

as if I were no longer a citizen of this world—as if my concern was only with the world to come. It seems as if I must turn my back upon the mission-field, for I have no strength to work at present, nor am I likely to have soon. By remaining on Fate, I am doing no good, and my prospects of convalescence are not so bright as if I were in a healthier clime. Oh, may the Lord, according to His promise, direct my feet in the path of duty! May He make me wise to choose the right path, and willing to walk in it!

April 29th.

On the 25th we anchored in Efil Harbour. Pomal and several of the Erakor people came round to see if Mrs. M. and myself were on board. On finding we were, they were rejoiced. I suggested that, being late, they should sleep in the vessel. They said, "No, we are come to see whether you are in the vessel; and if we do not return to-night, the people will conclude that you are not here." We shall go home to tell them, and will return early to-morrow. Next day we went round in a boat to our own home. We were greeted most enthusiastically by all the people—men, women, and children. Poor blind David was on the point out to his knees in the water, feeling with his staff lest he should step into the deeper place. On nearing him, he called out, "Is this you, Mees?" to which I could only say, "Yes;" for the sight of David wading out to greet us, in deep emotion, affected me so much, that I had just to shake hands with him and turn away.

On landing, all crowded around to shake hands with us. Some were weeping and some laughing.

Wednesday, 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. Watt and ourselves went to the prayer-meeting. I attempted to address them, and found that I was unable to do so. However, after awhile, I did get a few sentences out.

May 13th.

But there is "One who sticketh closer than a brother;" "who is kind above all others." Blessed be His name that gave me a well-grounded hope in His favour and love. What would I now do *without* Him, when flesh and heart fail me? But *with* Him I am happy either to live or die.

Wednesday, 8th June.

On Sabbath last the *Dayspring* anchored in Efil Harbour. In the good providence of God, I found my wife and child well. There is considerable sickness among the people, so that I must act the doctor, however much I require rest. I find, in short, that I cannot keep quiet enough here. I

shall be called upon for this, that, and the other thing; so I have resolved to pack up and leave this station, as the *Dayspring* is going to New Zealand, as that is a bracing climate. I purpose leaving the mission-field for a while longer, at least, and I cannot but fear I am doing so for life. I contemplate this step with a sad heart; but so far as I can see, the Lord is shutting me up to it. One circumstance I regret exceedingly, in connection with my going to the Colonies now, is the additional burden it will throw upon the Church in Nova Scotia. For my own part of it, personally, I would gladly remain here to the end of the season, to avoid expenses; but my dear wife, I hope, will find it easier to move *now* than at a future time. I reckon it, therefore, my duty to her, to bring her to some civilized land, while I am able to move about.

But oh! how can I leave thee, Erakor! and how can I give thee up, Fate! The Lord send thee many messengers, more able, more faithful, more zealous, than thou art at present losing!

Tuesday, 15th.

Last Sabbath I went to Church in the forenoon, and felt so distressed at the great lack of the *spiritual* in their devotions, that I felt constrained to try to preach to them in the afternoon. My discourse was on the Comforter, whom Jesus promised after His own departure. The Lord helped me much. I was the worse for the effort on Monday, but am better to-day.

June 22nd.

We are to day off the coast of Fate, having come on board the *Dayspring* last evening in Efil Harbour. The *Dayspring* returned on Friday last. I was busy packing while she was away in Santo. It was a week of great toil to us both. Happily I had no time to brood over our severance. The scene was very affecting at the parting. I had to hurry through it. At shaking hands, both they and we shed silent tears. When the boat was pushing off, David, the blind man, stepped out into the water, saying, "Mees, if I am strong in the service of God, I shall see you again." (meaning in Heaven.) If I am weak, I shall not. I directed him, for the last time, to hold firmly by Jesus. David having sobbed out these few words, the pent-up feelings of all gave way, and a general wail arose, in which all voices blended. To me the scene is one not soon to be forgotten. O may the Lord bless His own there, and provide a shepherd after His own heart.

Aneiteum, Monday, 5th July.

My birth-day has come round again! I did not expect this time last year that I should be in the land of the living now