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# NA-NA-KWA

OR

*Dawn on the Northwest Coast.*

No. 4.

KITAMAAT.B.C.

October, 1898

Dear Friend;

This issue of Nanakwa is a couple of weeks late. Owing to the work being nearly doubled for lack of teacher, together with prevalent sickness, I've been hard pressed for time.

When the people returned from the cannery, they brought the measles. With white children, as a rule, they are not considered very serious, but with Indian children, many of whom have a scrofulous tendency they are quite a grave matter.

I shall try and keep up the interest in this number, and give such information as will be beneficial to any who are anxious to study the Indian life and our work.

It has been peculiarly refreshing to receive some notes and letters containing kind words, and better still sincere expressions of "God speed" in relation to this quarterly letter.

Yours sincerely,  
Geo. H. Raley.

## DAWN AT KITAMAAT.

*(Continued.)*

"THE PEOPLE THAT WALKED IN DARKNESS HAVE SEEN A GREAT LIGHT; THEY THAT DWELL IN THE LAND OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH UPON THEM HATH THE LIGHT SHINED."

Mr Crosby was able to fulfill his promise to Wahuksgumalayu early in October, and arrived at Kitamaat by canoe with a crew consisting of four Tsimpleans and two Hydahs one Saturday evening.

He landed at the foot of what are now mission premises. The head chief Jessea went to meet him, and his first words were: (Chinook was the medium of conversation) "we are having a feast and dance, the

Noonithghiesta or dance man is expected from the mountain to-night; but dont say anything about it, or the people will be angry." "Very well" answered Mr. Crosby "I will say nothing about it, if you will promise to stop to-night, and listen to me to-morrow. I am going away on Monday." Accordingly the Chief promised the dance should stop for the morrow.

That same evening the Noonithghiesta or dance man appeared. He came down from the mountain, where for a month he had been the companion of the bears and wolves, living in a rude den in a state of semi-starvation, subsisting on roots and bark. He reached the village at mid-night making a loud noise imitating the flapping wings of a flight of large birds. After he had scrambled over the roofs of several houses, he was finally caught and caged, it was thought securely, in one of the old houses.

The following morning Mr. Crosby's little bell rung to call the people to service in Noah's house. Wahuksgumalayu by this time had about 80 converts. Besides these converts or "school boys" as they were called, the congregation was made up of Mr. Crosby's crew and of the Kitamaats, Jessea, Wahuksgumalayu, Gahdetla, and Whigwunnaht. Suddenly a crash was heard not far distant from the house where service was being held. The young people knew that the dance man had broken loose, and they were afraid. The dance man exasperated at being confined had sought to regain his liberty by knocking a board or two from the roof and forcing himself out. The congregation began to disperse, running to hide in various nooks and corners. Mr. Crosby laid down his bible, and tried to restore order then pulling up his sleeves and assuming an attitude calculated to impress, if not strike terror to an offender, said: "Let him come, I'm ready for him." And on the

infuriated dance-man came, like one possessed, tearing down the path in front of the houses, naked, with his hair unkempt, tongue lolling, eyes protruding, wild with long continued fasting in the mountains, rending the air with his unearthly shriek:—  
whaugh, whaugh, whaugh,!!!

However at the entrance to the house he rounded quickly, and darted back again through the village till he reached the further end, then turned, ran up the slope at the back of the village, and was soon lost to sight amongst the trees. Mr. Crosby was troubled about the affair, and went to Jessea, and said; "Is that the way you keep your word?" The Chief denied knowing anything about the matter, and said, he had ordered the dancer to be held in safe custody, and not suffered to escape. He also stated, that if any persons had assisted him they should be punished. "Very well" answered Mr. Crosby "I'm ready for him, I'll fix him if he comes again." The Chief Jessea said, "Look out, look out, if you fight, you will die. Legoak is here and says; 'If you hurt his son, he will shoot you'." The service was not again disturbed, but more largely attended. Mr Crosby preached, his subject was "Daniel in the Lion's Den." After this Wahuks gumalayou knowing his life was in danger for bringing the missionary to Kitamaut sought the missionary's protection; going to Port Simpson where he remained some months.

