



WE are indebted to "Na-na-kwa" for the picture, which we take the liberty of giving you this month, hoping thereby to interest all our readers in the Kitamaat Home, which now belongs to us.

Mrs. Raley was chosen last year to represent the British Columbia Branch of the W. M. S. at the meeting of the Board of Managers in Hamilton, Ont. She says:—"I may never again attend a Board meeting, but there will often come to me happy recollections of the one in Hamilton. Turn where I would I was met with expressions of sympathy and love, and had I been a missionary of the Society, instead of the wife of a missionary of the General Society, I could not have had a kinder welcome.

It still amazes me, when my thoughts wander backwards, what intense interest there was manifested in the Indian work from Manitoba to the Maritime Provinces."

Mrs. Raley writes charmingly and pathetically about her "old friends among the Indians. She says: "You hear much about the girls and boys, middle aged men and women—but my old friends are not to be set aside. You do not know how interesting they are. My conversations with them usually consist of a few words or shakes of the head,

prolonged ahs and ohs, but in spite of the difficulties of language, I like going to see them. They are most industrious till laid aside from active duties, when they are content to spend their days beside the fire.

Some of the old people attend service on Sabbath, and especially when the younger people are away. They all seem to have faith in the "Chief of the Above;" Mr. Raley has baptized several, and there is something very touching when they receive the sacrament of baptism. One of the oldest women in the village is about to receive it, also her daughter, our renowned huntress.

They occasionally bring me some native food when they want matches, a little tea or sugar. From our point of view they have little of comfort or ease, but while they have health I believe they are happy. Some of them have days they spend grieving and crying, but no wonder, when they remember

the many who have left them in the long years, and often on their fingers counting, they tell me of their dead children. As I look at them in their homes, I am led to say, what a revelation it will be when their mortal bodies no longer rest beside the smoking logs in the old-fashion houses and their spirits are in that Wonderful Holy City."



MRS. RALEY AND LITTLE ENSLEY.