

has befallen that woman and her family at Kiough; bring home their bones. So he went, and as they poled up the river saw smoke in the distance. He said to his companion "they cannot be dead for I see smoke." Arriving at the door, Abuks Tlalumkwaks saw him, and said "Is that you my brother?"

"Yes," he replied "I thought you were dead."

"I should have been had it not been for a wolf, he and his friends brought me all this food", she said.

She prepared food for the hungry men, cooking meat in a box with hot stones.

After the meal they went to sleep. Before starting back to Kitamaat the following morning, they found their canoe loaded to the gunwale with all kinds of meat.

Abuks Tlalumkwaks determined she would never let an opportunity pass of relieving suffering, convinced in her belief that "*a good act always has its reward.*"

KITAMAAT HOME LETTER.

Another quarter has passed, and Nanakwa is being printed so I must send in my letter.

We have had a long winter but the weather is breaking and we are having beautiful sunny days, which we are all thankful to see.

The girls are looking well and are so much stronger than they were a few months ago, they are better able to do the washing and heavy work, they have had extra work since Christmas getting meals for the men who have been building the new "Home;" work there is progressing well. I am delighted with what has been done it looks so large and substantial. The new part of the building is larger than the one we are in, there is a dining room, teachers' room, hall, pantry, boys' play room, wash room, down stairs; two dormitories, one teacher's bed room, wash room and sick room up stairs. It will be a relief when the building is finished, the strain on Mr. Raley is too heavy. It is gratifying to see the interest and pleasure the children take in the new Home. On Good Friday some of them were allowed to go home to tea, the others went to the

mission house, we all came back together when the door was opened they ran in as though they were delighted to get back, and said "nice new home."

Just now I said to the girls, "I am writing for Nanakwa," they told me what to write, but I am afraid it would not be intelligible to the readers, one thing they said "We are very glad the herrings are nearly here," they are looking forward to the herring season, and all have promised to work well drying herrings, gathering and drying fish eggs.

From spring until late in the fall there is always something to get out of doors, now they get clicksam, a root they are very fond of, when cooked it tastes something like sweet potato, to get it we have to go along the beach until we come to a place where there is earth, some times under large stones or beside logs that have floated in with the tide, they have strong sticks and dig it up. In a little while they get skinstick, for this we go into the forest, the boys go first and chop down three large trees then the girls peel off the bark and scrape it, they only get enough for one meal from the three trees. After this until the berry season they get all sorts of roots.

The girls are talking English all the time, they used to have certain hours for English, but seldom spoke except to say their sentences and answer questions; but Mr. Raley said the only satisfactory way for them to learn was to allow no Kitamaat

I spoke to them about it, all promised to try and do better, they are doing very well now, I am often surprised at some of the things they say.

I am giving a list of very urgent needs, we have had a great many quilts but still need a few heavy ones, our needs are at present, —gingham, factory cotton, stockings, yarn, quilts, blankets, sheets, pillow cases, thread, buttons, boot-buttons, tape. For the boys, shirts, underclothing, navy blue duck.— E. E. Long.

IN THE BOYS ROOM AT THE "HOME" AFTER THE EPWORTH LEAGUE SOCIAL.

TEACHER— "WHAT'S THE MATTER BOYS?"

BOYS— "WE EAT TOO MUCH CAKE AND HAVE SICK HEARTS."

TEACHER— "I THINK YOU MEAN SICK STOMACHS."