*(To be continued.)*

### THE MARRIAGE BOND.

"WHAT THEREFORE GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER"

It is good for the Kitamaats to remember that when they marry, 't is for life. It is the tying together a man and woman in strongest friendship forever with the strong chains of the Queens Law; and the silken cord of God's word. The knot is sealed with love and piety. It is a strong promise "till death us do part." Now the Missionary has the power to unite; but neither he nor the council can separate.

Husbands, love your wives, even as  
CHRIST also loved the Church.

### A REQUEST FOR MEDICINE.

Considering the fact that the young man who wrote the request had but little advantage in the way of school, it is very good. This is the verbatim, similar ones are not uncommon:—

I am Crap river now  
Feb. 14 it 1897  
My Dear

sir Mr. Raley at Kitamaat.

I want please sent, me milson (medicine) for me Because I am got sick all time and my wife got sick to and my In law mother to get sick every time, my heald sick and my heart sick and all my skin out side you sent me all sam Blood drink milson and all sam like my wife milson all sam you give him in Kitamaat that time he was sick liko Black milson, and milson for that outside skin I am Crap River please sent me this river

I am yours  
love Andrew Smith

Kitlope

### "BARBARA BOSCOWITZ" LOST.

The Str. Barbara Boscowitz has been wrecked. The missionaries who have lived up the Coast understand well what this means; it means they have lost a friend hard to replace. She was often called the missionaries boat, and has faithfully served them for nearly 15 years.

On the 15th. Sept. the "Boscowitz" left Kitamaat with Mr. E. Wilkinson, C. E. wife, and several other passengers aboard.

The next day about noon she left Kitkahtla, an Indian village at the South of Goshen Island. About four miles out she got caught in the swift running current which baffled all attempts to steer her, and drew her onward till she crashed into a reef hidden at high tide, but showing a few feet above water at low tide. Most of the passengers were below at lunch when she struck. An attempt to back her off was unavailing. Coal and freight were moved but she still remained glued firmly to the jagged stone. Then the treacherous currents which had brought her to destruction swung the stern around closer to the rocks which impaled her bow. The missionaries always received the greatest consideration from Captn. Steele, Purser Mckinley, mate, etc.

## 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 kudtsun.

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

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## 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.

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## 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.

## THROUGH SOUTH CASSIAR.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT OF THE TRIP OF TWO EXPLORERS WILL BE INTERESTING TO THE KITAMAATS. MESSRS STEPLEAN, DENN WENT THROUGH SOUTH CASSIAR THIS SUMMER, EMPLOYING PART OF THE TIME, SOME OF THE KITAMAATS AS CANOE MEN AND GUIDES.

We left Fort Eslington the 5th day of April 1893 in a canoe manned by four Skeena River Indians, with two tons and a half of freight, including provisions, prospecting tools, and also clothes for our trip. We travelled without any trouble till we got about 50 miles in the Skeena River, then striking rough swift water, we had to hire another Indian at the first village up the Skeena from Eslington. Ice and snow stood five to eight feet deep on both sides of the river which, with the falling and breaking away of ice into the river, made it both dangerous and disagreeable for canoeing; this together with the almost incessant rains made travelling rather unpleasant, we managed though to get along all right until seventy five miles up river was gained, when in crossing a rapid, the current got the best of the Indians, and the canoe was dashed on the rocks in mid stream partly breaking in the side. The Captain becoming frightened at the sight of the water rushing in through the side of the canoe, jumped for his life into the stream where he stood for about five minutes with the water up to his waist, yelling and and half crying like a man half crazed. A few minutes later the bowman jumped into the stream, but held on to the bow of the canoe, while another Indian and ourselves jumped with the tow line in our hands, got ashore, and got a half hitch around a stump that was standing on the bank. The other two Indians seemed to lose all hope of saving the canoe and stood like men bewildered, one of them repeating "canoe gone, all lost; canoe gone, all lost." Finally we got the canoe ashore with all freight intact; the water in the canoe having done no damage; everything was tightly lashed and covered with oiled canvas sacks, thanks to the experienced packers of the Hudson Bay Co., with whom we outfitted. A day was spent in repairing the canoe, a few days after this, the canoe again got the best of the Indians, crossing a rapid, the canoe going down stream at a great rate of speed, but just as it was passing under a tree, which was hanging over the water, the bowman made an exceedingly good spring, landing on the top of the overhanging tree, and snubbed the canoe just as it was about to strike on the rocks that were projecting from the shore, then a great cheer went up that made the valley ring.

