

Many thanks for being so mindful of us with letters. Our letters from home are few and far between, indeed.

Yours, &c.,
D. M.

I regret that my drafts on the Board beyond my salary have been so heavy; but it was unavoidable while making such efforts for the restoration of my health as myself and others thought advisable.

Mr. Morrison's Letter to the Board

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, {
December 25th, 1868. }

To the F. M. B. P. C. L. P., British
North America:

I beg leave to report:—That now another year of my connection with the Board is drawing to a close, and that—different from what has been the case in former years—I have only perfect idleness to report. I have not been able to do so much as address a Sabbath School during the year.

Eagerly desirous to have health restored, all was done that could be done to secure that object; and owing to the generous liberality of your Board, we have the satisfaction of knowing that all means likely to be of service in my case have been tried. I have, however, to add that my health now is not much, if any, better than this time last year.

During the year we visited Melbourne, and spent three months there. From the beginning of April to the end of September we lived in New South Wales. Having heard much said of Queensland as a climate favourable to persons suffering as I am, we visited it, and spent about two months in Brisbane, from which we returned early this month.

I feel that it would be ingratitude, both to God and His people, to close this report without duly acknowledging the Christian kindness bestowed upon us, by medical men, by ministers of the gospel, and many private Christians, in Victoria, in New South Wales, and in Queensland. Thus the gracious Master whom we serve, while chastising on the one hand, is, on the other, sustaining and comforting us.

DONALD MORRISON.

Letter from Rev. J. McNair.

DILLON'S BAY, ERROMANGA, {
18th August, 1868. }

Rev. P. G. McGregor, Halifax, N. S.:

MY DEAR SIR,—In my last somewhat lengthy letter to you I endeavoured to describe the state of this island until the departure of the Mission vessel on 7th December last, when, at the same time, Mr. Gordon and Mrs. McN. left me for the

Colonies. It will, perhaps, not be too much to suppose that you will be naturally curious, if not anxious, to know how the epidemic prevailed, how the heathen behaved, and how the Mission succeeded during the absence of my companions and the vessel, viz., until the 7th of May last, exactly five months after she set sail from this Bay.

Only five days after the departure of the *Dayspring* I was informed that the chief *Lifu Nokitian*, from whom I bought a piece of ground for a mission station on the other side, and his speaker *Saucri*, who were both on board the *Dayspring*, had fallen sick. Eight days afterwards I was further informed, by a deputation who had just returned from the other side, that great sickness and death were raging there, and that if *Lifu Nokitian* would receive the Missionary, they would kill himself. They blamed the *Dayspring* for bringing the disease among them, although they had it a month before her arrival. It would seem Satan gets this poor ignorant people to believe anything he likes, however irrational and absurd it may be.

On 23rd December, about midday, one of our young men, *Nouloap*, whispered to me to keep in the house, two bad-looking men being close at hand with their hatchets. In a short time one of them—*Nemeloug*, by name—made his appearance close to the back door with a tomahawk behind his back, seemingly with no good in view. He was very near my back before I noticed him, but turning round very quickly, I looked him fairly in the face, and with some determination and authority demanded what he wanted, and ordered him to lay down his tomahawk immediately. He sneaked off muttering with a kind of false smile that the hatchet was not too sharp. A few minutes afterwards I noticed his companion on the verandah in front of the house, but without a hatchet in hand, although very likely in some corner not far from him, for they are such deceitful wretches.

ALARMS.

About the New Year Warrace Taki, the chief of these two men, and quite a neighbour, was charitable enough to despatch messengers all round the island, in order to induce other chiefs to join him in killing the missionary. A messenger was sent even to *Nakwoli*, the murderer of George Gordon, in order to induce him to try his hand a second time. After receiving such messenger, the chiefs of Unimpang and Bunkil—i. e., those notorious characters who had very much to do with the murder of the Gordons, (for the two murderers are still living in that neighbourhood)—called a general meeting, at which various proposals and plans were discussed. At