

Foreign Missions.

NEW HEBRIDES.

LETTERS FROM MRS. GEDDIE.

We subjoin extracts of a letter from Mrs Geddle to the Rev James Waddell, brought by the same conveyance as the late letters from Mr Geddle:—

LETTERS AND GOODS FROM HOME.

It is a very long time since I have heard a word from you. You have no doubt written us, but alas! your letters have not reached us. The last letters we had from you were written in October last; and they were very old when they reached us. A vessel arrived here from Nova Scotia, but she had nothing for us but our Sydney supplies. Had the boxes from Nova Scotia been in Sydney she would have brought them. I hope nothing has happened to them, for we are in great need of clothing for our poor people.

We feel very grateful to the friends of the cause who have so generously contributed of their means for these poor people. I can assure you that the clothing formerly sent was much valued by them. I often feel deep regret when I ask a poor native, why he or she has not been at church, and they answer, "I have no garment, and I am ashamed to come."

DAILY LABORS.

I have been very busy all day cutting out garments for those who live in distant villages, and who cannot come to church for want of clothing. My dear sister, Mrs Inglis, has spared me two pieces of print out of her own stock, which will help to cover them until we get our own. We have been obliged to Mr and Mrs Inglis for many things of which we were out, they happily having received all their boxes from home.

I can assure you it is very tiresome work in this climate to sit and teach all day. I call Monday (to-day) my own day, but I do little for myself. I have been engaged all day preparing work for the teachers' wives who live at a distance. I have cut out and tacked fifteen or sixteen garments, beside attending to domestic duties, and a meeting for singing in the afternoon. To-morrow the women of the place come to sew. Often as many as thirty attend, and it keeps me very busy to keep them all going. On Wednesday I cut and tack, and meet the female teachers' class in the after-

noon. On Thursday the women again come to sew, and on Friday I have the teachers' wives from a distance. In the afternoon there is a public service. Saturday I devote to my household duties. So you see we have not time to be lonesome. This is the place to cure ennui.

VISITING.

In April we visited Umetch (a part of our district about five miles distant) and spent two weeks among the people. We have a Samoan teacher settled there.—He and the people have built a nice little cottage for us. We spend a pleasant, and, I trust, not unprofitable time among them. I accompanied Mr Geddle for the first time to a village in the heart of the island, one of our outstations. We had two rude palanquins made in which to carry me and the children. We left Umetch at daylight with a large party of men and women. The road, if it deserved the name, was for a great part of the way along the edge of a mountain torrent. Sometimes we were creeping along the edge of a steep bank and holding on by the creepers that hung in festoons over our heads, at other times climbing over huge boulders over which the angry torrent was dashing with the greatest fury—and again descending a precipice over which it was frightful to look. Yet I would not have missed that journey for a great deal. The beautiful wild scenery of rocks, torrents, splendid little waterfalls, and the various and beautiful ferns, creepers, &c., were a perfect feast to the eye. Our party added not a little to the scene. Mr Geddle was before (uhup as we say here) with two able men to assist him over the most difficult places, after them your humble servant, in a palanquin borne by six or eight men, and twice that number following to relieve them, and all singing as loud as they were able. (Natives always sing when they are carrying a burden.) Afterward came Miss Elizabeth and Master John Williams in the same style. The natives were most attentive to me during the journey, two or three going before to break off any branches that might come in contact with my bonnet. How they managed to carry me over such a road I do not know, but they would not allow me to get out. Since this visit the people have succeeded in making a pretty good road. The people