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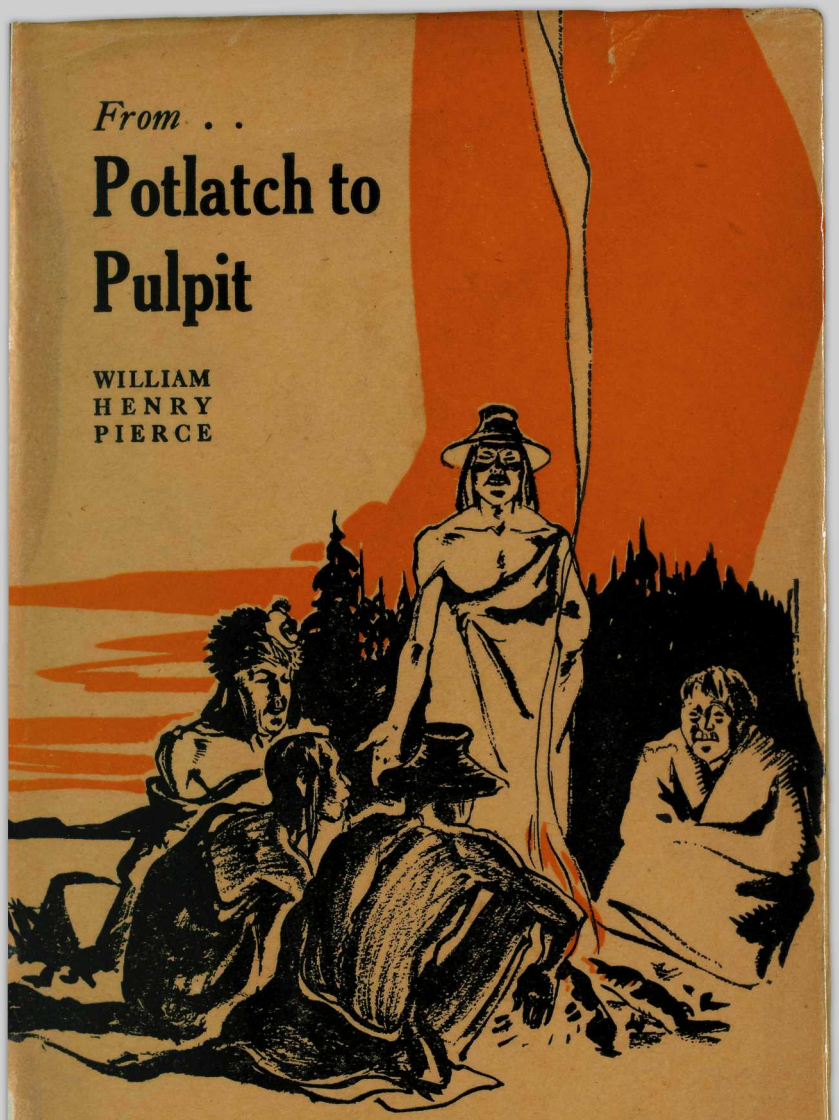
Potlatch to Pulpit

WILLIAM
HENRY
PIERCE



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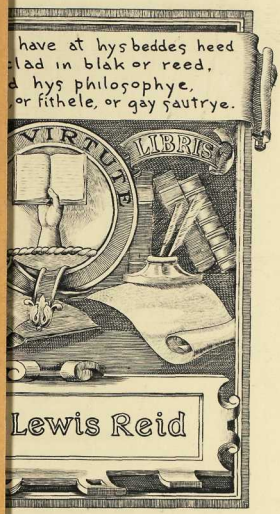

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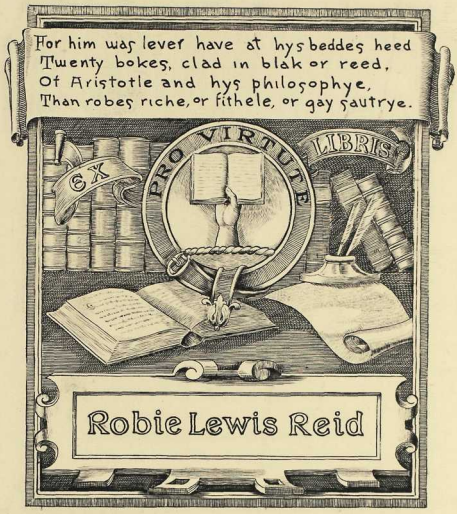

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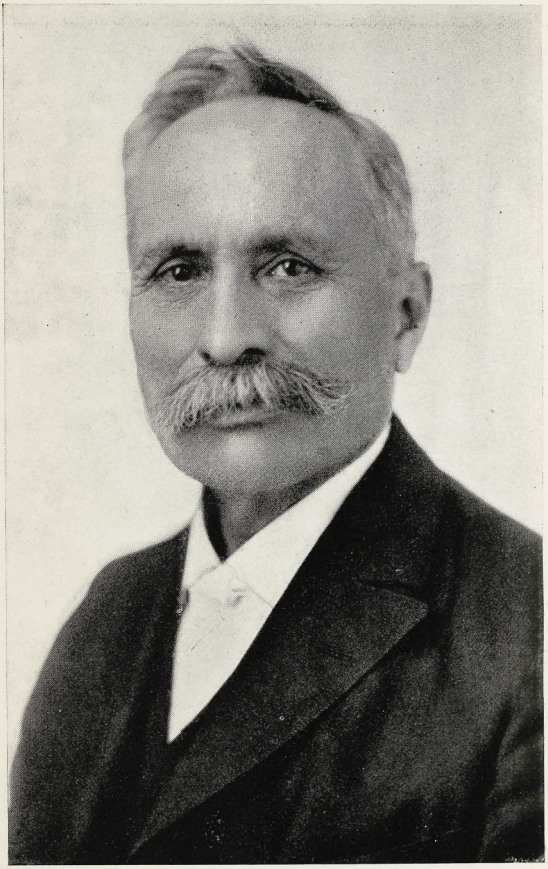

REV. WILLIAM HENRY PIERCE

William Henry Pierce

From

Potlatch to Pulpit

BEING THE

Autobiography of the
REV. WILLIAM HENRY PIERCE

Native Missionary to the Indian Tribes
of the Northwest Coast of
British Columbia.

Edited by REV. J. P. HICKS

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PART I.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS AND CONVERSION

MY father, Edward Pierce, was a Scotchman and an apprentice in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. He came out from the Old Country in the year 1835, in a sailing vessel named *The Columbia,* owned by that company, and was employed by them to come to this coast to prospect for coal.

In company with my father was a young man named Simpson, a house carpenter, also in the service of the Hudson's Bay, who afterwards became known as Captain Simpson, and who died on the Naas River while superintending the erection of the Fort there. When the company moved the Fort to a more suitable location thirty-seven miles farther south, the settlement became known as Fort Simpson* in memory of Captain Simpson. His remains were brought down from Fort Naas and buried there.

[**British Columbia Coast Names,* page 394 (Walbran), states that Fort Simpson was named in memory of Captain Armitage Simpson, lieutenant in Royal Navy, seniority March 2nd, 1815, later an officer of the Marine Service of the Hudson's Bay Company on this Coast, and a chief trader of the Company, who died September, 1831, at the trading post on the Naas, this known as Fort Naas. His remains were subsequently removed to the new fort—Fort Simpson.—*Editor.*]

After spending some time around Nanaimo, my father sailed for Fort Simpson on the old steamer, Beaver, which was the first steam vessel ever to appear at that port. When the Beaver first appeared in the waters of Cunningham Passage a great fear came upon the 4,000 Indians who resided there. The older people fled to the woods, for they could not understand this strange object. They thought it was the devil and that the smoke pouring from the funnel came from the regions below. To the old men and women on shore it appeared that the blocks in the rigging were human heads, and, altogether, the *Beaver* was a fearsome object. The younger ones were not quite so much afraid of the steamer, for they had heard of its expected arrival from the whites—the Hudson's Bay men at the Fort.

My father married an Indian woman of the Fort Simpson tribe and in a short time they moved down the Coast several hundred miles to the Hudson's Bay post at Fort Rupert. It was there I was born on the 10th of June, 1856, and three weeks after my birth my mother died. My father cared for me until my grandfather, to whom had been conveyed news of my mother's death, came and took me away. He had paddled all the way down the Coast in a large war canoe and, going to my father in the Fort, announced his intention of taking me away. What could my father do? It was useless for him to resist, so I was taken from him. He told me afterwards that he went down to the shore and watched and cried as the canoe bore me away. Little did he think then that twenty-five years

would elapse before he would ever hear of or see me again. We went to Port Simpson, my grandfather and I, and I was brought up amongst the Indians who were the tribesmen of my mother.

My grandmother used to light the fire in the early morning and she always prayed as the smoke went up. I used to like to hear her pray to the Great Spirit. One morning there was a great wind and when my grandmother lit the fire she did not pray. Being very curious, I asked her why she did not do so. "Oh," said she, "There is no use praying now, it is too windy and the smoke does not go straight up. My prayers would be lost." I imagined that her prayers went to the Great Spirit in the mountains or up in the air, and her explanation naturally seemed good reasoning.

At nights when all was quiet, several of us used to gather around my grandfather and listen to his advice. He impressed us very strongly to be good boys, always to work well and never be lazy. Every night he would instruct us in this way and he never forgot to warn us to keep away from bad company.

Things went on in this way till one day my grandfather said: "Get your best clothes on and come with me to the Fort to see Mr. Duncan. I dressed and we went to the Fort. Even then I could understand a little English and I knew when Mr. Duncan asked me what my name was, but could not answer. Mr. Duncan patted me on the head and my grandfather informed him that my name was William. Mr. Duncan then asked my grandfather to bring me to the Fort every Sunday, and I often went. Mr. Duncan had only then

come to the Fort and he remained inside for nearly three years while he learned the Indian language before mixing with the people to teach them. When he had mastered the language sufficiently he opened a little school and I was one of those who attended.

The Man-eater and the Dog-eater dancers were very much opposed to Mr. Duncan, and they did everything in their power to drive him out, but they could not succeed. Finally, one day—it was Sunday and we were at Sunday School—the man-eater dancers, half a dozen of them, came in and they told Mr. Duncan that they were having a celebration in the village and the noise of the church bell disturbed them. They did not wish the bell to be tolled any more that day. Mr. Duncan came down from his desk and told the Indians who were crazy with whiskey, that the bell would be rung twice more that day.

"Well," said one of the Indians, angrily, as he stepped up to Mr. Duncan brandishing his scalping knife, "I have killed twenty-six men and you will be the twenty-seventh."

At that, all the Indians closed around Mr. Duncan. He was a brave man, however, and never flinched. He informed them that if they killed him there would be three missionaries come to take his place.

While this row was in progress and just as one of the Indians, inflamed with passion, was about to strike Mr. Duncan down, Clah, my uncle by adoption, came into the building. He was armed with a revolver and ordered all who were threatening Mr. Duncan to leave. That revolver did the work and Mr. Duncan has often

said that my uncle saved his life. All this time we boys were huddled together in a corner and locked in the room. We were crying through fear. After the Indians had gone, Mr. Duncan went back to his desk and cried for a long time; then he told us to take our seats and the lesson was continued. The bell rang that day and for many another Sunday.

Just as I was learning my A B C's and getting along with my figures, my grandfather ordered me before him and told me while it was his desire that I should attend school, it had been ordered by the chief of the tribe that I should not. There was nothing to do but obey, so I left Mr. Duncan's school. During the whole of the next winter I did nothing. One night I was taken by my grandmother to a big house where a number of boys were to be taught the mysteries of the Dog-eaters' dance. That dance was a ceremony by which the boys were to become identified with the tribe. I had no knowledge of the dance, but it was impressed upon me by my grandmother that I should learn. A number of boys, myself among them, were initiated into the preliminaries and then we became probationers, as it were. All the following winter we were kept by ourselves and not allowed to associate with others of the tribe. We were isolated in preparation for the part we were to take in the actual Dog-eaters' dances. However, I never graduated. Circumstances willed otherwise.

One day when I was twelve years of age, while playing on the beach, the steamer *Otter* came in. I may say that the *Otter* was the second steamer to ply the Coast. It followed the *Beaver*. Both boats belonged

to the Hudson's Bay Company and were built in the Old Country. Captain Lewis was master of the *Otter*, and as he was going up the beach towards the Fort, he noticed me, and on coming up to me asked if I would like to go with him on the steamer. I said I would. So he told me to get my things and wait for him, and on returning from the Fort he would take me on board. He promised that I should receive $12.00 a month for my services. Very quickly I got together what little I had and went on the *Otter*.

Captain Lewis instructed me in my duties, told me I was to be cabin boy and that I was to keep his cabin clean. I worked on board that boat for two years and a half. Part of the time I was cabin boy and then I became second steward, and when the chief steward was away I acted in his place.

One day Captain Lewis called me in to him and said: "My boy, the Hudson's Bay Company have been watching you for a long time. You have not acted as other boys have done. You have not mixed up in bad company and you have not turned around as others have done and sold whiskey to the Indians. I shall teach you your lessons and afterwards the Company will give you money and send you to school, and finally you will be given a clerkship or appointed to the charge of some station. Now I want you to come to my cabin every night and I will teach you for an hour."

I owe a great deal to Captain Lewis. Every night, except when the weather was too rough to permit, I went to his cabin for instruction.

After spending two and a half years on the *Otter* I left and shipped on a steamer running between the Sound and Sitka. I went as second steward and received $45.00 a month. It was big pay then and the money was what attracted me. However, I only made three trips on that steamer, because I could not stand the rough company. The language was frightful, and although at that time I knew nothing about the Bible, it hurt my feelings to listen to the jests and oaths which came from the mouths of the men with whom I was compelled to associate.

I returned to Victoria. There were a great many Indians there when I arrived, for revival meetings were being held. Indians were here from all over the Coast. One night I attended the service and listened to the words of Rev. Thomas Crosby, and that night I gave my heart to God. I felt that a great weight had been lifted off my shoulders. I went back to the meetings and the more I saw of them the more I liked them.

On the night of my conversion, I felt that I wanted to tell the good news to somebody, and while walking along the street it occurred to me to go to see my friend, George Edgar. I knew that he was not leading the best of lives and, prompted by the feeling that was in me, I went right out and found him. He was in bed. I asked him to get up and let me in as I had something very important to tell him. After speaking to him of my conversion, I asked him to accept the truth also. We knelt down and prayed. After that George gathered together his belongings and came with me. We lived together many months. We both attend-

ed the services of the Rev. Wm. Pollard, a Methodist preacher, who was then pastor of Pandora Avenue Methodist Church.

After attending his Church for some weeks, Mr. Pollard came to us one night and asked us to remain after the service. We did so, and he informed us that he had noticed our devotion and had concluded to teach us. Every day we had to go to his house and receive one hour's instruction. In that way we learned a great deal. Afterwards his daughter, who later became Mrs. Burgess, of Victoria, taught us. She gave us two hours each day, and we learned rapidly.

Some time after Mr. Pollard received a long, strong petition from the Tsimpsheans. He then decided to open a mission at Fort Simpson and he asked me to go north with him as interpreter, which I did.

The mission at Fort Simpson was opened and hundreds of Indians used to come to hear Mr. Pollard preach. Finally he went away, leaving me in charge of the mission until Rev. C. M. Tate arrived to take Mr. Pollard's place. Mr. Tate was succeeded by Rev. T. Crosby, and I stayed with him as interpreter. Thus began my career as a missionary.

After staying with Mr. Crosby six months, I went down to Victoria again to attend school. I attended both day and night sessions until my funds gave out. It was then necessary that I should seek some means of earning more money. Accordingly I decided to try the American side and went over to Port Laidlow. At this place a large saw-mill plant was in operation. Several hundreds of Indians from all parts were em-

ployed. They came from Queen Charlotte's Island, Port Simpson, Naas, Bella Bella, Kitamaat, and other points. My first Sunday spent here was a revelation to me. All hands were paid every Saturday, and as the saloons were open to the Indians without any restriction, they spent most of their money at those places, with the result that there was drunkenness and fighting all day on Sunday, and when Monday morning came nobody was in a fit state to begin work, or if they turned up at their post, nothing was satisfactory.

I felt that if I was going to stay there a while, there must be some effort made to change the conditions, so I determined, by God's help to take my stand the following Sunday. Accordingly, when Saturday came I visited every house, informing them that there would be service on the following day, the manager having given me permission to use the white church which was only used for service by the whites occasionally. All were surprised, some were angry, others jeered at the idea, and a few thanked me. All wanted to know who was to be the preacher and were much surprised when told who was going to make the attempt.

