

a number of savages. I do not think you ever saw Aniwa. It is a flat, coral Island, small and not populous. Mr. and Mrs. Paton were settled among them at a most favorable time, just when the labours of the teachers had commenced to tell, and a number of the heathen were ready to throw off idolatry. As a proof of their sincerity they gave their missionary the sacred ground to build upon. While I sit writing I could almost fancy myself in the country. The house is half a mile from the shore, and we cannot see the sea. Just as you go out of the gate there is a large grove of coco-nut trees, and from there down to the shore a nice road, shaded by trees on either side, forming a sort of natural avenue. Our host and hostess are extremely kind and pleasant. One part of Tanna is very near here, and Port Resolution itself is not very far away; but we neither have the time or inclination to cross the sea in open boats.

We were just talking this morning about our far away friends. Mrs. Paton was telling me about a letter she had from her sister in Edinburgh, describing last Christmas and its pleasures, and then I told her about the one I receive from you every year, about the same time; and we both sympathized with each other in the homesick feeling such recitals send to the heart. O what a weary longing I have to see you sometimes, and to introduce you to my husband and little ones! You were alluding in your letter to the trials missionaries have to endure in regard to provisions. Now there is, of course, a great effort made to get our stores good; but every year some one or another suffers from something being bad. Flour is the most important article, and the first year ours was dreadful, also the sugar. Last year manima and papa suffered the same way, so also did the McNairs.

The room is rapidly darkening—no twilight here. I hope to hear—sail, ho! in the morning, and be at my own home at night.

TANNA, NOV. 3, 1869.

Just two weeks have elapsed since, in the dark of the evening, I bade good-bye to our friends at Aniwa, and going on board the *Dayspring*, retired to my cabin, hoping to awake in the morning and find myself at Tanna. I was glad enough when daylight came and I could go up on deck to gaze on our lovely Island as we neared it. Beautiful it always is, but never did it appear more so to me than in the dawn of that bright October day, when the first golden beams of the sun lit up the now familiar scene, and I felt that I was coming home. Swiftly and gracefully our little vessel left the rough sea behind her, and

gliding into the calm waters of the bay, cast anchor just in sight of a certain white cottage perched on a hill, at once the best, the prettiest and happiest dwelling in Port Resolution. You may be sure Mr. Neilson was not long in coming off to take us on shore, where we were met and warmly welcomed by our Aneiteumese teachers, while the smiling faces and friendly voices of the Tannese gave us also a very pleasant greeting; yet, then, as I looked around and saw the mark of heathenism stamped in every countenance—man, woman, and child—an earnest longing arose in my heart for the happy time when the sons and daughters of Tanna shall cast aside their idols and bow down before the true God. But hardly had this wish risen before I saw our old Chief approaching, his venerable form and mild features forming a pleasant picture to look upon, while his whole appearance contrasted most favourably with that of his countrymen; and looking at Nowar we could thank God and take courage; still remember that he is aged, weak alike in body and mind, with very little knowledge of Gospel truths, and to look at things in a more worldly point of view, his influence is neither seen nor felt by those who rank as his subjects. Indeed, almost every third man will tell you that he is a chief, and therefore quite able to rule himself and any of his more passive neighbours who will yield to his sway. For instance, not far from our house live two natives who strive to invest all strangers with a due sense of their importance, by informing them they are "*big chiefs*"; but we have never been able to find out more than two people acknowledging their supremacy. One of them, to add dignity to himself, has taken the name of *Missi Brown*, and does not seem to comprehend me when I tell him I like his own native name much better. I am sorry to say we look forward to this man and his companion as being most troublesome and dangerous characters to deal with. They are leaders in all kinds of mischief, and devoted to the traders.—At present they do not appear to be prejudiced against us, and nothing could exceed their blandness on every occasion that we meet. However degraded he may be, I am quite convinced that the savage who has never frequented the haunts of the vicious white man is preferable to his brother who has added to his own evil practices the many vices he has learned during his intercourse with these ungodly men. It is a fearful thing to know of a people opening the greatest feast of the season by falling on their knees and giving thanks to the evil spirits, as has been the custom here; but will it not be imputed a greater sin to those who try to deprive these poor creatures of the life-giving Gospel by telling