

Dayspring Board, in Sydney, have made arrangements with a Steamship Company to bring us our supplies for a year. This Company have a line of steamers running between Sydney and Fiji, calling at Aneityum, the most southerly island of our group. Our stores are to be brought down to Aneityum by some of these large steamers, and conveyed thence to each station by an inter-island steamer. This steamer, the *Truganani*, paid us her first visit a few days ago, and she is to come once a month.

Now we need your sympathy and support, just the same as when we had the *Dayspring*, and whilst thanking you most sincerely for your kindly interest in the past. I trust we shall find that you will continue to stand by us, to cheer and strengthen us, as in the years that have gone. And are there not some of you, who are thus indirectly assisting in bringing the heathen to Christ, looking forward to the day when you shall give yourselves to the work. It is a blessed service in which to be engaged, and after being in it for nearly eighteen years, instead of growing wearied of it, I bless God to-day that He put it into my heart to engage in it.

And now, let me tell you something about our work. And perhaps

THE CHILDREN'S SCHOOL.

would interest you most. The bell has just been rung, so let us take a peep in. See how each one, large and small, bows his head as he takes his seat, in silent prayer. There comes Solomon, the assistant teacher, to open the school. He gives out the hymn, "My Jesus, I Love Thee," or "There is Life for a Look," and they all stand up and sing it most heartily. Then follows a prayer, and the roll is called. There are about seventy-six present. Yes, but I should explain that my training class is present too. While they are forming into class,

LET ME INTRODUCE YOU

to a few of these young men and boys.

See that is Sunri over there. A Fild native - the first man of his village to

leave off heathenism, and one of the best natives we have. His wife is here too, and his two little boys. He is being trained as a teacher for Meli,

Look at those two boys together on the end of that seat. Their names are Sualo and Soppe. They are about seventeen years of age. They are the brightest boys we have. Soppe I always think of as belonging to Prince Street Church, Pictou, as he was supported two years by a contribution received from some young ladies of that church. They are two of our best English scholars. They assisted in translating the "Peep of Day," and are now working at Line upon Line.

Then, look at those three fine young men, Kalurogo, Matur and Kaltabu. They have been attending the class for four or five years, and will, I trust, make efficient teachers. I hope to baptize two of them soon.

But the classes are waiting for teachers. There are five of them; No. 5, I take myself. It is composed of the larger children, the young men and their wives being trained for teachers. No. 4 is Solomon's class. Numbers 3, 2 and 1 are taken in turn by some members of my class, that they may get practical training in teaching. The small children read in the Peep of Day, and all the rest in the Elatense New Testament.

Reading lesson over we have a short recess. Then we form into two classes for writing. Those under the teacher write on slates from a copy line on the blackboard. I had the pleasure a few days ago of taking the captain of a British man-of-war into the school. He admired the neat copy line on the blackboard, written by the teacher. Those with me write composition or dictation, or translate sentences into English. But I must hurry on lest my letter should become too long.

On Tuesday we read English, and have arithmetic instead of writing. Wednesday is the day for Scripture history. Last Wednesday I took the youngest class for a few minutes. I was very much pleased with the intelligent answers the little fellows gave me. Then I said to them, "I