On the second Sunday we launched the idea of a temperance society. The manager, I found out afterwards, was a temperance man. so I invited him to come in and write down the names of those who joined. He did so, and brought a number of pledge cards with him. It was a solemn time. Many wept their way to the table where the pledge was signed. The movement was a success. The manager was well pleased with the results at the mill. The owner himself was moved, and

he told the manager to give me promotion.

From this place at this time sprang a few of our faithful native workers. Phillip McKay, who became a burning light as a missionary in Alaska and who died there, was one. Charlie Amos, of Kitamaat, who was the first one to introduce Christianity amongst his people, was another. Bella Bella Jack also was converted and was the first one to proclaim to the Bella Bellas that Sunday was God's day by hoisting a flag in front of his house. George Tait, on the Naas, became a local preacher and was one of Rev. A. E. Green's councillors there when that mission was first established. That was a revival, but we did not realize it at the time. God's Spirit spoke to the hearts of the people in such a manner that they could not resist.

It was while working here that I became convinced that my life work was to be a missionary among the natives. After spending four months at the mill I returned to Victoria to continue my studies. It was while there that I received a letter from Mr. Crosby saying there was urgent need of workers up north and he asked me to go and receive an appointment as missionary teacher on one of the mission fields.

CHAPTER II.

MY FIRST MISSION FIELD

Some months after receiving Mr. Crosby's letter, a sloop, *The Georgina,* belonging to a chief named Alfred Dudoward, of Fort Simpson, came down to Victoria to buy goods for a store he had started up there. This I thought was my opportunity to accept Mr. Crosby's invitation, and I went with him on the return trip. This was in 1877. Owing to strong head winds we had to take shelter at Alert Bay and remain there for some days. We were not sorry for this delay as we had heard that man-eater and dog-eater dances were being held there and we were anxious to do what we could to stop them.

While there, two warships, one of which was large and the other small, cast anchor in the bay. I learned that Lord Dufferin, the Governor-General, and Lady Dufferin were on board. The next morning, after the ships had anchored I was on the beach and Lord and Lady Dufferin came ashore. Lord Dufferin asked me to act as interpreter, and through me he told the Indians assembled that he had heard a great deal about their dances since he had come to the Coast and now that he had found them at the practice he was going to stop their performances. He offered the Indians their choice of going to Victoria as prisoners, or accepting Christianity. They chose the latter.

After this address to the tribesmen, Lord and Lady Dufferin made a tour of the village. Lady Dufferin

wanted some curios, and when she found what was to her liking—I forget what it was—she asked the Indians the price and they said five dollars. Her ladyship had no purse with her, so she asked Lord Dufferin for some money and he had none, so they both fell back on me. I had five dollars, which I handed over to Lady Dufferin. His Excellency said he would repay me before the ship sailed in the morning. Just after daylight an officer came ashore and handed me six dollars—an extra one for interest. In this unexpected manner I became banker to Lord Dufferin and this event was quite an interesting incident on my journey north.

In about one week from that time we arrived at Fort Simpson. It seemed that Mr. Crosby, who was chairman of the district, had been urgently invited to visit Port Essington, and during the previous year he had done so at intervals. Mrs. Cunningham, the wife of the trader, rendered valuable assistance in carrying on the Sabbath School and holding evening service until some one should be sent to take charge. To that field Mr. Crosby now proposed to send me. Accordingly I left Fort Simpson and went down to Port Essington, a distance of about fifty miles, to begin work on my first mission field, my salary being paid in part out of Mr. Crosby's own pocket. This was in the fall of the year. Everybody gave me a glad welcome. The two tribes of Kit-sumkalum and Kitselas, having now moved down from their old villages in a body, renounced heathenism and became christianized and civilized, thus forming a Christian village.

School was taught and services were held in a

building kindly loaned by the trader, Mr. Cunningham. However, right after Christmas, it was decided that a place of worship should be erected. All felt the need to be great. Every man subscribed very liberally and volunteered to go for lumber, a distance of about forty-five miles, in their canoes, all at their own expense. Before many more weeks had passed the lumber came to hand and the building was under way. During that year, 1877, the church was finished, and the work had all been done free of charge.

Since then the building has been repaired and for many years served as the mission school house. At the present time it is used for week-night services and on Sundays during the year, when the people are few. After the church was built the mission was organized. A council was formed and by-laws were made to govern the village. New houses were built and a good road was made which extended from one end of the village to the other. Bible class and evening services were conducted and all who were anxious for baptism were instructed at certain hours during the week.

Many couples who had been married according to their heathen rites now desired to be married as Christions and they, too, were instructed. Some of them were nearly eighty years of age, but they, becoming Christians so late in life, felt that nothing ought to be in the way of their fulfilling God's commandments. When all were sufficiently instructed, the chairman of the district, Rev. T. Crosby, was called down to officiate.

During the next winter there were indications of a revival. Those who had become followers of Christ

were anxious to see God's work spread amongst the strangers who were then living there from outside places, as Metlakahtla, Port Simpson and the Naas. Many of these had been disgraced in some way and had come to Port Essington for shelter. Amongst the crowd were husbands and wives who had been separated for years. After the preaching of God's word and much heart-searching in answer to prayer, a mighty revival came and swept the place, reaching even to Metlakahtla, Port Simpson and the Naas. Wonderful conversions took place during those six weeks. The chiefs of the Kitsumkalum and Kitselas tribes—Kitkon and Scaugumzeush, with their people, were amongst the converts, as were also all the man-eaters belonging to those tribes. After these chiefs and leading people had been converted, their influence was so great that it was felt on the Upper Skeena, amongst the heathen tribes there, that heathen power had given way, as it were, under their feet. The news so spread even as far as Kitamaat and Bella Bella.

Quite a number of young men began to study their Bibles with the missionary and some of them became exhorters and local preachers. Moses Hudson, Cornelius Hudson, William Young, James Smith and Jonah Roberts are the names of some of these who from that time continued to live good, faithful lives until the end. For a period of six weeks the time was given up entirely to religious work. Three services were held every day, the evening service often continuing till quite late. Between the services the people met together to learn a number of Sankey's hymns and had them

translated into their own tongue. It was often difficult for the missionary to keep the church closed at night after the service was over. One night at the close of the service, I told them the hour was very late and advised them all to go to bed, for we were tired and needed a good rest. The door was locked and the key in my possession. It was not long, however, before my rest was disturbed. Some one awoke me, saying there was singing in the church. In a few moments I was on the spot, anxious to discover how any one had entered. The building was full, and all had entered by the windows, using short ladders for that purpose.

On unlocking the door, my eyes beheld a great sight. Men, women and children were all on their knees, sobbing, and praying most earnestly, while above it all arose the cry of a woman, "Here comes the missionary!" After spending a short season of prayer and testimony together, all were dismissed and went home feeling satisfied that they had been able to put in an extra service before morning dawned.

It seemed as if they were feeling for and reaching out for something. Often a text or a prayer, or it might be the verse of a hymn newly translated, touched and moved their hearts strangely. This excitement, of course, had to be checked by the missionary, in order that they might not depend on their feelings instead of having faith in a living Christ. It was while learning the hymn,"The Half Was Never Told," that their feelings were moved in a special manner. I told them of the Queen of Sheba who, on hearing of the widsom and greatness of King Solomon, paid a visit to that

monarch in order to see for herself whether all the reports that had gone abroad were true, and that when she did behold all the grandeur and prosperity, she was so amazed that she exclaimed that the half had not been told. I explained to them that from this incident the hymn in question was written. After learning this grand old hymn, the hour was quite late and we were all dismissed for the night. It was not long, however, before my rest was disturbed by a loud knocking at the door, and the sound of many voices outside. On inquiring the cause of this disturbance they replied: "We want you to come outside; come now, didn't you hear us singing?" In a few minutes I had joined them when they said: "We have come to you to tell us the other half". You have told us of King Solomon and all his riches, but as we have only heard the half, you will please tell us the other half." This was unexpected, and for a moment I hesitated, wondering how best to satisfy their curiosity. At last I replied: "Dear friends, keep on praying and believing; serve God faithfully to the end of your lives, and then when you reach Heaven you will hear the other half." The explanation was quite satisfactory. The outdoor service was concluded and all went to their homes feeling quite happy and content Afterwards, whenever that hymn was sung at any service it never failed to touch their hearts. It always seemed to have a deeper meaning to them than any other hymn they ever sung.

CHAPTER III.

OPENING UP OF MISSION WORK IN ALASKA

Early in the spring of 1877 it was ordained that I should leave Essington and move to a new mission at Fort Wrangel, Alaska. It was in 1876 that Phillip McKay, with three other Tsmpsheans, left Fort Simpson for Alaska to work at their mines there. However, they never got any further than Fort Wrangel. On reaching that place they found the natives in such a dark, degraded condition that they longed to remain amongst them and preach the old, old story. Fortunately they found plenty of employment, so their hearts' desire was granted in being able to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation. Phillip McKay was the leader. For many months he continued the good work and led many souls to Christ. At last he sickened and died. His loss to the people was great. They were then left without help of any kind. A letter was sent to Rev. T. Crosby at Fort Simpson urging him to send some one. He called for volunteers, but no one responded to the call. Finally it was impressed on my mind that I should offer myself for that field. There was no salary in the bargain, but that did not trouble me. I believed that if God were leading me there He would supply all my needs.

The schooner *Kate,* loaded with lumber, was just about ready to start for that port, so I boarded her and went. Before we had travelled far we encountered a

very bad storm and instead of arriving at our destination in three days, it took us a whole week. Quite a mumber of the natives were down at the wharf when we landed, but all were perfect strangers to me and I was a stranger to them. However, everybody was delighted to know that a missionary had arrived and one chief welcomed me very cordially to his house and told me that I was to stay there. He showed me a bag of gold which I was to share with him. His house he offered to be used for service at any time.

The next day I called all the people together and explained to them what I wanted. All responded and said they would be with me. It was arranged that the Sunday services should be held in Chief Doo-yak's house.

On the first Saturday spent in Wrangel I was invited to have dinner with Captain Jocelyn at the Garrison. I accepted the kind invitation and found about one hundred soldiers there, also Captain Jocelyn's wife and children. The Captain and his wife were Christians, as were also some of the soldiers. After dinner the Captain asked many questions and made a nice speech. He said that he did not wish me to feel a stranger and promised that just as he had helped Phillip McKay so he would do what he could for me, and, said he, "If you do not receive proper treatment from either whites or Indians, let me know. I will attend your services whenever I can, as will also my wife and children." These words were most encouraging and made me feel that my Lord and Master was indeed opening up my way for His work.

My stay in Alaska lasted six months. During that time many changes took place. Heathen homes were forsaken and new civilized ones built. There was no more desire to break the law of the land. Many of the worst characters now acted as peacemakers. All were anxious to learn about God and whenever we gathered together for worship we were sure of a good congregation. Every Sabbath we held four services. The day began by holding a prayer meeting at 7 a.m. At 9 a.m. there was Bible School, followed by a preaching service. In the afternoon we had Sunday School where both young and old joined together. Again in the evening we had preaching services followed by testiomony meeting. At every service God's power was felt and many conversions took place.

Every Saturday each family was urged to clean up their home and prepare a good supply of wood to last over Sunday. This they did gladly, and it soon became a custom which still exists today.

The chief with whom I stayed was anxious that I should accept ten or twenty dollars each week from his bag of gold. This I refused, for did I not receive food and shelter from him, therefore I told him more than that was not necessary. However. this did not satisfy him, and he bought me a new suit of clothes.

After six months among this people, I received a letter from Mr. Crosby asking me to return. There was an urgent cry from the Naas river for a missionary and, as they stated to Mr. Crosby that they must have me, I was asked to leave Alaska. This news was a great surprise and shock to the people and they urged me to

remain. I could not bear to think of it. However, the farewell Sunday came and we had a great time. The house was crowded. Indians, soldiers and miners were all present, as were also Captain Jocelyn, his wife and family. The captain made a speech. He said that the United States had built a garrison and stationed a number of soldiers there for twenty years past in order that the law of the land might be maintained. The law had been broken very frequently; punishment had been meted out, some were hanged and others were sent to jail to serve a number of years or a life sentence. But in spite of every effort that was made to check the many evils, wrongdoing went on just the same. Often extra soldiers had to be called out in order that peace might be maintained. "Now," said he, "I am glad to be able to witness the mighty change that has come about through the preaching of the Gospel. We shall not be needed here any more." Three years later all the soldiers were recalled to the States by order of the Government, and the garrison was pulled down.

At the close of the service, the Captain handed me a ten-dollar bill for my own personal use, and the storekeeper gave me fifteen dollars. The collection, amounting to forty dollars, was also given me, and the chief with whom I stayed added a twenty dollar bill, making a total of eighty-five dollars.

A few days later the old *Otter* came along and I went on board. Captain McCulloch, being a Methodist from Pandora Street Church, Victoria, told me that I was to have a free passage. So I certainly proved the truth of the promise, "My God shall supply all your needs."

The whole tribe was on the beach (there was no wharf in those days) to say goodbye, and all sang very impressively, "Shall We Gather at the River," before we parted. Many tears were shed. Some urged me to stay, offering to pay me a good salary. In the meantime our chairman, Rev. T. Crosby, had communicated with the Mission Rooms in Toronto, urging them if possible to send a man to Alaska, that I was to be called away to another field. The reply stated that funds were low and that it was impossible to keep the work going in Alaska. Mr. Crosby then wrote to the Presbyterians in the States and explained to them the situation, urging them to take up the work if possible and send a missionary to that field. His appeal was successful and the first missionary to succeed me was Mr. McFarlane. In later years Rev. Mr. Young was sent to take charge at Wrangel. The work then began to spread amongst the tribes and other missions were formed. A large boarding school built by the United States Government, was erected for the natives at Sitka.

CHAPTER IV.

BEGINNING OF NAAS MISSION

After leaving Alaska, I remained in Fort Simpson about two weeks waiting for a canoe to come down from Naas to take me to my new field there.

I had agreed to build a mission at Lak-al-Zap, and we arrived there one week after leaving Fort Simpson. This was early in September 1877*. At that time there were only three Indian houses built on that site and two other shacks, owned and occupied by two white men, both of whom were miners and old timers. These two white men gave me a hearty welcome when landing on the beach, promising to give me various kinds of food and help in every way possible.

Lak-al-Zap is situated on the right bank of the Naas River, almost at the mouth, and four miles above Fishery Bay. This village derives its name from the fact of its being the chief seat of the councillors of the chiefs belonging to the lower tribes of the Naas River. Here they would congregate to discuss their own affairs

[*In Chapter I. in this story, Mr. Pierce states he was appointed to Essington in 1877, completed a church in *that year*. Later he states he was sent to Alaska "early in the Spring of 1877," remained there six months and moved to the Naas "early in September, 1877." These dates rather conflict, and it is probable the second and last cases should read "1878." —*Editor*.]

once during each year. In former years the Hudson's Bay Company opened up a small store at Lak-al-Zap, as it was a central place for all the tribes to meet. Behind the village runs a small stream—a tributary of the Naas—called Koha-Zip, which means "Bone stream." Tradition says that oftentimes when famine struck the people, this stream would be full of dead bodies. As the starving people headed for the stream to drink water they died there. The bodies would accumulate to such an extent that they were piled up thickly and after decay the bones filled up the stream. Hence the name, "Bone Stream."

One of the homes at Lak-al-Zap was occupied by a chief who kindly offered his house to be used for services just as long as we needed it. My first Sunday service held there was attended by six Indians and two whites. At the evening service there were a few strangers present who had come from other places purposely to attend. At the close of this service, an invitation was given to those who wished to join the Christian life, to speak. Four responded and said, "We are the ones who wrote to Mr. Crosby and invited you to come here. Now we are going to pull down our old heathen homes at the other villages where we have hitherto lived and build new Christian homes and move our families down here."

On Monday morning a day school was opened for the children. During the week those who had made up their minds to become Christians and move from their heathen quarters, came down in their canoes loaded with goods. Some had come all the way from Kit-wun-

sikh, which is a distance of about fifty miles farther up the river.

