

as we had some work on hand I was anxious to see finished, but from the 10th of March till the 7th of April I was completely laid aside and was brought very low.

Many a time while we were ill, and often since, have we said "What a blessing it was we were not both ill together, else there might have been no one left to tell the tale."

Notwithstanding all our sickness at Kwamera, we managed to get printed seven new hymns, bringing our hymnal up to 95. We added them to our hymn book and bound about 250 copies, but we were never able to teach them there. Since coming here, Port Resolution, we have introduced four of the new ones, accompanied on our Mason and Hamlin baby organ, and the effect has been very encouraging. Without doubt, our Tannese have an ear for music, and if under training, would prove good pupils. "Go sound, the trump on India's shores," they sing with great gusto, and a paraphrase on the Saviour's words as recorded Matt. V, 43-48, and sung to the tune "Barrow" has proved a great favorite; but the greatest favorite of all is a translation of "Thou didst leave Thy Crown and Thy Kingly Throne" sung to the tune that hymn is set to in Moody and Sankey's collection. We practice morning and evening, and we pray that the saving truths thus committed to memory may prove good seed sown on good soil.

Here, unlike Kwamera, we have good meetings daily, and on Sabbaths nearly all the population attend the services. Much Scripture knowledge is being acquired, and we earnestly desire an outpouring of the Holy Spirit to quicken their hearts and apply the truth to them, for though the people here thus fear the Lord, they serve their own gods, and cling to their heathen customs with a tenacity worthy of a better cause. Many heathen customs have been given up, and the grosser heathen ceremonies are things of the past, but there is still much to be undone before real progress in Christianity can be reported.

At this season of the year there is usually any amount of feasting and dancing in Tanna. Generally a Tanna feast is accompanied with dancing, and a Tanna dance is accompanied with feasting. But when we speak of a Tanna "feast" we mean what is here called a "Niari" which might perhaps be better described as a fair, only that the food is exchanged as presents and not bought and sold. "Dancing" we use as the equivalent of the Tannese "*Nakwiari*." At the "*Nakwiari*" cooked food and live pigs are exchanged, but dancing is the principal thing.

In our neighborhood there was a feast or niari. Our church goers gave the yams to a heathen tribe near by who in return killed and gave them 14 pigs. We estimated there would be 5 or 6 tons of yams given. Whole bunches of yam were hung from a scaffolding built round one

side of the public square, single yams were hung by creepers from the branches of the overspreading banyan trees, each yam being draped in green leaves. Then a pile of yams was raised in the middle of the square, like an immense sugar loaf. It measured about 24 feet round at the base and was about ten feet high.

We were pleased with the dress and demeanor of our parishioners, who by the absence of paint and other signs of heathenism, and the presence of dress, testified to their profession of Christianity.

A small schooner, the "Harold" of Sydney, was lying in the Bay, and the party on board were interested witnesses to the above feast. The various hues and designs of paint on several faces caused one to remark, "If I had a girl like that (pointing to one) on exhibition, I would make a fortune." Said girl had on scarlet, yellow and black paint in abundance, and evidently thought she was a beauty.

The day following the feast there was a dance or *nakwiari* at an inland village. To a heathen Tannese, the *nakwiari*, in his or her district, is the event of the year. Special dances and special music is got up for the occasion and for months these are practised almost daily. During these preparatory weeks both men and women fast to a certain extent in order to look slim and neat and be in good trim for the dance; but when all is over excess of every kind is indulged in, and some very obscene practices are the order of the day.

How isolated our life is this year!! And what a contrast to the previous three years when we had a monthly mail. Here we are on the 15th of June and no home letters later than Jan'y and no hope of any more for months. We are also practically cut off from our brothers and sisters in the mission.

Whilst thus bemoaning our isolation this year I must not fail to record the tangible proofs of our being well remembered by friends, as evidenced by boxes received from the colonies and Scotland.

THE GOOD WE DO.

The good we do with motives true
Will never quite be lost:
For somewhere in time's distant blue
We gain more than it cost.
And oft I think a strange surprise
Will meet us as we gain
Some diadem that hidden lies,
From deeds we thought in vain.

Oh toiler in a weary land,
Work on with cheerful face;
And sow the seed with lavish hand,
With all the gentle grace
That marks a brave yet loving soul,
A soul of royal birth.
And golden harvests shall unfold
Your own bright blessed earth.