

cared for them, and often visited them, they would be treated with kindness, and their instructions would be better received by the heathen. We had at present eight native teachers laboring in those islands. We had visited them at their work, and had seen the heathens gathered round them, and listening attentively to the reading of God's word. He might have given them an interesting statement regarding a Raratongan teacher, who was placed last year on the island of Fotuna. A severe hurricane visited that island, and the natives were reduced to great extremities for want of food; and on afterwards visiting the island, he asked the native teacher what he had done under the circumstances for support. His reply was, that he loved God, and that God loved him and had provided for him; and on being asked how God had provided for him, he stated that when all his food was gone, and he was very hungry, he sat down and prayed to God, and asked him if he was to die of hunger? Having prayed, he observed some pigs passing by, and following them to the bush, saw them tearing up the native roots, when it occurred to him, that if the pigs could be nourished by the roots, he and his wife could be nourished by them too; he accordingly did collect them and fed upon them. Were not the men who would submit to such hardships in the cause of the Saviour, worthy of our support and of our confidence as Christians? And were not such men calculated, in the providence of God, to do good to those heathens amongst whom they have been placed? Yes. These men were grateful to the missionaries for all they had taught them; and already there was scarcely an island in those parts, upon which some of those missionaries had not sealed their testimony with their blood and had fallen martyrs to the cause in which they were embarked.— We wanted, then, to take the native teachers to all these islands; and from the kind encouragement we had met with, and from the friendly Christian feeling that had been manifested in this large city, by all the children of God with whom we had come into contact, we had grounds for confidence that our appeal would not be unanswered. He hoped that he would not be sent back to those dark heathens to tell them that he had made an appeal to the Christian community in Sydney, but that they would not supply the vessel that was required. He hoped that such a vessel would be obtained, and that it would, in God's providence, be the means of extending the cause of Christ, and of bringing thousands of these benighted heathens to a knowledge of the truth. He still further hoped that the Christians of Sydney, would give him, and his fellow-labourers, an interest in their prayers. We might have your contributions, but these might come short of meeting the desired object; but if earnest prayer were sent forth, it would move that Arm that moved the universe.

Allusion had been made by one of his reverend brethren to the dangers he had experienced; but for that mention he would not have referred to them, as he had not come here for that purpose, but as they had been introduced, he was bound to say something about them. He had witnessed heathenism in the New Hebrides Islands in its most degraded form. When first he went amongst the heathen, fights occurred daily in which lives were lost. On every hand human blood flowed, and human victims were sacrificed almost every day. Seven of these battles were fought around the mission-house. He always went among them to try and put a stop to these quarrels, and always with much fear, and prayed that God would bless his efforts; and the result of his interference often was the laying aside of the murderous weapons. The last heathen fight that was fought on Tanna, before the outbreak which caused the missionaries to leave, was fought in front of the mission-house. At day-break on that morning, the savage war cry awoke him.— Springing to his feet, he rushed in the midst of the combatants, the clubs and spears falling in all directions, and besought them with tears to go away. At length the company on one side sat down, and listened with silence to what he had to say. Presently, one of the chiefs took up his cause and repeated every word he had said, enforcing his speech by appropriate gestures, and appealing to the combatants to put away their clubs and spears. Such an influence as that was not gained in a day.

Mr. Paton concluded by giving a graphic account of his recent escape from Tanna, and of the almost miraculous manner in which he had been preserved.