

a tornado, tearing up trees, sweeping away crops, and levelling houses in one common destruction; that measles had carried off a very large proportion of the natives; and, to crown these calamities, great disaffection existed, among the native population, against the missionaries, from the prevailing belief that they had been the cause of these disasters. One of the devoted band had already, at least indirectly, become a victim. His life had been attempted, and the anxiety caused by this, in combination with other circumstances, had brought on disease which terminated in death. But he died in peace, surrounded by the presence and sympathy of sorrowing friends. He was cut down, it is true, in the full vigor of life and in the midst of his usefulness, but his death had those surroundings which lend a holy calm and a gentle satisfaction even in this last and trying hour. His head was pillowed by a beloved wife—his last hours were solaced by the presence of a valued friend—he died in peace, in the midst, it is true, of unfinished labors and unrealized hopes; but with serenity all around, an unclouded faith, a perfect resignation, and a parting of soul and body gentle and noiseless as the last ebbing of the parting breath. What a contrast was soon to be enacted, on a different scene. A youthful missionary,—who had left his pleasant home, his dear friends—and with a heart full of devotion to a holy cause, had consecrated his life to the noblest work that can be entered on by men. Far away, on a savage islet, and amidst a barbarous and degraded race, he had proclaimed the glad tidings, and with them was trying to introduce the humanizing influences of a christian civilization. He is at his work, acting the part of the good Samaritan, and while engaged in his pious and charitable occupation, he is called to face the King of Terrors, amidst horrors unspeakable. The Rev. Mr. Gordon is now the second victim who has fallen at his post on Erromanga. The distinguished missionary, Williams, twenty years ago sealed his testimony with his blood on the same island, under the most harrowing circumstances. Another has fallen almost at the entrance of the same part of the field. The facts of the cruel murder are so horrible that we cannot relate them in detail. Drawn into an ambush, he was struck by a savage from behind, and amidst fierdish yells hacked to pieces by his barbarous murderers. His unsuspecting wife meets a like terrible fate—and hope would seem crushed and blasted on this barbarous island. But will it be so? We think we hear a thousand voices answering, No! and telling us that such deeds of darkness and of blood only nerve to fresher and more devoted resolution. We sympathize deeply with a sister Church that has honored herself by her efforts and sacrifices in this great cause. We sympathize with the friends and relatives of the deceased. But neither the suffering nor the

loss will be without fruit. In the place of the victim will rise up a band of missionaries—not more devoted, perhaps, but who will be more successful, through whose efforts the dark places of the earth will cease to be the abodes of horrid cruelty, and instead of the savage yell and the barbarous tomahawk, will be heard the anthem of praise, and will be seen the peaceful implements of industry.

Is not this a loud and portentous call to us, as a Church, to be girding on our armour for this special duty—and fighting in line against the common enemy in the army of Christendom? It is high time; the call is urgent, the necessity is great, the field is extensive, the day is far gone, and are we not yet ready? Surely another year will not pass away without more than effort,—but with an accomplished fact—one missionary, at least, fully equipped and gladly supported by us as a Church. We must have a Mission field under our own auspices—the result of our own self-denying exertions. It will never do, as our correspondent "Clericus" suggests, that we should take a mere subordinate or helping part to another Church. Our people will never stoop to take only an ancillary position. We are capable of a higher and more independent effort, and if we are unwilling to make it, we are unworthy of the name of a Christian Church.

REVIEW OF THE PAST MONTH.

We are not aware that there is much of great importance to chronicle about the last month. The civil war in the United States, with the exception of some minor successes by the Confederates, makes little or no progress. The American Secretary of State, in reply to a remonstrance by the British Ambassador, protesting against the shutting up of British subjects in military prisons, without trial, on the information of spies, writes a despatch in a spirit bordering on impertinent flippancy, which will probably increase the irritation against his government, in the Mother Country.

Fresh gold discoveries continue to be made in Nova Scotia.

During last month four young men left Pictou, to begin their studies for the holy ministry, three for Glasgow, one for Canada. The number of students from Nova Scotia now pursuing their studies, with a view to entering the Church is, we believe sixteen. Four of whom left in the last Cunard steamer.

A series of letters, written by the Rev. Mr. Bennet, has been appearing in the *Colonial Presbyterian*, attacking the ministers of our Church in New Brunswick with all the virulence peculiar to the *odium theologorum*. Of course the subject is Union, and the animus of this gentleman's epistles shows, in a rather striking light, how well he at least is prepar-