

Our congregation voted 1,000 rupees (\$300, a short time ago to the new college, part of which is being used as a church. It was a purely spontaneous action on the part of the native brethren, and not a little cheered my heart.

On December 15th we held our first services in the new college building. Finding that our funds would not enable us to go on with the college hall, two of the class rooms were thrown into one to afford us room for the congregation. It is 60 x 80 feet, and a very great advance on any previous building used for the purpose; but already it is full at almost every service, and if all the Mangs that now profess their faith in Christ were to come it would not afford them even standing room. We hope, therefore, ere long to have the means to go on with the hall.

The movement amongst the Mangs is still as interesting as ever, and is spreading. Some have gone back and others have grown lukewarm, as the result of the bitter persecution that has arisen, but others have come out all the more decidedly. The intense earnestness of the evil one to crush out the movement shows it is not a mere sham one. Wives who were interested have been shut up in the houses and beaten; the wives and children of other seekers have been taken away from them; social intercourse, such as drinking from the same cup, going to their social feasts, etc., is forbidden to all inquirers, and some have been beaten and abused; but the persecution is only sifting and strengthening, and I believe preparing the way for a rich harvest from amongst them. I know many Christian hearts at home will be cheered and pray for them and us.

At our last Communion we were privileged to receive what may be regarded as the first fruits of the Girls' Boarding School. One—Gajari—was an orphan that about two years ago fell into the hands of our ladies. For several months she has shown a deepening interest in things divine, and was baptized first, and then on profession of her faith admitted to the Lord's table. The other was baptized in infancy, but only lately was led to trust Jesus.

Two women, through the medical work, were also led to openly declare their faith in Jesus Christ; but death stepped in ere they received the sign of admission into the visible church. Thus one by one our little flock increases. Will try and write soon again.

Your brother miss'y,

J. WILKIE.

No wave on the great ocean of time, when once it has floated past us, can be recalled. All we can do is to watch the new form and motion of the next, and launch upon it to take in the manner our best judgment may suggest, our strength and skill.—*William E. Gladstone.*

LETTER FROM MRS. ANNAND.

SYDNEY, N. S. Wales, Nov. 30, 1892.

MY DEAR MISS KERR,—I received your kind and most interesting letter and the memoir of Mackay of Uganda, by the steamer which took us away from Santo a month ago, for which accept my hearty thanks.

We left Santo on the 26th Oct., arriving at Erakor, Efate, Mr. McKenzie's station, on the 1st of Nov., where we had to wait a few days for the steamer which was to carry us here to Sydney.

It was a treat to step off our little island boat on to the fine large steamer "Rockton," with all the modern improvements.

We sailed on Monday morning for Australia via Fiji, and reached Susa on Thursday morning. Friday we proceeded to Livuka. Both are pretty little towns, and are the two principal places in Fiji.

We met there three of the Wesleyan missionaries who were very kind to us, and gave as much useful information regarding the way in which they conduct their work.

We met some young Santo men, those who are now being trained for teachers. They have the same difficulty to contend with there as we have in the New Hebrides, in getting teachers.

The Church of Rome is very busy in Fiji, getting hold of all the natives they can. They get nearly all the natives from the New Hebrides who go there to work on the plantations.

There is one Church of England in Susa and one Presbyterian. The Presbyterian minister there, Rev. Mr. Gardner, took Mr. and Mrs. Gillan and us out for a drive around Susa which I enjoyed very much, not having had one for over five years.

We had with us from the New Hebrides, as a fellow passenger, Bishop Montgomery, of Tasmania. He had been visiting the islands belonging to the Melanesian mission, in place of Bishop Selwyn who had to go home to England on account of ill-health and resign.

We arrived here Nov. 19th, and are enjoying the rest and change so much. I am feeling a good deal stronger.

The people here complain of the heat, but we think the weather beautiful, the only drawback being the fearful duststorms. There was one on Saturday, and though the doors and windows were kept shut the dust drifted in so much that we could write our names on the furniture.

We see great improvements in Sydney since we last visited it. They have a magnificent building, the Centennial Hall, in which they have the largest organ in the world, and we have never seen a more beautiful building inside.

We left all the mission families in the islands pretty well. Our natives did not like us leaving them. We left the native teacher and servants in charge of the work and premises. The two