After this we travelled along without having any more mishaps, reaching Hazelton safely after a sixteen days' good hard trip up the Skeena. Hazelton seems to be a favoured spot as far as climate goes, the weather being fine and dry, which was a rather pleasant experience to us after the snow and rain fogged weather of the Skeena. Here we lay over for a couple of weeks, waiting for the trail to get into shape to travel with horses over the Babine Range. At the end of this time the snow being fairly gone off the mountains, we struck out for the Omineca country with four Indians and five pack horses. Getting out about 40 miles from Hazelton, the rain set in again, which together with the melting of snow, made the ground soft and the streams high. Being the first outfit over the trail this Spring, we had quite a

time cutting out fallen timber, and bridging streams. Finally we reached Tom Creek after two weeks and a half hard work, cutting and clearing the trail, with horses floundering and plunging through mud and slush. Oh! but is not a prospector, like a picnic? travelling in mud and slush, scolding himself and everybody coming in contact with him at such times. Even a poor inoffensive dog gets his share of abuse if happening to get in the way. We made Tom Creek head-quarter camp, prospecting in a radius of about 30 miles looking principally for quartz. We found plenty, but none that suited us. So we hired nine Indians with horses, and started back for Hazelton. The return trip was rather pleasant, the weather being dry; and the trail gang under Mr. Jones having put the trail between Babine and Tatalah lakes in fair shape, travelling was good.

We made Hazelton in quick time. Then struck out with more horses for Kishkagas. It was here we found some rich ore but not in sufficient quantity. We again returned to Hazelton.

From the indications, and from information obtained from different parties, we concluded there must be a good mineral belt, lying between the Skeena River and the Coast.

We decided upon Kitamaat at the head of Douglas Channel as the most convenient centre. We reached Kitamaat about six weeks ago, and since then have been prospecting in different directions making Kitamaat central camp. We have prospected up to the head of several creeks that empty into the Kitamaat River, and some that empty into the Kitamaat Arm, and have found some very favourable indications of there being a mineral bearing belt running through the country.

There seems to be a good deal of game both ducks and geese in the different streams. We saw several bears and goats, also ptarmigan in the mountains around Kitamaat.

John Bolton (Sonnahed) our Indian packer, had rather an interesting experience. We were coming down from a trip up in Wahth Creek and struck out to climb over Telegraph Mountain, half way up our dog treed a cub. John shot, killed it, and got some fresh meat. The dog struck out ahead of us again, and in a few minutes came back on the dead run with the old female bear close behind him, when the bear came within fifteen yards off where we were standing, John at once dropped the shot gun, pulled the revolver, (we had no rifle with us) and fired at the bear striking her in the neck, this did not seem to affect her much, as she simply shook her head and ran off down the mountain, but soon turned and came back on the other side of us to within 20 yards and stood looking at us. John picked up the shot-gun and fired striking her, full in the face, her roar could have been heard a mile away, she pawed her face and tore around for a minute or two, John firing the remaining five shots from the revolver at her none seemed to take effect, as finally she struck off on the dead run, we lost her track, climbed to the summit, and reloaded. Descending, we got into thick brush at the base of a little cliff, John cried "a bear, a bear in his hole," he fired, the charge struck below the eyes, the bear roared and rushed at John who was quite cool, standing 10 yds. from the hole, saying:—"the bear got me." He fired the revolver, the shot took effect; the bear rolled over dead.

