

our letters. He enjoys excellent health and is in good spirits. I think that he was born for a missionary. He appears to be in his element when he gets a crowd of Heathen round him and talking with them with what few words he can use, of their wickedness, evil habits, &c. He commands great respect among them. They call him "Missionary *aso*" meaning the *great* Missionary. It cannot be in size surely, I suppose they think him *dignified*. The natives are very noticing that way, and if they see Missionaries easily going and easily led about by them, yielding to them when they should show firmness—getting into a fluster at their little annoyances, &c., they soon begin to take the advantage of them and do not respect them so much as one who is more independent and firm with them. But of course kindness must be shown in every thing, and the greatest patience exercised, or we cannot either gain their affection or command respect. They watch our conduct just as closely as any one at home would do. An inconsistency ever so trifling they are sharp to see, and would think an awful thing in a Missionary. Our dress also is not unnoticed by them. If they would observe any thing about our dress not tidy and nice looking—hair not combed up nice &c., they would say to each other "*Raraka*," bad. Of a slovenly person they would say at once "He is no Missionary, but just a "*Nupetanga*," some foreigner.

While I am sitting here writing there are about a dozen little boys and girls round, some leaning on the back of my chair, another against my shoulder, and some picking up my ink, pens, wafers, &c., asking what is the name of this and the other things. They are also urging me very strongly to quit my writing for a little and play them a tune on that singing instrument of mine, (the accordeon)—asking me if it would be a good plan for me to take the accordeon and come away to their home some day, which is about three miles away up on the mountains, and play to all the people, for there are so many men, women and children away beyond that, who dare not pass the other tribes of savages to come here and listen to it and see me; but if I would just consent to go there, they would tell all the people, and *flocks* of them would come to see me. They really amuse me sometimes with their requests of me, questions, &c.

My letter is filling up. I hope to write again soon if I have an opportunity of sending. But if no vessel calls again soon, we will not have any for about five months, until the rainy season is past which is soon to commence. The weather is becoming warm here now. It is our summer weather, and with you it is coming on winter. Our hottest weather is during the rainy season. * * Tell your mother about the knitting needles she put up. They of course will be useful for some purposes, such as for pieces of wire. But here the natives will not need to do any thing at knitting. Of course they could learn it as easily as sewing, but they will never wear any thing on their feet, however well their body is dressed. There is no such thing on Aneiteum as a native with shoes on, though on Sabbath, some of them appears out in their coats, trousers and vests, as nice looking as our boys at home.

E. JOHNSTON.

LATER INTELLIGENCE FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES.

No letters have been received by the Board of Foreign Missions from any of our Missionaries of later date than those published in our last No. But private letters from Mr. Geddie have been received by his friends up till the end of May. Mrs. Geddie had had another son and was doing well. Mrs. Johnston was on Aneiteum, and had commenced a school, taking part of the charge that had formerly devolved on Mrs. Geddie. The rest of the Missionaries were in good health. The sickness among the natives had partly abated. Mr. Copeland writes, under date May 1, "The sickness is over in some parts of the Island, but is severe in some others." The last Reformed Presbyterian Magazine contains a long letter from Mr. Paton. We subjoin those portions which contain information not already before our readers.

THE HURRICANE IN TANA.

On the 3d, and again on the 10th of January, we had dreadful hurricanes. On each day, as the sky darkened, the barometer fell suddenly from 30.3 to 29.2. So