

communication with New York is a boon which we prize.

But the time is not wholly lost. We have an American Doctor and his wife, who have travelled much in the East and in the West, and are most entertaining companions, and I hope, too, that I have awakened in them such an interest in our Coolie Mission as may show itself later in a tangible way.

I have been reading too, the Revised New Testament, 25 copies of which were handed to me by Mr. G. Munroe, the friend of Dalhousie. Should we not expect great results from this Revision. The demand for it has been very great on both sides of the Atlantic. It will be read with more than ordinary care and concentration of thought. Some through it will seek to have difficulties removed; some will sit in judgement on its literary merits and others will read from less worthy motives.

The fact however is patent that the book is read, scrutinized, that the human mind is thus brought into contact with the Truth Divine, and that however, diversified be the motives that prompt the inquiry, we rejoice, and will rejoice, and our joy is fuller when we remember that the church is praying. Prayer secures the Spirit. The Spirit's presence gives light to the understanding and life to the heart. Enlightened and quickened, enriched spiritually as she is materially who will set limits to the church's possible achievements.

Was not the New Testament recently telegraphed from New York to Chicago, and shall the Church witness the triumphs of modern science and yet not bend her energies and bear speedily the message of life around the earth. Must it yet be said that the childrer of this world are wiser, more far seeing, more skilful in laying their plans, more hearty in carrying them into effect, than the children of light. Will the child like our foul steamer, be satisfied with six knots an hour when she might make twelve. The church's present duty is to hasten in carrying the gospel to every creature.

Fellow laborer in the field, with the harvest in view, continue to stimulate every worker. But I must stop, I thank you much, very much, for all you did for me and our mission when I was home. I will long remember the spontaneous and liberal responses of the Pictou friends. To me their action has a value far beyond the liberal amount contributed. With my kind regards to Mrs. Donald

Believe me yours,

K. J. GRANT.

Letter from Rev. J. W. Mackenzie,
to the supporters of the
Dayspring.

My Dear Young Friends:—

I wish to say a few words to you about the work in which we have been engaged. The work you undertake is almost as essential in extending the Kingdom of Christ in the New Hebrides as that which the missionary performs. Our combined efforts have been blessed by God to the leading of many who were once darkhearted, bloodthirsty savages to a knowledge of the truth.

True the Dayspring could do nothing among the islands without the missionaries, but what could the missionaries do without the Dayspring?

Having been engaged in that mission field for several years I can speak from experience of the invaluable aid you are rendering us. You, living so far away from our scene of labour, can have no idea how badly off we would be without the Dayspring. It will give you some idea of what our circumstances would be without a mission vessel if you were to imagine what your own would be had you neither stores, nor roads, nor carriages, nor railroads, nor steamers, nor post offices. We can now depend on getting a mail twice a year. But without your vessel there is no telling when we could hear from our friends. Then how badly off we would be for supplies, especially if native food were scarce. I remember one year we had a severer hurricane than usual, which destroyed the natives' plantations very much. For a length of time they had to scour the bush in search of food. Some of them would boil leaves and after eating them would endeavour to sleep off their craving for better food. So long as we had any food in the house we could not bear to see the sick thus suffer. But after a time the last handful of flour was scraped out of the cask, and all that we had left was a little rice.

How anxiously we looked for the vessel day after day, and what a welcome sound the shout "Sail Ho!" was, one afternoon.

The christian villages are always glad to see her heave in sight, and some of them send her presents of pigs, yams, and pine apples. Taro grows something like a beet or turnip, whereas the yam is more like the potato. Instead of tops, however it has vines which are trained up poles like hops. On some islands, especially on Tanna, the yam grows very