

got inside there was not a place to be seen where we could sit down unless into the dirt. Two large ovens, or rather ash piles, occupied the centre of the room, and pigs, dogs and natives disputed the remaining space. A table stuck up against the wall was pointed out to us as

OUR APARTMENT FOR THE NIGHT.

It was made of sticks, some large and some small, and being very narrow for the two of us it proved a most comfortless bed. The fact, that to each leg of our bed a pig was tied, did not add anything to the pleasure of our situation. Cooking being over for the night, Mr. McKenzie had worship with the family, while we were thus engaged an old woman of near seventy was making her bed upon one of the ash piles. Before lying down she armed herself with a strong cudgel, for what purpose we were not certain then, but during the night the howling of a dog or the squealing of a pig revealed to us the object of the weapon. The room being very crowded she was frequently trampled upon by her four footed companions. After a restless night and with sore limbs, we sat up at grey dawn to make a survey of our lodgings. Twenty-one pigs, some of them huge fellows, six dogs, some fowls and seven human beings were occupants of the one room. At day light the feeding of the hogs began, and as they received their feed at the hands of the old woman, one by one, those in waiting kept up a most terrific squealing. Altogether this was a night long to be remembered. The fleas, filth and stench were almost unendurable. Without a regret we left this place early in order to reach home that day.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Our path for the first few miles was very rough, at times following the bed of a stream between rugged hills, then striking across some mountain side, and then again plunging down into a water course; five or six hours of such travelling brought us through Bufo to the head of the Erakor lagoon where the boat was awaiting us, so that before sun down we were taking our tea in our own houses.

REVIEW.

Though we were away only four days and three nights, that was nearly long enough for one visit. We averaged not less than twenty miles each day, and in all we visited twelve villages, and saw perhaps two hundred people. The mountain kingdom of "Ilang" has never yet been reached by a missionary, but there are few people on the mountains. There are probably now not 500 souls exclusive of our people and Pango and Erakor on all the south side of Efate. Wars, cannibalism and infanticide

have reduced their numbers. In all our journey we did not see more than a dozen children, while many of the men are diseased and ready to drop off. We met with no hostility from the people, but four or five of the places visited had never before seen the face of a white man, and in fact, in all the villages, we were objects of curiosity to the natives; so that we have no idea yet how they would receive us were we to go often among them. None of them wish to know anything about the Gospel. In looking at the number of people, the tract of country occupied by them, the difficulty of reaching them, the scarcity of children and the age of the majority, I think that I have good reason for saying that Mr. McKenzie has a very discouraging field outside of Pango and Erakor. I may say that I returned home thankful that our own people are so compact, so youthful, and so easily visited.

Faithfully yours,

JOS. ANNAND.

Letter from Rev. J. W. McKenzie.

ERAKOR, Efate, Oct, 14th, 1874.

Dear Mr. McGregor,—The time for letter writing has again come round, so I must take up my pen.

THE SEASON.

We have had a very pleasant season, and have enjoyed good health since I last wrote. But for the last eight or ten days it has been very disagreeable, raining day and night. Indeed, we had no such heavy rains during the two summer seasons that we have been here. To-night it is pouring in torrents.

SICKNESS AND DEATH.

Our natives at this village have had very little sickness until this wet weather set in, and no deaths. But at Epang there has been a great deal of sickness, and during the four months seven have died, most of them of consumption.

OUR WORK.

Our work is advancing but slowly. Dr. Geddie's remark about the natives of these two villages is undoubtedly true that "they have left their first love." A few of them are, I believe, journeying Zionwards. But they are still babes in Christ, and are following Ilim afar off. In order, however, to realize the great change that has been wrought on them you would require to know the condition of the heathen, and more than this to come in contact with them. Really in going amongst those who are yet lying in the depths of heathenism and seeing not so much their abominable customs as the darkness of their minds,