

mother grace to follow in the bright path!"

The little martyr faintly raised his eyes, and said again, "There is but one God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent;" and so saying he gave up his life.—*Golden Sayings for the Young.*

DON'T ASK ANYBODY TO TAKE HIS FIRST GLASS.

Good people despise the man who leads men astray; the man who, in the strength of a noble manhood, might have blest mankind, been the support and pride of some affectionate family circle, a living illustration of what God designed when he made man, "in our image." Even if a moderate drinker, he knows that he is wasting his money and hurting his own home. He knows how one glass may start a soul on the wrong track, and make of a beautiful boy a blear-eyed sot. He knows how he may blacken a soul for all eternity; yet misery loves company, and he draws his fellows into the same maelstrom.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

NEW HEBRIDES MISSION.

ERROMANGA.

HOPEFUL PROSPECTS.

Upon the principle that it is good for us "to see ourselves as others see us," we make room for a few sentences of a letter from the Rev. John Inglis, lately a missionary of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and for many years a fellow-laborer with our own devoted missionaries in the South Sea Islands. We quote from a letter published in the *Presbyterian Witness*, Halifax, addressed to the Rev. Alex. McLean, of Belfast, late Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Church of Scotland in the Lower Provinces.

"Unless we make up our minds for difficulties, disappointments, and even disasters, we ought never to enter the mission field. And if ever we arrive at the conclusion that our particular field of labour is the most difficult, and the most hopeless on the face of the earth, we may leave it at once: for we shall accomplish nothing more there. But there are in reality no such things as 'Missions to wrong races,' or 'Missions

to wrong places," except when these Missions are in the hands of the "Wrong Men." Your Church has no cause to despond.

I am happy to say that even were your church disposed, which she is not, to walk by sight and not by faith, the success which the Lord has vouchsafed to your Mission on Erromanga, would fully justify you in going forward. I am well acquainted with the Erromanga mission. It is nearly twenty-six years since I first landed on Erromanga. So far as I know, I was the first missionary that landed there after the murder of Williams and Jarris; although I take no credit to myself for any special merits, or any special courage, in doing so; as I landed in a Man-of-war's boat, both at Dillon's Bay and Bunkill. I was present at the settlement of Mr. G. N. Gordon and his wife. I was present with Mr. J. D. Gordon, when he first landed on Erromanga. And it was through my influence that Mr. and Mrs. Robertson were settled there in 1871. I felt certain that the door was opened for the settlement of a missionary at that time and that Mr. Robertson was the man suitable for the place. And I am glad to think, that my expectations have been more than realized in the results of that settlement, and in the present state of the island. Dillon's Bay and the whole island are in a far more encouraging state than they have ever been.

In July last my wife and I spent two nights at Dillon's Bay, one in going north and one in returning south: and we were both extremely gratified with all that we saw. We arrived first on a Monday evening, and stayed over Tuesday. The Lord's Supper had been dispensed on the previous Sabbath; the natives from Cook's Bay and other distant places had not returned home; and we had a short service with them all on Tuesday morning. I have seen the heathen on both ends of Erromanga—men, women, and children: and, in their heathen state, more revolting and disgusting specimens of humanity, I have nowhere seen in the South Seas; but when dressed in European clothing, and their countenance lighted up with something of the intelligence and benevolence of Christianity, as we saw them that Tuesday morning, they looked as if they belonged to a different race.

Then, the mission House, and the whole Mission premises, bear unmistakable evidence to a vast amount of arduous, but well directed labour. Mr. Robertson has done his part well; and his gentle and heroic wife has proved herself in every way a help meet for him. Our only regret was to see them struggling on alone. Erromanga would require at least *three* missionaries.