

of the Missionary two of the highest grade of medicine men, each tearing at a limb of the dead body. This signified "the highest rank" in a long series of gradations of "medicine work"—a sort of demoniacal "sorcery"—if the word may be used, in default of a better. But, Mr. Duncan never lost heart, often as he was told by the traders, who little sympathised with him, that he had better go home—he could never do anything with such a people. Prudently avoiding the ridicule of the Indians by not attempting to address them in their own difficult language—the Tsimpshian—until he could do so well, he meanwhile studied their ways and matured his plans. Tempting the children to school, he gradually gained a footing, though slowly; and, often, his life was in danger from the concealed or open enmity of the "medicine men," those arrant rogues being shrewd enough to foresee that their craft was in danger. Soon, his indomitable force of character fought its way into their confidence, and a little band gathered round him.

As at Victoria, Mr. Duncan saw that, if he was to produce any permanent good, he must remove his people out of reach of the immoral influence of the fort and its surroundings. Those who know what a coast Indian trading-fort is, will require no explanation from me; nor, will I shock the sensibilities of those who do not, by attempting to picture it. Immorality of the vilest description was rampant, whenever the Hudson Bay vessels arrived; and, at any time, vice was not to be sought for in any very hidden places. What little good he could do, was more than counterbalanced by the immorality around.

This determined him to remove his Mission to the beautiful Sound of Metlakatlah (or Metlakah), forty miles south of Fort Simpson, where he could have them specially under his own control. In this effort, he was freely seconded by many of the Indians, who desired to return to what had been their old home, before Fort Simpson, with its trade attractions, had been built.

He now commenced a regular system with them, teaching them the arts of peace and civilisation, as well as indoctrinating them with the higher Christian virtues, without which all else had been but vain. Instead of the collection of filthy huts, which a coast Indian village consists of, he laid out regular streets, and established statute labour for the making of proper roads. Gardens were marked off, and Indians who used to peer into the flower