## MISS LONG'S LETTER.

To or starting any account of the beginning of another year's work, let me give a sketch of the holidays. One very sad thing happened, the death of Eliza, a very nice little girl who used to be in the Home. She had always been delicate and in the Spring was very sick, we hardly thought she would get better then, but she rallied and before she left for the holidays was almost strong. A few days after she left, Mr. Raley called in to see her, and found her sick again, from that time until she died either Mr. Raley or I took her food and medicine three times a day, we knew that if one of us did not go, they would not give it to her. I had given her a bottle of cod liver oil but she had not taken any of it, and it had done her so much good when she was in the "Home". Her mother used to annoy us very much by giving her the most unwholesome food it was possible for her to eat, one thing was a sort of sodden pancake. They also frightened her about dying, not intentionally though. One day the mother brought out a chimese and dress of white cotton half made, and asked if I would finish them, she pointed to those Eliza had on and said "dirty". I said I would help her with the articles, believing she wanted the new clothes at once I hurried to get them done, but found she did not want them in such haste, for next day Mr. Raley saw them and some new cotton and blankets on the bed, to be put away ready for when she died. And they talked about them before her, I felt very badly about it. I did not think she would die so soon, she did not seem weak enough, but when the hot weather began she failed rapidly. One Saturday afternoon Mr. Raley went as usual, he came back and said he thought she was dying, and also her mother asked if I would wash her if she died. Both daughters were away picking berries, she was left with Eliza, her little baby, and her daughter's baby. I went to the house, saw that Eliza was dying, and found two old women there doing their "cry sing", I touched one of them on the shoulder and said "hush", they stopped for a while then started again, so I gave another tap, and they stopped again, then an old blind wo-

man came in they got her a place at the foot of the bed, she had a little talk with them and they all three started, it was dreadful, but I stopped them again. They can start and stop any minute. All this time poor little Eliza was choked up, gasping for breath, she had been unconscious sometime, she died shortly after. In a few minutes the room was full of people making a frightful noise, the death wail.

I went out to tell Mr. Raley, he came and persuaded them to go away, while her mother and I washed and prepared her for burial, she put on the clothes I had machined and wrapped her in three blankets, afterwards her mother went through the village screaming and tearing out her hair. The funeral was on the following Monday. The next Sunday Mr. Raley spoke about Eliza, and told the people that they could weep when their hearts were sick if they so desired, but to cry for payment was very wrong. This is what they do. The friends of the parents get the most pay.

During the holidays, I was able to do some visiting, the more I go amongst the people, the more I am convinced the only way to do much for them is to begin with the children and take them while young. One day I went with Mrs. Raley to take some gruel to a sick woman who was in a very pitiable condition, she had a new baby, and was in an old shed at the back of the house. On our way home I went in to see Jessie, the daughter of the Chief Jessea, whose wife died so suddenly, such a difference between the houses, Jessie had swept up nicely, and there were some very good bread and buns on the table that she had just taken out of the oven, I called Mrs. Raley to see them, we were both pleased and so was Jessie because we complimented her.

Towards the end of July we went out camping for two weeks, at a lovely spot a quarter of a mile from the village. I learnt to paddle a little and tried to do some swimming. After camp we were very busy getting the Home ready for the girls. We have had an anxious time since they came back. When the people came back from the cannery a number of

the children had the measles, all have had them, with the exception of one since they returned. Three were very sick with them, Graco (Kullokilahks), was so bad we did not think she would get over it, for a time we could not tell whether she was living, except by feeling her pulse which was very low. Mr. Haley and I had took turns to watch her night after night, two nights we both watched. We felt the need of a sick room very much, although in day time our one dormitory was comparatively empty, at night it did not seem right to have so many children where some were so seriously ill. Even during the day it is quite as awkward for the convalescents have to be in the wonderful other room which answers for sewing, play, and bath room. Very fortunately the "Home" is furnished with chairs, for the first time in its history and we are able to make a temporary couch there. I missed my nurse Esther who has not returned this year and three other larger girls, two of whom are married, and Jessie is keeping house for her father. However our number has not diminished the new comers are all little girls, so you will understand how hard it is to get heavy work done. I fear we shall have to get a woman occasionally to help with the washing until the girls are strong.

Amelia one of our girls who had the measles at their Camp, told us that when the rash came out, she was so hot and feverish that she rushed out and bathed in the cold water of the North Pacific after the old custom. When she returned to us she was very weak, and is not strong yet. I do not think Grace could have lived, if she had not had proper attention, she is nearly well and glad to be around again, she asked to be cook again this week with Martha one of the little girls. I never imagined measles could be so bad as the children have had them, but I am thankful they have gotten on as well as they have, only little Mary is not gaining any strength.

Owing to so much sickness at the Home we have not been able to do as much of our regular work, but amongst other things we have managed pinafores of the same material, they look nicely in their uniform. Preparations for Xmas will soon commence. — E. E. Long.

## FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

The second fire during five years occurred the last Saturday in August at 1 a. m. It started in a smoke house at the rear of Robert Shaw's dwelling, where they had been smoking salmon. A smouldering fire had been left as usual for the night. Johnny Good and his mother, the only occupants at the time, had barely time to escape. There had been no rain several weeks, and everything was very dry, and ready to ignite with the smallest spark, and especially in houses where so much grease is about; under such circumstances a fire getting good head way before it is discovered cannot be extinguished. In a few minutes the whole building was enveloped in flame, and all that could be done was to prevent it spreading.

The houses of the village stand side by side for half a mile, separated from the high tide mark by a board walk. This was one of the few houses, which stand at the lower side of the walk just escaping the high tides; so only the board walk lay between the burning building and the village. Three houses caught but were quickly seen and immediately put out. Not many people were at home, but all slaved till ready to drop, for unfortunately the tide was out, and the water had to be carried a considerable distance in buckets over slippery seaweed covered stones. A slight breeze from the sea gave us cause for concern, but it dropped. Some canoes were run down to the water's edge in the event of a general conflagration. A few of the people carried all their goods and household effects to the beach. It was a hard fight, women and children as well as the men worked hard. The village ordnance piece boomed thrice to call the people from the river village 4 miles distant. In a couple of hours, two large canoes came with men ready to help, but by this time all that remained of the house were a few glowing embers and charred timbers. When the fight was over, exhausted as we were, we did not forget in the grey of morning, to kneel around the ruins, and Thank God the town was spared.

To fight the fire, we divided into two companies. The one on the North side was composed of — Chief Wm. Young and his wife Odille, Isabel Nice, Charlie Stew-

art, Jacob Duncan, Moses Duncan, Silas Nico, Richard Williams, Chris Adam, John Adam, Ruth Wood, Lewis Wood, Eddio Nico. The one on the South side was composed of - Chief Jesse Morrison, Chief Moses Macmillan and his wife Margaret, Chief John Bolton and his wife Gracie, Chief Herbert Memillan, Thomas Stewart, Dan Morrison, Arthur McKay, Jane McKay, Job Bolton, Mr Dunn (a white man), and the Missionary.

[Fire Company III A fire hall and brass band are excellent in their way, but they are not of much service in case of fire; without pails, ladders, ropes, and axes, a Fire Company is as a broken reed.]

### LOCAL NOTES.

During the quarter just ended, there have been:-

5 births.

6 deaths.

La grippe is in the village, coughs and aches are the order of the day.

Prospectors have staked mineral claims in the vicinity of Kitamaat.

The Str. "Boscowitz" has been here three times since August. Str. Nell has also put in an appearance.

The return from the cannery was on Thursday Aug. the 18th.; David Shaw's canoe came in ahead.

The village council is in session most of the time framing new by-laws; and passing judgment on all evil doers.

This is the season for the beaver trapping, several of the villagers are away. Moses Memillan the Home watchman has returned with four.

Carpenter work is being done at the Home, the girls' room is being lined and ceiled with tongued and grooved dressed lumber, which will make it quite comfortable for the winter.

The young men of the Kitamaat village above school age, some of whom are married, have organized into a night school. It is always opened and closed with devotional exercises.

Kitamaat Council thanks Mr. Wilkin-son O. E. for doing a little surveying on the reserve gratuitously.

Settlers are already beginning to come into the Kitamaat Valley. During the past month, two have come to make homes for themselves. Messrs. Williams and Baldwin have preempted land, and built a house.

Chief Paul Tato (Hymasakkah.) is building a house, and moving from the site of his old one, which has been the scene of many heathen practices. We hope none of the old customs will be taken into the new house. Young Paul (Kunwhahks) has taken his stand as a christian.

Measles are epidemic in this village, they were brought from the cannery at the head of Rivers Inlet. An epidemic of this character is of much graver consequence here, than amongst the whites; because of scrofula and bad hygienic surroundings. A few babies have died, two or three are still seriously ill. While the missionary is not a doctor, yet it devolves upon him to dispense drugs, and do his best to relieve all kinds of suffering; many a young doctor would be glad of similar practice if attached to pecuniary remuneration.

For two months the weather was all one could desire - warm and dry. While we are now having steady rains on the sea level, we can see that the snow line, on the mountain is gradually getting lower. The first fresh snow of the season fell on a high mountain opposite Kitamaat in the afternoon of Sept. 30 th.

