

them to refuse it, for it will only bring sickness and death amongst them. And how often has this story been repeated to the natives of this island, till, humanly speaking, we almost wonder that they now consented to receive a missionary or teacher at all. We have very little hope of being free from traders on this island, and especially at this station. We can only trust that when the eyes of the people are opened to see the evil of their own ways, they will not be found "walking in the counsel of the ungodly," nor standing in the way of sinners, nor sitting in the seat of the scornful."

This is the busiest season of the year, being the time for planting. The natives are either burning and clearing the ground, enclosing it with the pretty reed fences, or piling up mounds of earth, in which they put their yams. The poor women, you may be sure, have their share, and a great deal more than their share, of the labor; for happy is the man considered who possesses the greatest number of wives to do his work. Then when the evening comes they must have water in readiness for his lordship to mix with his kava.—They must gather wood and cook their evening meal,—the provisions for which they have carried home on their backs,—the husband sometimes assisting, but always appropriating the smallest share of the burden. Sometimes the tyranny of the husband is such that the human nature of the Tanna woman (long accustomed as she is to it) cannot stand it any longer, and she tries to make away with herself. We have had two cases in the district of women almost dead by hanging, that is when Mr. Neilson was called in to bring them to, which he managed with great difficulty. One was an Aneiteum woman, who has lived here from her childhood, and married a man of the island. She has been rather a favorite of mine, and one of the most hopeful females about. Her husband has also been very sociable, often dropping in just about tea-time, and telling very plainly by his countenance that he would enjoy a cup of tea as well, if not better, than ourselves, being a greater treat to him. I confess that these remote requests were more favorably received by me than when more outspoken, so "Kissoen" got his tea, and he and I were great friends. Mr. Neilson spoke to him very seriously when he went to visit his wife, and finished off by sending him to me to get tea for her. I gave it to him, but preserved a dignified silence, not offering him any. Bye-and-bye he returned with a large yam as a present, by which he meant that our friendship was, I suppose, still to continue in spite of our tokens of displeasure at his conduct. Oh, I do feel so indignant sometimes when

I see the poor women with their backs all scarred by the ropes with which they tie on their baskets of burden, or worse still, where a husband has left the marks of his brutal violence. And so used are the poor creatures to their condition that if a quarrel has occurred and we sympathize with the wife, they are almost certain, from habit more than anything else, to take the part of the husband. I do long so earnestly to break through the chains that bind my tongue and talk freely to the people. Even the little knowledge that I have gained makes me feel so much more at home with them. If you could only peep in and see my every-day life in Tanna, you would perceive that I have not many idle moments. To begin with, we have no assistance whatever from the Tannese. As yet, it would be quite beneath their dignity to do anything for us, although they can work for the traders to get tobacco, muskets, powder, &c. This, of course, increases our own work; then we have two little folks who require much attention and many stitches. I am sure I could keep a "sewing machine" in constant motion.—Then do not say I have no visitors to entertain, no calls to receive or return, for this is the very thing that takes up a great part of my time. Of all sexes, ages, and ranks, they come. Royalty itself enters my doors, and I must show it due attention, so as to produce a good impression on the heathen mind. Strangers have to be shown all over the house, although that is no great trouble, as far as dimensions are concerned; but then they must look at everything, exclaim so often, and ask so many questions; and we must keep our eyes open lest some small articles should be spirited away and taken into their own keeping by some not over polite guest.—But, after all, I find myself and the children by far the greatest curiosities and attractions in the estimation of these individuals, for they consider a white female as belonging to quite a different class of beings from a black one.

Two gentlemen are looking in at the window while I write. One has his hair very long, reaching down his back; the other has it shorter, and tied in a bunch at the back of his head; making it look just like a lady's chignon. They stop the thread of my discourse every minute by a question or remark. One asks, "What are you making?" I answer a letter. Is it to "Beretana?" No: it is to Nova Scotia. What sort of a place is Nova Scotia? It is a very good place. Are the people like the people in Sydney? Yes: are you making a paper about the people of Tanna? Yes: I am writing about them. Well, then, tell the people in Nova Scotia that plenty of bad men come to