

the heads, hands and feet. Things are in a dreadful state here, murder and plunder on every side. Oh! may the good God preserve us from these wicked wretches! I was told that the night the attack was made on us, there were 32 bushmen. We are in great fear, especially in the night. One of our chiefs and some others promised to come and sleep in our house, but they very seldom come, and thus disappoint us. We are not afraid to die for the cause of our Master, but these poor creatures have no proper understanding that our death would be for the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Is it not to be feared that when we abound in many comforts and luxuries, we may become indifferent about the cause of our gracious Master, and forget God altogether? It is a good saying, "Give me neither poverty nor riches, feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny Thee, and say who is the Lord. Or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." Our blessed Lord says, "Give us this day our daily bread," or what is sufficient for us for the day. If we ask of God in faith, He will not withhold His mercies from us; but still, my Christian friends, we often feel that we seem to be spending our strength, and also the funds of the Church, for naught; but why should we complain about our troubles? God has a right to be served, and He will, if we patiently continue in well-doing, give a blessing when His own good time comes. Still, oh! how we long for a change for the better, and to see some fruit! Ever since Captain Fraser left the *Dayspring*, the natives of Santo have taken very little interest in the Mission, and many withhold their presence altogether.

I see in the May issue of the *RECORD* 1872, when speaking of the custom of the Santonians with respect to their dead, I am made to say that they eat nothing cooked on fire until the fiftieth instead of the fifth day. Any person by taking a moment's thought might know that such a statement was inaccurate. There is another inaccuracy I wish to correct, viz., the correct spelling of Dr. Geddie's island is Aneityum, and not the old form in which you print it.

On the evening of the 21th June,

the *Paragon* came to anchor, bringing Mrs. and Mr. Annand, Mrs. G. and baby. On the following day she put again to sea. In the critical circumstances in which we were placed by fear of the bushmen plundering all our things, I could not see my way clear to go to the Mission Synod. I am sorry to state that all the medical men with whom Mrs. G. consulted, advised her, if she wished her life to be spared, to leave the islands as soon as possible. I find it a difficult matter to come to a decision as to whether I should leave or remain. I should not like to abandon the Mission, and nothing except a real desire to prolong the life of a beloved partner, would make me think of such a step. But if she becomes worse, and her case more complicated and dangerous, I am very much afraid that we must give up our station on Santo. On her way from here to Sydney, she had several very alarming attacks. No doubt the hurricane, the wreck of the *Dayspring*, the anxiety of mind, the privations and difficulties with which she had to contend, had a tendency to increase her troubles. The Captain of the *Dayspring* and his lady, Mr. Paton, Mr. Inglis, Dr. Steel and some other good Christians of Sydney, were very attentive to her, for all of which I feel exceedingly thankful. I need not tell you how happy I felt at seeing my beloved partner and son again. I did not feel so anxious about seeing them as I did before the bushmen made an attack on us. A notorious wretch who lived a few miles to the north of our station—you will remember the fellow, who stole a number of people for a certain beastly trader, for which our lives were put in jeopardy last year—acted as guide to the 32 bushmen. His name is Lulu Tirmul, but known to the traders as Charley. A chief, two miles north of us, killed, a few days ago, five bushmen, and divided them among all the villages friendly to us to grace their feast. I did all in my power to prevent them from doing so, but their reply was, "they were your enemies, they broke your windows, furniture, crockery, and so on, and indeed for this they should be killed and eaten up."

We are in a very dangerous state, for an attempt may be made on our lives when we have no person with us, but we