Before I had been at Lak-al-Zap many weeks, a letter came from Rev. T. Crosby, informing me that a missionary had been appointed by the Mission Board, Toronto, to be in charge of this mission, and I was to remain with him to act as teacher and interpreter. The late Rev. A. E. Green, who labored with much success amongst the Naas tribes for twelve years, was the name of the missionary referred to. This was cheering news to the people, and towards the end of November Mr. Green arrived. Week-night services had been held during the time that I had lived amongst them, and quite a number had professed Christianity. As soon as the missionary arrived it was arranged to build a small frame mission house, consisting of two rooms, just large enough to accommodate the two of us. Mr. Green's room was heated by a box stove and my room was heated by a very small cook stove. When the north winds began to blow and the snow was drifted through the cracks, we did not find our quarters any too warm. Drips came through the boards and icicles formed on the inside. It was necessary to keep both stoves going all night in order that we might obtain any degree of comfort and sleep.

Towards Christmas our provisions gave out and as we were new on the ground, we had no idea of what the Naas River was like in winter time. The nearest store was at Kincolith, a distance of about twenty-five miles lower down, but it was impossible for any canoe to travel there, and our supplies dwindled down to

almost nothing. The natives, knowing of our plight, brought us a little of what they could spare from their own. It was not till quite a while after New Year that we were able to replenish our own stock from the store at Kincolith. Our Christmas dinner consisted of boiled turnips and potatoes, with boiled porcupine, and a dessert consisting of boiled rice without any milk. As a substitute for bread, we had hardtack and no butter. We were inexperienced cooks as far as porcupine was concerned, and in spite of its long cooking of several hours, it was too tough to eat. Next day it re-entered the pot and after a few more hours of boiling it was very palatable, and we then really enjoyed our meal.

Before we had finished our meal I noticed my friend brush away some tears and on inquiring the cause he burst out sobbing and exclaimed, "Whatever would my mother and father think if they saw me in this plight on Christmas—nothing but procupine for my Christmas dinner!" I tried to be cheerful and said that better times were coming and that as he was the leader he should do his utmost to be brave instead of making me feel weak-hearted. Instantly the tears were dried and we continued our meal with a greater measure of contentment.

About the middle of February some of the natives volunteered to haul their canoes over the ice and make the trip to Kincolith in order that some supplies might be purchased. They made the journey successfully and returned bringing sufficient food to last us till spring.

Early in March the people from the Upper villages moved to Fishery Bay in order that they might make

preparations for the oolichan fishing, which usually begins towards the end of March. As there was quite a big crowd at that place, it was arranged that I should go and stay with the people there and open up a day school. Mr. Green was to visit us every second Sunday. During this period there was always an unusual amount of excitement. While staying here Rev. T. Crosby, with a number of his people from Fort Simpson, paid us a visit and we were glad to learn from him that the Missionary Society in Toronto had promised a grant to build a mission house at Lak-al-Zap, also that the Indian Department at Ottawa were willing to give a sum of money towards the expense of erecting a schoolhouse. This news greatly cheered and encouraged the hearts of the natives. They felt that when both the Society and Government were taking such an interest in their behalf it encouraged them in the steps that they had taken in forsaking their old heathen homes and customs, and building up a Christian community.

At the close of the fishing, some men were employed to haul out the timber and hew the logs for the foundations of the school and mission house. Other timber required was brought from Georgetown sawmill.

During the fishing time, conversions amongst all classes were taking place right along. The services were all well attended. On a Sunday morning when the tide was suitable, there would be two or three canoes from the Tsmpshean camp at Red Bluffs, a distance of about eight or ten miles, come to help us out in the services on that day.

In the month of June the mission house was finished and occupied and one month later the schoolhouse was completed.

Those who had come down from Kit-wun-sikh, now returned up there again, so that they might secure all the salmon they needed for their winter food. It was planned that I should go along with them and stay for the remainder of the summer to conduct services and open up a day and Sunday School. A few years ago I was much surprised when visiting Port Essington to be presented with a case of canned roast beef by a young man who, at that time was conducting a store there. On inquiring the reason he said, "Several years ago when I was a young boy on the Naas River, you used to come to my father's house at Kit-wun-sikh and urge me to attend school, which I did, and what I learned then has helped me to be what I am today. I give you this—it is not much—but I want to show you how much I appreciate all that you have done."

In the fall of that year the work was beginning to spread and we needed more help. Rev. T. Crosby sent a young man from Port Simpson, George Edgar by name, to take my place at Kit-wun-sikh, and I was to move on to Kit-lik-damuks, a distance of about six miles. On reaching the lower end of the village, I stood still wondering just where I should stay. Just then a young chief named Nahoogh, nephew of the head chief Skadeen, came along with an invitation for me to remain at his house until I could find better accommodation. He took my pack and I followed him. His house was of small size, consisting of one room

with a fireplace in the centre. The roof was covered with cedar bark, having a hole left in the centre in order that the smoke from the fire might escape. There was no floor other than the bare ground. There were three other families who, besides himself, occupied this room. A special table, both small and low, was provided for me and I had my own dishes which were always kept separate from the rest. After supper the chief's wife showed me the corner that I was to occupy. Clean straw was spread on the ground which was to take the place of a mattress and over this was placed my cedar mat and blankets. Several young people came in to have a peep at me and to inquire what kind of work I was going to do. I told them that on Sunday afternoon next there would be a Sunday School for both old and young, and in the evening preaching service would be held. For any of the bigger ones who were not able to attend school during the day I would have an evening session. This arrangement seemed to please them very much. As there were still two days ahead of us before Sunday came, I, with some others, made the most of our time by hauling in sufficient wood to last us over the week-end. But when the young people saw me at work, they did not like it and said that in future they themselves would get all the wood that was necessary, that my work was to teach. From that time on, all through the winter they kept their word and we always had plenty.

About a mile from the village there was a store which was kept by an old Scotchman, named John Matheson, who was living with an Indian woman. The

young chief took me down there and gave me an introduction. The old man was very friendly, particularly so when I told him my father was Scotch, too. He allowed me to take what provisions I needed, on credit, and he also promised to attend the Sunday services.

During the week Chief Skadeen had threatened to shoot any one who would attempt to ring any bell calling the people together for service. He strongly objected to having a missionary in the village, or to any of his people becoming Christians. He knew that this would change all his old heathen customs and, in his opinion, weaken his power as a chief. After this threat I thought it advisable to send a messenger around and call the people together quietly, and thus prevent any unnecessary ill-feeling or disturbance. However at the time appointed for afternoon service John Matheson was on hand and he offered to take all risks and go through the village with the hand bell himself. When John passed Skadeen's door, he saw the man standing there with two rifles, but not a word was spoken and no trouble occurred. Several of the women and children came to the service around by the back of the village, through fear of the old chief. They knew he was watching every movement. The attendance was very good for the first time and some stayed behind afterwards to learn the text or to sing a hymn.

At the evening service the attendance was better. It was dark then and everybody knew that Chief Skadeen could not be on the watch. We had a very interesting service—after preaching, a fellowship service was

held and any who wished to become Christians were invited to do so. Chief Nahoogh and his wife, John Matheson and his wife, and a few others decided to forsake their old life and become Christians.

Thus Christianity began at this little village. On Monday morning a day school was started which was well attended, but the only clothing worn by the pupils was a blanket or cotton shirt. On Friday night we had prayer meeting and singing school. During this time heathen dances of all kinds were raging through the village, but they never attempted to come into the house where I stayed. On Sundays they were very quiet. Somehow it was whispered around that if there was any nonsense on the Sabbath day I would surely send in a report to the Government and that would be the means of ending their heathen rites.

Joshua Moody, the young man who had walked with me, carrying my blankets from Kit-wun-sikh to Kit-lak-damaks, offered to stay a while and assist me. He stayed about three weeks and then returned to Lak-al-zap. When he told the good news, Mr. Green decided to take the trip and see for himself. He came, bringing with him a few of his men. During the time of Mr. Green's visit, a very sad affair occured in the village. One of the young men who had been caring for and supporting his aged grandmother for a number of years, became tired of her and decided to end her life. Early in the morning, before anyone was astir, he took a club and knocked her senseless. At noon, while eating our lunch, we heard the sound of fire crackling and on opening the door to investigate, we

detected a very disagreeable odor. On making inquiry, we were informed that the body of the old lady was being burned. We both left our food and went out to the spot. The sight we beheld was truly awful. Four men, each with a stick in his hand, were to be seen poking at the burning body. Mr. Green requested them to stop but they replied that they must have the heart. In the early days, it was customary to burn the dead but the heart was always taken out and preserved. It was wrapped in a dry cedar mat and buried under a log or tree. After the men had gathered all the bones together and piled them in a heap amongst the ashes in the middle of the fireplace, Mr. Green asked them to stand still while he offered a prayer. He spoke to the men telling them that after they became Christians, all these old customs would be abolished. We then returned home and finished our meal but the dreadful sight we witnessed we could never forget. "Surely," said Mr. Green, "these people need the Gospel." After Sunday Mr. Green returned home leaving Joshua Moody with me to give assistance.

In the beginning of March, everybody moved down to Lak-al-zap and Fishery Bay for the oolichan fishing, and of course Joshua and I moved with them. The heathen chiefs in their big meeting, decided that all must try to keep the Sabbath during their stay down the river. There was to be no fishing and no work of any kind done on that day.

They were now nearer to the villages that were civilized and were afraid of the law. When all the people were congregated at Fishery Bay, the sounds

of rattles and drums belonging to the heathen doctors could be heard each evening during the entire season.

In the month of April, I left the Naas river for good. Mr. Green and a teacher remained at Lak-al-zap and George Edgar at Kit-lak-damak.

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE BELLA BELLAS ACCEPTED CHRISTIANITY

Jack, a Bella Bella native, during a visit to Victoria, was converted there. On his return home it grieved him sorely to see the whole tribe living in heathenism and darkness, and every day he prayed very earnestly that God would send a missionary to show them the way of life. He had brought with him from Victoria, a Bible which he prized as the word of God, but he being unable to read could not teach any of its truths to his people.

He had also bought a flag and this he always hoisted in front of his house every Sunday morning, afterwards walking through the village telling everybody that this was God's day and all work should cease.

At this time Mr. Crosby made a trip to Bella Bella by canoe—steamers were very rare in those days—and Jack gave him a very cordial reception and urged him to do his utmost to send a missionary. After Mr. Crosby's return to Fort Simpson it was arranged that I should go to Bella Bella and commence work at that place.

In June, 1883, I boarded the Steamer *Grappler* and went. Captain Myers instructed his men to place all my belongings on the beach above high water mark.

Some of the older men came down to inquire my business and when I told them they went away and left me. While keeping watch over my goods Chief Charley came along and on finding me there welcomed me most heartily. He had known me when on board the *Otter* some years before. At once he invited me to his house and ordered some of the young people to pack my goods up there. He told me that his house was at my disposal either for school or service both on week days and Sundays. I appreciated his kind offer very much, but having noticed an empty warehouse on the beach belonging to a white trader I thought if I could obtain permission from him to use the building for school purposes I could do better work than in Charley's house which was occupied by five families besides himself.

On interviewing the trader, Mr. Clayton, he assured me that I was quite welcome to use the place free of charge, providing I could get it cleaned and fixed up. Several of the young people gladly rallied to my assistance and after a thorough cleaning we managed to find a few boards with which we made some benches. The building was large enough to accommodate only about twenty. Sunday services were held both morning and evening in Chief Charley's house, but Sunday and day schools were carried on in the warehouse.

I lived amongst them three months before the chiefs and people were all agreed to accept Christianity and until they did arrive at that point I could not succeed in accomplishing very much. Both day school and Sun-

day services were attended by a few, but there was no real interest taken in anything relating to Christianity. However I worked and prayed and had faith in God that an answer would surely come in His own good time.

During that three months there were several councils held, but no decision could ever be made. Then one day when all the people had come home from their fish camps, Chief Charley said to me, "Today there is going to be another council and I want to let you know that it will be the last. Whatever decision is made tonight, will stand. If they all agree not to accept Christianity you will have to leave, but if, on the other hand they are all united to forsake their old heathen customs and become Christians, you will have a very big congregation on Sunday." This was on Friday. The meeting was to last till midnight. I said to him, "How shall I know what the decision is? I shall want to know to night." "Well," said he, "if the decision is in your favor, we will fire two shots. If you hear nothing, you will understand what has been done." Sure enough, about midnight, two shots were fired and shortly afterwards Charley, with all the other chiefs, came into the house to shake hands with me. Two of the chiefs made a speech. Said they, "It has taken us all this time to get the people united. We wanted to be quite sure of what we were doing before taking the step. We did not want to change and then repent of our action and return to the old life. Now we are ready to listen to you and you can preach to us tonight. If you send word out, this house will soon be filled."

When I told him the hour was late, one of them said, "Well, nobody is going to sleep tonight and we might just as well begin." Accordingly two messengers were sent around and in a short time the house was full. I can never forget with what eagerness they learned their first hymn. The beginning had to be simple and I thought nothing more suitable could be found than the old familiar hymn, "Come to Jesus." The words were repeated over and over and then the time was taught. And how they did sing. Truly God's presence was felt. The service lasted two hours. That night quite a number of the leading men, with their families, declared then and there that their old rites were given up and they surrendered themselves to God.

Thus Bella Bella mission began. In a few weeks many changes were noted. Each family selected a lot on which to build his Christian house and instead of wearing blankets as their only article of clothing, the men desired to buy suits of clothes and boots. The women bought shawls and some material to make dresses for themselves and the children. Week by week the change became more apparent and in a short time the village became transformed. Those who did not make a start during our first service, did so week by week, until the whole band were on the Christian side. Those who were away from home at the time united with us as soon as they returned. We held four services each Sunday and three services during the week. All were very much in earnest and nobody ever thought of staying away. A number were anxious to have their children baptized and several couples who had been

married according to their heathen rites, desired a Christian marriage. Mr. Crosby came down from Fort Simpson to attend to this. During his stay arrangements were made to build a church and mission house. The people themselves suggested this and said that they were quite willing to do their part.

Each chief gave fifty dollars and their wives twenty. The others subscribed in cash from ten to twenty dollars and upwards. In one day we collected from the Bella Bellas over one thousand dollars. Other small surrounding villages promised to help also. When Mr. Crosby returned home he took with him the money collected, promising to send down the lumber by next steamer. This he did. When the steamer arrived, lumber, nails, windows and doors were put ashore. Peter Pollard, a native carpenter of Fort Simpson, came also. This caused much rejoicing among the people, and when they saw that such headway was being made, their interest in God's work became greater than ever. When the foundation was laid, we had a special service and two of the chiefs gave an address. As soon as the roofs were on both buildings, the Rev. C. M. Tate arrived to take charge of that mission.

Acting on Mr. Crosby's instructions, I remained with him a few weeks and then returned north to Fort Simpson.

HOW THE GOSPEL REACHED BELLA COOLA

After leaving Bella Bella I was only in Fort Simpson a short time when Mr. Crosby decided to open up the work at Bella Coola where the entire population of

two hundred were wholly pagan. No one had ever gone there to proclaim the Gospel of Peace and Love. They had received no teaching of any kind. Accordingly he arranged to make one of his trips and to take me along in order that he might leave me behind at Bella Coola to open up the work.

It was in the fall of 1883 when we left Fort Simpson by canoe. On reaching our destination the chiefs informed us a white trader had told them that the Anglicans were to open up work in their village. Acting on that information, Mr. Crosby withdrew. Next morning before leaving, the chiefs told him that if the Anglicans did not enter that field they would welcome us.

On our return trip we called at Bella Bella and as the new missionary there, Rev. W. B. Cuyler, was in need of assistance it was agreed to leave me there with him for a time.

Before Christmas Chief Tom of Bella Coola, with his family, came down to spend Christmas and New Year at Bella Bella. When leaving his home he told the people that he was going to try to find a missionary and if he succeeded he would fire two shots on his return, if he arrived in the night. By this sign they would be certain that he had a missionary on board.

I accepted his invitation and went back with him as their missionary. We reached the village before midnight and sure enough Tom kept his word. Two shots were fired and immediately following were shouts and great excitement on both sides of the river. Tom placed his house at my disposal to be used during the day for

school and to hold services there on Sundays. One corner was set apart for my own especial use and there I lived during the whole of my stay at Bella Coola. This dwelling was a very large heathen house having just one room which was big enough to accommodate everybody. There were no windows and not even a lamp, but a large fireplace in the centre of the room piled up with huge blazing logs furnished us with all the light we had.

