

might call them a carriage-driving congregation, for I counted at least 40 horses and waggon's ranged along the road-side leading to the church. I afterwards learned that many belonging to the Free Church had taken part in the service with us, and I could not help thinking what a comfortable living could be raised for a talented man by the united efforts of all who worshipped in Richmond church on that occasion. In Woodstock, at the evening service, I was assisted by the Rev. Mr. Fraser of the Free Church, who kindly took part in conducting the exercises. Mr. Fraser often preaches in our new church at Woodstock, and does so with the entire consent of the trustees, and at the suggestion of the Presbytery of St. John in connection with the church of Scotland. As we happened to be fellow-passengers on the Saturday's stage, we arranged the Sunday services so as not to interfere with the people attending both if they chose. Mr. Fraser announced the hours of service for me, and I did the same for him. Thus the middle walls of partition are rapidly giving way, and the people look forward with the deepest interest, not only to co-operation in country districts, but to a union between the two Synods at an early day.

G. J. CAIE.

Portland, St. John, N. B., September, 1869.

NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE THROUGH THE ISLANDS OF THE NEW HEBRIDES.

BY REV. DR. GEDDIE. (*Concluded.*)

MINARU OR ESPIRITU SANTO.

October 20th.—We dropped anchor this morning at Pulow Bay, at the south-west end of the island. This is a fine bay; and safe from all winds except the west, which seldom blows here. There are some streams of excellent water which run into it, and vessels can water with little trouble. I visited this place eight years ago in the *John Williams*.

On our arrival, we saw very few natives on the shore, and no canoe came off to us. It was soon evident that we must take the initial step in opening up intercourse. A boat was lowered and we pulled towards the shore. The few natives whom we saw soon disappeared in the bush, and one man only was bold enough to stand his ground, and find out who we were. A native of Fate, who could speak the language, stood up in the boat and called out to the man on shore that our vessel was a missionary ship, and not to be afraid of us. The word soon spread, and the natives began to emerge from their hiding-places and gather around us, when we landed. We were glad to find among them two men who had been taken to Maré in the *John Williams*, and spent a year with the missionaries there. They were delighted to see us, and remained with us during our stay. We soon learned that a slaver had been here, and carried off a number of natives, and this was the explanation given of their distrust in us before they knew us.

In the course of the afternoon, the captain and I went to visit a native village about three miles from where we lay. The place was small, and we did not see more than a dozen of houses. As our guide was very talkative, I wished to glean every information from him. I asked him if it were true that they did not bury their dead, but kept their bodies in their houses. He said it was, and took us into a house close by where we saw a body rolled up in mats, and the woman of the house attending to her domestic duties, and laughing at our curiosity. The reason given for this strange and revolting custom is affection for the dead. The body is retained until decomposition ceases, and the bones only remain, which are then buried; but some of them are usually retained to make points for their spears and arrows. The natives next led us to a place