

## NOTES OF A TRIP.

FROM MR. RALEY

As I sit down to write this morning and my mind dwells for a moment on the day's duties, the situation strikes me as humorous. There is the ordinary routine house work to be done, marmalade jars to be sealed over, bread to make, to say nothing of the weekly washing which has been postponed owing to steady rain for two days, and above all Emsley to be watched. He and Ada have just been holding clinch on the stairs and have now gone to the Home to meet Mr. Raley.

I have learned one thing, a day that a missionary's wife has to devote herself to what is termed Missionary work, her domestic duties have to be let go.

I intended this quarter to introduce you to the old people of Kitamaat but have decided to give notes of a trip instead.

Some people are always troubled when they write because they cannot find anything to say, now it is the reverse with me, I am bothered because I think of too many things. It enters my mind that the "many things" however may be interesting only to myself. Living in a place like Kitamaat, we are, as it were, in a little world of our own, and what may be very entertaining to us may be equally boring to outsiders.

But I must hasten to my trip.

After being detained for two weeks not only by the weather, but by the illness and death of a young woman, whose death Mr. Raley had to investigate, for a complaint had been made to him that Indian poison or witchcraft was the cause, on Friday evening April the 21st. Mr. Raley said "we will start to-morrow if there is a north wind," so we packed our clothing which had been adorning the upstairs hull for days to be ready at an hour's notice, and prepared the necessary food.

Saturday morning we were up early and by 7 o'clock were afloat in our small open boat with a crew of three men.

The day was perfect, we sailed along quietly until noon and camped for lunch. In the afternoon the men had to take the oars, the wind having changed. Baby was a little sea-sick and it made him also home-sick, in fact for three weeks daily he said "Mamma, I wants to go home."

At six o'clock we rowed into the beautiful little harbour Aigiespa, and pitched our tents. To the left lay a great island glistening with snow, to the right the large harbor Giltocise, while in the front two small islands rose out of the sea, forming a pleasant break in the long stretch of water. We remained in camp until Monday morning at 7 o'clock. We spent Sunday reading, talking, walking, and looking at the water, held two services and had three meals. The boys did most of the cooking and washing up, they missed a dish-cloth at the second meal, someone had lost it, finally one of them discovered it in his pocket. We were very comfortable in the camp not feeling at all chilly until late at night when we let the fire out in the tent stove. The ground was naturally cold as streams of water were flowing down from the snow-covered mountains. We reached Hartley Bay six p. m. Monday, thankful for no mishaps and three beautiful days.

Mr. and Mrs. Read greeted us warmly.

Mail awaited us and on opening, Mr. Raley discovered the District Meeting was to be held earlier than usual and he would be unavoidably too late. I learned also that the W. M. S. Branch Meeting was to be in Vancouver, May 9th. A note from the Boscowitz stated she would call about the 29th, but it was May 1st, when she appeared. We put in a quiet pleasant week with Mr and Mrs Read and their three little girls, and visited all the native families who were at home.

On the Boscowitz we met Miss Strycher going as nurse to Port Simpson Hospital, we had an enjoyable two days trip to Simpson and on Wednesday evening before reaching there, held an impromptu entertainment. Miss Strycher had been the only lady aboard (which is often the case on this coast) until I appeared; however, owing to the kindness and courtesy of the ship's officers, the time had passed pleasantly.

We reached Simpson 10 p. m. in a drenching rain, and appreciated the genuine welcome of Dr and Mrs Bolton and the nurses.

Thursday morning we visited the Girls' and Boys' Homes, and had an hour of happy conversation with the Missionaries. Rev and Mrs Osterhout were in Victoria. Three years had passed since I had last been at that mission. The Boscowitz returned from the Naas at 3 p. m. on stepping aboard, we felt we were actually starting for the South, unfortunately the weather was damp and breezy.

We reached Nanaimo at 4 a. m. Tuesday, the Captain having kindly put into port to oblige us, Mr Raley and Mr Pierce were thus at seat of Conference; and by taking the "Joan" at 7 a. m. I was enabled to reach Vancouver before noon, and be present at the first session of the Branch.

Emsley and I were very kindly entertained by Mrs Martinson, but my son did not altogether enjoy his first days in the city, he was so nervous of the horses.