Because of Tom's kindness to the missionary, he was greatly persecuted by all the other chiefs. While the young people were anxious to have a missionary and learn the new way, the chiefs and older people were strongly opposed to having any change whatever. This opposition made him all the more determined to become a Christian. After his conversion he became very anxious to burn all his idols which he said he had been serving for thirty years. Accordingly, one Saturday he informed me privately that it was his intention to destroy them all that night after everybody had gone to bed, and he requested that I remain up with him to be a witness to the deed. At midnight two boxes were brought in, both filled with heathen treasures of all kinds, such as the secret whistle which belonged to the man-eater dances, dog whistles, wild dance whistles, aprons, head dresses, leggings, etc. These boxes he told me, had been handed down for several generations and had travelled from place to place during the heathen dances. Their frequent use could easily be detected by looking at the top and bottom of each box which had worn so thin that they would

bend with the slightest pressure. One of the secret whistles belonging to the man-eater dances which he showed to me was in the form of five fingers at one end while at the opposite end was just one piece where the blower was. He told me that the Kitamaat man-eaters had offered his grandfather one slave for this special piece. This offer was refused, it being against their rules to sell at any price. So when Tom decided to part with these treasures, it was to him a great sacrifice. It meant that the traditions of his family would be wiped out. At two o'clock in the morning, everything had perished in the flames. We then knelt down to pray—there were five of us—Tom and his family and myself. I asked Tom to lead in prayer, which he did. This was Tom's first prayer in public.

When Sunday morning dawned, the news spread through the village like wild fire. Everybody knew on that day Tom and his family were going to take a stand on the Christian side. At the evening service the house was full. All the heathen chiefs, wearing their blankets and with painted faces, were present, anxious to see and hear. They saw Tom and his family stand up and heard them declare that they had done with the heathen rites for ever. Tom had always been one of the chief leaders in the old life, so this change was a big blow to the heathen heads. He was now the leader in the Christian way and I am glad to say he continued to be faithful throughout his life. Often he found the struggle very hard, especially when tempted by other tribes to attend the Potlatch, but he always found God's grace sufficient to keep him from falling. Dur-

ing that winter several families accepted Christianity and joined the Church.

The services both on Sundays and week days were well attended and the children and young pepole came to school regularly each day, anxious to learn all they could.

After spending nearly one year among these people, I was appointed to a new field and never had an opportunity of visiting them again for nearly forty years. It was in 1920 the opportunity came and I went. It was a source of delight to note the many improvements that had taken place during that time. It all seemed wonderful. I was cordially welcomed to the mission house by the missionary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, and it was quite a contrast having the privilege to enjoy my stay in such a pleasant and comfortable home, compared with the heathen dwelling I had occupied in the early days.

It was a pleasure to visit the neat church building which had been erected ,also the nice schoolhouse, the latter having been built by the Government, a good teacher being in charge—another contrast from the time when I taught the children their A B C's in the old heathen house, using the floor as a blackboard.

It was early Sunday morning when I landed at the mission house and at the usual hour we went to church. As I glanced around my eyes detected a face that seemed familiar, which I knew at once to be my old friend Tom of long ago. He was delighted to see me again and it seemed too good to be true that after an absence of nearly forty years we had been permitted

to meet again. Said he, "When our missionary, Mr. Gibson, told us last Sunday that you were coming, I could not sleep that night. My mind would travel back to the time when we used to take our canoe trips down to salt water and up the river." Less than fifty miles away were two other villages, Kimsquit and Taliome, having a population of less than two hundred. The language spoken was that of the Bella Coolas. These people have never accepted Christianity. Attempts have been made to instruct and help them by frequent visits of the missionary from time to time, with but little apparent success. They seemed to have no desire to accept the new teaching, consequently have made no progress and have decreased very rapidly. Today the population is about one quarter of what it was then.

THE GLAD TIDINGS MISSION

It was in 1895 that I was appointed to the *Glad Tidings* Mission under the direction of our chairman, Rev. T. Crosby.

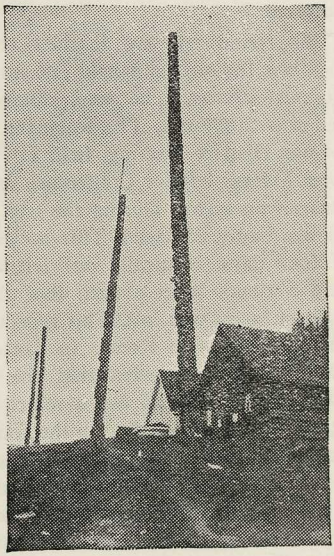
During that year we travelled altogether about seven thousand miles. A few native workers were chosen to accompany me on these trips to assist in holding evangelistic services at any suitable point we might touch.

I shall not forget some of the sad sights we witnessed around Cape Scott, Cape Cook and Cape Beale, on the West Coast of Vancouver Island. The heathen

dances, potlatches and wickedness were too dreadful. Sometimes we would find nearly the whole village under the influence of liquor, and I was told that the whiskey had cost them six dollars a bottle. We spent one Sunday at Nootka Sound and at the close of the evening service sixteen men came forward expressing a desire to lead a new life if a missionary could be sent to help them.

During the round trip we reached about three thousand heathen Indians, and held one hundred and sixteen religious services. The total number of villages visited was thirty-two. The following spring, at the close of our District Meeting, held in Port Simpson, the *Glad Tidings* left for Conference, having several missionaries on board. During the trip she struck a rock and was badly damaged. This accident caused a delay of four days. Naturally our friends became alarmed and a rumor went abroad that the mission boat with all on board was lost. This report had even been wired to the Mission Rooms in Toronto, when the General Secretary suggested that the Dominion Government be asked to send out a search party for the missing boat. While patching up the *Glad Tidings* as best we could the Steamer *Danube* happened to come along, so we all, with the exception of the captain and engineer, went on board. When nearing Victoria we met the Steamer *Maud* which had been sent out with the search party. The *Glad Tidings* reached Vancouver safely, when she was thoroughly repaired and put in good running order, capable of doing as much work as before.

However, this proved to be my last trip on board this staunch little craft. It was during this Conference that I was appointed to leave the boat and take charge of Kishpiax Mission on the Upper Skeena.



CHAPTER VI.

HOW THE WORK BEGAN AT KITZEGUCLA ON THE UPPER SKEENA

When in the fall of 1885, our chairman, Rev. T. Crosby, decided to commence work amongst the different tribes on the Upper Skeena, he asked me to accompany him on his trip with the intention of leaving me there, if the way should be clear to open up work amongst those benighted tribes. Mr. Crosby had received several letters from some of the young people up there, urging him to send them a missionary. Lack of funds was the only reason for the long delay. It was getting rather late in the season to make the trip We could not get off before the first of November and in that month there is always danger of the river beginning to freeze over at any time. There was no other way of taking the journey except by canoe which required a crew of five men, besides Mr. Crosby and myself.

With everything in our favour we could not expect to reach the Forks of the Skeena (known as Hazelton), in less than ten or twelve days. However, we made a good start, six of the Tsimpsheans having volunteered to take us up the river free of charge.

We loaded up our canoe with provisions, sufficient to last about three weeks and left Fort Simpson early

in November. The weather was not very favourable and our progress was slow. The days were short and we had to camp early.

After several days journeying we reached Kitwungah which was the first large village to call at. The Church of England had just commenced mission work at this point and it was here where we spent our Sunday. Some of us visited Kit-wun-cool on that day which was a distance of about five hours' walk. These people were entirely heathen and we found them all engaged in potlatching and dancing. Our appearance amongst them was a big surprise. However we held one service and had a good attendance, although several were present just for the purpose of making fun.

We returned to Kit-wun-gah that night and proceeded on our journey next morning, reaching Kitzegucla the same evening—a distance of seven miles. Here the whole tribe was engaged in potlatching and dancing.

As soon as we landed we held a service in front of the village and while singing, a dog-eater rushed out and threw a dead dog right in our midst, some of the blood splashing our clothes.

Next morning we passed on to Hazelton, a distance of fourteen miles, which place we reached in the evening. The Church of England had established a mission here a few years before. We stayed two nights and held two services which were given both in English and the native tongue. Several miners from the Omineca district who had congregated there for the winter, attended both services.

On Friday we reached Kishpiax. This was the largest village on the Skeena, and ten miles above Hazelton. We found everybody at home. Heathenism was raging. Nearly every house had a heathen doctor. There was no observance of the Sabbath and no school. Chief Kaal, kindly gave us permission to use his house during our stay.

Next morning when Mr. Crosby informed them that we had brought a teacher, they replied that Rev. R. Tomlinson, who had just started a Church of England mission about four miles above Kishpiax, had visited them and had promised to build there the following year; but should they fail to do so, then they would gladly welcome me as their missionary. Accordingly, I had to return with Mr. Crosby, badly disappointed.

The following morning we departed. A cold north wind was blowing, accompanied by a heavy snow-storm. About noon we reached Kitzegucla and held a service in Chief Cooksun's house. At the close, Mr. Crosby said, "My dear friends, if you wish this young man to remain with you and be your missionary, he will be glad to do so. If not, we will both return." At once Chief Cooksun replied that it was their wish that I should remain and he kindly offered the loan of his house both for Sunday services and day school. One corner of his house was to be set apart for my own personal use. This house was quite large, and consisted of one big room about 60x50 feet, with a huge fireplace in the centre, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof. As a substitute for shingles, split boards and cedar bark were used. Five families, besides the Chief,

were the occupants and there was abundance of room for all. Children and young people began to attend school at the very beginning and came regularly all winter. Some of them wore no clothing whatever, except a loose blanket pinned on. One little boy came entirely naked, so I cut out the lining from my own overcoat and made him a little tunic, which he proudly wore all winter.

Early in December, Judge Graham of Hazelton, paid us a visit. He was so delighted to see the change and note the interest of the young people in trying to learn the new way that he promised a Christmas donation and when at his invitation I visited Hazelton a little before Christmas, he presented me with provisions of various kinds, such as rice, raisins, pilot bread, tea, coffee, and canned milk, to make a Christmas dinner for the school children. On Christmas day the feast was spread and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Never at any time, in any form had Christmas at Kitzegucla been observed before. Two of the chiefs, Cooksun and Haask, made speeches. Both urged the young people to do their utmost to learn the white man's ways and become clever. This good advice from the chiefs was very encouraging and the increased attendance at school after Christmas was no doubt due to the effect of those two speeches. On Sundays we had four services. Early prayer-meeting at seven, preaching at eleven, Sunday School at two and evening service at seven. Little by little, Christianity began to spread and the people began to have a desire to erect a mission building. As there was no lumber to be bought in

those days, logs were cut and hewed, and shingles were split for the roof. All work on the entire structure was done by the people free of charge. Doors, windows, nails, hinges and locks were supplied by the Missionary Society. Wives of the men collected food from each family in the village and did the cooking for the workmen. The upper part of the house was to be occupied by the missionary, while the lower floor was to be used as church, school and council room. This was built during the following fall and we had the opening at Christmas time. This was quite an important event. We had chiefs present from all the surrounding villages Each night during Saturday, Sunday and Monday, we held special service, urging those who had come from other villages to accept Christ. Several accepted the invitation and promised to lead a new life.

Since the starting of the mission, just over one year previous, many of the Kitzeguclas had renounced heathenism and were enjoying a change of heart and life. Their happiness was so great that they had a longing desire to proclaim the Saviour's love to all their brothers and sisters in other villages, who were still living in darkness. So right after New Year's we left Kitzegucla—twenty of us, men and women—to make a trip right through to Kishgagass, the farthest village on the Skeena and a distance of seventy miles from Hazelton. Calling at Kishpiax on the way, Edward Sexsmith, native teacher, and his wife joined us on the trip.

The cold was intense, and as there was no other village to call at, we had to camp in the woods. But those

were happy days; nothing was counted a hardship. All the Kishgagass people, both men and women, attended our services during our stay there, and the only article of clothing worn by each one was a blanket. No missionary had ever been amongst them and they were purely heathen. They urged us to leave some good singers behind, so that the services we had begun could be continued. Accordingly, we left two of our best men there for two weeks. These they promised to provide food and shelter for during their stay. On our return journey, while at Hazelton some of the miners there suggested amongst themselves that it was their duty to give us a little help. Quite a number of them attended our services and enjoyed the singing very much. Early recollections were revived. Some of them requested us to sing hymns which were their special favorites, having learned them from their mothers while young, when living in the Old Country.

At the close of the last meeting, we received a big surprise. One man stood up and said that they had decided to help along the good work by contributing either cash or provisions. This announcement was much appreciated and very encouraging, for during our long tramps in the cold weather our appetites were not small and our stock was pretty well exhausted. The spokesman donated ten dollars and another fifteen. The Hudson's Bay trader kindly gave us fifteen dollars worth of provisions. This was the beginning of revival work amongst all the different tribes on the Upper Skeena. Kitzegucla was the starting point.

During the winter of 1887 a very severe type of

measles broke out at Kitwungah, and spread to all the other villages on the Upper Skeena. Potlatching was strong at the time. Consequently the children were neglected. A number of families lost every child. Even grown-ups were attacked. Altogether there were over two hundred deaths. The potlatchers moved along from one village to another, carrying their sick babies and thus the disease spread. At Kishpiax every house was crowded with strangers who had come from other villages. There was no doctor in the country and no medicine. While so many were congregated at this place, deaths became so frequent that it was impossible to obtain sufficient boards to make coffins, so a large bonfire was started right in the centre of the village where the dead were cremated. One day as I walked up to Hazelton I passed two or three women lying under the trees, their babies strapped to their backs. They had been too sick to proceed farther, and while resting had frozen stiff.

This state of affairs I spoke of in one of the Toronto churches during my trip east in 1900. Dr. Wrinch was then preparing to go out as medical missionary to China, but after hearing these stories he told me at the close that he had decided to go to the Upper Skeena and open up medical work there.

At Kitzegucla there was no potlatch that winter, so the children who were at home received better care. Several of the families who were attending the potlatch elsewhere lost their children while away. Two very sick girls I took up to the mission house and cared for them as best I could. Both recovered. I was kept busy mak-

ing gruel. Twice each day I went from house to house giving all the help I could.

Towards spring the Kitwuncools had another time of feasting and the Kitzeguclas were invited. All attended. At this time Kitwuncool Jim, one of the young chiefs, had a quarrel with his wife who was a Kitzegucla woman. During the measles, two of their sons died and the mother, a very strong heathen woman, accused the Kitzegucla doctor of using witchcraft. She said to her husband, "You are very anxious to fight me, but you have no courage to kill the one who has killed our sons. You are just like an old woman, saying much and doing nothing, except to fight me."

At once he got up and quietly left the house. During the night he returned again and went out the second time without being seen. He walked along the road between Kitwungah and Kitwuncool and met the same doctor who was accused of witchcraft and shot him right there. During that afternoon the body of the old doctor was brought into the village. The news soon spread everywhere. The Kitzeguclas left Kitwuncool quite hurriedly and arrived at Kitzegucla towards morning. The following day about midnight war songs with the beating of drums woke me up. At once I got out of bed and dressed, then walked down to the house where everybody was congregated. On entering the door their songs and beating of drums stopped immediately. On inquiring of them their intentions, they replied, "Kitwumcool Jim has killed Neatsque, one of our chiefs, and we are going out in a body to attack Kitwumcool village." At once I told them that to take

such a step would be foolish and advised them not to take the law in their own hands, but to lay their complaint before the Government.

As they were all in readiness to depart, it was quite a while before they could decide to change their plans. I explained to them that the surrounding tribes were all in heathenism and darkness and that they, having had a missionary for nearly three years, ought to be able to show that Christianity had taught them better things. Finally one chief spoke on behalf of the crowd, thanking me for coming and stopping their movements just at the right time. After offering prayer, all dispersed to their different homes, feeling thankful that bloodshed had been avoided. All the guns and spears that were piled up in the house were given in charge of two men who were not to allow them to be handed out to anyone.

In the month of April our District Meeting was held at Port Simpson, and in order to be present I had to start off in March, having to travel on foot as far as Naas River. So, taking one man along with me as guide, we left Kitzegucla for the Naas by way of *Grease Trail.* The trail was unbroken and we had to use snowshoes all the way. This took us six days.

On the second night out we camped at Kitwancool village. Immediately after supper Kitwuncool Jim, having heard that we had arrived in the village, sent a messenger inviting me to go to his house in order to have a little talk. Accordingly we both went. Phillip, my man, was rather afraid to venture and before entering the door he offered up a prayer for protection.

