

THE SALMON HARVEST.

We have once again gathered this precious harvest from the Inlet and River.

Thank God it has been a year of plenty. Not only have we enjoyed feasting on the finest fresh salmon in the world, but a good supply has been smoked and stored for winter use. The past month's work at Kitamaat has been interesting to us who are accustomed to the sight, and would be vastly more so to any who have never seen this industry amongst the Indians. The whole scene is full of activity. The swift flowing river is seen evolving quiet eddies, and again breaking tempestuously over unyielding boulders, forming noisy and dangerous rapids, near these strong waters are some of the fish gardens. Each family has its own, assured to it by ancestral title from time immemorial, these gardens are as jealously guarded as are the Crown Jewels in the Tower of London by the State. Poaching on these fish preserves has often wrought very serious mischief amongst the tribes, and at times has been considered sufficient cause for bloodshed. Salmon in incredible numbers rush and dart every where, forcing their way against the lively current, often the sight is amusing, sometimes pathetic, amusing to look at them sporting, jumping, dashing; pathetic to watch them in the final struggle. After traversing thousands of miles along the shore line, and having almost attained the much desired spawning grounds, the weak and old frequently fail in the rapids, not however before they have made numerous bold endeavours to stem them. In these attempts they are hurled by the current against the pitiless rocks, finally bruised and exhausted they are carried down the stream into quieter water where the outgoing tide leaves them in the shallows and on the sand-banks of the river to die.

Great schools of fish succeed in passing up the river and fill the nets as quickly as they formerly filled the fish-traps of old. The canoes are heavily loaded till at times they sink to the gunwale. When the fish are thrown on the bank, the work of the men is finished.

Women are then responsible and take charge of operations, speedily despatching a large number—beheading, detailing, rendering, and gutting, with as many strokes

of a peculiar shaped knife called kudtsum.

The salmon after being washed are either hung up closely on great drying racks, tier upon tier, presenting a fiery spectacle, or taken into the old fashioned houses, and there over a very slow fire of alder, smoked and dried

KUMMUKSIUWAI.

(The White Man.)

A new era has been entered upon in the history of the Kitamaats. Hitherto the tribe has largely kept to itself and apart from the outside world. Now a number of white men are coming and going, government employees, surveyors, explorers, also civil engineers and prospectors. Thus far all have had a good influence. No word of complaint has been heard by us. The white men have respected the by-laws of the Indian council, and have regarded the customs of the people, and more than that they have attended when practicable the church services; we should be more than delighted if such a state of affairs should be in the future, then should we gain the benefits of civilization and happily be deprived of many evils which apparently follow in the wake of it. What is WANTED now is a Christian Colony for the Kitamaat Valley, men and women personally consecrated, who, while building up the country, clearing and tilling land will be living examples of practical Christianity to the natives.

WITCHCRAFT STILL PRACTICED.

"About two years ago," says the Glenora News, "an Indian boy was disembowelled near Telegraph Creek, as a sacrifice for having bewitched a member of his tribe. For some unexplained reason no official notice was taken of the crime. Lately, however, the magistrate at Telegraph was informed that another sacrifice was in contemplation, a boy, aged 14, was to be slaughtered for bewitching and causing the death of a girl." We have heard the matter was quietly and judiciously investigated by the missionary with the gratifying result, that the boy was saved from a most barbarous death; and placed in one of the "cities of refuge"—a home for Indian children.