

forgave them twice; but finally had to forbid the ring-leader the place. Two of the number have turned out well. A third, a young boy, and son of the late chief Niowan, is also doing pretty well. One great evil is the fact that little boys are present with fighting men on all occasions. I could have got many of these to live on the Mission premises a year ago; but not so now, as their whole delight is in war. Thus early are they trained to deeds of blood.

#### VISIT TO ROWWILYOW.

Early on Monday morning, on the 4th of June, I set out for Rowwilyow. Of my boat's crew—seven in all—one only was a native of Dillon's Bay. The others were natives of the side to which we were going, and they only could accompany me in safety, and not all even of these the whole distance. As we sailed around the coast a few stragglers appeared here and there on the coral beach. They hailed us as sandalwood traders, and made motions to show that their bundles of wood were near, and the faint accents of the word *to-bac-co* which fell on the ear informed us of the payment required. The wind heading us we had to row against a stiff breeze, a strong current, and rough sea. We pushed on but soon found ourselves on an iron-bound coast, with the steep rocks skirting the waves. When at length we came to an opening the boat could just live, and we got in with no more risk than shipping one sea. We found the place forsaken, though not finally. I pitched my tent for the night, as night was then upon us. Next day we attempted to proceed but were obliged to put back. Leaving the crew to take care of the boat, I set out on foot accompanied by one native. In the course of two days they got the boat round a few miles farther where it was abandoned. We first arrived at the settlement of a chief, who was one of Worisnangeri's allies. He showed us a rod of inch iron about seven feet long, with which his leg had been broken. That day we travelled as far as *Unora*, where we tarried for the night, and passed it rather comfortably, considering that we had neither rug nor blanket.

As we walked along that day, having emerged from the bush we came upon two or three scattered villages. A man came out to the path and gave me a hearty shake of the hand. He took a tight grip and held on. He was smiling and altogether as pleasant as a May-flower. A few steps taken in advance and he pronounced in a beseeching tone of voice, *tobacco*. What a look of blank disappointment settled down on the poor fellow's countenance on discovering that we did not deal in that article. We had not proceeded far when a young woman came running after us. She too was quite prepossessing tho' not absolutely

charming; but neither could the man's pleasantness, nor female attractions, draw from us a pipeful of the weed. Thus a craving appetite has been created in these miserable people, which they are unable to satisfy or even appease. For a long time I had difficulty in keeping thieves out of my garden, whither they used to come and steal the blossoms of the trumpet flower, which they smoked as a substitute for tobacco.

After this we espied three women who were advancing towards us; but so soon as they got sight of us, they took to their heels and soon disappeared in the wood. My travelling companion called to them, but that only lent speed to their feet. Having passed, on looking behind we saw them grinning at us from behind the trees at a safe distance.

Another day's walk brought us to *Potnuma*, Potina Bay, where I again pitched my tent. The first man we met here was a Malay overseer, cast off by the traders, and who did his best to hinder the introduction and spread of Christianity in the village. He introduced himself by saying, "one woman, two child," which interpreted meant that he had a wife and two children. I found him officiously kind. On receiving a pig he killed and dressed it for us. I received Benjamin's portion and divided with *Nav Ril*; and what I could not then eat I carried with me in native style to serve for another day, for it is not every day we get a pig on Eromanga. This was my second visit to this place, and the first since the death of Nerimpow the teacher. His demise was a sad loss to us, tho' I trust his gain. It was his native village and I feared ill consequences, which however were happily not realized. We found that a good school-house had been put up; and within the sacred, though humble enclosure I had the great satisfaction of addressing a respectable audience of men and women. The chief is a young man and a decided friend. Nerimpow's labours in the Lord were not in vain; and, ascending, his mantle fell upon his two brothers, one of whom though not a deputed teacher has been doing a little in that way. Their father is a mean looking little savage; and tho' not an enemy, prefers feasting and fighting to fasting and praying.

It rained during the night and next morning; still, striking my tent we pushed on. The path led through a rich loamy soil and was as slippery as tho' it had been soft-soaped. The grass and bushes were dripping, and ere we had gained a mile I was drenched. In the forenoon we reached *Aracow*—the height in the centre of the peninsula between Potinia and Cock's Bays. In all the settlements to which we came we found that the inhabitants in con-