

have no religion, but there is something like *caste* among them. They say that there was a religion among them of old time, and that they had a Sunday, which they called "Beumasos," or happy day of rest, and that they had a Being whom they worshipped, but all that passed away ages ago; they have no idea of a good Being. All are evil spirits, whom they call "Rinar;" they are very much afraid of these spirits. They believe in the existence of a hell, but have no idea of the existence of a heaven; they believe that a man has a soul, but, at the time of dissolution, the soul, or spirit, which they call "Ralnavu," is dragged down into "Nasuli," hell, where the evil spirits burn them. I tell them of a heaven in which there is infinite happiness, and of a good God and Saviour, to whom, if they come, they shall not taste of the fire of hell or second death.

Theft, lying, cheating, and killing, are considered no sin, which they call "Nauraurar," but at the same time they are considered with adultery, innocent pleasure; in other words, it is all one to them, since they expect nothing in the future but eternal burnings. As they have no worship, nor name of a Supreme Being, whom they say was once known to them of old but now is forgotten, it is no easy matter to get appropriate terms to express the truth, but as I acquire the language and become acquainted with it, I suppose the difficulty will disappear. There has been properly no war since we came; there was, however, in another district, a little war; a few were wounded by arrows. The cause of the war was, a fellow had stolen another man's wife. I sent our chief to make peace between them. They made a kind of reconciliation between the parties, but in a short time hostilities were again appearing. I saw the fellow who stole the woman, and had a good talk with him; the result was, he returned the woman, and gave a few pigs, and there was no war since. They say they would have "plenty fight," but "Missi" speak no fight, and "we no fight;" but enough of this subject at this time.

Let us now come nearer home. How do matters stand among you? . . . Have you times of refreshing from the Spirit of God? How is my good friend McEachern? and a good elder that lives on the other side? I forget his name, he was at the meeting of Synod in New Brunswick before I left for these Islands. I hope he is well. Remember me to all my good and kind friends, not forgetting the McLeod's. What do you think of this Union so much talked of? I expect a good long letter from you with all the news you think interesting. We hear very little of what is going on in

the world here. I hope that you will excuse this scribbling, I have no time to rewrite it, hardly time to read it over. I must now close, wishing you all the richest blessings of God's Holy Spirit and grace; and may His Spirit work in you all mightily so that you all may be filled with the fullness of God, that "your peace be as a river, and your righteousness as the waves of the sea." Thus you will have "joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

Letter from Rev. H. A. Robertson.

The following letter from Rev. H. A. Robertson to a private friend will be read with interest:

DILLON'S BAY, EROMANGA,
Sept. 12th., 1872.

No doubt you will have learned from my previous letter, written shortly after I came here to Rev. A. W. H., that I have been settled on Eromanga. There is no missionary on the island except myself. Noble James Douglas Gordon fell a martyr in the cause of Christ about the end of February last on this island. He was tomahawked whilst seated, resting on the verandah of his own house by a native savage of Eromanga, named Nerimpon. Mr. Gordon had just finished the revision of the last few verses of the seventh Chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, in which the stoning of Stephen is recorded, and, handing the manuscript to Soso, one of the teachers, to read over, Mr. Gordon stepped out on the verandah for the purpose of resting, whilst a native boy named Novulu prepared his dinner. On the verandah Mr. Gordon met Nerimpon and Näre, who entered into conversation freely. But you never know when to depend upon a heathen native of Eromanga. Mr. Gordon turned into the house, brought out an empty bottle for each of the men, common black bottles being much prized by the natives for the purpose of keeping their drinking water in them. Immediately after handing them to the two men, Mr. Gordon sat down in his easy-chair on the verandah immediately to the left of the open door. Whilst in conversation with them, Nerimpon stood in the open door way immediately to the right of Mr. Gordon, whose side face would then be in close proximity to