

greatest evils, it would indeed be a small matter. But, alas! all sins are indulged in by the natives of Eromanga, and without a blush.

None are more degraded than that class of natives who have long been the right-hand men of white traders. Their hearts are filled with all evil, and, humbly speaking, you might, with equal hope of success, preach the gospel to a stone wall. But how refreshing to turn from man to God's promises of the ultimate triumph of the gospel over the whole world! You must not think all our professing Christian natives are like these. No, no; some continue to give us much encouragement in the Lord's work, and we are not only happy in the good work, but attached to many of the natives. They are mentally and physically a very weak people, but a very interesting people, and we labor in much hope. We have, so far as known to us, no enemies personally, and, except the people of Portinia Bay and Unapang, the Christian party have no enemies either. We count it no small honour to labour where such men as Williams, McNair, and the two Gordons fell in the service of the King of kings.

Mrs. Robertson, baby and myself enjoy excellent health. We will not see the mission vessel or any of the missionaries for six months to come. Remember us and our work in your prayers.

I am, dear Mr. McMillan,
yours, very sincerely,
H. A. ROBERTSON.

Letter to the Editor.

A Year's Work in Georgetown, P. E. I.

THE MANSE, GEORGETOWN, P. E. I.,
Jan. 25th, 1875.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—

Long will the year 1874 be memorable in our town, and in our Isle, as "the year of Revival," or rather as the beginning of Revival. It was the third year of my charge in this Parish, our most anxious year, and our most successful, by far. Well may we raise our Ebenezer here, and gratefully own that "Hitherto hath the LORD helped us!"

Our congregations are now entirely self-supporting, as regards stipend. This of itself is proof of vast progress, if we think of the state of affairs ten years ago. But besides this, we have been

enabled to contribute our quota regularly to all the Schemes of the Church, and to help other congregations far and near, while we have also been extending our own borders, reclaiming old waste places, building and repairing churches, instituting and sustaining Sabbath schools and prayer meetings, and gathering in a precious harvest of souls unto our Divine Master.

Besides our regular quarterly collections for the Home and Foreign Missions, and the Synod and Bursary Funds, our people have given freely to the Chiniquy and Paradis Missions. We have also given \$57 to aid Murray Harbour; and we have given much more largely to assist Montague Bridge in building a Church. Besides this, we have promptly paid \$100 to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, with the help of our brethren of Orwell Head. At the same time we have furnished our Manse, and completed the repairing and painting of both Church and Manse, at a cost of several hundreds of dollars. And now all is paid, a balance is left on the right side, and we owe no man any thing but mutual love. These things we write not boastfully, but thankfully, as tokens of God's goodness. Indeed, our parishioners often wonder how the money always comes, and how everything is blessed and prospered with us, although we are always giving away books and tracts to the many children and Sabbath Schools under our care. It is like the miracle of the handful of meal and the cruse of oil.

So far from expecting praise for these things, we know very well that in more wealthy congregations many a wiseacre will laugh at our rural contributions as mere trifles; and slothful ministers, too, will sneer, because they feel hurt by the contrast of their own negligence. But the Divine Judge will say of the purseproud critics, "That widow's mite is more than all their gifts;" and of the slothful minister, "Cast the unprofitable servant into outer darkness." If such persons wish to escape final failure, let them learn in time to be very diligent; faithful and grateful even for "the day of small things." Then shall they find out our secret of success without end,

"And look the whole world in the face,
And owe not any man."