

this art till I got a few lessons, last year, from the Rev. Mr. Watt, of Tana. Now, however, I find no difficulty in setting type and working the press. I printed with my own hands lately, 1000 copies of 1 Sam. Chap. 1; which are to be distributed soon among the natives. My next effort in this department, will be the printing of a new and enlarged edition of the Hymn Book.

CHURCH BELL.

We have received the gift of a fine new church bell, from the Presbyterian Church in New South Wales, through the Rev. Dr. Steel of Sydney.

The affairs of the station are evidently assuming, as a whole, a more promising aspect; and, in reviewing the whole course of the year, we feel that gratitude to God is the sentiment which should be uppermost in our hearts.

Yours very faithfully,

JAMES D. MURRAY.

REV. P. G. MCGREGOR.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

We have been favoured with some extracts from private letters of the Rev. J. W. McKenzie, one of our missionaries in the New Hebrides. It may be proper to explain that the Island of Fate, or Efate, as it is called by the natives, formerly known as Sandwich Island, being so named by Capt. Cook, is situated about 34 miles to the North of Erromanga, and is about 75 miles in circumference. Mr. McKenzie is stationed on the West side of the island, where he has under his charge two small villages, named Erakor, and Pango or Espang. The Rev. Joseph Annand, also since the union, one of our missionaries, and the Rev. D. McDonald, a son-in-law of Dr. Geddie, and sent by the Presbyterian Church of Victoria, are stationed on the same island; the former at a place called Efili, the latter at Havanah Harbour. Till recently they have laboured among unbroken heathenism, but recently, Mr. McDonald has been privileged to baptize his first converts from heathenism. Mr. McKenzie's letter exhibits in painful colours the darkness and degradation of the heathen, and at the same time, the lights and shadows of the missionaries' life. We need scarcely say that the details here present an urgent call and ample encouragement to earnest believing prayer on behalf of the work.

ERAKOR, EFATE,

27th March, 1875.

In the course of a month we expect the "Dayspring." How anxiously we are

looking forward to her arrival, for it seems such a long time since we heard from you! The last letters received from you were written eleven months ago, and what changes may have taken place since. I am thankful to say we are all spared, and since writing you, have enjoyed a good measure of health. Still, we have not been altogether free from sickness. Amanda (Mrs. McKenzie) has had fever at last, and so has little Joseph, but his attacks are light and are owing chiefly to his teething. There has been a great deal of sickness amongst the natives, and during the year, fifteen persons have died, nearly all of consumption. It seems to be the prevailing sickness on this island.

HEATHEN CRUELITIES.

This island is still "full of the habitations of horrid cruelty." The natives still kill and devour one another, and often the helpless, sick people and infants, are buried alive.

Last week, a powerful inland chief, whom I had visited a month or two ago, was killed, and now the people of one of the heathen villages nearest to us, friends to that chief, are away taking vengeance on the people who killed him. In addition to the eleven who died at Pango, we lost nine young men who went away in a trading vessel, to gather beche-de-mer, a sort of animal found in the sea, which the Chinese eat. We heard that the vessel was taken at some heathen island, and all on board murdered.

OUR BROTHER MISSIONARIES.

Mr. and Mrs. Annand are well at present, but have suffered a good deal from fever. They have it quite often. We spent nearly a week with them at their station lately. The Milne's and McDonald's are well. Mr. Milne was round here a few days ago to get a teacher. He remained with us one night. Mrs. McDonald was confined of a son sometime in January. Their oldest child, Daniel, is quite an interesting fellow. The Milnes have no family. It seems a long time since we left home, and yet the days glide as swiftly by as ever they did. We seldom feel lonely or have a longing for home, and yet a day never passes that we do not think about you all.

April 27th.

WORK AMONG THE HEATHEN.

During the past year we have had some encouragement in our work. But I am sorry to say that among the Heathen villages, our efforts have not been very