

STRAY THOUGHTS.

FROM MRS. RALEY.

How favored are Methodist ministers and their families, for in twelve months not only do they share in the Christmas closing, but also the ending of the conference year is theirs, a closing which often more materially affects them. Whether one's lot be cast in a city or an isolated Indian village days go quickly. Another conference is approaching, perhaps we anticipate it earlier than some, because of having to plan weeks ahead how to get there.

To-day is Good Friday, day of hallowed memory, which is really a holy day, and yet it has been a disturbed and tiring one.

Early in the morning a steamer arrived and remained for hours; there was a rush to unload freight, a running hither and thither, a hurried glancing over mail, answering letters, getting patients off to Port Simpson Hospital, and then there was the final decision about how to get to conference. We learned the Nell would not call here again in time, and if we wished to go by steamer we must leave today. After carefully weighing all points in question, we concluded the work could not spare us for two or three weeks, and we resolved to risk going out by canoe, which involves four times the expense and a good deal of trouble, what with taking blankets and provisions to last several days; canoe trips being controlled by wind and weather.

This annual trip is not a holiday, it is only a change of work, I believe popular opinion considers the latter equal to the former, but I have my doubts when the change is made up of business meetings and a round of shopping which has to do for a year. Another thing about this trip, it debars me from proclaiming to the world that I have found the clue to perpetual motion, were it not for it I could prepare year after year, continuously, 1095 meals and never get "asked out."

That reminds me no longer are we met with half reproachful tones and glances, as we some times were in Ontario, because we had not time "to stay to tea" or "take a meal" when making pastoral calls.

As I looked with interest at "Pictures

of New York's Social Life" in the Ladies Home Journal, I laughingly remarked, "how closely (?) akin is Kitamaat's Social Life." At times I fear, while we are not doleful, yet we have hardly enough laughing, though I was glad to hear Miss Long say the other day she had not laughed so heartily for a long time, and it was all over a combat with two unfortunate mice which had gotten into a barrel. We often see much to amuse us in native life but as it is usually dominated by some thing of the pathetic or tragic, we restrain our mirth. The day is done and I must close I believe I have not written what I intended, but let it go, these are stray thoughts.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN HAIDAH.

Translated by the Revd. B. C. Freeman.

ETIL KOOLA SUNGETLANGSOWAGA

E-TIL KOONG-A GRES-TA SAK-TIL-GI-GOO ISS-IB,
DUNG KA-K-GI KO-K-GI LAH-GA;
DUNG DAH-GWE-GI KAHT-LA-GA;
DAH-O ASS-IE HAIT-ZE T'HLOI GUN GOO-DUNG-
GUNG SAK-TIL-GI GUN DAH GOO-DUNG-SEE GONG-
UNG.
E-TIL-GE TLA GA-TAH A-HY-ET EE-STA:
WAG-EN E-TIL DAHNG-A-LOE TLA OO-EN GIES-
KEED-A E-TIL GUN GA DAHNG-GUS-GI-GE UN TAL
UNG GIES-KEED-US GONG-UNG;
WAG-EN OUM GEEN-A KEETH-GEET-GA E-TIL
GUL-GUN-DAL-GUNG,
GEN GEEN-A DAHNG-A GIES-TA-TLA GOODT-OAHN-
GA E-TIL T'L-UD;
AL-SE-ALTH DUNG-O DAH-GWE-AG-A, WAG-EN
KLADSGOQ-A, WAG-EN LAH-GA GAIT-GER-GUN WAG-
EN GAIT-GER-GUN

AMEN.

The Kitamaat child undertands robin redbreasts to say when they twitter in the morning, "Kut-soo meah", which means "Come to the river, salmon."

Flora (my assistant in the printing office) says, the bird called the aghlugh wunnee tells the berries to cook (ripen) in the summer.

Chief Jessea came to the mission house one fine morning in January and said, - "I think the steamboat will come to day." The missionary said, "what makes you think so?" The chief replied "the ravens have told me". The steamboat came. Sometimes however the ravens make mistake.