

GREAT FISH FESTIVAL.

"The wise chief visit our people at Kitamaat with the Message from Heaven; without God's only Son, and His Good Spirit; that is the Medicine for which our Dark, untaught hearts are anxious. We know many spirits, but they are always bad medicine. O Chief, the night of sin has settled long and darkly upon our village. Cannot the Light of the World dispel the error and superstition? We want our fathers to find the Happy Land of the Hereafter, but they cannot see the New Way without the Light. O Chief, we cannot rest till we get some one to teach us how to live at peace, and die happily."

When Wahuks gumalayu finished his appeal, Mr. Duncan gave the Kitamaats words of encouragement and instruction, but stated, that he could not leave his mission for any lengthy journey; if however, they would be willing to come and live at Metlahkahlta, they would all be welcome, they should be taught about The Light, God's Word, and enjoy the same privileges as the Tsimsians. Wahuks gumalayu did not wish to leave his people, and they, he knew would be unwilling to leave their village, hunting grounds, and fish gardens, which had belonged to their ancestors for ages. Finally Mr. Duncan advised him to go north to Fort Simpson, there he could repeat his touching story to the Rev. Mr. Crosby, the Methodist Missionary, who went from place to place in his canoe, to preach. Thither he pointed the bow of his canoe, his heart buoyant with the expectation that soon he might find a teacher who would tell his people about the Master of Life and Light. On reaching Fort Simpson they found nearly as great a miracle as Metlahkahlta, a model Christian community. Wahuks gumalayu and his band were welcomed by the missionary and all hospitality was again shown the strangers by the people. Wahuks gumalayu told the Missionary his errand, met with much encouragement, Mr. Crosby promising that as soon as possible he would make a trip to Kitamaat. After learning some short portions of the Bible, and some hymns, they departed with joyous hearts. Their expedition was not in vain,

(To be continued.)

The coming of the oolachan in April was occasion for the great fish festival of the year. All the Kitamaats were at home, and every able-bodied man, woman, and child, and some not able-bodied, helped to gather this harvest of living silver from the river. The oolachan, or candle fish (*Thaleichthys Pacificus*) is much like the Atlantic capelin. It has a very delicate flavor when freshly caught, and contains more oil than any other known fish. It melts like butter in the frying-pan, and when dried, burns like a candle. A bunch of them lighted furnish an excellent torch. They exist in large numbers, great schools of them come in from the sea, and fill the inlet and river from bank to bank. The Indians get them by the canoe load, and deposit them in large piles on the ground. After leaving them exposed to Spring sun, and wind to partially decompose, they put them into oblong wooden boilers, apply heat, sometimes by means of stones heated in a fire close by. After boiling several hours, the fat is expressed. The oil, or tlatte as it is called at Kitamaat, thus made, has a most dreadful odor, which I would not attempt to describe, it is however absolutely necessary for the well being of the people as an article of food, the oil is highly recommended by some doctors as an excellent medicine for consumptives. The fish is also smoked, and packed away in cedar boxes for winter use. We are thankful to the people who have liberally supplied the "Home" with this useful fish.

In Norway a new law has been passed which makes girls ineligible for matrimony until they are proficient in knitting, baking, and spinning. Certificates of proficiency have to be earned, and without these no girl may marry. Such a law in Canada would ensure better house-keeping in some cases amongst whites as well as Indians.

"As the twig is bent the tree inclines."

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."