The village council is taking precautions to prevent bush fire devastating the village, by clearing a strip of forest to the rear, one half mile long, and 800 feet wide. While 100 men were ruthlessly chopping and slashing behind the mission premises Mrs. Raley kept saying mentally -

"Woodman spare that tree".

We had a few saved around the buildings, they not only add to the picturesqueness of the place but also act as a wind break. This is a good work, we hope the council will make it complete by clearing away the fallen trees and brush.

Kitamaat canoes are now much in demand, Adam, Enoch, Sam Amos, and John Thompson each sold a canoe to our neighbours, the Kwagwiltz. The ordinary travelling canoe, which is a picturesque adjunct of native life, is a slender graceful gondola like affair, 20 to 30 feet long; 4



'o 6 feet wide, made out of a single cedar log. The hunting canoe is much smaller.

### PERSONAL MENTION.

We are very sorry to hear ill health will prevent Dr. Jackson's return to Bella Bella this year.

Dr. Pope of Victoria has been supplying for Dr. Bolton who is East as a delegate to General Conference.

Messrs Dunn and Steele spent six weeks in the neighbourhood prospecting. They expect to return in the spring.

Jasper Snowdon (Glauhglauhwhulsil-lahgelonh) has gone to China Hat, to see a sick brother, and trap beaver.

We are glad to hear Miss Lawrence one of the nurses at Port Simpson has recovered from a severe illness.

Messrs. Robinson and Anderson were passengers on the ill-fated "Boscowitz"; they returned safely on the "Nell".

Mr. D. Stevens who spent some weeks in the vicinity of Kitamaat in the early summer, returned for a few days in September.

C. Todd Esq. Indian Agent, visited the village on the "Vigilant", Sept. 19. He held a council with the chiefs and people; gave verbal sanction to two new by-laws.

Some strangers told us of a lone missionary they met up the Skeena; but now, lonely no longer, for we hear he has induced Miss Stevenson of the Port Simpson hospital to share "Cole" comfort with him. We extend our very best wishes.

Mr. E. S. Wilkinson C. E. of Victoria has been surveying in the Valley for five weeks. He was accompanied by Mrs. Wilkinson, who was a guest at the mission house. He had for his assistants Mr. Dyllis Wilkinson, and Mr. Sowerby, also Mr. Anderson part of the time.

Chief John Bolton who has been guide and packer for several white men around here, reports having seen some flocks of the White or Antelope Goat, *Mazama Montana*, on the rugged mountains to the North of Kitamaat. Four were brought down in a very short timewith a rifle.

We acknowledge with thanks a very interesting letter from Miss Lawrence, relative to her experience at Kitamaat, this will be printed in connection with "Dawn at Kitamaat."

We beg to acknowledge with thanks;- a gift of drugs from the Harvay Medicine Co. Montreal; a box of goods from The Kings Daughters, Sherbourne St. per Mrs (Dr.) Briggs; parcel from Melbourne Quo. per Mrs. (Dr.) Briggs; roll of pictures from Miss Locke Eglington Ont.; also two rolls of S. School papers from James Bay Victoria per Miss A Spencer.

Rev. T Crosby - Chairman of the Bella Bella District. is looking for a teacher for the Kitamaat school. He writes- It is hard to get a teacher with a missionary spirit. Anyon seeing this note, knowing of a devoted Christian teacher, who would be willing to endure hard work and isolation **FOR HIS SAKE** will confer a favor on the missionary by sending the name to Rev. Thos. Crosby, Victoria B C.

### NANAKWA FUND

This fund is not only to defray the cost of this little quarterly letter; but also to assist in the expenses pertaining to the general printing in connection with the Mission. Week after week there are 150 sheets similar to the one enclosed. These are helpful on Sunday when they are distributed for what we call text school; it is held directly at the close of the morning service, and the text is taught in both the English and Kitamaat languages, questions are then asked by the people bearing on the text. Some hymns have been printed in the native tongue, and as time is found more will be produced.

Date.	Number.	\$
Sept. 1	1	50
"	2	1 - 00
"	3	1 - 00
"	4	1 - 00
"	5	1 - 00

Names are not published. The number corresponds to a name.

*The Nanakwa is printed and published at the Kitamaat Mission quarterly by the Revd. G. H. Raley.*