

the mission house that night. It was surrounded by a crowd of savages who were armed with bows, arrows, and spears, and in war costume.

"As it was evident that, if the natives failed to kill them that night, an open attack would be made on the following day, it was resolved to attempt to escape before daylight. Their boat, fortunately, was anchored conveniently opposite the mission house. When all was ready, about three o'clock in the morning, the house still being surrounded by a crowd of armed natives, Wacene suddenly opened the front door, and fired his double-barrelled gun in the air. The natives probably thinking that the teachers had opened fire on them, rushed behind the house into the bush, which was just the thing the teachers desired and expected, and before they had time to recover and find that nobody was wounded, the teachers had slipped out, under cover of the darkness, got into their boat, and were pulling down the river. No time was lost in reaching Samari, our mission station at the mouth of the river on the eastern side. There the other two teachers were taken on board, and the whole party crossed over to Parem, our nearest mission station on the western side of the river, where the first martyrs of the New Guinea Mission suffered, but where it is now perfectly safe.

"It is not long since I spent a few pleasant and interesting days at Kiwai. The old chief and all the people then appeared friendly, and expressed their pleasure at having the teachers amongst them. Why this sudden change?

"Doubtless because of indiscretion committed by a South Sea Island teacher at Kiwai, in the Fly River, about a month ago. The man who was turned out of the house belonged to Samari, another of our stations about twelve miles distant. He left the house very angry and soon returned with a number of his friends, all armed with bows, arrows and spears. The teacher had gone under the house, which stands on posts six feet high, to feed a pig they had bought from the natives, and was there attacked. Wacene, hearing his cries for help, rushed out with an unloaded gun, and succeeded in frightening the natives so as to make a way for his colleague's escape into the house.

"When the excitement subsided, they all became much afraid of the consequences of their attack, and, having heard of natives being punished by a man-of-war for killing teachers, and, fearing the wounded teacher would not recover, they decided to prepare a retreat in the bush before the arrival of the 'big fighting canoe.'

"During the following week or ten days, the natives continued their preparations for flight at any moment. Temporary houses were erected far back in the bush, in case their village should be burned down. It was in vain that Wacene assured them that no man-of-war should punish them without the

sanction of his missionary. There was no convincing them, however, and the resolve to kill the mission party at the first opportunity seems to have arisen chiefly from the desire to embrace what they considered their only chance of revenge for what they felt sure would happen.

"The mission yacht, *Mary*, which we have had on the stocks in the industrial schoolyard here for the last two years, will be launched in about a fortnight. Our first trip in her will be to the Fly River, where, I have no doubt, we shall be able to arrange peaceably these matters, and reinstate the teachers. We expect to meet with difficulties and dangers during the first few years amongst such savage and warlike tribes as those who live on the banks of the Fly River. We had to do this at Saibai. Twice I had to reinstate the teachers there, and once the natives tried to poison them. Now we are obtaining from the Church at that station our best young men for the Papuan Mission."

Correspondence.

MR. HALL'S LETTER.

MR. EDITOR,—I write you from a spot rendered famous by the poet Longfellow, in his poem "Evangeline." I look out on the Grand Pre, and in five minutes I can be tossing about in the basin of Minas. I have climbed Blomidon and preached the Gospel, "where the sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic looked on the happy valley, and ne'er from their station descended."

But before I ask your readers to accompany me in my labours and rambles by the classic shores of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia I must pay a small debt I owe to a few of the churches I visited in the West since I wrote you last. And first let me correct a typographical error that appeared in your last. I acknowledged on behalf of the St. Thomas church, \$20 from George Hague, Esq., and \$2 from James Wilkes, Esq., and not from George Haine and James Walker. Before coming East, I visited the churches of

PINE GROVE AND HUMBER SUMMIT.

Attendance at missionary meetings in both places good, taking into account the season of the year and the circumstances of the churches. I found that these churches, that had so liberally contributed to the fund of the Missionary Society in former years, had done nothing this year. Whose fault? I will leave others to decide that. I have my own opinion. There are but two other churches within the bounds of our Union that have refused to lend a helping hand to the work of missions in our own Dominion. As might be expected the friends in Pine Grove and Humber Summit were not in a very happy state. But they were