

no energy even in seeking the game that brings him in a living. That living is sometimes good, more often uncertain. In good weather the porpoise hunt is a paying business. In bad weather the hunter stays at home and takes as little care for the weather as it is possible to show. If the porpoise is elusive and does not show a disposition to be captured, the Indian is fully as well satisfied to remain in his hut and play cards. Should the pangs of hunger gnaw with more than ordinary rapacity, he works at odd hours on lobster baskets, which he sells to the white fishermen.

"The Indian's home is a rude tent. It serves to keep out the weather. His wife and children are plainly enough of the same easy-going character as the male head of the house. They know nothing and they thirst not for knowledge, whether it be of easy acquirement or difficult of attainment. If porpoise hunting is profitable, the Indian is 'flush' and no mining camp profligate is more lavish in his expenditures. He hoards up no store of provision against the approach of a rainy day, but makes glad the heart of the small shop-keeper through his extravagant purchases of sweets, canned luxuries, and rum of a decidedly strong character. In the latter failing he is an easy match for his petroleum drinking cousin on the reservations in the States. Tobacco is a weakness with him also, and his supplies of the filling for the peaceful pipe are never forgotten. He is more than a savage in that he cares more for his stomach than he does for the gay trappings that come from the hands of the dealer in ready-made clothing.

"Of intelligence, beyond that of the kind that tells him how to earn a living with the most economical expenditure of energy, this aboriginal inhabitant has little. In this line of thought, however, he is without a peer."

—SIDNEY MORAN.

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## Opening of Kincolith Church.

BY A LADY CORRESPONDENT.

**S**UNDAY, September 30th, proved an eventful day at Kincolith, for not only was the new church opened in the morning but also a large number of the people were confirmed in the evening by the Bishop.

The "Mocking Bird" arrived early on Saturday morning from Aiyansh bringing Mr. McCullagh with a number of the people and the Aiyansh

Brass Band.

We were well favoured by the weather, Sunday being a clear, bright day. In the morning at half past seven a prayer meeting was held by the Archdeacon for confirmation candidates.

With the sound of the first bell for Service the chiefs, choir, and people generally began to assemble at the mission-house to form the procession which later on left for the church. At the second bell the procession—formed of the Aiyansh Brass Band, the Choir and Clergy, the Church Army, chiefs, and congregation—marched up the village to the Church Army Hall where a halt was made while Mr. McCullagh took one or two photographs. Then, to the singing of "Onward Christian Soldiers," the procession moved on to the church. At the bottom of the steps another halt was made while the choir sang the anthem, "Open ye the Gates." A petition signed by the chiefs was then read by an Indian to the Bishop, after which the doors were thrown open by the church wardens, and the procession marched in, singing, "All people that on earth do dwell." This was followed by the Consecration Service, after which the anthem "I was glad" was sung by the choir, a short address being given by the Bishop. During the Service a collection was taken at, which the sum of \$130 was realized.

In the afternoon there was a Church Army meeting which commanded a large attendance; and in the evening we had a united gathering of Kincolith, Greenville and Aiyansh people at the Confirmation Service when fifty-five candidates were presented to the Bishop for confirmation, the Revd. J. B. McCullagh preaching the confirmation sermon in Nishga. Some of the white men from the neighbouring canneries were also present for the occasion.

On Monday morning at half past nine Holy Communion was administered in the church to about seventy-one persons.

A Thanksgiving Service in the afternoon enabled us to show our gratitude to God for all His mercies, the people bringing thank-offerings of fruit, flowers &c.

The same afternoon, there being a favourable wind, the Bishop left us for Metlakatla.

The visitors in the village were feasted throughout by the Volunteers and Firemen in their respective halls. On Monday the mission-house party received invitations to a six-o'clock supper in the Firemen's hall. One might almost have imagined oneself in an English restaurant to see the waiters in their white coats, and the many small tables at which the guests were seated. During the meal we were entertained by songs from the waiters, also by a funny Indian who, dressed as a