

landing they divided their spoils, Babbie taking hers home for her hungry youngsters ; but Jane, happening to have in a good stock of food just then, set off for the Mission House, carrying her fish tied up in a large red cotton handkerchief. Arriving there, she first lifted the latch and walked into the kitchen, and stood silently in the corner. The tidy maid, busy over her ironing, greeted her with the usual "What cheer?" but nothing more passed between them. A very wrinkled old woman was already squatting on the floor, a piece of old blanket over her shoulders, her grey hair straggling from under a cotton handkerchief ; she blinked up at the newcomer with her almost sightless old eyes, and asked, "What luck with the nets?" Two or three girls with kettles for milk dropped in at intervals, and joined the waiting group, but no one thinks of knocking at the door or stating their errand ; they just let themselves in, and await developments. People of a more pushing nature, however, sometimes march through the kitchen, and upstairs to the dwelling-rooms, in search of "minister" or his wife.

So Jane waited with the rest until "the mistress" came down to see to the evening's skimming, and found quite a large audience waiting for her. She began with Granny Pott, asking what she had come for. "Mola ka-kwan" (nothing), was the reply. "I'm just comin' seeing you ; this first time I'm comin' seeing you," she continued, bobbing her old chin. "I wash and comb my face and my hair, comin' seeing you." "Well, that's all right, Granny ; it looks very nice!" Then came a pause, and she tries another tack. "I like Bissip, you know ; very much I like Bissip," and she peers up to watch the effect of her words, the mistress still pretending not to see the object of all these compliments. "And I'm glad to hear that, Granny ; so you should like him." This was really quite disheartening ; but she catches sight of a tin of baking powder on the table, this will surely lead up to the right subject, so she begins again :—"That nice tin to keep bit of tea ; I like that tin, very much I like that tin." "If you had a tin like that, what would you do with it?" "I put my tea in ; but I'm got none tea," with a woe-begone shake of the head, "No tea, not a sup." "Well, now, Granny, that tin has something in it, but I think I could find you one just like it," and the little housewife disappears into the dairy—larder—store-room with her bunch of keys, returning in a minute with a tin in her hand, and a mischievous smile on her face. Granny takes the tin, and is just preparing a bigger hint when she hears something rattle, and, taking off the lid, discovers that some tea has already been put in, so she pours out a flood of broken thanks, praise, and comic ejaculations,