

not that I had any communication with him on the subject. On that occasion he counselled not with flesh and blood.

It is needless for me to trace his story further. The readers of the *Record*—the members and adherents of the Church are well acquainted with it. I cannot, however, close this without mentioning that on the morning of the day on which a prayer meeting was held in Halifax to recommend the departing Missionaries to God's protecting care—in the expectation that the *Dayspring* would sail next morning—his brother John fell asleep in Jesus, in his sister's house in West Bay. Lovely and loving characters, they were both. Fondly, devotedly attached to each other they were by the ties of a double brotherhood. A period of very nearly six years intervened between their departures, and their graves lie far asunder, but their happy spirits are now again in company, singing the new song. The eldest brother and two sisters survive.

Erakor.

[The following graphic description of the scene of Rev. Donald Morrison's chief labours in Fate will be read with deep interest. It is from the pen of Mr. Robertson, who often visited the place.]

Erakor is a small island on the south-west side of Fate (or Sanwich Island) separated from the main land by a strait of about half a mile in width. It is near the centre on the S. W. side of the large island, and in Lat. 18° S. and East Long. 168°; and as the S. E. trades blow on it, it must be one of the most healthy spots on the coast of Fate.

This little island of Erakor is neither high nor beautiful in itself, but its surroundings are very fine indeed, and so clothe this little isle with grace and beauty as to make it look like another Eden. After you approach Erakor in a boat you sail or row up the lagoon, which separates the small from the large island, until you arrive nearly opposite the point where you first made the island. You are now nearly shut in from a view of the sea. Immediately on your

left there is a large village on the main land situated at the foot of a very high mountain, whilst on your right is seen the village on the small island.

Having landed opposite the mission station, a walk of two minutes takes you to the first dwelling house of the late Donald Morrison. This house is a very rude structure. Some forty posts stuck into the ground, about three feet apart, and eight feet high; these are lashed to a plate at the top, and from this plate some forty other sticks go up to form the roof. A number of sods are fastened all over this framework with but little design or order, and then the whole affair, resembling an immense basket, is thatched with cocoanut leaves and grass. A number of native mats are on the ground within this distorted amalgamation of wood, straw, hay and stubble; a few holes are cut in the side of the building to let the dark out. This completes the arrangements, and this structure is called a *house*.

In this very building the late Mr. Morrison translated the gospel of Mark into the language of Fate, when only a few months on the island. Mr. M. soon added another room to the house, laid a good floor in it, and in that room Mr. and Mrs. M. sat at their studies.

Before Mr. M. left Fate he put up a fine new building, and he was engaged laying the floor when he was attacked with spitting of blood from the lungs. He never occupied his new house. Every day Mr. M. crossed in a canoe to teach a class of men and women in the village on the main land, and in his boat, in the house, by the way, by day and by night, in time of peace and in time of war, Mr. M. prayed and preached with and for the savages amongst whom he was living and labouring.

At midnight the war whoop is heard coming from the village in the mainland, and in an instant Morrison is up and off in his canoe to the war camp. At first they will not hear him, but he calmly reasons with them, tells them to forgive the murder of their friend, and now through the entire camp all is hushed into peace as the missionary continues to soothe them by