Jim received us very cordially and we had a long conversation. Amongst other things he said, "I want to talk to you as a friend. If a teacher is sent here I will repent and join the church. I do not want either constables or magistrates to hunt for me. Tell them what I say and if they do come I will shoot every one." At the close of our interview, I promised him that I would deliver his words to the authorities at Port Simpson. After praying with him we left. I never saw him again.

On arriving at Port Simpson, I informed Mr. Hall, the magistrate. He then brought out an old shirt which he asked if I recognized. I did not. Then he pointed out two bullet holes and some stains off blood. This, he told me, had been sent through the mail to him by the niece of the chief who was shot. In the early part of that summer a man-of-war, with five hundred soldiers, was landed at Port Essington. The Captain came ashore and inquired for me. He was anxious that I should give him all the information about the murder. He said that the Government had given them instructions to march right up the Forks of the Skeena and arrest Kitwuncool Jim. I told the captain that, in my opinion, such action would be a waste of time and money. Most of the people, except the old and infirm, were down at the Coast and there was nobody left up there who could fight. My suggestion was that a special constable should go up there and arrest the man.

About three miles above Port Essington is a piece of land known as Soldier's Point, and is so named from this time when the Captain of the army chose this site

as their camping ground during their stay.

In those days, the only boat that plied up and down the Coast carrying passengers and freight, was the *Boscowitz*. This boat the Government chartered to bring up a special load of supplies and war implements for this expedition. It was said that the entire cost was sixty-four thousand dollars.

In about three weeks the man-of-war received word from the Government to return with all the soldiers. The goods were to be sold to the highest bidder. In the fall poor Jim was shot by a special constable at Kitwungah.

The District Meeting was over. We left for Victoria in May, 1887, to attend the first Methodist Conference ever held in British Columbia, and it was at this time that the first ordination service was held. Revs. James Calvert and Rev. G. F. Hopkins, along with myself, composed the first ordination class. Dr. John Williams, of Toronto, came out to organize the Conference. Rev. Ebenezer Robson was appointed as President and Rev. Joseph Hall as Secretary. Two years later is was my good fortune, when down the Coast, to meet a young lady who promised to be a partner with me in the trials and triumphs of missionary life. Miss Hargrave had come out from Toronto as a missionary teacher, first to Port Simpson, then to Port Essington. In August, 1890, we were married in the church at Port Simpson, Rev. T. Crosby performing the marriage ceremony. For about two weeks afterwards we were guests at the mission house, waiting for a chance to get up the Skeena. The Hudson's Bay

Company's freight canoes were up the river at the time and we had to wait until their return.

Early in the morning of September 1st, we left Port Simpson. The weather being exceptionally fine, we made a quick trip and reached our destination, New Kitzegucla, in eight days. Those who were at home gave us a very glad welcome, for some of them had told me more than once that a missionary without a wife was only *half* a missionary.

During the previous winter the Christian families had decided to move away from their old village and build a new site seven miles above where they could have good gardens and grow their potatoes and vegetables and be removed from all heathen surroundings. The place was surveyed and lots were marked off by the Indian agent, each family who went to live there claiming one lot. Logs were hewed for a church and the building was erected and partly finished. The following winter it was ready for use. Several small log houses were built as a beginning and each one was occupied. It was expected that as the heathen families accepted Christianity each one would follow their example and thus build up a good Christian village. This site was named New Kitzegucla. Old Kitzegucla was to be visited regularly by the missionary. This plan seemed to work all right for a time, but as the heathen were practically left to themselves, they gained more power and gradually some of the young people began to attend their gatherings. Thus, little by little, God's work was undermined. Those who had mixed with the heathen rites felt condemned and stayed away from

God's house. After a two years' trial, the change did not prove to have been successful, so the majority decided to return to the old village and build up a mission there, retaining their lots on the new site for gardening purposes only. Two or three families objected to move away then, but all the rest went back. Those who refused to leave at that time followed later. During that same year, 1895, I was appointed to the *Glad Tidings* Mission, and thus my work at Kitzegucla ended.

Rev. Thomas Neville, now in Manitoba Conference, was my successor, and stayed there for one winter. Since then other missionaries have been in charge, and much progress has been made. Heathen life has all disappeared and modern, neat-looking, little homes have taken the place of the large, old, heathen houses.

There is an up-to-date school house which was built by the Government, with a good teacher in charge. During this year, a fine new church has been erected, the entire cost to be about $2,500. The sum of $700 was contributed by the Missionary Society, the balance being raised by the Kitzeguclas themselves.

Truly there is wonderful, transforming power in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus.

CHAPTER VII.

KISHPIAX MISSION

It was in August, 1895, that we left Port Simpson by the Steamer *Caledonia,* for our new appointment at Kishpiax on the Upper Skeena, succeeding Rev. J. C. Spencer, who had been stationed there for four years previous. Both as pioneer missionary and school teacher, he was very successful and had the joy of leading some of the heathen to renounce their old degraded, dark, superstitious lives and accept Christianity.

As the steamer went no farther than Hazelton, it was necessary that we should travel the remainder of our journey by canoe. We had no difficulty in securing two good canoes which were soon loaded with our cargo. After breakfast next morning we started off, reaching Kishpiax towards evening. Although the distance was not far—only about ten miles—travelling was necessarily very slow. The current being strong and in most places very shallow, the canoes were pushed slowly along, the crew having to use poles and towline.

Most of the people were still away, but those who were at home received us very cordially. Willing hands quickly carried up all our goods to the mission house and before bedtime we had made ourselves quite comfortable.

Our first Sunday services were well attended. Nearly everybody who was in the village, both heathen and Christians, were present. As soon as the different families returned home the attendance at church increased and it was soon very evident that the small log building which had been built by Brother Spencer at the beginning of the mission and which had answered for both religious services and day school, hitherto, was now much too small. As the weeks passed by our congregations increased. In all the services held, both on week days and Sundays, much interest was manifest. Week by week new recruits from the heathen ranks were added to our list. It then became necessary to enlarge the building and during that year quite a number of feet were added to the back, the labor all being done by willing hands, free of charge.

A few weeks after our arrival on this mission my heart was cheered to see an old chief enter the church one Sunday evening. His name was Chief Kleumlaka, which means "Walking between heaven and earth." He had spent all the summer months on his hunting ground several miles away. When he entered the church we noticed that one of his arms was bandaged the whole length. A bear had attacked him during his trip and he had a very narrow escape. This is what he said:

"My dear friends, listen to me and look at my arm. This came as a punishment from God, who sent the bear to attack me and bring me to my senses. While struggling with the bear on the ground and feeling that my limbs were going to be torn off piece by piece, I called upon God for help and promised Him right there

that if he would spare my life I would give myself to Him and confess Him publicly before my people. As I was praying and promising, my son Joseph shot the bear and I was saved. Now, my people, as you look at my arm I want you to acknowledge God's power and yield yourselves to Him as I have done."

A strong influence rested upon the congregation while they listened to that story and at that service several gave themselves to God. Shortly afterwards the old chief was baptized and received the name of Paul. Paul was a chief indeed—a gentleman—and his influence was felt everywhere. He was a wise counsellor amongst his people and during his whole life his advice was always accepted and appreciated. Amongst the whites he was highly respected at all times.

Our Epworth League, which had its beginning in 1894, the year before we went to Kishpiax, had become very strong and now numbered eighty-six active members, all striving to help along God's cause. Every Sunday morning the first religious service of the day—the early prayer meeting—began at seven o'clock. The church bell rang at six o'clock, which was a signal for the Leaguers to assemble there to prepare for a march through the village with their drum and banner. Thus, with songs and exhortations, they invited the heathen to come to the Saviour. This outdoor exhortation was repeated before the afternoon service and again in the evening. Instead of meeting together once a week, as is customary amongst the whites, these Leaguers had service every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evening. The officers were elected every twelve months, by

vote. At the end of two years it was unanimously decided to erect a new building and call it the Epworth League Hall.

Our congregations had increased so much that we were over-crowded at every service. To buy lumber up there in those days would cost a good sum of money, so the active members agreed to spend over two weeks in the woods and saw lumber themselves, all by hand. Their wives volunteered to cook all the food which they required and take it up to their camp on the mountain side each day, in pails and boxes. In less than three weeks sufficient lumber had been cut and packed down to the site, and in a very short time a very good building 40x25 feet, was completed. At the opening services there was much rejoicing. Mr. R. E. Loring, Indian Agent, kindly consented to act as chairman. Hazelton, Kitzegucla and Kitwungah Christians were invited to attend. On Sunday the hall was crowded four times and the collections were good. In addition to this offering, the women donated the lamps and gave as a special subscription their jewelry, silk handkerchiefs, etc. The entire cost of the building was $600. This was the beginning of a blessed revival which lasted three months. Numbers of heathen came out from darkness into the glorious light of the Gospel. Not many years previous had these same people gone about in bands from village to village, under the influence of the evil spirit, wounding and murdering one another. During the revival they went from place to place preaching the gospel of peace and telling their heathen friends what God had done for them.

One of our old chiefs, named Shak-geant, which means "Camping without fire," who all his lifetime had been a leader amongst the heathen doctors and wild dancers, decided to come out from the old life and be a Christian. He ordered his nephew to pull down his house to the ground, the totem poles also—he did not wish to see a vestige of darkness and cruelty left behind. At his baptism he took the name of Enoch Williams. Some time afterwards he thought it only right that he and his wife should be married according to the Christian rites and although they were nearly seventy years of age, nothing would satisfy him but to go through the ceremony and have a display in a Christian style, as if they were a young couple just starting out in life.

The bride was dressed in white muslin over a green skirt, and, in imitation of her white sisters, wore a long white veil made out of muslin. Three chiefs acted as best men. There were also three bridesmaids arrayed in various colors. Right after the ceremony a marriage feast took place in the Epworth League Hall. Rabbit soup, made from fifty rabbits, bought biscuits, plain and fancy, with tea, were heartily enjoyed by everybody. This aged couple did not live a great while to to enjoy their changed life, but they were faithful to the end. Well might the heathen exclaim as they watched his daily life, "God's work has changed this man."

Another old man who had always been a noted character along the Skeena river, was converted. In witchcraft and dog-eating dances he always took the

lead. His mane was Do-ga-gish, which means "Hair grabber". In old times that was the way they fought each other, not with the hands as white people do. This old man used to do a good deal of hair pulling during his dances and that was how he got his pet mane. When he professed conversion there was great astonishment everywhere. One day one of our Epworth League workers visited him in his home and talked to him about Nicodemus, which was the first time he had heard the story. He was deeply interested and at the close said, "I should like to have that name when I am baptized. Will you tell me what is the name of his wife, for I should like my wife to take her name."

"Well," said the man, "I cannot tell you her name, but I will ask the missionary."

When he came to inquire, I had to confess that I could not answer that question either, so the old man chose for his wife the name Cecelia. The old couple were both baptized and enjoyed their new life every day.

As the heathen renounced their old life, it was their desire to move out from their old surroundings and build Christian homes at the other end of the village. This meant both money and hard work. After the logs had been cut and hewn, lumber for flooring, doors and windows were required, and as it all had to be done by hand, progress was slow. It was just at this time that the missionary suggested the possibility of their having a sawmill all their own. Three miles below the village was a splendid location for a mill, and if they were willing to put up their money it was thought it could

be done. To them this was a big proposition, but after much careful thinking and planning every man decided to make the venture. Fifty dollar shares were called for and during that year sufficient money was raised. The machinery, with planer, moulder and rustic attachments, were bought in Ontario. From Port Essington at the mouth of the Skeena, it had to be freighted up the river by canoe. Four canoes were required to carry the entire plant. Two white men who were supposed to be first class millwrights, were engaged to build the penstock and frame. Just when everything was in readiness to give the mill a trial, to everybody's disappointment, the penstock burst. Therefore all operations had to be suspended for that year. The Indians had been cheated by worthless labor and the work had to be done all over again. The two men, after receiving their wages, had made good their escape, so Mr. Robert Tomlinson, of Menskinisht, was engaged to put the mill in good running order the following year. When the first log was put through there were many natives looking on with intense interest. Some of the chiefs who were present suggested having a prayer meeting right there to thank God for the wonderful waterpower.

This mill not only gave employment to many of the Kishpiax people, but supplied them with lumber to erect new and comfortable dwellings for themselves, which took place of the old heathen houses. In addition large orders came from the Indians and whites at Hazelton and other villages below, as well as from the settlers in Kishpiax valley. Large orders, many of them for lumber of different cuts, were filled without error.

During the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific, the demand for lumber was greater than at any other time. The following is an extract from The Missionary Bulletin, dated December, 1909:

Kispiax sawmill, which has now been in operation for ten years, finds this to be far the busiest time of all. Two shifts of men have been employed all summer, in order to keep the mill going day and night. This will continue as late into the season as the weather will permit. The demand for lumber is so great now that it is taken away as fast as it is cut. Some improvements too have been made this summer. A splended new dam has been built, also a new penstock. The old saying, 'that the only good Indian is a dead one,' is certainly not true in this part of the country. Without that Indian sawmill, the Upper Skeena would not be able to obtain any supply at all."

About one year after the mill was in good running order, it was decided to build a church. A good site was selected and lumber was bought from the mill. The Missionary Society donated a grant of $300 towards the cost, the natives promising to meet all other expenses by contributing either cash or labor. During the winter when the thermometer registered over thirty degrees below zero, all hands went up the mountainside to camp for several days to make shingles. It was their delight to do this work. On their return they packed sufficient to cover the entire building.

In the Missionary report for that year we read as follows: "The year 1901 closed with the opening services of our new church. That event will always be a

memorable day in the history of this mission. At the close of the morning service three persons were baptized. It cheered our hearts to see the heathen and christain friends from the other missions come forward with their money. Collections on Sunday were good, amounting to $369.55. The Indian Agent of the district, Mr. R. E. Loring, was present and manifested considerable interest on the occasion. Five of our best men were appointed to act as trustees. As soon as they found out that a debt of $100 still remained, they met together and said to the missionary: "This debt on the church hangs over our heads like a heavy weight, and when we pray our hearts are sad." They suggested a plan in order to raise that amount and in two weeks the debt was all paid." A few months later carpet and matting were put down and the people felt quite proud of its improved appearance. This improvement was all due to the efforts of the Ladies' Aid, which had been organized the previous year. The lamps were kindly donated by the Methodist Church of Norwood, Ontario. A letter of thanks sent to Rev. R. Taylor, who was then stationed there, was published in *The Guardian,* and reads as follows:

"Dear Brother in Christ:

"We, the Christian chiefs of Kishpiax Methodist Mission, in behalf of all the other Christians here, wish to send our warmest thanks to you and others of your church for so kindly rememebring us in our need. It was a great surprise when our missionary informed us that our new church was to be lighted with a beautiful chandelier sent by the trustees of the Methodist Church

at Norwood as a gift. Our white friends who do not understand the Indian have often said that Indians have no gratitude. Of course, we cannot send thanks of that kind to you, but we assure you that whenever the lamps are lit, our hearts will remember your kindness to us. We often look back upon the time when the darkness was unbroken in our village and our people were sunk in heathenism and its abominations, but we thank God, through the preaching of His everlasting gospel, the light has come, and we are enlightened, and education is advancing amongst our young people.

"Yours in Christ,

"Abraham Kaal, Paul Klepumplaka, Jonah Kshumgalth, Enoch We-Bowak, Eli Skolst,
"Chiefs."

After working over five years amongst these people, our hearts were greatly cheered and encouraged by the arrival of a medical missionary in our midst. We were all delighted to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Wrinch, who had come all the way from Ontario to open up medical work on the Upper Skeena. Until a suitable location for the hospital could be secured, the doctor decided to live in Kishpiax and help on the work there. He rented an Indian house close by the mission, and with a few alterations, made it quite comfortable for their temporary abode. Indians from all the surrounding villages came to him for treatment and advice. He was ably assisted by Mrs. Wrinch who had previously received special training as a nurse in Toronto.

Besides his medical work, the doctor rendered valu-

able assistance on this mission in various ways, and Mrs. Wrinch was not behind. At this time a Junior League was organized with Mrs. Wrinch as Superintendent. These young people met together weekly for religious instruction, in her home.

The girls she taught various kinds of needlework and knitting. A folding organ that she had brought with her from the east, added interest to the musical part, not only in these small gatherings, but also in the church services on the Sabbath.

