

For, if left alone, there is no strength in me. I feel weak, exceedingly weak,—continue to pray for me to the good Master, from whom alone strength and light come, to be my strength, my light and my life: continue to work, to toil with me; to be one with me in my humble efforts and sacrifices. If in that unity of faith and love in Jesus that I have been cheered up and strengthened to this day, do not forget, nor forsake me now, that more than ever, I feel the need of your Christian feelings and brotherly love for my dear college and myself.

Our Foreign Missions.

We have received no letters since our last number was published, either from Trinidad,* the New Hebrides or Australia, and consequently no tidings of the return of the *Dayspring* or of the state of Dr. Geddie's health. Letters received more than a month ago by the friends of the Rev. J. W. McKenzie shew that the attack of paralysis, of which we had heard, was one of considerable severity, and though the Dr. was moving about, yet its effects were still felt, and likely to impair future activity in no small measure. For what he has done we should be thankful, and for the continuance of his agency and active service we may devoutly pray.

We have been favoured with the perusal of a letter written by Mr. McKenzie to a fellow-student in Halifax, from which we make a few selections which will prove interesting to the friends of the mission. The first portion was written on May 16th, on board of the *Dayspring*, but subsequent to arrival at the New Hebrides, the second on June 26th.

ANEITEUM.

"On the 20th day we sighted Aneiteum, and early on the morning of the 21st sailed safely into its harbour. The sun was just rising, gilding its mountains and valleys, which were so richly laden with all the luxuriance of a tropical clime, thus giving it a very imposing appearance. The moral

* A letter from Mr. Morton, since received, contains these welcome words—"We are all well."

aspect of that island is really delightful; on Sabbath especially, there was a sight which could not fail to afford joy to any one in whose heart there was a spark of heavenly love. They have a fine stone church 100 feet long by 45 broad. At the hour of service about 300 assembled. Well might any one exclaim at such a sight, what hath God wrought! Once they were without God and without hope, sunk in the lowest depths of vice, and their island was full of "the habitations of cruelty," but now it is beginning to bloom like the garden of the Lord. They were neatly clad and happiness beamed on almost every countenance."

ERROMANGA.

"It was on Sabbath morning that we arrived at Dillon's Bay, and this made our visit more interesting, as they (the Christian party) were assembled for worship. You cannot imagine my feelings as I set my foot on the shores of that blood-stained island, and as I walked past the spot where Williams and Harris fell, and stood by the grave of the martyred Gordons."

"A river flows into the Bay at one side—at its mouth is the Mission Station—on its opposite bank under the shade of the feathery palm, lie the remains of the Gordons and MacNair."

"When we entered their place of worship we found about 70 or 80 assembled, and the teacher, Soso, preaching to them. Forty-three of these belonged to Portinia Bay, and when Mr. Gordon was murdered they came and joined the Christian party at Dillon's Bay. It seems as if Mr. Gordon had known that his life was in danger, for he pointed out to Soso the spot to bury him if he should be killed."

ANNUAL MEETING.

"This is now over and we are appointed to our stations,—Mr. Murray to Dr. Geddie's station, Mr. Robertson to Mr. McNair's at Dillon's Bay, Mr. McDonald, now son-in-law to Dr. Geddie, to Havannah Harbor, Elate. I am appointed to the old station of Mr. Morrison at Erakor, also to have Epang, Mr. Cosh's station. Mr. Cosh having left, and the distance being but three miles, it was decided that