

that poor and degraded, though deeply interesting people. Our hopes have however been blasted for the present, and how long they may continue so we know not; only of this we are assured, that God reigneth, and that if it be for the promotion of his glory that we ever be privileged to return to the scene of our former labours, he will so overrule in his own good time and way; meanwhile we would patiently wait the dealings of God towards us, remembering that health and sickness are his agents—that he saith to the one go and it goeth, to the other come and it cometh; therefore instead of murmuring or repining at the afflictive dispensations of God, we would rather endeavour to trace in them: the hand of a kind Father, and in doing so we cannot fail to discover wisdom and goodness in all his ways of dealing. Trusting that we have an interest in the prayers of the church, and praying that the spirit from on high may be poured on us all.

I remain,

Yours truly,

J. W. MATHESON.

Rev. James Bayne.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

The friends of our mission will peruse with deep interest the following letter from Mrs. Paton,—the last she ever wrote. We append also some extracts from the letters of her husband. They are interesting, as evincing her unwavering devotedness to the interests of the mission, as well as the peculiarly distressing circumstances of loneliness and danger in which her husband has been left. It should have been mentioned in regard to the letter from Mr. Paton, which appeared in our last No., that like what follows, it was but a few detached extracts. These letters are not to the Secretary, nor written for the eye of the whole church. They are private correspondence, and we beg to thank those friends who have placed them at our disposal, as the extracts we append are fitted to be exceedingly useful, and give some details in regard to the work in Tana.

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. PATON'S LETTER.

*Port Resolution,
Tana, 20th December 1858.*

My dear Father, Mother, and Sisters,

—When I wrote last, we were just about to leave Aneiteum for Tana, the sphere of our future labors.

After bidding farewell to our kind friends in Aneiteum, we (Mr. and Mrs. Matheson, Mr. Copeland, Mr. Paton, and I, along with Mr. Geddie), left its peaceful shores to enter into the trials and difficulties of missionary life. One can have no idea of the dark and degrading state of these poor heathen, unless really among them. Still, we trust, that the cloud which has so long enveloped Tana, will now be rolled away, and the light of the Sun of Righteousness irradiate this dark land. We have been here about two months, and so far the people among whom we live appear friendly. An extensive priesthood reside in the neighborhood of the volcano, from whom we anticipate much opposition, as they know whenever the missionary gains a footing among the people, their influence is lost. A great many of the Tarese speak very good English, from their having so much intercourse with foreigners: but that only makes them the more difficult to manage, for they learn all their vices, but none of their virtues (if those whom they meet with possess any). They are very avaricious. If one renders the least assistance, he demands a most exorbitant pay, indeed, we can hardly satisfy them. We have a number of male, but few female visitors, the latter being just slaves, and do all the work. The gentlemen disfigure their faces with red and black paint, and always carry spears and clubs.

At first I was quite shocked with their appearance, but one soon becomes accustomed to such sights. They likewise possess money and muskets—guns and tobacco being the chief objects of their ambition. Indeed, such is their degraded condition, that were not the power and grace of God all-sufficient, one might almost despair of making any impression on them. All the natives are in a state of entire nudity, with this exception, that females wear short petticoats made of grass.

Young girls are very fond of beads, and sometimes have their necks quite covered with them. They likewise bore large holes in their ears, from which they suspend rolls of tortoise shells. Two or three little girls come about me, who I am teaching to sew and sing, but no great good can be accomplished