Two years passed away and then the doctor moved down to Hazelton. He had secured a suitable location for a building site about one and a quarter miles from the town, and it was necessary that he should live where he could superintend building operations. For a long time afterwards, he continued to make weekly visits to Kishpiax, having rented part of an Indian house which he fitted up for a dispensary. This journey meant that he had to walk a distance of ten miles each way over the trail, and return home the same day. Weather conditions were not always favorable but the doctor never failed to keep his appointment. However, when the new hospital was an established fact, and everybody had become accustomed to the benefits received from that institution, those visits were discontinued and all who desired medicine or treatment of any kind, went to consult the doctor down there. To show the development of the medical work, I will quote an extract from a letter published in the Missionary Bulletin, of April, 1910.

"Just nine years ago our first doctor came. You all

know Dr. Wrinch and have heard of his splendid work. At Hazelton he has a fine hospital and his work has increased so much that last year he had to get an assistant. Now we have two doctors instead of one and their hands are full. Both whites and Indians have highly appreciated the treatment and attention which they received during their stay in the hospital. The head chief of the Wolf Crest here (Paul Kleumlaka) had to undergo an operation this winter. He is an old man and the operation was a serious one, but old Paul, who is a good man, said good bye to all his friends and told them that if he died the hospital would be the Gate of Heaven to him. The operation was successful and old Paul did not die. After a few weeks spent there he returned home with a beaming face and a heart full of gratitude for what had been done for him. I called to see him, and these are his words, 'I have had every attention and plenty of good food, but my stomach is not made like a white man's stomach and I miss my dry salmon. I am just going to eat some, and, Missionary, will you eat a little with me while we talk? I feel that I should like to give the doctor a great deal of money. He deserves it, and if I were a young man I would work hard and pay him more than he has asked. To me the hospital was like heaven and the nurses like angels. In our dark heathen days we could obtain no help like this. This is the fruit of the preaching of the Gospel of Christ.' "

More than twenty years after the arrival of Dr. Wrinch the following appeared in the Vancouver Sun, and shows the remarkable progress made in that period

of time. "One of the many hardships, perhaps the greatest, for those who dwell in the far corners of the Dominion, remote from civilization, is the lack of a doctor. In case of accident the men must trust in Providence and luck, the women must go through life bearing families with their lives in their hands.

"More than twenty years ago, Hazelton, that most northerly point on the whole of the Canadian National railway lines, was an important packing centre for the interior of British Columbia, with a heterogeneous collection of Indian tribes all around. The nearest doctor was at Prince Rupert, 177 miles away; the trails were rough, the going was hard and the Skeena River, then as now, a dangerous passage both in winter and summer.

"When the twentieth century was still young, there came to these parts a certain doctor with a wide vision and a large heart. He saw the dire need of the country, so he settled at Hazelton and founded a hospital, which has been a godsend and a rock of hope to Indians and whites alike throughout the years.

"With assistance and grants from the Methodist Mission Board, from the Indian department at Ottawa and from the provincial government, Dr. Wrinch bought 300 acres of land up on the hill behind Hazelton, a few acres of which was Indian reserve, the rights being donated by the Indians. He cleared it little by little, and made of it a productive farm which now keeps the hospital entirely in garden and dairy produce.

"Sixteen acres have been cleared, not in the all-too-frequent method of slashing and burning everything in

sight that reduces a beautiful spot to a bleak and treeless waste, but with an eye to the future and an appreciation of natural beauty.

"With the rugged, majestic heights of Rocher Deboule for a background, is seen the hospital buildings set among the trees in the middle of a parklike meadow-land, green and fertile. The whole place has more nearly the look of a well-kept private country estate in England than anything else I have seen in British Columbia.

"In 1903 the doctor's private house was sufficiently finished to take in the first patients. In the following year the hospital itself was completed, since then it has been added to and improved in every way that modern science can suggest.

"It makes a great story of achievement, of hard work and a fight against every sort of difficulty, the history of the Hazelton hospital, which is also the history of Dr. Wrinch. If you want to know more about him you ask the mothers of Hazelton who it is that has brought all the babies roundabout into the world these last twenty years: ask them who drove out to meet them on the trail on bleak winter nights, when they had driven endless miles and could not make the hospital in time, and would have died right there on the road—they and their babies—but for Dr. Wrinch. Ask the Indians, brought in mauled to pieces by a grizzly, or blinded by disease, who it was that healed their hurts and sent them away with new hope in their hearts.

"The main building has twelve wards, six of them

private ones, with room for thirty-three patients, nine nurses and assistant doctor. It is central-heated and all wired for electricity. There is a Fairbanks-Morse gasoline electric power plant, especially built for steady power to operate the X-ray, so it will be seen that the doctor is an engineer as well as a farmer and land clearer, but there is also a resident engineer on the spot to take care of it all.

"There are two other buildings besides the doctor's private house and in the farmyard there is a silo and stables to house the twelve head of cattle. Included in the hospital grounds is a thirty-five acre lake covered with water lilies in the summer and ice in the winter, which latter is cut and stored for the year's use in the hospital.

"Down in the basement you may see rows upon rows and shelves upon shelves of canned chicken and chicken broth, of every sort of canned vegetables and fruit, all produced on the farm and canned under the personal supervision of the doctor himself. Two women cooks have charge of the kitchen and of course the ubiquitous Chinaman has care of the laundry.

"It will be a difficult matter for Dr. Wrinch to tear himself away from his beloved hospital, but leave it he must for at least three months in the year, as the people of that widespread and scattered district have just shown their liking and respect by returning him as Liberal member for the provincial legislature."

As time went by, we became aware that several heathen, in a secret way, were doing their utmost to upset God's work by fermenting liquor from the juice

of berries, and we felt that something should be done to counteract this evil. First we started a Band of Hope amongst the children, so now the Junior League and Band of Hope were all in one. In a letter to the Missionary Bulletin, dated January 15th, 1904, is found the following account of the temperance work: "In my last to you I told you that we had started a Band of Hope amongst the children. Now I want to tell you about our Temperance Society which we have organized amongst the grown people. I had often thought of starting a Society of this kind amongst the people, but somehow it never seemed to fit in until now. And it seems as if God is working with the people through this means.

"You will no doubt think of this movement as being similar to, or just like, what you have seen amongst the whites. But I think if you could have stepped into our service on Sunday evening, December 20th, and have seen the altar filled several times with those who were anxious to take the pledge, you would imagine yourself to be in a revival meeting.

"For some time previous to this, I had preached temperance and talked about it, but when the Sunday evening on which we had planned to start this Society came and your missionary gave the invitation to those who desired to take the pledge, to come forward, he was surprised at the number who responded and who, amid tears and sobs and prayers, made their promise. God seemed very near, all felt His presence, and we trust and pray that the promises made may be faithfully kept. They all look upon this movement as the most serious thing that ever happened in Kishpiax.

"Now I do not for a moment want you to imagine that we have a lot of drunkards up here, or even moderate drinkers, but amongst the heathen they have recently begun to make fermented liquor from the juice of berries and other things. This, of course, was done secretly and yet they were always trying to trap the Christians unawares. Sometimes liquor would be obtained secretly from a steamboat. We all felt that this thing was growing and that instead of the potlatch and its evils being a snare to the Christians,whisky was now taking its place and that the Temperance Society, of which we had talked, would be just the same thing to check it. Then the railroad is coming and along with it will come the terrible evil—fire-water. So we trust that this movement started, will be the means of helping our brothers and sisters to stand firm. The number who have joined our Temperance Society is seventy-seven, and the Band of Hope thirty-six.

"In 1905 by-laws and a council were established. The Council consisted of twelve chiefs and five councillors. All fines collected were to be used for the improvement of the village. The missionary was chosen by the Council and appointed by the Indian agent to act as chairman. During this fall it was the desire of the Christians to have a flagpole, so one was erected, and stood fifty-eight feet above the ground. In the first place this was to be an object lesson to the heathen, for when the flag was hoisted on the Sabbath it would remind them of how the day was to be kept. Besides, it was to be used on special occasions such as Christmas, New Year's Day and Weddings, etc. The flag was kindly donated

by our warm-hearted friends of the Cranbrook Epworth League.

"In those days the Sabbath was strictly observed. No one ever thought of working or travelling on that day. Two of our men were engaged in packing supplies for three white men. When Saturday night came one of the men informed these whites that they did not work on Sunday, that it did not pay to do that. One of them replied, 'We like you all the better for that. We too, have been taught not to work on Sunday. Tell us what church you belong to.' 'We belong to the Methodist Church,' said the Indian. 'Well,' said the white man, "I am a Methodist.' The next man said, 'I am a Presbyterian,' and the third man said, 'I am a Presbyterian, too.' When breakfast was over on Sunday morning, the Indian suggested that they have a little service. But the white man wanted to know who would conduct it. 'I can do that,' said the Indian, and to his surprise he found each of these whites in possession of a Bible. For the Indians to come in contact with white men who cared enough for their Bibles to carry them in their packs instead of whiskey and tobacco was a surprise indeed."

During the fall of 1907 the Skeena river became noted for steamboat wrecks. The Hudson's Bay boat, *Mount Royal,* was the first to go to pieces. A letter, dated October 19th, 1907, wrtiten to the *Missionary Bulletin,* describes the losses thus:

"That accident was so sudden and unexpected that it came as a great shock to everybody. All the passengers were saved by jumping on a rock, and in five min-

utes the boat was gone. Six of the crew found a watery grave. How this brings to our mind the Saviour's command, 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.' This accident meant a great loss to everybody living on the Upper Skeena. The *Mount Royal* was the only boat on the river at the time, the *Hazelton* having been put on the Stickine river for the summer. Supplies and freight of every description were lying at the mouth of the river, and storekeepers, missionaries and everybody else had their patience sorely tried. Then the *North West, a boat* run by a new company, was put on the river. This was cheering news to all on the Upper Skeena. She was rather too large and clumsy for the river and made slow time, but she could carry one hundred tons of freight. A few weeks ago, while making her fourth trip, she got on a sand bar and was totally wrecked. Several white passengers who were on board, returned to Essington by canoe. A great number of the Indians were on board returning from the canneries with their winter supplies, bedding, etc. The poor people lost everything. They tried their best to save what they could, but after they had piled their sacks of sugar on the beach it all leaked out like water. Their beans swelled and burst the bags leaving the beans strewed on the beach in every direction. Their biscuits (pilot bread) swelled too and burst the boxes. Their bedding was either soaking wet or totally lost. Can you imagine what a plight these poor people were in? Besides all this, they, themselves were left stranded on the beach without any means of getting either up or down the river. Some chance canoe coming

along would take one, or perhaps two, on board and they would be left at some village to wait there for another chance. Others would walk to some point where a canoe would catch them.

"About the time that the *North West* was wrecked the *Hazelton* made a trip, but on the way down struck on a rock and got on a sand bar. She was badly damaged and was there two weeks or more before she could get off. She is now on her way up again, but the water is very low, and it is doubtful whether she will be able to get up. Some of our people just home from the *North West* wreck, and having four weeks' toil to get here, say that they feel God is speaking both to the whites and Indians. We are praying that a mighty revival wave may strike the Upper Skeena this winter and that those who are lingering in the heathen life may be swept into the Kingdom."

Not many weeks after the above was written we felt that our prayers were being answered. An extract from a letter dated January 20th, 1908, reads thus:

"Since I wrote my last letter to you, great changes have been taking place on this mission. God's spirit has been working on the hearts of the people in a way that went beyond what we had hoped for them. His mighty power has been felt, and heathenism has been shaken to its very foundations. There have been no special services and no undue excitement, but God has been speaking to many hearts and ever since about the middle of November there have been conversions from the heathen ranks right along. To Him be all the praise!

"It will interest you to hear about Louis, the leading potlatcher amongst the heathen on this Upper Skeena. He has always been the head chief of heathenism and a man of influence, one to whom everybody looked up. He has always worked hard and earned lots of money—perhaps more than any other man—and certainly he has spent more than any other man on that great evil, the Potlatch. On Saturday morning, November 16th, he came to the mission house and said, 'I want to give my heart to God. I have been thinking about it for a long time and now I want to make a start tonight. Will it be right for me to hoist my flag today as a token of my intention, so that the whole village may know?' 'Certainly,' I replied, 'and I will hoist the mission flag in response.'

"As soon as the people saw the flags inquiries were made, and when the explanations were given there was great excitement and rejoicing. Everybody who had a flag hoisted it. That night Louis came to the services, and made a start for the Kingdom. His conversion means so much to Kishpiax and the whole of the Upper Skeena. It means death to the potlatch. Thank God we have lived to see the day when that abomination has been destroyed in this village. Abraham Kaal, our head chief and uncle of Louis, has been a Christian for some years. He is very old and feeble and may not live long. His heart has long been troubled that his nephew, who will take his place at his death, was opposed to what was good. Now that such a change has taken place, the old man rejoices greatly. He feels that this means a great deal to Kishpiax people.

"The next day was our Temperance Sunday, and it was a day long to be remembered. The whole family of Louis, all grown up, and his son-in-law, were converted, also two other leaders in the heathen life. From that time the heathen have kept coming, one or two at a time. We always have the last Sabbath of the old year for our missionary services. We had a blessed day. In the afternoon Louis gave us his first sermon. He took for his text, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,' and spoke very earnestly. He urged the people to make a united effort and give. 'For,' said he, 'if we are not united, we shall not do much. If we want the gospel to spread, we must have money. Without money, no gospel would ever have come to us.' We raised the sum of $105 in cash and more was promised."

In the following year Conference decided to move us away from Kishpiax. It was thought that Mrs. Pierce's health required a change. During the fifteen years spent on that mission, preaching, teaching and helping the people in the new way of living, we saw some wonderful changes take place. There were discouragements, trials and difficulties to be met, but when, glancing back at the past and reviewing what the Gospel of Christ has done for this once benighted people, we were filled with renewed hope and courage to press forward.

It was in the month of September, 1910, that we bade good-bye to Kishpiax and took up new duties on my old ground at Port Essington.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

[*Editor's Note*: This brings us to the end of what may be called—to use the apt term coined by the late Rev. C. M. Tate—the "auto-sketch" of the Rev. William Henry Pierce, as contained in the interesting manuscript which came into our hands. What follows in that manuscript is devoted to Indian legends, traditions and customs of the pre-white man period—a wealth of information which the future, perhaps even more than the present, will value. But the biographical section here concluded brings Mr. Pierce's story down only to his return to Port Essington in 1910. That was twenty-three years ago, and much water has gone over the wheel during the intervening years; for Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, happily, are still with us in 1933, and until a year ago were continuing their active missionary work. Some explanation, perhaps, may be given; and in any case it is felt something should be written of those later years.

The reason why the story stopped in 1910 seems to be that it had been written at that time, by request of the missionary authorities at Toronto, who hoped to arrange for its publication. For one reason or another publication was not proceeded with and the manuscript was held in suspense. When the present publishers became interested they suggested to Mr. Pierce that he write a concluding chapter. Impaired health, and advancing years made him shrink from the task; but

recognizing that something should be done about it, he furnished the present writer with incidents of the period and certain other data with the hope that he prepare some suitable concluding material.

The material at hand, however, is both fragmentary and meagre, and nothing we could write could be regarded as a continuation of the story as Mr. Pierce, himself, would have written it. No general review of the period has been attempted. We have sought rather to furnish a few glimpses of the character and devotion of this distinguished missionary and of his work during those more recent years which should not be permitted to go unnoticed.—J. P. H.]

PORT ESSINGTON AGAIN

It will be recalled that Mr. Pierce's first mission station was at Port Essington (in 1877). When he returned there, thirty-three years later, he noted great changes. In the earlier day the Indian people did not feel permanently settled there. They were there at certain times of the year when trading or fishing—or, perchance, feasting—made it necessary to pass that way; a fact indicated by the native name for the place, which was "Spookshoat" (or Spookshute) meaning "a fall camp." Now, thirty-three years later, with the development of the salmon-canning industry, not only had the Kitselas and Kitsumkalem tribes moved down from the Upper Skeena and built their villages there, but —more marked still—the white population had in-

creased and made many changes: New streets, new houses and stores had been built; also a public school for white children, an Anglican Church and rectory, and the railroad had come "across the river"—with benefits and banalities much interwoven. "But," he apostrophises in one of his letters, "I am very sorry to say that the saloon and the pool room, with all their evils came also. I need not say," he added, "that these places are a snare to many of our young people. It is too bad that the poor Indians have to learn all these different forms of vice from the whites, who, instead, ought to have been able to show them a good example from the first."

