

There is no resident clergyman at Sandakan, but the Governor supplies his place every Sunday, except when the Bishop happens to pay a visit to the place, as he did last week.

The luxury of getting on shore to large airy rooms, with deep cool verandas, and the feeling of perfect rest and repose, can only be fully appreciated after a long and anxious voyage in a hot climate on board a comparatively small ship. Our good-natured host had turned out bag and baggage, in order to make room for us, and had gone to Government House, leaving his comfortable bungalow entirely at our disposition.

*Monday, April 11th.*—We were all up early, anxious to make the most of our time in this pleasant spot. Tom went off for a ride with the Governor. I had been very anxious to go to the black bird's-nest caves of Gomanton, but was assured by everybody that the difficulties would be found insurmountable. A shorter expedition has been therefore proposed, and it is arranged that we shall cross the bay and look at the bilian-wood cutting. We glided through a perfect archipelago of small islands, where we saw curious houses, inhabited by Bajaus, or sea-gipsies. These huts are built on piles in the water, and round them dart the natives in their tiny canoes, throwing spears at the numerous shoals of fish. While we were sitting in the deep veranda, a steamer arrived alongside the pier, towing several rafts, which we saw unlashd and pulled to pieces in true primitive fashion, the heavy ironwood of which they are composed being simply cast into the river, as near the shore as possible, to be fished out at low tide.

None of our sportsmen turned up to dinner, at Government House, except Mr. Cook. Afterwards various dances were performed by the natives for our entertainment. In some of the war dances the men displayed much agility, and gracefulness, darting from side to side in their war cloaks of toucan's feathers, which floated out behind them with each movement. They were armed with shields, spears, and kreises. It was really a most picturesque scene, and the large open veranda of Government House, with the background of sea, sky, and distant mountains, seen in the bright moonlight, with the *Sunbeam* peacefully at anchor in the foreground, formed an appropriate setting.

*Tuesday, April 12th.*—In the course of the morning we visited the town to see the bazaars and have a look at the museum. On the green in front of the Government building stands a handsome Irish cross, raised to the memory of poor Frank Hatton and other explorers who have perished in North Borneo. There was a large party to lunch at Government House, and more came in afterwards to attend my Ambulance meeting, at which the Gov-