

to remain with us during the time she was in the islands this season, but their little boy being ill, they did not pass Aneityum, the most southerly island of the group.

Mr. Robertson attended the Annual Meeting this year held at Anelcauhat Harbor, Aneityum, station of the Rev. Mr. Murray. I did not accompany him, but remained on Eromanga with our little daughter, now four months old. She was born at Knawira, Tanna, and is named *Christina Eliza Wentworth*. The little thing was great company during my husband's absence—indeed, although the natives were exceedingly kind, I do not think I could have remained alone, I would have felt so very lonely. Mr. Robertson has brought five Aneityum lads back with him to build a stone fence round our premises. As I am now writing, I hear the stones flying in fine style.—The reed fences which the natives make, although very pretty, do not last any time, and keep a person constantly repairing them, and, as we had a great number of stones about our grounds, Mr. Robertson thought the best way to get rid of them was to put them into a stone fence.

On our return from Tanna we found our house and premises in good order, and the natives pleased to see us back, and we were just as pleased to get back as they were to see us. I see no station I like as well as our own. Of course each missionary gets attached to their own island and natives. While the vessel was north—which was three weeks or so—we were busy getting our house in order, and the natives had been so long without their regular work, that they were almost forgetting how to do it. Each native must get his own particular work to do; if you give him two things to do at once he is completely bewildered; and if there is a wrong way or a stupid way to do a thing, that way he is sure to take. Since Mr. Robertson returned from the meeting, we have been changing our cook, herds, &c. I have also been making some change in my girls in the house. I have taken in four more girls this last week, which has given myself much more work and less time to do my writing. The older girls who have been with me since we came to Eromanga, now take the heavier work, such as washing, ironing, cleaning windows, &c. As for the baking, I do that myself. *I cannot get my husband persuaded to eat bread baked by native girls*, but I hope to succeed in that yet. Three of my little girls are the daughters of Kangi, an East Indian who was living on this island at the time of the murder of the first Mr. Gordon. He had twelve Eromangan wives, and exercised great influence over the natives. These girls are more like our

North American squaws than the natives of the New Hebrides. They are very young, the oldest being not more than twelve. I have taken them young on purpose, as I find them much more easily trained. I had found much difficulty in training the older women to work.

The three lads living with us take week about in the cook house, and minding the cows and goats. A cook out here means very little; the most he does is to get wood and water, keep the fire on, and boil the yam, which is our potato. The women outside, not being on our premises, each have their portion of ground to keep clean; some of them attend to it very faithfully, others do not. To those that are faithful in their work I occasionally give a garment or hat. They are fond of sewing and making their own garments. Before we left Tanna I had a regular sewing-class once a week, every Thursday morning from 9 till 12 o'clock. The general attendance was 22, but some of these were old women who will never learn to sew. However, to please them, they had to get a needle, thread, garment, &c. If I have as large a class this year, I intend dividing it into two classes. In that way I can give them more attention; but I am a little doubtful what I am to get for them to sew, unless I make them *rip up the garments which they sewed last year*, and sew them over again. Mrs. Goodwill this year sent me a box of made garments, and they have come very opportunely. As there are a good many worshipping people on this island, there is a constant demand for clothing, but more especially for calicos and prints by the yard. The Eromangan women, especially the heathen, make very pretty grass skirts; the heathen women wear them very long, often trailing a yard on the ground. All the heathen (men and women) that come about us are, as a rule, pleasant and civil.

My dear friend, I must say good bye. I spared and well, I will write at the end of the year when the vessel returns to Sydney to escape the hurricane season. I hope you will not be as long in writing as I have been in answering your kind letter. Nova Scotian letters are always welcome. Mr. Robertson joins me in kind regards to yourself and Mr. Campbell.

Yours sincerely,

CHRISTINA ROBERTSON.

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A SABBATH SCHOOL of about forty scholars, of all ages from five to fifty, has been opened at Koho, Japan. It is said to be the first in the empire conducted in the Japanese language.