

'Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.' How very true those words are. 'Every prospect pleases.' The country is so beautiful, the trees always green and lovely, no frost overtakes the leaves or blossoms for it is always summer. Roses bloom all the year in the gardens, and every day from the first of January until the end of December we can gather a beautiful bouquet of flowers.

Nice tropical fruits are on the trees all the year. The sun shines brightly most of the time, and the shade of the wide spreading branches invites us to sit down and admire the works of our bountiful Father in heaven. The soil is rich and yields abundance of food to the husbandman.

The seashore is charming also with its many colored corals and sea plants. The water is always clear and its ripples following each other up the white coral beach invite us to bathe in their refreshing coolness.

See too the variegated and many colored fish and shells amongst the corals. What could be more beautiful than those blue and golden, red and black shiny fellows that move so gracefully about among the coral branches. Truly 'every prospect pleases and only man is vile.'

The streams of sparkling waters running down from the mountain sides, or the bubbling springs near the sea-shore, speak to all saying,—wash and be clean as all things around us are, the lovely trees, the gay birds and shining lizards, but man alone is vile! See the heathen all covered with filth and dirt. Their naked bodies covered with paint and dirt. Why is it that they too do not learn to be clean like everything around them? Poor people, they have never been taught to be clean. Sin pollutes us both within and without.

See those dirty boys about the street in rags and filth! Are they good boys? No, they have been disobedient and bad. These heathen people are vile and dirty in their habits, in their talk and in their food. In these lovely islands where every prospect pleases man alone is vile. So long as they remain in ignorance and all kinds of wickedness they must continue 'vile'.

In the same hymn the question is asked,

'Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?'

The lamp of life is God's word, and

that is the only thing that can raise the heathen from their vileness. Where the gospel has been imparted to the heathen, they give up their savage and cruel customs and live decently.

THE NEW HEBRIDES MISSION.

Letter from Rev. J. W. McKenzie.

Erakor, Efate, May 14th, 1885.

My Dear Mr. Scott :

I have just heard that there is a vessel in Fila Harbour which is to sail for Noumea to-morrow, so I cannot let her go without a note for you, especially as your kind letters have come to hand. I did not intend being so long in writing you, and if you forgive me for past neglect I will promise to do better for the time to come.

The Dayspring arrived here last Friday morning, and about the time she got to the anchorage the rain began to pour in torrents, and scarcely ceased all day. Still I managed to get my mail. I kept a canoe in the Harbor, (you know we are some distance from the anchorage) for visiting Fila, and I sent two or three lads off in it. They thoughtfully protected the mail bag with a large banana leaf otherwise it must have been wet through. In it there were several for Mrs. McKenzie. I ask you on her behalf to thank most sincerely the ladies who have so kindly written her. They will hear from her in due time.

The past hot season has been a most enjoyable one. No hurricane and no oppressively hot days. Had very little rain, indeed for a time we feared a drought. We heard that natives of a small island to the north of us were so badly off for water that in the evenings they went down to the shore, and remained in the sea until their thirst was somewhat quenched. Native food, especially the yam, was a little scarce in consequence of the dry weather, but it is quite plentiful again.

Our health continues good, and the work continues to advance. Several natives who lately renounced heathenism, moved here, and have given us additional labor in the way of teaching.

A new missionary, The Rev. Charles Murray, and his wife have come down in the Dayspring. We have the pleasure of their company on shore, but they leave us to-morrow morning as the vessel proceeds north. Our stores &c. were landed to-day.

The vessel goes as far north as Am-