

carried 44 sticks for the verandah of my house about the distance of a mile. There are different varieties of wood here, but very few kinds stand the climate. While I was carrying these sticks I felt very weak, and thought that if I was seized with dysentery, it would not be likely that I would survive. Still I was going to do great things. I was as busy upon my bed planning, as was that man to whom it was said "thou fool;" and if that voice was not spoken to me in a way of judgment, it was most certainly in a way of mercy. I trust that God, by this affliction, has put a hook in my mouth, and brought me back from my wanderings. Some years before I entered college, God had been pleased to bring me from darkness to His marvellous light, and I had been the subject of some happy experience; but, alas! for years past I have been going grievously wrong, forgetting all my pledges of wholly living to God and for the extension of His kingdom in this wicked world; but in order to correct an erring child, God, in love and mercy, had taken the rod, and thus the strong man is made weak; the hard and rebellious heart crushed; the froward and unmanageable will subdued; the haughty and unbending mind vanquished; an impatient and irascible temper conquered; a spirit of too much anxiety for the world, and fears of not getting a sufficiency of food, corrected, made loathsome, and seen to be devoid of proper faith in the promises of God, who will withhold no good thing from them that live uprightly; a growing indifference or carelessness about the perishing state of the heathen rebuked, and seen to be a want of interest in the Master's cause; the want of a proper devotional feeling, and an undue haste to get through with family worship checked, as an unbecoming sacrifice presented to God, who is the hearer and answerer of prayer; a tendency of gradual undervaluing the things that belong to our peace reprov'd, and the bread of life again made precious.—Christ and none but He is the life of the soul; an independent state of mind, which scorned the idea of being supposed to be in need of anything, chastened and made to cry out "God be merciful to me a sinner;" a poor, blind, naked, and miserable being, who has nothing, nothing, except an

exceedingly great and dreadful burden of sins to be washed and taken away by the blood the Lamb; a poor, wretched mortal, completely humbled and in the very agonies of death.

"O Lord, my soul Thou hast brought up  
And rescued from the grave,  
That I to pit should not go down,  
Alive Thou didst me save."

God's ways and doings are all and always good, although to the world they do not seem to be equal. Jacob was made a cripple before he became Israel, a prince having power with God and men, and prevailing. Paul felt that the thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet him, was more than he was able to stand, and more than enough to mar all his usefulness; but still he found God's grace sufficient for him, and God's strength made perfect in weakness. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." "I was brought low, but he did me help afford." "Come to me, all ye who fear the Lord, and I will tell you what He has done for me. He hath delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling." At the same time have I not reason to say, "Lord, let me know mine end and the measure of my days what is it; that I may know how frail I am?" I feel more than ever that it should always form part of our prayers, "Lord, teach Thou us our end in mind to bear, and so to count our days that we our hearts may still apply to learn Thy wisdom and Thy truth, that we may live thereby." I could not feel reconciled to the idea of being cut off without doing something for the poor heathen, and perhaps God had this object in view in sparing my life.

I am sorry to say that I have not been able to do much for the natives this season; for a long time past they have not been coming either on week days or on the Sabbath. They, however, again made a beginning on the last Sabbath of March; but, unfortunately, on the following day, the wretch who tried to make disturbances last year, and of whom I have given some account in my letter of December, tomahawked a man belonging to a neighbouring town, and collected all his friends and ate him up. They are now afraid of retaliation and of war, and thus they excuse them-