The Indian mission was now, of course, long established; for twenty years or more it had been under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dennis Jennings, M.A., and then for some years by the Rev. B. C. Freeman, whom Mr. Pierce was succeeding; a branch of the Port Simpson Hospital had also been built by that self-sacrificing man, Dr. A. E. Bolton—the first medical missionary on the Coast, and who undertook his work at his own charges. There was thus a strong background of Christian sentiment which Mr. Pierce evidently was not slow to arouse; especially to resist the evils associated with whiskey; for, writing two years later he remarked on the peaceful Christmas season just past: "There was scarcely any whiskey drinking to be seen, either amongst the Indians or the whites during the holiday." This he attributed to the temperance meetings held in the previous July when over one hundred signed pledge cards. And when, later still—as is always hap-

pening where the liquor traffic is concerned—there was a resurgence of the vicious elements, with whiskey, as he tells us, causing the trouble, the moral and Christian forces in the town were still active, until the Government suddenly closed all the poolrooms and the Council of Chiefs closed the dance halls—a strange picture of, until lately, pagan aborigines maintaining moral standards against the sordid greed or vicious indulgence of men familiar with Christian teaching and atmosphere as an inheritance of many generations. This type of warfare was now inevitably involved, and courageously waged, year after year, in the changed conditions at Port Essington during the later period of Mr. Pierce's ministry there. It may be assumed by the reader as underlying the whole story, a few incidents of which only we give here.

Early in 1914 a cloud of sadness came over the Indian population of the town; as indeed, over the entire native population of the Coast; for news had come of the death, at Vancouver, of two of the beloved early missionaries who had brought the gospel to them —the Rev. Thomas Crosby and the Rev. A. E. Green.

"We cannot yet realize," Mr. Pierce wrote, "that they have really passed away from our midst, but we do feel that our loss is great. All these years they have seemed to be a part of our lives and we have always looked to them for advice and help. God has honored their efforts in proclaiming the gospel to the different tribes both along the Coast and in the interior. Their names will never be forgotten."

The effect of this news upon the Indians was very

great. They thronged the Church for the memorial service. Mr. Pierce preached from "How shall they hear without a preacher; and how shall they preach except they be sent?" Then followed touching testimonies, often with tears, from chiefs and others whose lives had been changed by the preaching of those godly men in the earlier years. The oldest man of the mission spoke: "Mr. Crosby was the means of my becoming a Christian," he said. "In the early days when he made a trip here, he found me and my wife and family all pure heathen. At that time my wife belonged to the man-eaters. He came into my house and urged us to become Christians. In a short time we left our old heathen life behind and began to serve God. Then, acting on Mr. Crosby's advice, we were married by him according to the Christian rites, and since that time have never looked back. My wife went to heaven a few years ago, and it will not be long now before I, too, shall follow her. When I get to heaven the first thing I shall want to do is to hunt up Mr. Crosby and shake hands with him."

Another spoke as the first convert in Port Essington: "I remember the time, over thirty years ago, when Mr. Crosby first came to Essington on a revival trip. We were all in heathen life at that time. As we listened to his preaching God's Word changed our hearts. I was one among several who were baptized by him at that time, and I shall never forget the feeling that passed through me when he laid his hand upon my head. My heart was strangely warmed and I felt God's presence very near. I have had many trials and

troubles since that time, but I am still looking to God and serving Him."

These and many such tributes suggest that the ministry of those devoted missionaries was not merely an intense emotional appeal, but a something which resulted in permanently changed lives—even from savagery to noble Christian character.

The recalling of these simple, direct testimonies induces the reflection that everyone of these pioneer missionaries was really a flaming evangelist, impelled by the love of Christ which had come into his heart to go and tell others the story. The religion of Jesus was no mystery to him; it was a glorious experience. Man was born in sin, some in heathen darkness. All needed to be "born again." There could be no real happiness or peace without conversion. He rang the earnest, forceful changes upon forgiveness of sins; justification by accepting Christ; the danger of being lost; the possibility of being saved, and of being adopted as God's sons. This was the Gospel they preached They distinguished naturally between morality and spirituality; between reformation and regeneration; between assent of the mind and change of heart. They declared that God loved mankind; that He "so loved the world that He sent His only Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." This was their message, and it was this message only which changed the lives of the Indians to whom they went. And as soon as the Indian himself was changed he went out and told of what had come into his heart and life. It was this simple story of God's

love and the sacrifice of Jesus which changed the "man-eater" and the "dog-eater" into a kindly, earnest Christian; which substituted the prayer-meeting for the potlatch—the pioneer missionary preached no other gospel but salvation through the sacrificial blood of Jesus Christ.

But while he regarded himself simply as an evangelist, he naturally saw the implications of this Gospel; and so became the counsellor and guide of the converts he won. To him they came for advice and leadership on social advancement in the habits of life and improved environment; and for changing ideas in industrial possibilities and a new civilization. Gradually their villages were transformed as they became Christians and self-imposed rules for law and order were respected. And in all this Mr. Pierce was as fully and shrewdly a leader as any of his early colleagues. An outstanding instance will illustrate this phase of his missionary activity:

In 1914 there was considerable discouragement among the natives, who are not naturally industrious or by erstwhile conditions of life fitted to compete with more highly organized peoples. They were realizing that they were being gradually crowded out of the fishing industry by Japanese and white men. By the leadership of their missionary they organized a Native Fishermen's Association which aimed to unite all the tribes into one body for mutual protection of what they considered their natural native rights. Mr. Pierce was chosen President, and a bright young Essington Indian, William Starr, Secretary. Later the organization was

incorporated, and a charter was obtained from the Government. Writing of this in 1919, Mr. Pierce was able to speak of its success and of how far it had extended among the Coast tribes. He said:

"For some time previous there had been a spirit of carelessness among most of the fishermen, which, of course, caused the cannerymen to dislike them; and naturally they preferred to employ Japanese, who would persevere in all kinds of weather, whether salmon were plentiful or scarce. As soon as the natives saw that they were gradually being left out, they began to think, and wondered how they could make good again. It was just at that point the Association was formed. Port Essington, being the central place, was chosen headquarters, and it is here the Annual Meeting is held. At the present time there are 1,800 members and 23 branches among the different tribes, from Rivers Inlet to Skeena, Naas and Queen Charlotte Islands.

The Cannery men are now loud in their praises of the work done by the Indians, also of their improved conduct during the fishing time. Both on the Skeena and the Naas the natives were high boat this summer, and at some of the canneries they were high boat last year. All the managers at the different canneries have already engaged them for next year's fishing. This has never been done before. All this means much thought and planning, and I can assure you that your missionary has very little chance to be idle."

The outbreak of the Great War in 1914 disturbed and not a little perplexed many of the Indians. One of the Christian chiefs expressed the thoughts of others

when he asked Mr. Pierce how such dreadful fighting could break out among the very people who had been anxious to send the Gospel of Peace to them and had taught them to lay aside all their warlike implements —the scalping-knife, spear, stone hammer and clubs. There were white men, of alien sympathies who sought to exploit the native perplexity in the interests of the enemy; telling them, among other things, that if the Germans won the war they would give all the land back to the Indians. This caused a good deal of unrest among the Indian people.

Mr. Pierce had his own quaint way of dealing with it. Speaking of it recently to the writer he said: "I listened to their statement and saw there was trouble ahead. The following questions were put to me:

" ' What is the reason that the first missionaries who came out to us—like Mr. Duncan and Mr. Crosby—preached Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself; and now some of our missionaries send their own sons out to the war to kill the Germans?'

"I told them I would answer that question tomorrow.

"During the day I made a sketch on the blackboard in the schoolhouse and covered it from view. The next night when the chiefs came together, I unveiled the blackboard, and they saw a house fenced around. Inside the fence was the man's stock, such as cows, chickens, pigs, etc. Amongst them was a big wolf that had jumped the fence to kill and destroy. The man took his rifle and killed the wolf, thus saving his family and his possessions.

"I said to them, 'This picture you now see is my answer to your question of yesterday. Now you have to answer *my* question: Who is right, the man or the wolf?

" 'The man is right!' they replied.

"I said to them, 'Suppose the Germans do win the war, your lands will never be given back to you. It will belong to them, and you will be their slaves.' "

Following this, with a true spirit of patriotism, Mr. Pierce acquired suitable slides for his magic lantern and gave lectures, not only at Essington but at distant Indian villages, on the subject "Why Britain Went to War." The steadying effect among the people was everywhere evident, and many readily contributed towards the hospital ship and the Red Cross.

In 1900 and the Spring of 1901, Mr. Pierce, at the wish of the Missionary Board, spent several months in Ontario and Eastern Canada, on missionary deputation work. In *The Christian Guardian* the following reference was made to the visit:

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"A British Columbia Missionary

"Rev. W. H. Pierce, of Kishpiax, Fort Simpson District, British Columbia, called at *The Guardian* office this week on his way out to his field of labor in the far Northwest. Bro. Pierce, who is a native of British Columbia, of Indian and Scotch descent, has been spending six months in Ontario and Quebec. During that time he has delivered, in the bounds of the

five Conferences, 124 missionary addresses, besides numerous Epworth League and Woman's Missionary Society talks, and has travelled over 7,186 miles. His earnest addresses have done much to awaken an intelligent interest in the mission work among our Indians. He speaks hopefully of that work, and is greatly rejoiced at the prospect of Dr. Wrinch's going to establish hospital work among the Upper Skeena Indians. He is desirous of expressing his thanks to the people of the East for the warm reception given him during his stay. His visit has greatly enlarged his own ideas of the work of the Methodist Church. It will take him a year, he says, to tell his own people of the wonderful things he has seen."

Later, when he was one of the missionaries supported by the Epworth Leagues, on different occasions arrangements were made for similar deputation work in different districts of the British Columbia Conference, and everywhere he was hailed with enthusiasm, with fine results following his work.

More recently Mr. Pierce was sought—and most naturally so—as the special guest and preacher, for the Jubilee celebrations of the missions at Bella Bella (in 1930); Bella Coola (in 1931), and at Port Essington itself, in 1927. These celebrations were carried out on an important scale, covering several days in joyful festivities; only passing reference being necessary here. In conversation about these events, Mr. Pierce told us the following relating to Bella Coola:

"During the Jubilee celebrations at Bella Coola some of the chiefs said to me: 'Fifty years ago you

brought us the Gospel and we now see the wonderful change that has taken place in our surroundings and amongst our people, both young and old, which is the result of Christianity. Now, at this special time, we would like to hear of some *other* plan that would help us to go forward and make more progress and advancment in the Christian and civilized life, during the next fifty years. Now, what do you suggest?"

To the writer Mr. Pierce paused to explain that when a question in any important connection is thus pointedly put to one recognized as a leader, he must be ready at once with an answer, or suffer some loss of prestige in their eyes. He was ready.

"I replied: My plan is to form a Temperance Society amongst all the natives on the Coast and in the Interior, and *to make the start during this Jubilee time* at Bella Coola."

"They said: 'That is a good word; that is a great plan,' and at the gathering that night one hundred and thirty-two signed the pledge."

HIS SHREWDNESS AND QUAINT HUMOUR

Only the merest glimpse has been here given of the more recent years of Mr. Pierce's ministry—which he did not record in his manuscript—though it may not be necessary to write more. Only those who have met him, heard him give addresses, or in conversation relate his experiences and his views on life—Christian life, his own field of labour, public life, and the Church's

responsibility, can really form any idea of the picturesqueness of his accent and speech—and of his approach to any subject; his shrewd observation; his unconscious, but compelling humour; or the intensity of his Christian devotion. His original, quaint illustrations are captivating, though impossible of realistic reproduction.

Speakng at one time at a Conference of his Church, about the show and display and expenditure on its own vanity a Church is apt to indulge, rather than on its real work, he spoke of the first steamer built by the Northern Indians. Its first trip was to be a great event and many were invited as guest passengers. Loud and long the great whistle was blown, and the start: But the steamer would not move—the whistle was so large and so much steam had been used in the vanity of blowing it there was not enough left to move the boat. Churches are often like that, he declared, too much whistle, too little real work.

After church union had been achieved he said the Indians were not enthusiastic at losing the old name and asked what was the advantage. He said, Which is the stronger and faster, two small canoes with five men each paddling or a bigger one with ten men paddling? They were convinced.

As illustrating both Mr. Pierce's sense of humour and the Indian rather dubious appreciation of the material evidences of civilization, the following sent us by our friend may here be included. Mr Pierce writes:

"I was amused the other day, while listening to one of our people here relate his experience of a journey on

the train. He is an old man, and is able to compare all these changes in the present day, with life as it used to be in the earlier times. His conversation was something like this:

" 'Well, I have heard so much talk about the train, that I could not be satisfied until I had taken a trip, so I started off for a short visit to New Kit-se-las. For my part, I prefer to travel by canoe. We were on the train about nine hours, and could do nothing but sit still or sleep. To me, travelling by train is a very lazy way of moving along. When I have gone up there before, we have had to pole and paddle until our foreheads would be covered with perspiration. But we could joke and laugh and enjoy ourselves in the fresh air as we went along. The journey was much slower, of course, but it was pleasanter. How we used to enjoy eating together at our camps. A whole salmon was not considered too much for one man, besides rice, tea and berries. On the train a man came around carrying a tray of bread cut in small squares, with a small piece of meat between, which only made two bites, and a cup of tea for which he charged 25 cents. I suppose this is all white man's style, but, for myself, I prefer our own style, and the canoe.' "

STERLING CHARACTER

The following incidents from Mr. Pierce's public addresses, recalled by the Rev. S. S. Osterhout, further illustrate his alertness of mind and quaint angle of insight:

The Law Which Cannot be Enforced

At a Conference in the City of Kamloops, a resolution was presented whereby the former Methodist Church was to be asked to contribute $5.00 per member towards an Endowment Fund for the building of Ryerson Theological College. Mr. Pierce, in characteristic fashion, was on his feet in a moment and at the front of the Conference haranguing the members, in opposition to the motion. In his unique English he said: "I will not let you pass that resolution, because you cannot enforce it. The Ottawa Government passed a law against the Potlatch years ago, and the Indians are potlatching still, because the Government cannot enforce its law. You pass this resolution today, but you cannot compel my Indians to pay $5.00 each because they haven't got it, and your resolution will die for lack of enforcement. Besides," said he, "that baby is not born yet!" referring to Ryerson College. His last sentence defeated the motion, and in it is clearly discovered Pierce's keen intuition in regard to questions of such a nature, as the public well know that Ryerson College was not "born" for many years after this incident.

Intemperance and the White Man

At a Conference in Nanaimo, Mr. Pierce was one of the speakers at the public meeting on Temperance night. His argument against intemperance was based

mainly on the fact that while intemperance is a disastrous vice among the Indians, it is more so among the Whites, as the white man falls from a higher elevation than the Indian in his ignorant and more or less primitive condition. In his own phraseology: "The Indian falls with intemperance, it is true, but when the white man falls he comes down with a terrible whack!" His illustration was from a pioneer in the Cariboo who was so addicted to drink that he was unable to drive his faithful horse home. The usual occurrence was that when the old settler was thoroughly intoxicated, he was placed in his buggy by the hotelkeeper and the reins tied around the dashboard, and the old horse started off home. He invariably brought his master to his destination and in front of the stable door. On one such occasion, in the morning, his faithful wife looked out, to behold the horse with an empty buggy. On investigation she found her husband, by the little instinct that was still left in him, huddled with a drove of pigs in a mound of straw in the yard, where he was trying to keep himself warm. His illustration brought down the house to the extent that he was unable to complete his address that evening, more than to say as he retired from the platform: "That was a white man and intemperance!"

The Burning Heart

At a more recent meeting of the Conference of the United Church in Vancouver, Mr. Pierce heard an ad-

dress by Dr. W. H. Smith on "The Burning Heart," which made a profound impression upon him. He went back up the Coast among his Indians to give them the benefit of the address, urging upon them the great need of modern church members for a heart aflame with love for God and His Kingdom. His illustration was a comparison between old-time navigation on the Coast and modern methods. "In days of old," he said, "we were entirely dependent upon favourable winds and tides. If the winds were contrary we camped for one day, two days, three days or more, as the case might be until a favourable wind arose, when we hoisted our square sheet in our canoe and set off on our journey. But now," he said, "it is different. We now have boats with fire in them, and all that is necessary is to start our engine and, in spite of contrary winds and tides, continue our journey. So," he said, "it is with the United Church, the great need of the day is a membership with "Burning Hearts," hearts so full of love and loyalty and enthusiasm that no matter how adverse the storms and tempest and tides of life may be, we can, in the name of God, march forward and attempt great things for Him."

