

we wrought hard until night, so you may understand that by the time the ship left, Mr. Milne was nicely situated. The *Dayspring* sent the Errakor men home, but at Efii a crew of ten natives of that place, who had engaged to go on to Santo left, so the Captain had some difficulty in getting another crew of five or six. On the 24th the *Dayspring* returned again to Nguna, and on Monday, July 25th, at 2.30 A. M., we set sail for Santo and anchored at Cape Lisbourne on 27th at 2.15 P. M. We now spent a couple of days in quest of a suitable place for a Mission station. The first place we selected we had to abandon, on account of some difficulties that existed among the people, and between the Chiefs of the Cape and those of that district. The place was beside the line of division between two tribes, quite near three large villages. I looked upon this place as a most excellent situation, right in the direction of the *Trade Winds*, with a pretty fair harbour, but being defeated, I reflected "Man may choose, or select, but the whole disposing is of the Lord." We had now but to make the best we could of existing matters, whereupon I selected a place upon a high hill, about half a mile from the harbour in the direction of the town, and something better than a mile and a half from it. I chose this place for several reasons. 1st, Cape Lisbourne is regarded as a very unhealthy place, and thus if possible to escape the malaria, I thought it safer to build upon an elevated place. 2nd, I would partly be in the region of the *Trade Winds*, which would make it all the cooler and healthier; and 3rdly, I would not be far from the best and safest harbour as yet known in all Santo. The stuff for the house was now put ashore, and the Santonians were not long in carrying it up the hill, while some of us and some of the native women were clearing up the place for the foundation. Mr. Watt, myself, and some of the ship's crew, now began to build the house; which, being done, the natives were not long thatching it. Then, on Wednesday 3rd August, a week from the day the *Dayspring* anchored, she again put to sea. I, with the lads I brought with me, was left alone; for Mrs. Goodwill had remained in Aneityun, at Dr. Geddie's. The lads now began to build a cook-house and a dwelling-house for themselves; while some of the Santonians and myself began to fell down the giant forest. This was no easy work, for some of the trees were as large as a mountain, but down they must come, for I wanted to see the harbour and the sea around about. Having succeeded in this, I began to dig a cellar under the house for a store-house. The native gave consider-

able help at this work also. It was really laughable to hear the Chiefs and others express themselves while we were digging the cellar; they would cry out "*Missi im matamata*," literally, "the house will die;" meaning that the house would fall down and break in pieces. They would then discuss among themselves what house they would prepare for me, in the event of my house being blown down by the wind, but when they saw the pillars and walls of stone built up, they changed their tune, and began exclaiming "*Meridau, mogolo, negosail*," "good, it is all right, it cannot be better." As soon as this work was finished, we built a verandah all around the house, and also painted the house. We now began to make a zig-zag road up the hill, by cutting it in the form of a stair. The natives seeing all this work were not a little astonished, and also looked upon Missi as a wonderful man. I like the natives of Santo very much; they are so far very kind in their own way, but I feel something horrified in meeting with the female sex; for they are in a state of nudity, except a few leaves or a tuft of grass about three inches in breadth; and what is still worse, they do not seem to care about clothing. The expression, when you are bartering with them is, "*Give enuru, (calico) to the bashman; me want chum, chum, (beads, beads), small ones, all colours*." One Sabbath I was a little amused at seeing one of the Chiefs of the district coming in dressed in the clothing which I had given to a woman a few days before for half nothing. What he and all the rest of them seemed to be much delighted with, was the sack-jacket all covered with pictures of Pea-cocks and other pretty birds. For the two first months I was very much thronged with the natives, and especially on the Sabbath my house would be crowded with them; they would come in the morning and not leave until dark. These Sabbaths were most painful to me; for I could not speak to the people nor tell them anything about Jesus, and there I was, in a most sad state, seeing this people dying for the bread of life and I not able to break it to them. This is one of the most trying states of mind that ever I experienced. Santo is, as you all know, a large island, the largest in the New Hebrides, and thickly populated. It is estimated that there are more than 10,000 inhabitants in it, but here we have the curse of Babel. There are many dialects, if not distinct languages, spoken in this island; there are three even spoken at the Cape; in consequence of which a missionary is greatly hindered in extending the Gospel. Santo has been spoken of as extremely warm, and the climate very unhealthy, but so far I