

called the people together. The greater part of them had been on the beach to meet us. This intelligent and active teacher has most of the people under Christian instruction. They were pleased to get the new book which we had brought in their language from Sydney.

The school is held under a shady banyan tree. The large lessons carefully written out, were hanging on sheets on the side of the tree. A neat church was being built, but was not quite finished. Mr. Milne has a small cottage on the island where he and his devoted wife reside for a month occasionally, to aid the good work going on among this interesting people. When the congregation had gathered under a tree near the missionary cottage, Mr. Milne commenced the religious exercise with praise and prayer. He then asked me to address them, which I did by his interpretation, and recommended the Gospel of Jesus Christ to them. Mr. Milne has a station on the island of Makuru, nine miles further north, where he also occasionally resides in a little cottage to instruct the natives. He sails in an open boat on these occasions with a native crew. It is a great matter when one language is found on several islands; and Mr. Milne assured me that the Fatese, of which the Ngunese is a dialect, is understood over at least ten islands to the north.

What a field for missionary enterprise! There are now four missionaries settled comparatively near each other on Fate and neighbouring islands. One of these, however, has to deal with a different language. There is room for ten more if they could be obtained. One of such should be a medical missionary, who would be a great blessing to the mission families, the settlers, and the natives.

After we returned to the vessel I got the finest view I had ever yet seen in the group. No fewer than 17 islands were visible from the deck! When this view burst upon Captain Cook, what a pleasure it must have afforded him, who first of civilized navigators looked upon the scene! I beheld the conical volcano of Loperi, 5000 feet high, away to the north, an island which has no inhabitants. Then nearer, though distant, there appeared, Mallicollo, Api, and the five Shepherd islands, so named by Captain Cook after Dr. Shepherd, professor of Astronomy at Cambridge; Tongoa, Buninga, Tongariki, those and Valen: then Mai or Three Hills, Makeru, and Metaso. To the south were Nguna, Mau, Pele, the large island of Fate, with the two smaller ones in front—Protection and Deception islands. To these I must add the conical rock called by Captain Cook "The Monument." Such a scene one cannot readily forget, when

viewed only once in a life time. Yet how few Christians are on all these islands, and what a work lies before the New Hebrides Mission to win all their people to Christ.

We neared Nguna in the evening, but had to keep on the easterly side. Mr. Milne was landed by the boat, but I remained to conduct service on board the vessel. We did not reach the other side until Monday evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Milne came on board. The vessel now began to collect the missionaries on her return voyage, for the Synod to be held on Aneityum. It is the custom to take the missionaries' wives to some of the southern islands, especially to those that are Christian. Mrs. Milne had bravely remained at Nguna alone, among a thousand savages, during the week we were at Espiritu Santo. Surely this was Christian courage, but it is not often safe or wise to exercise it.

Next morning we were near the singular-looking Hat Island, and the boat was sent into Havannah harbour for Mr. and Mrs. M'Donald and their little boy. They arrived about half-past ten o'clock; but after beating about all day, we only reached Pango Bay, at sunset, and could not venture to enter, as it was dark.

It is seldom agreeable to be beating about at night and this was no exception. We found in the morning that we were a good way off. It took us till noon to make Pango Bay. On landing at Iririki, we were glad to find Mrs. Annand better, though still very weak. She had an attack of fever and ague after we left, and was now needing a change. We took tea in their house, after which all was closed up and left in charge of a couple from Erakor. We reached the vessel after dark.

Early in the morning of the 21st, we started and soon rounded the point, and were off Erakor, where Mr. M'Kenzie now resides, as he finds it more healthy than on the peninsula. He settled first where our worthy co-presbyter, Mr. Cosh, lived at Pango, but guided by Mr. Cosh's testimony and his own experience, he has removed to the small island where Mr. Morrison had his house. We found Mr. Cosh's memory fragrant, as also the deceased Mr. Morrison's. We landed and were gratified by seeing a Christian people decently clothed, and living in comparative comfort. Some of the houses had their ground in front neatly gravelled with coral, like the missionary's. There is a church at Erakor, and one at Pango. Both are well built of stone and lime. Inside I observed seats regularly fixed like pews. They were each made of one piece of wood. There are seventy communicants in these congregations and nine elders. The Chris-