

Kitamaat thought a good supply of "fire-water" necessary for the proper celebration of such a feast. Accordingly they discussed this matter in their council, and decided to send Walksgewaran with some companions in two canoes to Victoria, to procure whiskey for the festival. The chosen ones set out in great glee, for the task was both novel and exciting, and not without a spice of danger. Not one of the voyageurs has ever been as far south as Victoria.

All went well with them till they had completed about half the distance to Victoria, when they were suddenly attacked by Indians of a hostile tribe, who sailed out to meet them from the shore. Not wishing to engage in a naval battle, and being intent on reaching their destination, Walksgewaran and his companions bent to their task and quickly the two canoes shot out beyond the reach of their pursuers, not, however, before some slight injury had been received.

Secure from further pursuit, our dusky argonauts pursued their course over the rolling wave, and in due time reached Victoria. Having disembarked, they proceeded to view the sights. Everything seemed strange to them. The customs of the people struck them as odd. Never before had they seen so many white men. The Indians, on the other hand, attracted the attention of the townspeople in no small degree. They are strangers from the remote north; seldom, if ever before has a representative of their tribe been seen on the streets of Victoria. Everything about them attracts the white people's curiosity. Their blankets are different from those usually seen, their adornments are unique. Their whole appearance seems odd and unfamiliar. It is not long before the townspeople ask each other,

"Whence come these strange Indians?" and, "What is their purpose in visiting Victoria?"

Among those asking such questions is a certain missionary superintendent. On being informed that they are from the far distant Kitamaat, and have come to Victoria for the purpose of procuring whiskey, the missionary immediately thought of a plan for securing their moral and spiritual welfare. He accordingly invited them into the Mission Hall. There they listen to the hymns sung and, by means of an interpreter, they hear the Gospel proclaimed. Nor is the word spoken in vain; it makes impression on

the hearts of the dusky strangers, and they one and all decide to become Christians. Their intention of procuring whiskey is now abandoned, and in place of a cargo of "fire-water," they return with a goodly supply of Bibles translated into their own tongue.

Having completed their sight-seeing, Walksgewaran and his companions commenced their return voyage. Nothing of moment happened on their way back. As they neared the harbor of Kitamaat they saw a large crowd of their tribesmen gathered on the shore to bid them welcome home. No sooner had the landing been reached than Walksgewaran and his companions sprang out of the canoes and commenced to tell the eager throng concerning their experiences in Victoria. Long and loud were the cries of disappointment uttered by the expectant multitude when they learned that no whiskey had been brought.

Walksgewaran tried to appease his infuriated tribesmen by telling them of the Gospel Message, and showing them the Bibles which have been given him by the missionaries. He exhorted them to forget the whiskey and to embrace Christianity. But in their frenzied state of mind they paid little attention to his words. Still undismayed, he continued to make further efforts to win his tribesmen to Christianity. Day by day he goes in and out among them, speaking a kindly word here and there. Some of the squaws and youths are impressed by his earnestness and noble bearing, and decide to become Christians. But the old men, the braves, and those who have become confirmed in paganism, refuse to listen to his words.

Thus matters continued all through the summer. On Sunday afternoons Walksgewaran used to gather around him a little band of faithful followers and expound to them the truth, even as it had been made known to him. Whilst thus engaged, one Sunday, late in the summer, the stillness was suddenly broken by a blood-curdling whoop. A band of dusky braves, resplendent in war-paint and feathers, emerged from the forest. They seized the unresisting Walksgewaran, bound him hand and foot, and with savage cruelty, tore off his scalp, then tying him to a stake they retreated a few paces and literally covered his body with a sheaf of arrows. Thus perished Walksgewaran, the first Christian martyr among the Kitamaat Indians.

Toronto.