

"Navalak" by name, who went as a teacher to Aniwa, in company with another man from this isle, some time before Mr. Paton was settled there. The natives clubbed both the teachers, killing the one outright and leaving Navalak lying as they supposed dead also. He recovered, was cared for by a friend or two, and remained for years there as teacher. On another occasion he had a leg broken on the first Dayspring on the mission work. Well now in his old age he lately volunteered to leave his own district and go to one of our worst places on this isle, to seek to bring the young and careless ones into the fold! We have been much encouraged by his noble conduct.

In regard to the liberality of the Aneityumese I may say that counting time (which is usually said to be money), our people must contribute to the cause of Christ about one-tenth or at least one-twelfth of their substance. There is a great amount of labor expended in keeping the churches and school houses in repair. These thatched roofs are troublesome things, and counting time as money they are expensive. I have no doubt that our people give now a larger portion of their time to the support of the Gospel among them than any congregation in Nova Scotia, still they are by no means burdened with their labors of love.

We are both well and tolerably contented in our work.

In addition to my ordinary work I have been trying my hand at printing. During the month of October with the assistance of a native I printed about 32,000 pages in three different languages. Our first work was a hymn book of 32 pages in the Efatese tongue for Mr. Mackenzie.

Then followed a small Bible history in Eromangan for Mr. Robertson. This history was almost the last work of the late Rev. James D. Gordon. On the last page of it he says that this is the year 1872, and as he was killed on the 7th of March in that year, he must have been engaged upon this book until near the end. It was with peculiar interest that I handled that MS. written by a martyr hand, then secured and preserved by the native assistants.

Last week another event occurred which gives the pamphlet a solemn interest to me. The hand that helped me to print these pages a month ago, was on Wednesday last blown to atoms and scattered in the sea by a premature explosion of a charge of dynamite.

The young man a half-caste, about 28 years of age and but lately married, obtained a charge of dynamite from a trader resident on this island with which to kill

fish as he had frequently seen the white men do. Having ignited the fuse, he held it too long in his hand, when it exploded with terrific force leaving nothing remaining of his right hand but a few dangling fragments of muscles and tendons, also making a severe wound on the back of his left hand. A more horrible sight it has never been my lot to witness, and I hope that I may never see such another as presented itself to me when I went to him.

We heard the report of the explosion as we were sitting down to dinner. Before we had finished dinner a little girl came running in, saying that Abel had destroyed his hand—that he had "broken it." Being unable to learn the extent of the injury that he had received, I hurried down to the scene of the accident about a half mile from our house. When I arrived, there was the poor fellow writhing in agony one hand completely gone and the other badly torn. The few natives then collected were standing around him horrified and not knowing what to do.

Having given orders to some of them to get some water ready for washing his wounds I ran back home for cloths, medicine and surgical instruments. I dressed the wounds as well as I could. Five days have now passed since the accident and he is doing as well as can be expected under the circumstances. It is uncertain as yet how the case will terminate but we sincerely hope that he may recover. He was a fine smart young man. Thus you see that I have two striking events associated in my mind with the printing of the Bible history in Eromangan the murder of the author and the accident to the assistant printer. Besides the above two books we printed an Almanac for 1881 and four hymns in the Aneityumese language.

This extra work threw me somewhat later than usual with my annual visitation of the schools. However I completed that duty last week. When the weather is fine I rather enjoy travelling about the island; some of paths are picturesque. No doubt your imagination pictures to you a very different kind of place from the scenes of our labors here. The sunny isles of the Southern Ocean are very beautiful to speak and read about, but after the romance wears out and the dry facts of trudging along a rocky sea shore, jumping from boulder to boulder and then alternating with a struggle through a patch of slippery sand nearly ankle deep with all the surface of rocks and sand shimmering with the heat of a tropical sun, the beautiful seems to a great extent