

gagements. Their mode of warfare is not so destructive to life as ours, but it seems so savage to be smashing each other with hatchets. It is very sad to think of them living only for each other's destruction—literally hating and devouring one another. Shortly after the last battle took place sickness broke out among us. It seems to be something similar to the epidemic which visited Aneityum last year, and which is so well described by Mr. Inglis in one of his letters in the Magazine. Many have fallen victims to this malady, and, I fear, exchanged a life of sin and misery for one of "weeping and wailing." Some of the greatest enemies to Christianity have fallen, a few of whom were able to read. On Saturday, 25th July, a lad died here after twenty-four hours illness. On Sabbath we followed his remains to their last resting-place. The burying-ground is situated on the heights, and so very difficult of access, that it astonishes me how they managed to carry the body up. It was almost more than I could accomplish even with a little help. The body was wrapt in mats, and laid on a bier. One man took the head, another the foot, the natives following in single file, men first, then women, and a few men behind. When we reached the spot the corpse was laid in the grave, a few cocoa nut and other leaves were thrown in, and then all covered over with earth. Mr. Gordon read a few verses, and addressed the natives, and one of the teachers, at Mr. Gordon's request, engaged in prayer. We then descended, much impressed with the shortness of time and certainty of death. He leaves few friends to mourn his loss, and those who do, mourn, I fear, as those who have no hope, fighting in Satan's service here. How distressing to think he has gone to reap the fruit of his labours hereafter! At one time Mr. Gordon hoped better things of him, but he choose the pleasures of sin. He came here from the war cave on the Tuesday previous, with a man who was sick, but has since recovered. How much need have we to be up and doing! While I now write the death-wail again falls on our ear. A lad who has lived on the premises for some time has just breathed his last; he is one of those of whom it may be said he died with hope. This sickness, we fear, will have a bad effect on the island, as the heathen always seem to think that Christianity brings disease. The other day Mr. M'Nair and I took a stroll up the river, on the mission ground; two natives followed us, hatchets in hand, and we were quite pleased to have their company. At the tea-table I remarked to Mr. Gordon that we had such a pleasant walk. "Yes," he replied; "and the natives have just been to me requesting me to tell you not to go out walking beyond the mission

premises alone." One might be content to remain within the yard when we have plenty to do, and at liberty to walk out at pleasure, but the idea of being fairly imprisoned makes us long all the more for freedom.

OUR WORK.

In the morning Mr. Gordon and Mr. M'Nair go into school at seven o'clock, and at ten I have a sewing class. I have first sought to supply my women with a little bag, or rather print to make one, and then furnished them with needles, needle-case, thimble, scissors, and some good Paisley thread. I like the natives very much; some of them are kind and affectionate; they seem so pleased to have a white female among them, and one, especially when I laugh and talk with them, takes me quite into her arms. There is more, my dear Mrs. C., I would like to tell you about, but must reserve for some future occasion, as the *Dayspring* is in sight; and as she has no particular business here to-day but take up the letters, she may not even anchor. Mr. M'Nair joins me in kindest regards to all our kind Paisley friends, especially Mr. C., and with love to yourself.

I am, etc.,

MARY G. M'NAIR.

TRINIDAD MISSION.

The Bermuda Mail Packet which arrived on the 17th April, brought letters from Rev. Mr. Morton, as well as from the New Hebrides Missionaries, via Panama.

Having already in print for this number, some extracts from letters written both by Rev. Mr. Lambert, and by Mr. Morton of San Fernando, we must defer publication of his last letter, descriptive of his work till May. Part of his time was occupied in looking after the repairs of the mission premises, which were nearly completed at date of writing, March 20th.

The roofs both of church and dwelling house have been covered with galvanized iron, involving considerable expenditure, but at the same time greater security against fire, facilities for obtaining supply of water, comfort in the rainy season, and probably the truest economy in the end.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton and child were well, and had met with a continuance of kindness.

"We consider the weather (he says) very pleasant, but the showers trouble the planters in their sugar making, and the natives