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# NA-NA-KWA

OR

*Dawn on the Northwest Coast.*

No. 4.

KITAMAAT.B.C.

October, 1898

Dear Friend;

This issue of Nanakwa is a couple of weeks late. Owing to the work being nearly doubled for lack of teacher, together with prevalent sickness, I've been hard pressed for time.

When the people returned from the cannery, they brought the measles. With white children, as a rule, they are not considered very serious, but with Indian children, many of whom have a scrofulous tendency they are quite a grave matter.

I shall try and keep up the interest in this number, and give such information as will be beneficial to any who are anxious to study the Indian life and our work.

It has been peculiarly refreshing to receive some notes and letters containing kind words, and better still sincere expressions of "God speed" in relation to this quarterly letter.

Yours sincerely,  
Geo. H. Raley.

## DAWN AT KITAMAAT.

*(Continued.)*

"THE PEOPLE THAT WALKED IN DARKNESS HAVE SEEN A GREAT LIGHT; THEY THAT DWELL IN THE LAND OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH UPON THEM HATH THE LIGHT SHINED."

Mr Crosby was able to fulfill his promise to Wahuksgumalayu early in October, and arrived at Kitamaat by canoe with a crew consisting of four Tsimpleans and two Hydahs one Saturday evening.

He landed at the foot of what are now mission premises. The head chief Jessea went to meet him, and his first words were: (Chinook was the medium of conversation) "we are having a feast and dance, the

Noonithghiesta or dance man is expected from the mountain to-night; but dont say anything about it, or the people will be angry." "Very well" answered Mr. Crosby "I will say nothing about it, if you will promise to stop to-night, and listen to me to-morrow. I am going away on Monday." Accordingly the Chief promised the dance should stop for the morrow.

That same evening the Noonithghiesta or dance man appeared. He came down from the mountain, where for a month he had been the companion of the bears and wolves, living in a rude den in a state of semi-starvation, subsisting on roots and bark. He reached the village at mid-night making a loud noise imitating the flapping wings of a flight of large birds. After he had scrambled over the roofs of several houses, he was finally caught and caged, it was thought securely, in one of the old houses.

The following morning Mr. Crosby's little bell rung to call the people to service in Noah's house. Wahuksgumalayu by this time had about 30 converts. Besides these converts or "school boys" as they were called, the congregation was made up of Mr. Crosby's crew and of the Kitamaats, Jessea, Wahuksgumalayu, Gahdetla, and Whigwunnaht. Suddenly a crash was heard not far distant from the house where service was being held. The young people knew that the dance man had broken loose, and they were afraid. The dance man exasperated at being confined had sought to regain his liberty by knocking a board or two from the roof and forcing himself out. The congregation began to disperse, running to hide in various nooks and corners. Mr. Crosby laid down his bible, and tried to restore order then pulling up his sleeves and assuming an attitude calculated to impress, if not strike terror to an offender, said: "Let him come, I'm ready for him." And on the