

our Church has put forth, it would be ample reward. Who can tell the value of each jewel that adorns the Saviour's crown? Blind David is one of the eight men baptized by Dr. Geddie some time before Mr. Morrison came, as described in Murray's Western Polynesia. He is the only native I have yet met who is fully devoted to the Saviour. Many more of them are, I believe, sincere Christians, but they are only babes in Christ. David seems more like an aged Christian at home. Frequently when he was engaging in prayer, I have seen him so deeply impressed that he almost broke down. The other day I was explaining to him the parable of the rich fool, and I noticed a glow come over his countenance, and immediately tears burst from his eyes. I never saw any person more happy and contented than he seems to be. We have been living at Pango most of the time since our settlement, but finding it to be a very unhealthy place, we moved to this village a few weeks ago, and intend making it our permanent home. It is said to be much healthier than Pango, and is much more convenient for visiting other villages. I am sorry, however, to say that so far we have had no encouragement from the heathen. They still hold out against the Gospel. A short time ago I visited an inland village called Bufa. During the time I was amongst them the natives were quite friendly, and listened to what I said; but when I was returning home I found some bushes cut across the path. I did not know what it meant, but our own natives that were with me said it was in order to forbid me to go back again.

Yours sincerely,

J. W. MCKENZIE.

Letter from Rev. J. Annand.

IRERIK, FATE, Dec. 2nd, 1873.

DEAR MR. MCGREGOR,—

I write you a few lines in the hope that an opportunity may offer soon of sending them to Sydney by some trading vessel. The hurricane season will soon be here, consequently the majority of the vessels in these seas leave for Australia and elsewhere.

We are enjoying good health, and as many of the comforts of life as the most of Missionaries on this group do the first year, but that is not saying very much respecting our comforts. However, we can truly say that the Master has been with us to cheer and encourage in many ways.

Respecting our work, we have done nothing yet directly towards the evangelizing of these people. I have preached none nor have I tried to organize a school. All so far has been preparatory, and much more time must still be spent in the same

way. Our prospects here looked very dark for a time, and in fact they are by no means bright yet. Meli, the most populous of our islands, is still cold and exclusive. They never come to visit us at all. Fila, our nearest isle, is our hope; from her people we are getting the language, slowly though it be. Our work is particularly discouraging. Our chiefs are opposed to us, and the Gospel is not only not desired, but it is, for the present at least, prohibited on the island. We are tolerated because they cannot well help themselves. The land upon which we live was purchased three or four years ago from the high chief of Fila, who was very much more friendly to the Gospel than the present head chief is. The dread of men of war prevents them killing white men now, but it does not keep them from murdering others. Only a few weeks ago, two women living with an American negro, quite near to us, were shot in their bed at midnight, by order, it seems, of our head chief. Truly this is one of the dark places of the earth, and it is certainly full of the habitations of cruelty. The whole idea of these people seems to be selfishness in its most disgusting forms. All their dealings with white men are characterized by deceit and treachery. They seem far more destitute of gratitude than the most of our domestic animals. We have seen nothing good as yet in these people, so that when speaking of them you will excuse our referring to the one side only of their characters.

Our people will do nothing for us yet. All the help we have had has been from Pango natives. Still we have some friends on Fila—at least we think so. Many of the young people seem very friendly, and were it not for their chief we could probably get help from them. Owing to our not having any Fila people living with us and the shortness of their visits when they do come, we have great difficulty in getting the language. We hope to work our way in amongst these people by-and-by. Even now we have much satisfaction in labouring here. We are learning a language, so far as we can ascertain, entirely unknown to any white men, and without one line of literature.

We feel our own nothingness here, and the need of the Spirit's mighty influence. The cause of Christ seems to languish on these islands. How dark and gloomy the prospects for these degraded people. They are apparently doomed to destruction, for they are rapidly decreasing, and most tenaciously clinging to their idols and abominable customs. "Brethren pray for us!" Surely your prayers are needed here if anywhere on earth.

Nearly all the men of Fila and Meli have been away with traders and planters for a