

November 4th, 1896.

Now is the time for a number of our subscribers to renew their subscription. I wish you all to live a hundred years and more. Yet, how long soever your life in this world may be extended, it will have to come to an end. May you then be greeted with the words: "Come, blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom that has been prepared for you from the beginning of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me to eat, thirsty and you gave me to drink . . ." You will then ask "When, Lord, did we do that," and it will be answered unto you: When you have enabled (by your subscription) the editor of the "Wawa" to continue to instruct his Indians, to enlighten those who were sitting in darkness of the shadow of death.

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Our little paper is now somewhat reduced, until by your kind efforts, you obtain for it sufficient subscription to appear in its former size, and larger if possible.

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Do not think that the "Wawa" is the sole occupation of the editor, or that it is the chosen object of his day and night dreams. It can only take the leisure hours of a day or two in the month, and may be you will wonder somewhat to hear that this issue was partly prepared on a freight train running 30 miles an hour. We are now rushing by stage to Lillooet, and making haste to mail our editorial to the printer before we get off the mail route for a couple of weeks.

The Bonaparte Indians, near Ashcroft, were severely tried during the last few days of September. A contagious disease, consisting of inflammation of the bowels and lungs, with symptoms of brain fever carried off about ten of them. Dr. Williams from Ashcroft most faithfully attended to them, and helped a number of cases to recover.

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#### A Visit to Seshel.

On Sept. 7th, after passing two days at the Squamish Indian village, opposite Vancouver, we took the Str. Comox for Seshel, leaving at 10 a.m. The sea was very rough, there having previously been a big storm in the ocean, but there was no wind. A wave of extraordinary size swept over board, threatening considerable damage, and the captain, who said he had not experienced such a rough sea for the last eight years, decided to return to Vancouver, where we arrived at one p.m.

Rev. Father Thomas came in from St. Mary's Mission in the evening, and the boat having prepared to leave her wharf again next morning, we started at six a.m. The fog and smoke was very thick, and nothing could be seen outside of 50 feet or so. Nearly one hour was spent in trying to get out of port safely. The worst is at the narrows just out of Port Vancouver, and in order to avoid the reefs on one side or bars on the other, the boat was kept at nearly a stand still. But the retiring tide