

# THE HOME AND FOREIGN RECORD.

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SEPTEMBER, 1861.

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## THE INTELLIGENCE FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES.

Our present number is freighted with heavy tidings. Seldom, even in this world of change and sorrow, is a periodical called to record in one number a series of calamities so distressing in themselves, so deeply affecting the interests which it is intended to promote, and coming in such rapid succession. Indeed, to the Church at home the whole has come without any interval, one mail bringing all the letters appearing in our present number, with their heavy weight of sorrow. These letters will be read throughout the Church with many a weeping eye and bursting heart. We can scarcely conceive a man anywhere who will read them unmoved. 'The scenes there presented—the young servant of God dying far from the land of his fathers, in sickness reverting to the scenes of his childhood, and sighing at the remembrance of the tender attentions of a mother's hand—yet so absorbed with the one idea of the salvation of the perishing, that he was ready cheerfully to leave the world "only for the heathen"—the bereaved widow burying the desire of her eyes, and sitting down in loneliness in her desolate habitation, surrounded by savages thirsting for the blood even of the Missionaries, like wild beasts roaring for their prey—the pestilence with its many scenes of death and domestic desolation among the Christians of Aneiteum—and its still more dreadful ravages among the Heathen of Erromanga and Tana—the poor inhabitants of Aneiteum weeping, like the Jews of old, over their "holy and beautiful house burned up with fire and all their pleasant things laid waste"—the devastation of the hurricane—present a picture of sorrows such as, even in romance, are seldom combined in a single scene. "How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger." In the message which we are called to bear this month to the Church, so different from what we have been accustomed to bring for many months, we feel as if, like one of the old Prophets, we were called to bear "the burden of the Lord," and are inclined to say, "Let mine eyes run down with tears night and day, and let them not cease; for the virgin daughter of my people is broken with a great breach, with a very grievous blow."

But "shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord and shall we not receive evil." Long time has our Mission enjoyed his favour—for years its history has been but a record of mercies, and now that in so many and trying forms he has been pleased to deal otherwise with us, what should we do but bow in reverence before the great Ruler of the Universe, in whose hand are our times—who sendeth forth the pestilence—while "fire and hail, snow, vapours and stormy wind fulfil his word"—acknowledging submissively his hand,