

pundit, so I am able to keep on with the study of the language, though often interrupt by long chats about Toronto, St. Mary's and all the home friends. Within the last few days the weather has become much warmer. During the middle of the day it is as warm as in July or August in Canada, but the mornings and evenings are always cool. A shower of rain would be a treat to see, only that rain at this season is said to be very unhealthy.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER OF MR. ROBERTSON.

DILLON'S BAY, EROMANGA,
NEW HEBRIDES, November 5, 1886.

I remember now your hearty laugh when we met in Canada, as I said I thought the New Hebrideans were originally Highlanders. Well, I wish you could now join me for an hour here, to laugh again, a good, honest, hearty laugh, when the natives, and the heat, and the flies, and the hard work are pulling me down, that would clear away the small blisters of humanity, and give me a lift out of the "blues." But I do not allow myself to get gloomy if I can fight it off. A gloomy man would soon destroy his health in such a sequestered spot as the New Hebrides, with such a dull and sluggish race, if God did not sustain him by His grace.

The natives are kind in their way, some of them specially so, but they are ungrateful (except for the time being), and easily offended, unreasonable, careless, dirty and indolent to the last degree.

You can teach a native a great deal, and he will take on the first steps of a rough kind of civilization quite rapidly, but he will not *go on rising*. It is therefore my opinion, gained during twenty-two years' experience, that our poor New Hebrideans will not take on civilization of a high order. However, between these two points—their awfully degraded state as heathens and savages, and the point of elevation attainable, there is abundance of work for us all, and very, very much to cheer and encourage. Our own work in Eromanga continues to go surely forward. We are happy in it, and God is blessing us and our poor people. Write—write—write!

FROM MRS. MORTON.

TUNAPUNA, TRINIDAD, B. W. INDIES,
June 3, 1887.

Nothing very unusual has transpired here since last I wrote you. We had a service of song in our new church. Miss Black-