and waited years, but at length have reaped a glorious harvest. Dr. Judson laboured seven years without seeing a single convert; but he had patience, and in due time reaped a rich harvest of souls. Luther says, we are not to think the word preached in vain, or seek for another, if it does not produce fruit immediately. That which is sown is not immediately harvested. There must first pass over the field wind, storm, hail, rain, thunder. Many days of wind and storm, and hail, passed before Mr. Geddie saw any fruit on Aneiteum, but the reaping time did come, and a reaping time of joy it was. 'And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap if we faint not,' writes the apostle to the Galatians. Of this same apostle we read that he was often "stirred in spirit" and "pressed in the spirit." What pains he took to save some, and what abundant success he had (2 Cor. xi). Henry Martyn shared his spirit when he said, "Oh, gladly shall this base blood be shed, every drop of it, if India can be benefited in one of her children." So Brainerd, who says, "I'll spend my life to my latest moments, in caves and dens of the earth, if the kingdom of Christ may be there advanced." And Judson said, "Oh, happy lot, to be allowed to hear a part in the glorious work of bringing an apostate world to the feet of Jesus." Sarah Martin speaks of her work as "the thing she lived and breathed for," and the men and women whom God has wrought with in all ages, have, in measure, shared the same spirit. No created force in the universe is greater than a feeble, human soul, that in simple faith yields up itself wholly to its Saviour, as the mere instrument of his mighty power.

With kindest regards from us, both to Mrs. Bayne and yourself, I remain, dear sir,

Yours, most truly,

WILLIAM McCULLAGH.