

his days and nights in dens of infamy, the associate of criminals. The Indian in his savage state is a child. In the adult the degradation of his surroundings has already done its work; in the child it is sure to do it, unless he is removed from them." The general failure of missionary work among Indians Mr. Duncan attributes to the causes here indicated. The work of the church and school is neutralized by the home life of the savage.

In 1861 Mr. Duncan began to talk to the Indians about the establishment of a Christian village, and for a whole year improved every opportunity of preparing their minds for the change. He selected a site about fourteen miles from Fort Simpson, and in May, 1862, the first company departed for the future Metlakahla. Mr. Duncan did not require that those who accompanied him should be Christians; he only made them agree that they would drink no liquor, that there should be none of the performances of the medicine-men over the sick, or any of that heathen folly, and that they would not work on Sunday.

The following is Mr. Duncan's description of the removal: "The Indians came out of their lodges and sat around in a semi-circle, watching the proceedings. They knew something was going to happen, but they did not know what. When an Indian watches, he sits upon the ground, brings his knees up to his chin, wraps his mantle round him, puts his head down, and, mute and motionless, looks at a distance like a stone. Thus they were seated, and the question was: Will any one stand out in the midst of the scolding heathen and declare himself Christian? First there came two or three, trembling, and said they were willing to go anywhere, and to give up all for the blessed Savior's sake. Others were then encouraged; and that day they flocked forth, and gathered together such things as they needed, put them into their canoes, and away they went. On that day every tie was broken; children were separated from their parents, husbands from wives, brothers from sisters; houses, land and all things were left—such was the power at work in their minds. All that were ready to go with me occupied six canoes,

and we numbered about fifty souls,—men, women and children.

"Many Indians were seated on the beach watching our departure with solemn and anxious faces, and some promised to follow us in a few days. The party with me seemed filled with solemn joy as we pushed off, feeling that their long-looked-for flight had actually commenced. I felt that we were beginning an eventful page in the history of this poor people, and earnestly sighed to God for his help and blessing.

"The next day, the 28th of May, we arrived at our new home about two P. M. The Indians I had sent on before with the raft, I found hard at work, clearing ground and sawing plank. They had carried all the raft up the beach, excepting a few heavy beams, erected two temporary houses, and had planted about four bushels of potatoes for me. Every night we assembled, a happy family, for singing and prayer. I gave an address on each occasion from some portion of scriptural truth suggested to me by the events of the day.

"On the 6th of June a fleet of about thirty canoes arrived from Fort Simpson. They formed nearly the whole of one tribe, called Keetlahn, with two of



KOUTZ, A STICKEEN SHAMAN.

(After a Sketch by H. W. Elliott.)