

ture for the colonies in the month of December, and I now take the opportunity of writing by a small vessel in the harbor on her way to New Caledonia. Since I last wrote we had rather a disturbed state of things here. In the month of December a young man of the name of Nautha, a relative of the old chief of the same name, died of dysentery. There was a party of inland people living beside us with Nawar, as refugees. They were blamed with having killed him by witchcraft, and it was resolved to take vengeance on them. The death happened on Saturday, and on Monday forenoon we were startled by quite a quick discharge of muskets close at hand. Immediately the women and children began to gather up to our premises, howling and lamenting, and carrying all their little property along with them. Presently a man came running up carrying another on his back, and having set him down close beside our fence, immediately ran off again to join the fight. I went to see the man who had been set down, and found he was a fine stout young fellow, about nineteen years of age. He was badly wounded in the neck, and covered with blood. I got a stretcher and had him carried into our church, where he expired almost immediately. Just as this was done a man came to me with a flesh wound in the thigh, which I bound up, and he too rushed off to rejoin the fight. Our yard was full of people bewailing the dead, and in the greatest state of excitement and consternation. In the afternoon the fighting had ceased, and I sent the Aneityumese to dig a grave for the dead man. We had a little funeral service, but Tannese said they would not bury him till the evening. No sooner, however, was my back turned, than they lifted him up, carried him to a canoe, paddled out to the mouth of the harbor, and threw him into the sea; this was to prevent his body being dug up and eaten by the opposite party. There was a vessel here at the time, and the captain came to me in the evening saying that some of them had been off to ask him to take them to Aniwa, and as he was passing that way he could easily do so; he wished to consult me as to whether he should do it or not. I said that it was just with himself, as I was afraid that if they stayed there would be more bloodshed. It was a fine moonlight night, and about one hundred of them embarked in the vessel and were away before morning. Nobody was here beside us, except one old woman, who was found in the morning, and who having been asleep, had not known of the departure of the others. She was a poor old delicate creature; the Aneityumese brought her up to our premises, and she died after living about six weeks with us. Among the fugitives were all those who

had been in the habit of attending church here on Sabbath, and all the women who wore any clothing. I have heard nothing of them since they left us. I daresay they will be rather short of food there. However, they can always fall back upon coconuts as a last resort, and it would not be safe for them yet to return to their own land.

We have since been living on quite good terms with those who were the victors in the late engagement, and a small number of them attend church on Sabbath.

We had a hurricane here on the 15th of January. It was not quite so severe as that of two years ago, but bad enough for all that. Two very large trees were blown down close beside our house; had either of them fallen on it they would have completely crushed it. The bread fruit crop was wholly destroyed, and a good deal of damage done to plantations. As the breeze then about here blame the raising of the wind upon the fugitives at Aniwa, there is not so much ill-feeling among themselves on account of it, as there was on the previous occasion. We have since heard that the vessel which conveyed the Tannese to Aniwa became a total wreck in Havana harbor (Fate) during the gale.

At Kwamera the force of the wind was not so strong as here, but it was preceded by a whirlwind which passed about fifty yards from Mr Watt's house, levelling the church to the ground, and literary smashing to atoms the house of a trader who was close by. Mr. Watt's premises fortunately escaped with little damage. On Sabbath before last I was round visiting the teacher who lives about half way between here and Kwamera, and went on to Mr Watt's in the afternoon, preaching at several different places on the way. At one place there was an old chief named Tanaki, to whom lives an Aneityumese teacher called Lutha. I was preaching on the day of judgment and the final separation of the saved and the lost, and noticed that this man was particularly attentive. I met him again on the shore on Monday morning; on Wednesday he was shot dead by some of his own people who had been hostile to him for some time. I met him, rather an adventure on the way home Monday. There is a part of the path which is somewhat steep and precipitous, and in order to avoid this I am in the habit of hiring a canoe when the sea is calm, and sailing about a mile a tiresome tramp, about three or four miles is avoided. I did on Saturday, and in returning on Monday the sea was beautifully calm, and two Aneityumese got into the canoe and came paddling along to the next landing place. There was an old swell of the sea usually is here even on the calmest