

To several others we have been indebted less or more, and to none more largely than to Capt. and Mrs. Ferguson, Williamstown.

Yours, very respectfully,

J. D. GORDON.

Letters from Rev. D. Morrison.

TROUBLE ON FATE.

The following remarkably interesting letters are from REV. D. MORRISON. The first half was written to Rev. John Currie, Maitland, and the second (which is supplementary) to Mr. Murray:—

We rejoice to know that in our native land the Lord's people are upholding our hands by prayer. The doing of this work rests altogether with the Lord. If you are powerful in prayer there, we shall be powerful in work here. But I must hasten to give you some news—news which interests me most deeply, and which cannot fail to interest every lover of Zion everywhere.

In the end of September last, Mermer, the chief of Ertab, came to our village requesting our people to give them the word of God. Twice had the Ertab people killed some of our people for attempting to carry to them the word of life. Last year I sent some to inquire if they would allow us to visit them with the gospel. Those who were sent came nigh being killed for that. Last year Mermer was heard to say that if his people wished to embrace the gospel he would go to some other place and leave his village. Now he is first to invite it in, and appears to be very earnest in his desire for it.

He wanted one of our people to go to live with him that he might have prayers in his house morning and evening as well as worship on Sabbath. Our people having experienced the remorselessness of Ertab cruelty before, were not very eager to volunteer.—Thrice had the chief been here on the same errand. We were of late sending him supplies on Sabbath pretty regularly. At length I found one of our people, Kalttoi, who consented to go to live in Ertab for a time. So on Saturday, 8th inst., we sent Timothy and Titus to Ertab to conduct worship on Sabbath. A third, Talir, chose to accompany them; sent word by them to Mermer that on Monday I purposed to bring him Kalttoi to be his teacher. Thus we hoped that Ertab would soon be won over to the gospel.

Kalttoi has near relatives in Efil, a village on the other side of us. They, hearing of my arrangement, objected to my sending their relative to Ertab; they wished him for themselves when they would be ready to embrace the gospel. I wished no collision with the Efil people, so I sent some of

our people to tell them that if they wished their man now I would give him to them, but that unless they did I could not well keep him idle here waiting for them. But they were very urgent as well as unreasonable. Thus I found the heathen going to interfere with us in carrying on the work of the gospel. To yield to them might be a compromise of principle; to come into collision with them was unpleasant, might be followed by their revenge, and was at all events likely to alienate them from us, and prejudice them against the gospel. Thus, on Sabbath I was in a strait betwixt two. The path of duty was not very clear on either side. My only resort was to cry to the Lord to make the path of duty clear, and furnish with grace to follow it at whatever cost to us. He graciously heard and answered—answered "by terrible things." At nine o'clock on Sabbath evening I called in Simeon, one of the men living on the mission premises, to see if he would consent to go for Kalttoi to Ertab, that thus I might fulfil my engagement to Mermer without coming into collision with the Efil men.—As we were conversing, behold an unusual cry in the village. We were astonished to hear such on Sabbath. I asked Simeon what it meant. He said, Would it be a house on fire? He listened, and exclaimed, "they have killed Timothy!" Yes, the cry was, To arms, to arms! they have killed Timothy! they have killed Timothy!—killed him in Ertab, where he and two others had gone to conduct worship! We were all thunderstruck. Yes, but this lurid flash, this glare of blood, had cleared my foot-path for the morrow. Kalttoi was not to go to Ertab.

Poor Timothy, after the forenoon diet of worship was ended in Ertab, went out to the village thoroughfare where a few of the heathen were idling away their time. Talir followed him. They conversed freely, none suspecting harm. An Ertab man on a sudden drew his hatchet, striking it into Timothy's neck. He fell; and another blow on the side seemed to have despatched him. Talir fled under the escort of a friendly Ertab man. They found Titus asleep in Kol's house, where they had conducted worship. This man hastened them away. Mermer said to them in leaving that he was no party to the bloody deed—that he was still determined to cling to the word of God.

Our poor fugitives came home by a long round-about way, and arrived about 9 p.m.

We heard loud speaking commenced in the village immediately, while his relatives raised the voice of wailing.

Soon David, one of our elders, came to consult as to whether the Erakor people were to start immediately for Ertab, to fall upon them at the dawn of day. I said, No. Follow the example of Christ and his apos-