

We reached Eromanga on Tuesday the 5th, and anchored in Dillon's Bay. It was with solemn feeling that I landed, and gazed upon the spots where Williams and Harris were killed in 1839, and where Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Gordon were killed in 1861, and where Mr. Macnair died in 1871. The graves of the Gordons and Macnair are visible as the mouth of the river is entered. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, who now occupy this station, had been absent five months. It was very pleasing to see the welcome they received from their people, and the joy which greeted the baby whom they had not seen before. Most of the natives around Dillon's Bay are Christian. They had taken great care of Mr. Robertson's house and grounds, and had even improved their appearance. Service had been regularly kept up by the Christian teachers, of whom there are ten in different stations. The attendance at Dillon's Bay averages fifty. Mr. Robertson assembled about that number to hear an address from me. It was very touching to hear them singing "Navosdan"—Happy day. He took me a walk up the river. The natives around us were mostly naked, except the women, who wore longer skirts than those on Tanna. The Christian portion are better clothed. The tide goes up only a short distance, when the river rushes over volcanic rocks, and there it is quite fresh. There ships can get water, and the natives have a bathing place. The banks on each side are very high and precipitous. As we went we met a native with a musket. Mr. Robertson asked him to accompany us, which he did, so that we were well guarded. Mr. Robertson has got a new house nearer to the sea, and less exposed to the malaria. He is not strong, but wiry; and his wife and he feel quite attached to their people. When they lost their first baby last year, and Mrs. Robertson's life was in danger, the natives showed great sympathy and kindness. Mr. Robertson's position seems more secure than any of his predecessors.

We left Eromanga at nightfall, so that I did not see much more of the island. We reached Pango Bay in the island of Fate, on the afternoon of the sixth. As the ship's flag was flying, Mr. Annand was soon seen coming in his boat, and shortly after Mr. Mackenzie. These brethren live not very far from each other, though they labour among different languages. Mr. Annand is the first who has settled among the people of the islands of Fila and Mel—a people who have Malay affinities and speak a language somewhat akin to those of Fotuna and Aniwa. The mission house is on the small island of Iririki, where there are no native inhabitants. Mr. Annand and his devoted wife have been

quite alone on this island all the year. The natives have seldom come near them. None would live with them to help in the house. Occasionally they have been hired for thatching, but for the most part, this young couple have had all their work to do themselves. When I saw them, Mrs. Annand was recovering from an attack of fever; and her husband had to be nurse and cook. The chief of Fila was, however, beginning to show more friendly relations, but not caring for the Gospel. Being so much apart from the people has hindered Mr. Annand's acquisition of the language, which is felt to be a great drawback.

The natives of Fila are a bold and stalwart race. They are very greedy, and difficult to satisfy. The women are the most shameless of any I have met. They wear their hair very short, have no covering on their bosoms, and no grass petticoats. All they had on was a calico wrapper. The men wear ornaments. The women paddle canoes and climb up the ship with yams and bananas for sale. Polygamy is practised as at the other islands.

We met some of the natives of Pango—the whole population of which has embraced the Gospel. Mr. Mackenzie had removed his residence to Krakor, where the late Rev. D. Morrison resided, and as it is an island, it is healthier. The village there is Christian. I did not get to his house on this visit, as the ship was on the wrong side. The captain and I walked over the island of Fila. The villages were larger than those in southern islands. They are also better furnished. Indeed people are of a higher type, and if brought under the Gospel would also take a higher place. Their huts enter at the sides, while those in the southern islands are open at the end. They have curious wooden drums set up in sacred places in honour of the dead. These they beat in a most discordant way at stated times, while they call upon the spirits of the departed. They dance around them in the same superstitious interest. We observed more children here than in other places. The natives reside on the island, but have their plantations on the mainland of Fate. Crowds were around our vessel all the time of our stay.

We left on Friday the 8th, and passed quickly round to Havannah harbour—a fine sheet of water.

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We are very sorry to see the death announced of Rev. James Nesbit and his wife who were for many years missionaries among the Cree Indians of the Far West. Mr. Nesbit belonged to the Presbyterian Church of Canada.