

preach among these Gentiles, the unsearchable riches of Christ? They will find in these islands a somewhat rugged, but hopeful field of labour. May God, in mercy to a perishing world, hasten the time when "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever."

Letter from Rev. Mr. McNair.

*Dillon's Bay, Erromanga,
26th November, 1867.*

REV. P. G. MCGREGOR, Sec'y. Foreign Missions, Halifax, Canada.

My Dear Sir,—The path of duty is now clear, at least to me. Mr. Gordon has resolved to go to Sydney this rainy season, and I have resolved to remain here. The Eromangans, so far as we are concerned, are pretty quiet. Soon after the departure of the Dayspring for the Loyalties, *Warrace Tak* the Chief of the tribe up the river, and who has more subjects than any chief about Dillon's Bay, exchanged presents with me. Natives generally are very fond of boxes to keep their little property together, and if they have a lock and key they are all the more appreciated—taking advantage of this desire of theirs I have doctored up a few of the boxes we got our stores in and handed them over to them as presents. A little kindness of this sort pleases them mightily. We cannot afford to allow anything to go to waste in this quarter of the world if we can help it. The sole of an old slipper is turned into good account in the shape of a pair of hinges for a box. *Warrace Tak* sent me a quantity of yams and three bunches of plantains, and I sent him one of these boxes containing a few small articles and a small pig. Since writing you last I had also several friendly visits from *Warrace, Nangari and Numpunara*, the other two principal chiefs about Dillon's Bay.

VISIT TO COOK'S BAY.

On the 15th inst., the Dayspring returned and in a few hours we were off in her for Cook's Bay. We came to anchor next morning, possibly near the very spot where Captain James Cook anchored nearly a hundred years ago. It is perhaps the best anchorage on this Island, sheltered as it is from the prevailing winds by a huge sugar-loaf-like mountain, possibly for 2000 to 3000 feet high, and very richly clothed with wood to the very summit, and named by *Cook Traitor's Head*, to commemorate the treacherous character of the Eromangans.

A VILLAGE.

There is a village at the bottom of this mountain opposite the anchorage, and there we soon landed, but did not find the villagers quite so treacherous as the famous naviga-

tor, if he landed at the same place, which is very probable; we however had some advantage, we were able to speak to the people. At first there were no women to be seen, and when I asked them if there were none in the village they answered in the negative. Mrs. McNair, however, was more successful, she said to some of the men that she would like to see their wives, when one said that he would send for his at once, and he was as good as his word, for in a few minutes there were three women making their way to us among the rocks on the sea-shore. I asked for the chief of the place, but was told he lived a long way to leeward—say seven miles by land and five by sea direct. I proposed to go to him at once, when a young man stepped on board to go along with us; almost immediately on landing at this place I despatched a messenger to Cook's Bay in order to learn the state of things there and to bring one or more chiefs to meet me on board the Dayspring, and if all well to accompany me on the Monday to *Ravelour*, after a sail of five or six miles we came to the chiefs' place, about a mile to the windward of *Putnuma Bay* proper. As we neared the beach we noticed a pretty large number of stalwart, naked, painted savages on the shore—we landed amid a crowd of men, but no women and very few boys. We spoke, but still they were very shy, I asked for the chief *Nowi*, thinking he was the highest chief of the district, they said that he was at the adjoining village not many yards off. I asked them to bring him to me as I wished to make his acquaintance, they then said that he was lame. I said I would go to see him at the village, meanwhile a single woman made her appearance, Mrs. McNair approached her with a string of beads and a looking-glass and spoke kindly to her, but still she seemed terribly afraid, it appeared she never saw a white woman before.

NOWI'S VILLAGE.

The mate and myself reached *Nowi's* village but behold he was in hiding. One of my men, however, went in search of him but could not persuade him to come to see me. I asked the reason, when they replied that he was afraid that I would make him sick. I addressed a few words to the people saying that I rather loved him and had no wish to make him sick. I then enquired there was another chief, and who was really the highest chief of the district.

VISIT TO LIFU.

I was then told *Lifu* was the highest chief and that he was not far off. I said if he would come to me I would give him a knife, and made at once for the boat, but our way thither a number of women and some children saluted us very kindly through a fence. It seems the woman who