

ness still, and are waiting for us to send and tell them of Him who said:—

“ I am the light of the world.”

Letter from Santo, New Hebrides

By REV. A. H. McDONALD.
SANTO, NEW HEBRIDES, Aug., 1891.



Y DEAR CHILDREN :

When I wrote to you last it was about Erromanga and Mr. Robertson. Some time has elapsed since then, and now here I am with my dear wife, settled at the north-west end of Santo, where Mr. Gordon, who was afterwards killed on Erromanga, stayed when he came to Santo, over twenty years ago. My house is built not twenty yards from where Mr. Gordon set up his tent. Some things that Mr. Gordon did, remain yet.

A bright little stream runs past my school house, and years ago pigs used to make it muddy, so Mr. Gordon got the natives to build up a wall around three springs, and then had a bamboo cut for an aqueduct, and now fresh, clear water comes from these, so that all may drink there, while the pigs can wallow in the water flowing past them and not dirty the water used by the villagers.

I find too, that one of the boys that Mr. Gordon had with him is still alive, though no longer a boy. He has never been away since, so that for twenty years he did not see any printing, and when I put into his hands a primer that Mr. Gordon had printed, I was astonished when he spelt the words in the book. You must know that Mr. Gordon used x. for an, and e. for oi, and yet this man remembered that. Malo is a big man now and a chief of many pigs, but I hope one day he will become a Christian.

Now I want to tell you something about Cape Lisburn. Ever so many years ago Mr. Goodwill came out here as a missionary. You may know him for he is with you in Canada again. Well, one day my wife and I set out

to see the people of Cape Lisburn, and the men all remembered Mr. Goodwill, or as they call him “ The Tall Missionary.” They were glad when I told them he was not dead, for they thought he had gone to Fiji and died there. Well, we saw the spot where Mr. Goodwill had his house, and they told me the orange trees he planted are growing and giving plenty of oranges.

The men who live near the spot asked me why they had not got a missionary. They are very anxious to get a missionary, and I think our Church of Victoria will grant their request. After stopping at Cape Lisburn some time we continued our journey and went on to Tangoa to see Mr. Annand. How glad we were to get out of the boat, and to get a kindly welcome from Mr. Annand! We rather astonished Mr. and Mrs. Annand when they came out on to the verandah early one morning, for you know we had come in our open boat sixty-six miles. How kind Mr. and Mrs. Annand were to us, and it was not nice at all to leave such friends, but our work is in the north. Mr. Annand kindly printed a primer for me and now my scholars are learning out of that primer.

Now dear children I must draw to a close. I like to think, that in this far away spot there is a link joining me to the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and also joining me to Erromanga and Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, and last but not least, to Mr. and Mrs. Annand.

Good night children, it is time for us to put out the lights and go to bed. God's blessing rest on you.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

A. H. McDONALD.

The fact has been made public that the major domo at Hatfield House, the residence of Lord Salisbury, was a priest, although the fact was not known to the Premier. When recognized the man at once left. It is thought by Lord Salisbury's family that he was a Jesuit agent, and sought to obtain information for the Vatican.

“ It is stated without contradiction that twelve hundred priests of the Church of England now hear confessions in private.”