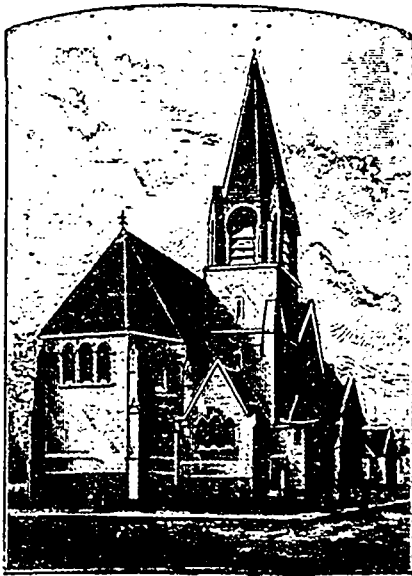




NEW ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, TORONTO.

native air. There he soon recovered, and is now settled in a pleasant English vicarage.

Mr. Plowman was succeeded by Dr. Read, who only held the incumbency a week or two, when, the important rectory of Grimsby having been offered him, he accepted the nomination, removed to that delightful country parish, and again St. John's was without a rector. The vacancy thus created was filled by the appointment of Rev. Alexander Williams, who for many years had been assistant curate at St. Paul's, Yorkville, and who still holds the position of rector of St. John's. During his incumbency the church was enlarged, a rectory built and also a schoolhouse, all of which were not only indications of progress, but also most helpful means of carrying on the various schemes of parish work.

(To be continued.)

IN THE NEW HEBRIDES.

JOHAN G. PATON, in his recently published book, gives a thrilling account of missionary work in the New Hebrides; but it is not so thrilling as to exclude the humorous side, which sometimes presents itself there as it does all the world over. Of this order the following incident is a fair example:

When residing on the island of Aniwa, one of the smaller isles of the New Hebrides—measuring about nine miles by three and a half—I began, in spare hours, to lay the foundation of two additional rooms for our house. While thus engaged I felt rather uneasy at seeing a well-known savage, named Nelwang, who had killed a man before our arrival, hang-

ing around with his tomahawk, and eagerly watching me while at work. One day he suddenly appeared from amongst the boxes, and so startled my wife that she ran for her life. I drew near him and said: "Nelwang, do you wish to speak to me?"

He answered that he did; that he needed my help; that he wanted to get married, and required my aid.

I protested, reminding him that marriages in Aniwa were all made in infancy, children being bought and betrothed to their future husbands. If it should be known that I interfered, I pointed out to him, it might cost the lives of myself, my wife, and my child.

"But," replied Nelwang, "the woman I want to marry is Yakin, a widow, up at the inland village, and that will break no infant betrothals."

Not anxious to take any responsibility in the matter, I asked if he knew whether the woman loved him or would marry him.

"Oh! yes," was the answer; "one day I met her on the path, and told her I would like to have her for my wife. Thereupon she took out her ear-rings and gave them to me, and I know thereby that she gave me her heart."

"Very well, then," I insisted; "why don't you go and marry her?"

"There is a difficulty in the way," responded Nelwang; "in the village are thirty young men for whom there are no wives. Each of them wants the widow, and if any one of them has the courage to take her the other nine-and-twenty will shoot him."

Here was a difficulty, indeed—one which still further diminished my inclination to have anything to do with the matter. I was no more desirous than Nelwang of being perforated with bullets.

Still Nelwang held on to me, and the result of our deliberations was that I advised him to carry off his bride at dead of night into the seclusion and safety of the bush! This advice was followed. The next morning Yakin's house was found deserted. It was immediately surmised that she had been carried off by some one. Messengers were dispatched to all the villages, and it was found that Nelwang had disappeared on the same night as the widow. The twenty-nine disappointed suitors took the usual revenge. The homes of the offenders were burned, their fences broken down, and all their property either destroyed or distributed.

Three days afterwards, when the plunderers were still assembled and feasting at Yakin's expense, I appeared on the scene. I called the fellows together and pointed out to them that they were foolish to make so much noise over an ungrateful woman; that they were well rid of her. The best way, I suggested, was to let Yakin and the man she had run away with go their gait and he would soon be sick of his bar-