

used to pour in, and we used to have nightly searches for dry spots to stand our beds in. There was no fence round the 'Barn,' and it used to be the meeting-place of all the donkeys, goats, bullocks, and dogs. I must explain the house was built on piles twelve feet high, so the animals used to get underneath. Just as we were dropping asleep, we were roused by the braying of a donkey—there was only a plank between us and him! Then the bullocks, goats, and dogs would take up the chorus. I used night after night to have to sally forth armed with a good stick, descend under the house, and dislodge our unpleasant intruders. I used to feel furious at first when all the children were roused up, but I generally ended by laughing when I pictured to myself how ridiculous it all was. I don't speak of rats and centipedes, for the former made as much use of the house as we did. The centipedes are horrible; one bit me one day on the back of my neck; it was just as if some one had taken a pair of red-hot scissors and snipped my flesh. He was six inches long, three-quarters of an inch broad, with thick, coarse legs."

The place where they live is called Sandakan. It is the capital of North Borneo. About fifteen miles from Sandakan there are some wonderful caves. One of them is like a cathedral. It is 900 feet high (more than twice the height of St. Paul's Cathedral). There is a dome and nave. The walls are of a pale green colour. The eaves are inhabited by swallows at night and by bats in the day time. The swallows' nests are collected for the Chinese, who eat them.

Just now the interior of North Borneo is in a state of disturbance. Some Dyak policemen went up the Kinabatangan to collect gutta; the Roumanos, another head-hunting tribe, fell on them and murdered fourteen of them. Then two young Englishmen, who went up with 100 men to recapture runaway coolies, were suddenly confronted by about 7,000 natives.

News had just reached Sandakan of the murder of a Mr. Flint, who had gone up to trade at a place called Penungat, the head-quarters of the disturbances, and the Missionary's wife says:—

"It was to Penungat that my husband was so anxious to go, because he heard there were tribes who hitherto had not been influenced by Mohammedanism. How thankful I am now that he had not started. A force of Sikhs and Dyaks are going up now to try and punish these head-hunters, but I expect by the time the expedition gets up (it will take them nearly a month to do so), the troublesome tribes will either have fortified themselves strongly or will all have escaped."

So we see that there are some dangers and hardships in North Borneo. And this lady has another thing to bear, she had to leave three of her boys behind her in England. We think she feels being parted from them more than anything else.

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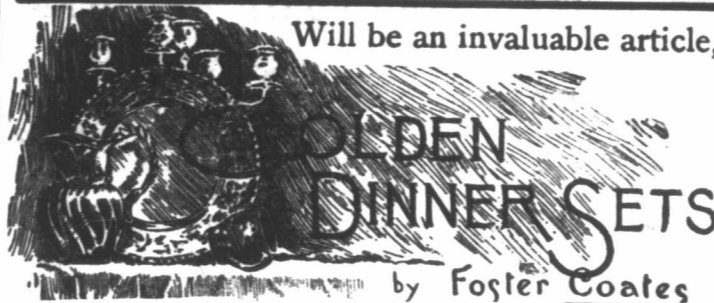
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