

are very knowing. They brought plenty of yams, fowls, etc., on board for sale; one of them had a cat to dispose of, and another, who had evidently been at the hairdresser's, brought his wig, hoping to get a purchaser. I would have liked it as a curiosity, but was afraid I would get more than I bargained for. One day I had a guava on board, the only one I had in my possession, the seed of which I wished to preserve. A Tanna man, however, seeing it appeared palatable, though he would not accept the half I offered him, begged the seed, hoping, I suppose, at some future time to make trade of the fruit; of course I let him have them. They were much amused with my knitting, and seemed to think it wonderful how the ball of cotton could be made into something like cloth so easily.

On the afternoon of Monday we reached

ANIWA.

Aniwa, like Fotuna, has no harbour, so that Mr. Paton, like Mr. Copeland, had to be content with a flying visit. I was again disappointed here by not getting on shore to see Mrs. Paton and children—there being a heavy swell, the captain thought it would not be easy landing. Dr. Geddie and Mr. M'Nair, however, managed it, and Mr. Paton came off in the boat. They are very comfortably settled, and the work seems to be advancing.

Erromanga was our next calling place, but as the wind was not favourable for Dillon's Bay, we passed and made for

FATE,

And dropt anchor in Fil harbour on Tuesday afternoon. In a few hours Mr. Morrison was seen drawing near in a canoe, and in a few minutes we welcomed him on board. He looked thin, and I thought a little careworn. They had had an anxious time at Errakor. Mr. Morrison had settled a teacher in a place called Ortab at the end of last year. It appears that some of the inhabitants had an old grudge against Timothy's tribe, that being the name of the teacher, and killed him. Then the tribe to which poor Timothy belonged seek not only to revenge his death on those who committed the deed, but also on the little Christian band for not protecting him. Dr. Geddie accompanied Mr. M., on shore, and Mr. M'Nair and I went on shore on the following morning. Mr. and Mrs. Cosh are also at Errakor with Mr. Morrison. Mrs. M. gave us a hearty welcome, and introduced us to a little stranger, who is, I understand, to be known to the world in future as James Cosh, jun. Mr. Morrison's house is situated on a little coral Island, only about two or three acres in size. The house is made of basket work, which is neither air nor water tight; it is, fortunately, a healthy spot.

ERROMANGA.

On Thursday we again unfurled our sails, and beat back to Erromanga. We sighted the island on Saturday afternoon, but as it was dark before we reached Dillon's Bay the captain did not venture in till next morning; we had breakfast, and then came on shore to native worship, and in the evening Mr. M'Nair preached on board in English. We were nearly a fortnight on board, and, notwithstanding sea-sickness, enjoyed our trip very much. Captain Fraser is not only an able seaman, but does all he can to make us comfortable and happy while on board the *Dayspring*. The *Dayspring* is a great boon to us; what could we do without her? She is the only source of communication we have between the islands and the colonies. Long may she be spared to us! You will doubtless have heard of the wreck of the beautiful new *John Williams*, lost in a calm off Savage Island. But now for a little about Erromanga, which is to be the scene of our future labours. We are at present at Dillon's Bay, which is Mr. Gordon's station. Mr. M'Nair is appointed to Cook's Bay; but as a civil war is raging there at present it is not open for a missionary. The house and premises here were built by sandalwood traders, and bought from them by the Mission about two years ago. The house is situated in a valley, about twenty yards from the Harris River, and a quarter of a mile from the bay. On the opposite side of the river, near the point, is the spot where Williams and Harris fell, and nearly opposite, a little higher up, is the hill where Mr. and Mrs. Gordon (brother to the present Mr. G.,) were murdered by these blood-thirsty sayages; in the valley below we see the white wall which their brother has built round their graves, shining through the trees. "They rest from their labours." With these remembrances ever before us, can you wonder we feel that the time is short, and life uncertain.

WAR AND DISEASE.

The Erromangans are almost constantly engaged in war, and, in this quarter, live in large caves by the sea shore. We visited three of them at the end of last year. They seldom move far from their own door; except by engagement to fight, and never without their clubs, or more commonly their hatchets. A battle took place about a mile and a half from this a few weeks ago; one man was killed, and several severely wounded. Owing to their numbers being so reduced by constant warfare, they stop when one falls, mourn his death for a time, and then another fight. Their weapons of war are the club, hatchet, bow-and-arrows. Many of them have guns, but I believe they do not use them in their en-