

mother is gone getting clams; and the little thing lisps, 'Raven, have you seen my mother? Sea-gull, have you seen my mother?' After this, one of the party commenced the legend of 'The Chief's Proud Daughter;' but the night advancing, we were obliged to defer the conclusion.

"On Tuesday Mr. Duncan gave the girls a merry evening with the galvanic battery, introducing the bucket of water and the silver coin, which none succeeded in getting. Mr. Duncan has great art in keeping them cheerful, telling them humorous stories, the point of which they always remember; e.g., 'A man with a wry neck fell and hurt himself; a friendly bystander picked him up, and began to set him generally to rights, and, among the rest, to straighten his neck. The man, terrified, cried out, "Hold hard there! Born so, born so!"' One evening some one made a remark on their Indian gait, which Mr. Duncan interpreted to the girls, to their great amusement; and one of them exclaimed, in English, 'Born so!' which was immediately taken up by the rest, some of them jumping up and caricaturing their own peculiarities; upon which Mr. Duncan explained to us the allusion.

"This evening Mr. Duncan showed me a letter just received from one of the girls whom he had occasion to reprove in the morning. In broken English she bewailed her ingratitude and hard heart, asked his forgiveness, and entreated his prayers that she might be a better girl."

A single letter written by one of the first set of scholars will serve to show the amount of intelligence and good feeling which prevailed amongst them. It was given to Mr. Duncan by a young woman to send down in the schooner to her sister, who was leading an evil life in Victoria. She had before succeeded in reclaiming one of her sisters, and hence her letter to this one:—

"*Metlahkatalah.*

"MY DEAR SISTER—I send this little news to you. I very much wish to see you, my sister. I tell you sometimes I very much cry because I remember your way not right. I want you to hear what I speak to you. Come now, my sister, I hope you will return and live in your own place. Do not you persevere to follow bad ways. You must try to forsake your way; repent from your heart. You hear our Saviour Jesus Christ. Cast all your bad ways on Jesus. He know to save us when we die. I am very happy because I see my brother and sister come again. I thank God because He hear always cry about you.—I am, your crying Sister,

"ELIZA PALEY."

Letter-writing seems to have been an institution of civilised life which was greatly recommended itself to the Indians. The schooner commonly carried a "post" of some 200 letters, all written by Indians to their several friends in Victoria.