

the Cape we sailed along the west coast and anchored next morning in the beautiful bay of Vigo, which the captain said was one of the best harbors for ships to be found anywhere in the world, and which was certainly picturesque and beautiful. Soon the medical officials came on board to see whether we had any cases of sickness, and after the usual formalities, including the glass of wine, they made their bow and passed down the gangway. Then came the customs officials to examine goods, and they were followed by a number of small boats all rowed by sturdy boatmen with powerful vocal cords which they used in roaring like wild men for passengers who wished to go ashore. In the course of time these retired and a boat bearing two officials, with cooked hats, blue coats with white bands and out-away tails, knee breeches and a sword hanging at their side, (an instrument worn by nearly every official who has not a dirk in his belt or rifle over his shoulder) came on board, and after the usual formalities, took their stand at the gangway. They were followed by a fleet of small craft bearing a goodly number of peasants with their earthly possessions who were about to emigrate to South America and were to be marked off and ticketed by the gaily dressed officials. On one side we noticed a boat apparently empty of any occupant save the boatmen, until it came alongside the vessel and then immediately a number of young men rose up and jumped on board as quickly as possible. As soon as they landed on deck they ran in all haste to a hiding place on the bow of the boat. On enquiry it was found that they were trying to escape the draft about to be made for the army in view of expected difficulties in Spain. It was noticed that a large flock of gulls were flying round the vessel and some of the sailors said that it was a sure sign that a storm was approaching, and the bird knowing this by instinct had come into the bay from the open sea; and sure enough before we had started on our journey, the wind had begun to blow and continued until the waves rose mountains high and smote on the sides of the vessel with a sound like thunder, swept over the deck driving things before them and causing most of the passengers to retire to their berths. Mrs. Currie remained on deck right pluckily until the waves began to wash over it, and then partially from fear she felt constrained to go below. Mr. Currie remained on deck admiring the storm and had so to exert himself to keep his footing that when he went below to rest awhile before dinner, he fell asleep and lost both dinner and tea. He then arose, took a couple of biscuits and went on deck again for a short time, after which he retired, and though the storm raged wildly all night and next morning people were complaining of want of rest, he had enjoyed a sound sleep and rose very much re-

freshed in consequence. Still the wind blew much to the sorrow of many passengers. In the evening of this day, Wednesday, April 28th, we anchored in the River Tagus opposite Lisbon. After an experience similar to that at Vigo, a boat hired by the Rev. Mr. Menezes, pastor of the Portuguese Protestant church in Lisbon, came alongside, and he, to our infinite delight accompanied us ashore and helped us pass the customs and find our way to the hotel where we are to await the sailing of the boat for Africa. Your missionaries thus far have enjoyed very good health and feel confident that they are borne up by the prayers of the friends at home, and though far away from those whom they love well, they are yet cheerful and happy, anxious to reach their field of labor and hopeful of being able to win many souls for Christ.

This letter is posted on the eve of our embarking on the vessel which is to bear us from Lisbon to Africa. We hope to post our next from Benguela after landing there, which God willing we will do about the middle of June. We wish you a good time at the Union meetings this year.

Yours sincerely,

W. T. CURRIE.

With deep regret we chronicle the death of Mr. Thomas Pritchard, one of our younger and most promising students. We grasped his hand and looked into his manly honest face at the Union meetings in Ottawa. We have met him ever with pleasure in the College Halls. He left Ottawa on Tuesday, 15th ult., at the close of the Union meetings, and arriving at Hawkesbury, his summer field of labour, was drowned on Wednesday, while taking a bath in the Ottawa river. Early home, we shall miss him, and we pray that the God of all comfort will comfort those who have rejoiced in calling him their own. May the dew of sorrow be lusted with God's love.

MR. EDITOR,—I cannot let the opportunity pass without paying loving tribute to the memory of Mr. Thomas Pritchard. During the two years he was in College he gained the respect and love of all who knew him, both by his genial good nature and by his earnest consecration to the work of the Heavenly Master. Gifted with a strong and vigorous bodily frame, he was eminently fitted for the foreign missionary work, to which in all probability he would have given himself. But he has received his summons home, and while we who are left behind cannot but weep over his early grave, over the bright young life cut short so suddenly; nevertheless we mourn not as those without hope, for we know that he has received a crown incorruptible which passeth not away.