

dark minds of these poor people. All the Zimshians are now professed Christians, with the exception of the "Giat-Katla" or "people of the sea-coast." "These latter," says Bishop Ridley, "have, till now, resisted Christianity. Their chief, named Zibasha (*zib*, a snare, *sha*, the foot), became a Christian, but lost his authority in consequence, and was superseded by one named Sheuksh. The latter has opposed our teachers and persecuted the few who have joined us. I have baptized twenty-nine of them, and they have stood out against long continued persecution with great courage. They have seen their teachers driven off, the bibles torn to pieces, and their church destroyed, but have still remained firm; and now I am thankful to say a new church has been built over the ashes of the old one, and no further opposition is offered."

Lutki-zampti, an intelligent Giat-katla Indian, and one whom the Bishop baptized, tells the following story of the first arrival of the white man:— "My grandfather," he said, "was with two friends, fishing for halibut, when suddenly they saw a stupendous bird rushing over the water. It stopped where it saw them, and then folded its white wings in peace to rest. We waited, said my grandfather, and watched breathlessly. We were holding our kelp fishing lines, but forgot to fish until the fish compelled our attention. As we again looked at the heavenly bird we saw its offspring float out from its side and swim towards us. Its many feet astonished us. The next moment we saw that the feet were oars, and men bending at them. Terror made us faint. We tried to get in our lines, but the boat was swiftly coming upon us. We snatched at our mussel-shell (knives) and cut our lines adrift, and bent with all our might at our paddles. We and the sailor men leaped on the beach together, and all would have escaped had not an evil demon seized the foot of one of us (he had caught his foot in the tangled fishing line and lay sprawling on the beach, dead with terror). The white men lifted him up, and as soon as he saw their white faces, he *died* again. Then, were the sailors kind, and gave him sugar, beads, and other beautiful trinkets, and let him go. His story brought others towards the ships' company, and soon were they being feasted with food so sweet that it was thought "heavenly." Strange to say that instead of heating stones and boiling food in wooden boxes, fire was placed under a round black box, and it was not consumed. This was a miracle, and showed the white men to be lords of fire. Rice was added to the feast, but we, said my grandfather, would not eat maggots." Great was the impression made upon these simple people by the iron pot, the first piece of metal they had ever seen. Vancouver graciously gave an iron cooking vessel to the chief, and it remained the wonder of all the tribe until one day when some chiefs from distant parts had assembled to see it, the owner, after having exposed it to the flames to defy them, then dropped it from his hand to prove its strength. Higher and higher he held it up and then dropped it, until at length it fell with