

numerous friends of the Mission how the natives live, how they *spend* their time, how they marry and are given in marriage, how parents act towards their children and children towards their parents, how *attentive* brothers are to their sisters and sisters to their brothers; the position of chiefs and petty or under chiefs, how property is divided, the way in which they build their *houses* and canoes and make their plantations; crowning of chiefs, feasts, *weeping* over the dead, bestowing of gifts, *cleanliness*, *etiquette*, their keen sense of the ludicrous and buoyancy of spirit, their *painful* and *severe* style of rigging themselves out in *olds* and ends of European clothing for church on Sunday morning, the indolence of the natives generally and the sublime impudence of the savages. In a word, to convey the many friends of the Mission and the poor natives to one of those—what shall I call them? matchless island gardens and get a peep into native life for themselves will be my aim.

I have taken up so much space in stating what I *have* written and what I *intend* to write, that I cannot do more in this sketch than simply rouse an old grim Indian warrior from his slumbers in his wigwam and ask him to come with me to the shore as quite a number of Nova Scotians have landed and are anxious to have an interview with the chief. Now friends don't flatter yourselves he is going to jump up and come to you at once; no, he does not care a toss of a straw for all the Nova Scotians in the Dominion. No, not even if they should turn out to be all Confederates though he is a rabid Unionist himself for he has half-a-dozen wives. Just draw up your boat on the beach and come up under the cool shade of this graceful palm and refresh yourself with a *real* orange, a golden pine-apple, or a drink of the exhilarating mountain dew (milk of the young cocoanut), until the Lord of Creation with his tribe presents himself. Here he comes! But why has he not come frankly forward and shaken hands with us? Well, partly because it is not the custom of his land, but principally because you may not have touched in at his village to trade with him and his people, nor have you brought him any presents. but you have *only* come to ask him if he will *allow* Christian teachers to remain among his people and tell them about Jesus. Emerging out of the bush he slowly walks towards the shore until within a few yards of where you are sitting and then squats on the ground and fans himself while he waits to receive you. He is a little over five feet eight inches in height, weighs about one hundred and fifty pounds. He has his woolly hair "done up" in fine trim and hanging like great bundles of whip-cord down his back. This

web of wool is "taboo," (not to be interfered with, set apart from the common, precious, sacred). In colour he is not so dark as the African nor yet so light as our North American Indian, a sort of dirty coffee colour. His face is smeared over with red, blue and black paint mixed in cocoanut oil. From his ears hang huge bundles of rings made of tortoise shell, and on his arms are rings made from the same material. Suspended by a cord round his neck is a large circular piece of rude mother-of-pearl, and with club by his side he looks like a very savage. Beside and on either side of him are groups of old men, lads and boys, some sitting others leaning on their clubs and spears, and still further back a string of old women and maidens are sitting down in silence. By this time you are in deep conversation with the old chief, and as fear, pride and *custe* yield to confidence, manly sociability and honest acknowledgment that you are both sons of old Adam, and therefore naturally great *scoundrels*; you begin by this time to get interested in each other and the by-standers gradually draw near to hear the conversation. You now present the chief with a few axes, knives and fish-hooks, and in turn he gives you some fruits and vegetables, and promises to protect and be kind to the teacher when he comes.

While you sat there you saw no person or persons being sent off from the group and you are surprised to see two young men coming forward carrying an immense living hog suspended by the feet to a pole and squealing out a song sounding something like "Shoo Fly don't bodder me." The hog is put in the boat together with a quantity of fruits and vegetables, and after saying good bye to the chief and his people, you step into the boat, turn your bows towards your ship which is lying "off and on," and having promised to call again in a months time you move off to the ship, hoist up the boat, make sail, glide out into deeper and safer waters pleased with the result of your visit.

H. A. ROBERTSON.

News of the Church.

Presbytery of Pictou.

The Presbytery of Pictou met in James' Church, New Glasgow, on the 28th Feb., and was constituted by the Rev. George Walker, Moderator *pro tem*.

A Commission from the congregation of Lochaber and Union Centre, appointing Mr. William Forbes their representative