

## A NEW WORKER'S ARRIVAL.

Miss M. J. Walker.

When I left my friends in Ontario, the last of September, I little thought I would spend my Xmas in Kitamaat, but so it is. In talking of the work with Rev. Mr. Crosby before I left Toronto, he told me they needed a teacher very badly at Kitamaat as well as other places along the coast but I said I would not think of going to any of those places so far out of civilization, not even Cape Mudge, if my brother were not there, but after I was a few weeks there, hearing of the much greater need at Kitamaat I could not refuse any longer. Not but that there was plenty to do at Cape Mudge, but Kitamaat has a Home, and the work in connection with the homes is to my mind, the most satisfactory work among the Indian people. So I again said good bye to my friends and started for Kitamaat. However it is not till you have spent four or five days on a journey that you realize how far you are getting away from all you hold dear. In all this distance there was little change of scene, the channel through which we travelled was not very wide; with the exception of a small Indian village once in a while, five in all, there were but rocks and mountains to be seen on each side. Though always interested looking at these places, it was not with the keen interest I felt as I came on deck to get a view of Kitamaat, situated at the head of an inlet not more than three miles distant, the mountains towering to the sky on either side, and as a background to the village high hills covered with evergreen. The houses all stand facing the sea with just the width of the street between them and the beach; as the street which is about half a mile in length is nearly filled, some of the houses are built some what on the side of the hill; among which are the mission house, the home, and the school. Though there are a number of very well built houses, and some quite pretentious ones, it was not difficult to tell which was the mission.

As I stood that morning and viewed the place which was to be my home, at least for a time, in that sequestered spot all covered with fresh snow, I thought it presented quite a pretty picture, but as the

people began to run out on the street to see the incoming steamer, which always causes much excitement in these out of the way places, I was reminded that life here would be real. And so I have found it. While our missionaries here were quite pleased to see someone who had lately come from civilization, and my welcome was so warm and hearty as to make me at home at once, I soon saw that there was little time for any thing out side of the work here. I wondered before I came how one matron and the missionary could possibly run a home, and attend the many wants of an Indian village but I find two or three earnest people can accomplish very much, for when you consider how short a time it is since these people were in darkness, and when you compare them with heathen tribes around, they show great improvement; but it has not been gained without a vast amount of persistence and work before. I am always impressed with the spirit of earnestness in their meetings, you never have to wait in a prayer or testimony meeting for some one to take part.

It may be they do not know much about christian living, though it is surprising how much some of them know, but they desire to do right.

Ever since I have been here Mr. Raley has scarcely had time to eat his meals, we have never sat down to a meal that he has not been called two or three times to the mission room, from early morning till late at night, some one wants medicine, or council, or instruction or some dispute to be settled, or some wrong to be righted. Then there are the sorrowing to be comforted, and the sick to be visited and these perhaps do not receive all the attention they should, because no one has the time.

I think the poor neglected babies claim the greatest sympathy from me, not but their parents mean to be kind, but they do not know how. As soon as the days get a little longer, and I can get a few babies' outfits ready, I intend to show how to wash and dress them. There is a large field here for a DEACONESS or NURSE. There are so many sick to be cared for, Mrs. Raley regrets that she has not more time to give to this part of the work, but she does not count all the bowls of beef tea, gruel, and custards she