

tions between the Government and the Indians, and one who had used the little knowledge he had of Christianity, only to thwart the plans of those who were trying to promote it.

Mr. Anderson has found out already that it is not a path of roses that lies before him, but I have confidence that the school will be a success, both as a means of teaching Indian youth the elements of English and habits of industry. One good purpose the establishment of the school has already served. The Edmonton congregation has, in a sense, adopted it, a missionary association has been formed and the interest in "our" school promises to bring a blessing to the helpers as well as to the helped in the time to come.—A. B. B.

Errouranga.

LETTER FROM REV. H. A. ROBERTSON,

DILLON'S BAY, 15th September, 1885.

SOME days have elapsed since I began this scrawl and though I had intended to continue the narrative of events during our absence from this Island and since our return to it, I must break off abruptly and finish my note for to-morrow, (D.V.) I intend walking over the hills to our second or east station situate in Potnuma, (called by the whites, Portinia Bay, as the traders never seem to be able to get native names correctly.) "Potnuma" however is characteristic of the district and ought therefore to be accepted, no native will ever call it by any other name.) Near Traitor's Head and distant from our first or West Station (Dillon's Bay) by 18 or 20 miles and since my road, made in 1882, is all but blocked up by bush and reeds again, as the natives walk in single file, I will have no light tramp to-morrow, probably ten hours constant walking and climbing, for I never have done it in less than eight hours when the roads were clear. By and by we hope to be able to open up a part of this road thoroughly, so as to be able to take the horse, and already we have nearly a mile of the most difficult bit thoroughly made, as done at home. (I do not now mean England or Scotland when I speak of our mile of road being like a home road, I refer to Canada, for in England and Scotland they really do make proper roads, they do not throw the mud out of the side drains upon the road, but instead put on stone and gravel.)

Why am I going to walk these 18 or 20 miles when we are both so pressed with our work proper here at Dillon's Bay?—well, we always went to visit some heathen chiefs, settle a teacher, build a school house or room for ourselves, or visit old districts, and were cheered in going and often cheered when there, but this time not so, but having heard a report, which I pray and hope may not be cor-

rect, or at least greatly exaggerated, I am leaving every thing and going over at once and will report the facts to you when I again write.

Be pleased then to excuse me closing my letter as it is, for I take it with me, as there will be a trading (not a labour) vessel at our East station about the 20th inst, for dried Cocoanuts ("Cobra") and the captain will kindly post what letters or notes we may get written before that date, at Noumea for that is their market. I so long to get copies of the Church's *Record* and *Halifax Witness*: I miss them so much. I fear our delightful trip to civilization has made us both long more than ever for a regular mail communication and for congenial society. It is now nine months since we left Canada and we have not had a single line since from any friend there, but we expect quite a good weeks' reading when the "Dayspring" returns from Sydney which it is expected she will do in six weeks, and besides many letters, or notes, as the case may be, from you good Canadian friends, we will have letters from our three bairns left at school in Sydney, and as there are vessels almost every month calling here for 'Cobra' for Noumea (there is a white trader settled a few hundred yards from my house at Traitor's Head, the first trader on this Island for more than ten years), I will have opportunities of sending and receiving letters by them. Mr. Morgan one of the owners having a few weeks ago written me that he would be very happy to carry letters, or any thing else for me at any time, and I am now sending by one of his vessels for a few things I need for photography, besides sending what letters we may get written to-day.

I brought from New York an excellent portable camera and small out-fit and am going to try and take occasionally a few Island views and mission buildings and groups of natives for the Church in Canada, but especially for the Board that they may have a clear (?) idea of school-houses, churches, mission houses and native faces when we write. I would advise you to procure one also, for *Editors like missionaries have so much idle time upon their hands*. I only had a dozen plates and am so sorry, for had I a few more, I could enclose a print from a negative. I will enclose a copy, the first I have succeeded in printing, of our house. "It is very poor" alas I know that myself. But had you been able to have seen (I tried to see but failed) the first print, you would have said of the one I now enclose, "what a remarkable improvement upon the first, why, do not be discouraged, Robertson, go on and by and by we shall be able to tell a man's head from a cabbage head": well that will be an advance, for not many can do it.

Our church people gave us 1½ tons of yams and 12 hogs as a welcome-home present, shortly after our return, and many hundred of the people came from five to twenty-five miles to greet us! Poor people! To travel