

right bank, just above the mouth, is the Indian village of Kincolith, under the care of the Church Missionary Society. Directly opposite, at a distance of about four miles, is Naas Harbor, where we have a church and mission house, and which is the centre of our summer work with the natives of the Naas, called the Niskah tribes. A short distance from Naas Harbor, over a trail, brings us to Echo Cove, where many Indians and others reside during the fishing season, a cannery having been recently erected there. About two miles up from Kincolith, on the same side of the river, another cannery was erected last summer. At this place many Indians reside in summer. About sixteen miles up the river, on the right bank, is Fishery Bay, where we have a neat church, occupied by the natives during the oolachan fishing in spring, and in summer by the salmon fishermen who work on that part of the Naas. Four miles above Fishery Bay, on the same side, is the village of Lach-al-tsap or Greenville, our headquarters on the Naas. Taking this village as a centre, about a mile on the opposite side is the heathen village of Kit-eeks. Nearly two miles above, on the same side, is the small heathen village of Ilh-kistimt wilwiligate—about a mile from which, opposite, is another small heathen village, called Angitagh. Nearly thirty miles above Greenville, on the right bank, is the village of Kit-wan-silh, where we have a small church now in charge of our native agent, Jonathan Mercer. Over ten miles above Kit-wan-silh, on the same side, is Kit-lach-tamux, said to be the largest village on the Naas. Below this village, about two miles, is Iyens. Here for years the Church Missionary Society has been trying to build up a Christian village, gathering the people from other places as they grew tired of heathenism. Here ends the peopled part of the Naas. The second week in this month I started to visit the upper Naas in company with three Indians; strong, faithful men they proved themselves to be. By taking a long day and working very hard, having to use poles to push the canoe against the strong current, we reached Kit-wan-silh the first day. There were but few people at home. By the noise we heard we felt we were in the midst of heathenism. Accompanied by our native agent, we visited every house where people were found at home, preached to them the Lord Jesus, and, of course, sang and prayed with them. In one of the houses we met a man and his wife from our Christian village. We could not but mark the great difference between the civilized and the heathen Indian.

Early next morning we started up the river for Kit-lach-tamux, visiting on our way many fish camps, where the people employ themselves in catching and drying salmon. We preached the joyful tidings of salvation at each camp we visited. At the last camp we visited there were as many as fifty people, some Christians, but the majority were heathen. At one of the camps we found a medicine man practising over a sick old man. The old doctor was physically and spiritually blind. He had a spherical box containing shot or small stones, which he rattled over the sick man, almost nude, uttering his weird incantations. When the sick man saw me, he gave a piteous look, as much as to say, Help me. As the doctor rattled, I gave the sick man good medicine that made him better by next

day. It was laughable to see the old doctor finish up his practice. He rattled near the sick man's mouth with great force, put down his rattle, put his two hands on the sick man's head, and with too much friction to be comfortable, drew them down over his face, grasping the mouth and pretending to take something away; then placing his two closed hands together as people do when looking at a distant object, he blew into them with great force, and thus took the disease away from the sick man.

How I pitied the blindness of those people. The doctor said to the sick man, "Has he given you medicine?" when he was told I had, he said, "Good! good!" The doctor then asked me to give him some medicine. I replied, "You are a doctor, take your own medicine." But doctors don't like to prescribe for themselves. I gave him medicine, and told him and the people with him of the Great Physician of souls, and recommended them to put themselves into His keeping. We reached Kit-lach-tamux, at nearly dark; entered an Indian house, in which to spend the night. When we were at supper, two Indians came in, stood in a stolid manner, then one began to speak in short, rapid sentences, announcing a big potlatch to be given, to begin that night, to which all were invited. Soon the people got ready, putting on their best, and went to the great gathering. My three Indians and I also went. Before entering, it was told that I was at the door and that I wished to go in, having something good to tell them. They invited us in. We went in, and preached to them the blessed Gospel of Christ. As we spoke, men were seen to draw nearer that they might the better hear the Word of Life. After singing and prayer, they went on with their heathen rite, giving away property in honor of two dead children. They had a great many large bales and boxes of blankets, marmot skins, and piles of prints, besides immense quantities of biscuits, rice, etc., to distribute. About one hundred and fifty people were present. The house was a very large one. In the centre was a huge fire of resinous wood, into which was thrown handfuls of candle fish, which gave a most brilliant light; but it was a great waste of good things—all for "honor."

Kit-lach-tamux is practically without a missionary. We can only occasionally visit it, owing to natural obstacles. Apparently very little good remains of the work done by the native agents. A few years ago the young men of Kit-lach-tamux promised to go to school and to aid in building a house if a certain teacher was sent back; he was sent to another field. Since, scarcely anything has been done for those people. The last agent was there in January and February of 1888. Many of the people say they would like to have a school for their children, while others are very indifferent. It is true the C. M. S. has an agent at Iyens, a short distance down the river; but while he is waiting for the people to come down to him, the children of Kit-lach-tamux are growing up to manhood, becoming confirmed in heathenism, with the chance of being lost to Christ. This should not be. The work should be carried on with greater vigor. If an active white man could be got to take hold of the work there with plenty of adhesiveness under great trial, some good would be done, and a large village be won for Christ.