

MY FIRST PICNIC AT KITAMAAT.

Late in the afternoon of the 24th of May we set out, the Home girls and boys and the missionaries. How delightful the woods through which we passed on our way to the camp-grounds, some half-a-mile distant! and the sea breezes and the sunshine made the day all that could be desired. Several little streamlets we crossed, as they wandered down from the mountains near by, singing noisily as they tumbled along over stones washed white by their crystal waters.

At last we reached the Wahtha, on whose banks is the picnic ground, and depositing baskets and bundles, on we strolled down to the beach. Here on the sand that the outgoing tide had left damp and firm, the boys and girls ran races for prizes. How each face beamed with pleasure as it looked out from its gaily colored kerchief! After the races and three cheers for the Queen we returned to the picnic grounds, and building a camp fire proceeded to prepare our evening meat. The Indian girls busied themselves frying Oolichan; and in such a queer way! They slipped them side by side in a long split stick and in this way could roast some two dozen at once over the blaze of the camp fire. And, while they were making ready their supper, we toasted bread and made tea for ourselves, and popped corn for all. Oh! it was delightful around that camp-fire! so new so different from picnicing in the East. It was in truth a genuine picnic. The girls sat in groups on the bank and ate their buns and Oolichan while we ate at a table near by. How I did enjoy it all!

Then the climax of the outing was the crowning of the "May Queen" and her maids (of honor). The crowns were of wild flowers, purple and red, and artistically twined together with fibres

of moss. And the dignity with which our Queen conducted herself won our sincere admiration, but, when I suggested throwing flowers or green sprigs at her feet as they in turn knelt and kissed her hand, and they persisted in placing them precisely on her feet we could not keep the composure befitting so stately an occasion.

As the sun sank low over the sea we sang "God save our Queen" and after firing the canon and three cheers for her Majesty, we wended our way b.w.c. through the woodlands to our village homes feeling that the day had been pleasantly and profitably spent.

NEATA MARKLAND.

TO THE OMINECA.

The need of some road for freighting into the Interior is greatly felt. At present the only way is by the Skeena River, a decidedly dangerous and uncertain waterway, available only for a few weeks during the year. The proposed Kitamaat Route which provides a nearly level pass to the Upper Skeena Cassiar, and Omineca has been receiving much attention. The route has been most favorably commented on by all the civil engineers and surveyors who have been over the ground. Between Kitamaat and the Omineca is a district of much prospective importance both along the lines of mining and farming. In order however to successfully develop this territory there must be provided reasonable transportation facilities.

Amongst the changes made at Conference, relative to the Northern District, we notice Bro. Nicholas of River Inlet is appointed to Caps Mudge, and Bro. Walker to the Indian work upon the Nanaimo Reserve.

"Whatsoever you do, do it right.";