

Entreating an increased interest in the prayers of the Church.

We are, yours,

JOHN G. PATON,  
JOSEPH COPELAND.

P. S.—We have written by Aneiteum and by Port of Frances, and we send this, which is almost a copy of the others, by Erumanga, to be forwarded by the first opportunity, for we fear the others may be delayed on the way. J. G. P.  
J. C.

#### LETTER FROM Mr. JOHNSTON.

*Schenectady, Nov. 27, 1859.*

MY DEAR FATHER—

In writing to you, I feel as if I were writing to the whole church, and to my many kind and dear friends whom I have left behind me in Nova Scotia. I suppose I cannot do better than to give you some of the feelings and thoughts which passed through my mind when leaving the scenes of my nativity. As the steamer glided slowly and gently from her moorings, and the waters widened between us and the shores of our native land, our dear friends on the shore faded from our view, my heart sank within me, and my affections clung to the land of my birth. I felt that counselor, sympathizer and friends were left off from me now. The work in its greatness, with all its difficulties and responsibility, rose up before me. A sense of unfitness, weakness, and nothingness, weighed heavily upon me. I felt alone, and that upon me rested all the responsibility of this great and heavenly enterprise. My past labors loomed up before my mind. Then, my infirmities, my infirmities, errors and follies, rose up vividly before me. The associations of childhood and the attachments of home, murmured in the deep recesses of my bosom for an utterance. My thoughts glided into the future, as I stood and looked to the past, and cast a glance to the future, earth and all its possessions appeared to be a fading shadow. All my past life seemed to be a vapour. In the past, there was nothing on which the eye could rest that was lasting, except what had been done for the glory of God.—Upon that only could the eye rest with assurance. All else was vanity, and

shall vanish away. Time to come rolled in upon my mind. In it I beheld the tomb of everything earthly. Then, mirth, sensuality, the pride of life, the lusts of the flesh, find their eternal oblivion.

Then the libertine, the devotee of fashion, the lover of pleasure, and the worshipper of mammon, have to part with everything they love, everything upon which their hearts are set, and after which their flesh lusts. Then, the mighty, the rich, the wise, the merry, the weak, the poor, and the mourner, become alike. Then, mighty empires and magnificent and opulent cities pass away and moulder to dust.

As I was thus musing, my native land was receding from my view. But affections still clung there. I could not part with the land that gave me birth, where lay the scenes of my childhood, and all the dear and fondly cherished associations of my past life, without a pang. As she disappeared, my soul breathed out a prayer that God would bless her, and evermore cause peace and prosperity to dwell within her borders.

The mantle of darkness now cast itself over the deep, and concealed from our view the land we love to call our own. We paced the deck in solemn thought, unknown, uncared for, musing upon the events of the day, and the scenes through which we had lately passed. All seemed like a dream. We could not realize that we were separated for time, from all near and dear to us.

My thoughts then turned to myself, and I more than ever realized my unfitness, nothingness, and the responsible character of the work in which I am engaged. I felt the work to be great, and myself weak and alone. But God is pleased to advance His cause on earth through low, foolish and despised things. We have on heaven's authority, that the Church is to extend her boundaries through such an agency. Hence, in accordance with his way of working, we trust He has called us, weak, base, and despised as we are, to this great and all important work. We would, therefore, go forward trusting in His aid, guidance and blessing. We go too, sent by you, to do the work Christ has entrusted to you as his people. We, therefore, go, trusting that you who remain at home will hold up our hands by your earnest, united prayers. If you forget to pray for us, we shall accomplish but little for