

suppose that the monotony here would make time hang more heavily on our hands. But it is not so. There is seldom any thing here to distinguish one day's work from another, and thus the days and weeks just *glide* away.

On Sabbaths at about eight o'clock we go in to Church. But the attendance there is almost discouraging at the commencement of the day's labour. Besides the Aneiteumese teachers, who are nine in number, we have only five or six men and the same of women and children who generally attend, and here are crowds of people who would not have a quarter or half a mile to walk to Church. But poor creatures, they dread any thing of this kind. We then travel round from village to village, the greater part of the rest of the Sabbath day. Mr. Paton just talking and worshipping with the people, when he can get any one to sit and listen to him. Some days he goes inland and some days along the shores, perhaps in one day holding worship in ten or twelve places in little villages, or by assembling a few of them round him on the shore. But we often find them at their work or sport on Sabbath, though they are nothing like so bad in this respect as formerly. Numbers have stopped work on Sabbath though, who do not listen to worship, or but seldom. Last Sabbath we had worship in about six or seven different places, but at no place had over seven to listen. We saw crowds out on the reefs fishing. Mr. Paton would call to any ones near, but perhaps only one or two would pay any attention to him. Perhaps some of them would start up a song singing. But we generally meet with better success than we did last Sabbath, for they have these few days past not been so friendly with Mr. Paton, and at these times of course do all they can to annoy us, and the "*Afacage*" religion. Fulton and I do not understand much of the worship yet, and of course cannot talk to the people. But still we always go round with Mr. Paton.

And about week days, our work is much the same each day through the week. We usually rise about half-past five o'clock and breakfast at seven. Mr. P. and the Aneiteum teachers get to work at the house which Mr. P. is building. Fulton and I spend much of our time with the language, sometimes reading, writing, &c. Fulton works a little occasionally at the new house.

We are all living together yet, but hope in a few weeks to be in the new house, which being so large, will accommodate quite well two families, or at least Mr. Paton in one part of it, and we two in another, if you can call that two families. Poor Mr. Paton, we feel very much for him, but he appears to bear his trouble most resignedly. He has been living here entirely alone since his wife died, until we came here. He was some of the time sick, and had none to wait on him. He had a servant man and woman from Aneiteum. But natives although they are taught to work about a house even so well, always require some one to oversee them occasionally, such as in cooking, &c.

While I sit writing there are several women and children round me. They all make a great fuss about me when they first see me—look at me with as great astonishment, as if I were some other kind of being from themselves, saying "*Ramasan, Ramasan*," meaning good, good. Mary, if you were here to see the abuse of women, I know your heart would ache for them. They are just slaves to the men—do the hardest of the work, and if they happen to give the slightest offence to them are severely punished and often clubbed to death. It will likely be sometime before we will get any of the natives to come and stop with us. They do not take much interest in us yet. They will not yet work for us, if they are paid for it. The Tanese are a very independent looking people and awfully proud. The men wear their hair long and twisted up in little strings, and wound round with a kind of thread or grass. But you will see a picture of one in "*Gems from the Coral Islands*."

Fulton has just interrupted me, telling me that he dreamed last night of receiving a long letter from you, which contained a Journal of home affairs from the time we left. He says it will be something new to receive a long letter from Mary, but I hope this will not be the case hereafter. You have little idea how one feels so far out of reach of all that is dear to them, and not hearing from them. Fulton always keeps saying that he will not fret if he don't get letters. He pretends to be wonderfully brave about it. But when he saw the package of letters that came here for Mr. and Mrs. Matheson, and Mr. Paton, I rather think that he looked at them with a longing desire for home news also, wondering what had become of