

them all. Many of the most important chiefs have died, and only three men are left who come to worship. The inland people say they are all dying, and the worship is in some way the cause of it, therefore they want to destroy the worship of God from Tanna, but the tribes around us say the worship is good, and the medicine is good, and that "it is only the dark-hearted Tannese who blame Missi for the sickness." I believe our cause has gained much ground during this sickness if we are only spared to survive it. Our poor chief when dying got up and said "I'll run to Missi for medicine, for I am very ill;" but when about half way he fell and died in the bush where he was found next morning.

The people around us came for medicine, and even little children took it like milk, consequently the mortality around us has been very small compared with that at a distance.

My Aneiteum teachers who occupied inland stations have suffered severely, and Kawia, the Tannese chief who lived with us, and his Aneiteum wife and child are all dead, so that in whole 10 persons are dead, and 8 of those who remain are resolved to go to Aneiteum, as they say they dare not remain on Tanna, for which I feel sorry. My poor Aneiteumese suffered with much patience, and read the Scriptures as long as they were able—they prayed much with each other and appeared to derive much consolation from christianity. I had great pleasure in waiting on them, and I hope they all sleep in Jesus. One of them, a good old man named Abraham, spent the most of his time in reading the Scriptures to them, exhorting them, and praying with them. A few days before Kawia the Tanna chief's death, he came to my bedside where I was confined with fever, I asked him to pray, when in tears he said—"O Lord, Missi Johnston is dead. Thou hast taken him away. Missi Paton and Missi the woman Johnston are ill, very ill. I am sick, and the Aneiteumese thy servants are all sick and dying. O Lord, our Father in Heaven, art thou going to take away all thy servants and thy worship from Tanna at this time or what wilt thou do? O Lord, the Tannese hate thee, and thy worship, and thy servants, but forsake not Tanna. Make the hearts of the Tannese sweet to thy word, and to thy worship, and teach them to fear and love Jesus. O our Father in Heaven," &c.

We have just got letters from our dear friends Mr and Mrs Matheson, and we are glad to hear that they enjoy better health than they have done since coming to these islands. but there as here, the sickness has almost stopped the mission work for a time. Entreating an increased interest in your prayers, both public and private.

I remain,
Yours &c.,
JOHN G. PATON.

Rev. James Bayne, S. F. B. M., Pictou, Nova Scotia.

LETTER FROM MRS. JOHNSTON.

We subjoin a letter from Mrs. Johnston, addressed to Mr. Johnston's parents, containing additional particulars of his last illness:—

TANA, FEBRUARY 19th, 1861.

MY DEAR PARENTS,—

With tears in my eyes I take my pen in hand this time to address you, and Oh! you feel more precious and dear to me than ever you did. I feel that I would like to fondle about with you in the family circle around the fireside.

God in his wise dealings with us has been pleased to remove one bound to you, a sweet beloved son—to me my dearest earthly object, and I am now sitting alone and lonely on dark Tana. But the sad news will not for months reach you. We need not ask why is the loved one taken away and not allowed to labour in the work to which he was called. The Father has called him to a work with himself. "His ways are past finding out." But He doeth all things well. At a thought of murmur this verse comes into my mind, "Why should a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins." You will see an account of Fulton's sickness in Mr. Paton's letter to yourself, and also in his letter to the Church. But there are many things not mentioned in these that you would like to know.