In conversation with the present writer recently, one who formerly was interested in a large way in the salmon canning industry on the Skeena River, related an incident, which at the time revealed to him Mr. Pierce's sincerity and courageous fidelity to principle, when it might have seemed he stood to lose something by doing so. In brief, the incident was this: The can-

ning season had commenced; definite agreement had been made with the Indian fishermen as to price to be paid them—an agreement, all considered, fair to both parties. Then the men struck for higher price, greatly hampering and jeopardizing the season's business. The Indians were numerous, determined and menacing, and local opinion made a show of sympathizing with them. Mr. Pierce, who was their missionary and had to live with them, and would naturally have no desire to displease them, came into the breach courageously and, addressing the Indians, told them plainly that they were doing wrong; that as Christian men and honourable men they should stand by their agreement, which they knew was just and fair between man and man. It was not right to take advantage just because they thought they had the chance or power to do so.

His address was so plain and so disinterestedly honest and their confidence in him was so implicit that the Indians, by common consent, abandoned the strike and went to work. My friend said the incident gave him the highest appreciation of Mr. Pierce's sterling, Christian character, as well as of his great influence as a Christian missionary.

To the present writer, who has known a good deal of him and his work over long years, William Henry Pierce is an outstanding figure among a noble band of heroic missionaries. Brave men who, on our own shores, laboured under conditions already difficult for us to visualize, who travelled great distances by canoe or mountain trail; who suffered privation, exposure and danger, for no

earthly reward, but solely to bear the glad news of the gospel to their fellowman, when that fellowman was scarcely other than a savage. The names of Crosby, and Tate, and Green, and Jennings, and Bolton, and Large, and Spencer, who have passed on—and the names of some who are with us still—will be held in honoured remembrance in missionary annals, for the greatness of their sacrifices, adventures and achievements; and among them will be found the name of William Henry Pierce held in equal honour and affection. Indeed his career is surely unique. When one recalls his birth, his bringing up in a heathen village with the most pagan influences about him, separated from his father, and his mother dead. Confronted almost daily with the most savage and cruel scenes—what a marvel that he became what he did become!

"It was a common thing in the dusk of the evening," he writes, "to hear the report of guns. As a boy I used to listen eagerly to the questions put after the report was heard. Some one would ask: 'How many shots were fired?' The answer might be, 'One,' or it might be 'Five,' or less, which meant that for every person killed one shot was fired. Sometimes the persons were shot while their spoons were in their hands eating their meals. At once the leading men of the house commanded that the children should be put in a hole under the house and kept there during the night for safety while the fighting was going on in the village. In those days each house had one of these hiding places dug out underneath for the purpose of sheltering the children. Had anyone gone through Port Simpson in

those days and then paid a visit there now, neither the place nor the people would be recognized, the change from darkness to light has been so great. Looking back it seems a short time, in that so much has been accomplished through the preaching of the everlasting Gospel."

Again he remarks of taking a visiting friend "to the very spot where one winter morning I had seen a woman slave killed and eaten up by the man-eaters. Her body was cut into four quarters, but as there were five men to have a share, one of the number had to be content by licking up the blood."

Imagine a little orphaned, heathen lad, brought up in such environment as this, and yet ultimately emerging into a renowned missionary whose name is known from end to end of this great Dominion. How meagre his equipment! How far-reaching the fruits of his consecrated life! The road he travelled in this emergence he has outlined, in simplest terms, in his own story, and all he ascribes to hearing "the gospel message." His "auto-sketch" is truly a marvellous story, and it is not half of what might be told. In the pages which now follow, also, he has collected and compiled a valuable anthology of Indian myth and legend; has given written form to a native folklore that is far too precious to have been lost.

At the time of this writing William Henry Pierce, in advancing years and in declining strength, has laid down the active responsibilities of missionary labour; and with Mrs. Pierce, who has shared his fortunes as a loyal and equal partner through so many years, has retired to a modest little home in Prince Rupert where

he is still the friend and counsellor of many of the native people who find their way to his hospitable campfire.

PART II.

CONDITIONS, HABITS AND CUSTOMS BEFORE CHRISTIANITY WAS INTRODUCED

Before the Gospel was preached by the Missionary, the natives were ignorant, superstitious, degraded, wild and cruel.

Their homes in the different villages were, as a rule, built right along the beach. This location was found to be so convenient for the loading and unloading of their canoes. Each home would consist of a large one-roomed house, and would be built sufficiently large to accommodate several families. Houses would vary in size but as a rule from six to fifteen families would occupy each house. The walls consisted of one thickness of split cedar boards, and the roof was made from two thicknesses of cedar bark, which was made sufficiently tight to be waterproof. In the centre was left a large square hole which was to act as a chimney, the fire being made right in the centre of the room on the bare earth. During the winter, straw would be spread on parts of the floor for beds, changing it twice during the season.

During the summer season, very little clothing was worn. The high class Indians wore a blanket, which was tied around the waist with a belt. These blankets were made from the wool of the mountain sheep and were roughly woven on wooden frames by the women. The lower class were not allowed to dress as those of higher rank, their clothing always being according to and suitable to their station. Instead of blankets, robes made from the hides of deer and mountain sheep would be

worn. These skins were well tanned and then sewn together until of sufficient size to take the place of a blanket.

During the winter the higher class would wear robes made from expensive furs, such as marten or lynx. The chiefs would select sea-otters or foxes. Of course, in those days furs were really of no value to the natives, as there were no purchasers. It was not until the arrival of the Hudson's Bay Company that their furs were traded. Winter clothing worn by the lower class would be made from the commoner fur-bearing animals, such as groundhogs and mountain sheep or deer. Each person in both classes was always the happy possessor of two suits for each season—one to be worn for ordinary purposes and the other for special occasions only.

As a protection from rain and snow, a special mat made from the inner bark of red cedar was worn. This was woven very closely and tightly in order that it be absolutely waterproof and sufficiently large to cover the entire person. A waterproof hat was worn, too, which was made from the roots of spruce.

Instead of wearing socks and stockings, special straw was gathered, which when dried was soft, and it was then wrapped around the feet. Over this straw covering, mocassins were worn, which were made from the skins of animals. Leggings were worn, and they, of course, were made from the fur skins. During the sleeping hours they were used as covering, and on top of that was placed a cedar mat made especially for the size of the bed. A pillow was used, made from moss and fine straw.

In the early days, no food other than that provided by nature, was ever used by the natives. Each season provided a plentiful variety in its turn. Very often during the winter season food became exceedingly scarce, so that there was great danger of starvation amongst the tribes, there being perhaps only a few dried salmon remaining in each family. This article of food was then so precious that small pieces, a few inches square, were cut and one piece handed out to each child.

Everybody was anxiously looking forward to the middle of March when the oolachan on the Naas River began to appear. About that time whole tribes moved up there by canoe, making their camp at various points along the river. Each morning special expert hunters would go out in their canoes, hunting for hair seals. The first one killed was opened in the canoe; if oolachan were found in the stomach, that was taken to be a sure indication that the small-fish, as they are often called, were not far away. When the news was carried to the different camps on each side of the river, there was much rejoicing. A few days later the fish would surely be seen in millions.

However, during the days of waiting, all the women would be busy making baskets out of spruce roots, some of them large enough to hold a hundred pounds. These baskets were to be used by the men in carrying the fish on their backs from the canoe to the pen where they were all deposited. While the women were busy making baskets, the men spent their time in cutting cordwood, which was necessary for the cooking of the fish.

Great excitement prevailed amongst the tribes on the first day that the oolichan appeared. Shouts of rejoicing were heard from the different camps for many miles along the river. This shout really meant in words, "Now our time of danger is over; these fish are our salvation." They named these fish "Alumandkum," meaning salvation. The run would last about three weeks, and during that time there would be very little sleep. Men, women and children were all busy at something. Just as soon as the fish appeared, the river would be alive with whales, porpoises, and large fish of all kinds which were following them, as were also different birds, such as eagles, crows, ducks and seagulls, the latter kind being present in clouds—many millions of them. These birds would eat the fish both by day and night, and their chattering was so great that nothing else could be heard along either side of the river.

The first cooking of the oolichans had to be done according to certain rules in a very special way. A special woman was chosen. She must be middle-aged, very sedate and solemn. On her head was worn a big Hydah hat, while on her hands were mitts. About fifty oolichans were brought to her and put on a wooden rack, which was placed over a special fire made of spruce bark. This fire must not be blown while the fish were cooking over it, for if it were, a north wind would surely spring up and, coming down the Naas River, would prevent the canoes from facing it, which would thus be unable to catch any more fish. After the fish were browned on one side, a clean cedar mat was placed

alongside the fire, and then all the people were called in. As the rack was turned over on the mat, all who had entered the house gave a big shout, exclaiming "Lowaa," which means "Great honor to the oolichan." As soon as the fish were browned on the other side, they were placed on the mat which served the purpose of a dish, and the woman who had done the cooking divided the fish according to the number of persons in the house. She then would order each one to honor the fish while eating it, so that there would be no scarcity of the run. Each fish was to be held flat in the hand; it had to be broken in two and eaten very hot. No one was allowed to cool it in any way by blowing on it with his breath. A breach of this rule would surely bring a storm. After eating the fish, no one, however thirsty he might be, was allowed to drink a drop of water. That would cause rain to descend and thus spoil the fishing.

Just imagine the load of anxiety on the minds of all those hundreds of people, who were out catching fish on that day. In about two weeks the general cooking began. During this time, all the fish caught had been deposited in one place, where it had become quite stale and somewhat tainted. Fish in this state was preferred, in order that more oil could be extracted. Neither porcelain nor iron kettles were used. Special wooden boxes were prepared, which were large enough to hold four hundred pounds or more. There were several fires made in each fish-house, the number being regulated according to the families living there. The fish were cooked by means of redhot stones, which were placed in the box. These stones were of a special kind,

and could only be gathered from one place, called Lakwun-maslik, now known as Red Bluffs. These particular stones could stand a greater degree of heat than any other kind. Long wooden tongs were used to pick up the hot stones and place them in the box. This had to be repeated three times before the fish were cooked. The oil was then skimmed off the top and refined by boiling again with smaller hot stones until quite clear. This oil would then be poured into a box and stowed away ready for sale. Perhaps there would be about four gallons of oil to one cooking from four hundred pounds of fish.

The boxes used as containers were made from cedar wood. They were neatly made and tightly put together so that there would be no leakage. The tops fitted tightly and were fastened down with yellow cedar bark. Each box had handles made from red cedar boughs. Quite a large number of boxes were filled during the fishing season. It was the aim of each family to have sufficient for their own use and a certain amount left over to sell.

Oolichan grease, as it was called, was considered by all the tribes everywhere as a great luxury. It was eaten combined with berries, sea-weed, fish-eggs, clams, dried halibut, salmon and potatoes. This grease was, and is still, considered to be as essential to the native as butter is to the white man.

Oolichan were caught by means of long poles made specially for that purpose. These poles were made of red cedar, with about three feet of the bottom part somewhat flattened. In this flat part sharp wooden

nails, made from the hardest part of spruce limbs, were inserted about an inch apart, each needle being tightly placed with spruce gum. Just as soon as the oolichans commenced to run, canoes manned by four or five persons were ready to haul in the fish by means of the poles. There were usually two men at the bow combing in the fish, while the rest of the crew would be paddling.

The modern way of catching oolichan is by means of long nets which are placed in the water when the tide is flowing out, and held firmly there by means of two large poles driven in the bottom of the river. One net will hold two ton of fish, and a good day's catch will amount to eight tons. Cooking is no longer done by using red-hot stones. Instead, a large wooden boiler, having a heavy sheet-iron bottom, is used, and this is placed over a fireplace which is built of rocks and clay. By this method sixteen gallons of oil can be extracted in one day as against four gallons cooked by the old method.

The next food in season was herring spawn and seaweed. To obtain this food, men, women and children would camp out at various points where it was most plentiful. There were certain bays known to the native where the herring spawned in very large quantities. This was gathered from kelp and sea-weed. When well dried in the sun it was packed in boxes and stored away for future use. Any surplus was traded off amongst the Naas people and also amongst the Upper Skeena tribes.

After this came the gathering in of the sea-weed. As with the herring spawn, so with this food, there were special places where nature provided a bountiful

supply. Dundas Island was particularly noted. After being dried in the sun the sea-weed was picked up and made into cakes of about one and a half inches thickness, and then laid in boxes that would be the exact side. This article of food was considered to be very valuable. One cake would last a long time. When wanted for use, a small quantity would be cut off and chopped or cut into very fine pieces and then boiled. Sometimes it was mixed with salmon eggs or fresh clams. This food, too, was considered to be a very superior dish, especially amongst the interior people, who were always willing to give a high price in order to obtain it.

The inner bark of the hemlock (Kasheoo) was also considered a very strong food, and it was in much demand during the winter. A good hemlock camp was selected, when many families would congregate there and stay until sufficient of this food had been obtained. A good clear tree was felled and denuded of its bark, while quite juicy. This would be in the month of June. The women would gather all the bark and scrape the inner portion with a special knife, until it became as thin as paper. When the scrapings were sufficient for one cooking, a fire was made. This was accomplished by digging a large hole in the ground and building the fire in the centre, on which were placed several stones. When these were thoroughly heated, the fire was all taken away, leaving there the hot stones only. Branches and leaves were then placed on top of the hot stones, and on top of this were placed the hemlock scrapings. It had to be spread very evenly, being very particular

not to have one part thicker than another. For a top covering was placed a cedar mat in order that escaping steam might be prevented. Water was poured all round the edges to cause steam and start the cooking process. That was left all night. In the morning the covering was taken off and the hemlock was found to be cooked to a pulp. It was then placed on a large flat board and hammered until it became so pliable that it could be moulded by the hand into any desirable shape. As a rule it was made into square cakes about half an inch thick. These cakes were placed on top of a long rack where they remained until perfectly dry. They were then packed in boxes where it would keep in perfect condition indefinitely.

When required for use a small portion of the cake was broken off and soaked well, then pulled into fine pieces, which were eaten combined with oolichan grease, or with the grease mixed with snow and made into ice-cream.

Wild fruit of all kinds, of which there was an abundance, formed quite an important part of the native diet. The names of the different fruits are as follows:

Wild Crabapples (Malkst).
Wild Cherries (Clyah).
Cranberries (Met).
Elderberries (Lawls).
Red Huckleberries (Withlaaks).
Wild Black Currants (Wahkel).
Blueberries (Mahalth).
Salmonberries (Magawkst).

Wild Strawberries (Magooldt).
Wild Raspberries (Nahshoo).
Solal (Jawest).
Soapberries (Ash).
Chokeberries (Domeet).
Saskatoons (Gem).

Above all the berries, soapberries were prized the most. They were thoroughly dried and made into square cakes. When required for use a small piece was broken off and placed in a pail containing water. This was well stirred with the hand until it became a thick, foamy mass, and looking similar to soapsuds; hence the name "soapolili." In taste it was bitter, similar to quinine, and it was considered a good tonic. Today these berries are prized as much as ever. One bundle, which contains six cakes, sells for three dollars. In the old days, one bundle would be valued for no more than twenty-five cents.

Chokeberries only grow in the interior, and were always considered to be the cheapest of all fruits. This kind of fruit was very largely used at the potlatch feasting, and it being of a very dry nature, was always eaten combined with Saskatoon berries and oolachan grease.

The salmonberry was the only kind grown that could not be preserved in any way. They were then, and are now, considered very delicious, gathered and eaten while fresh from the bushes. At the present day, these berries are eaten by the white population as a substitute for strawberries.

SUPERSTITIOUS OR OLD HEATHEN BELIEFS

Without exception, the Indians all believed in One as the Creator of all things, and this One lived far away somewhere in the sky.

They believed that He was always present and knew all about their doings; that for their good deeds they would be rewarded, and punished for all offences both in this world and after death. If, during a journey, a storm should arise they would offer a sacrifice to this Being in the shape of food of any kind, and at the same time offer up a prayer for protection and safety for the rest of the journey. The sacrifice when offered was burned, and the smoke was supposed to take the petition away as it ascended.

In like manner, when far away from home they would ask for success in their undertaking, they also offered sacrifices. They also believed in One who was an evil spirit, and who was continually trying to cause them to do evil.

They believed that if a man lived a good life and did kind deeds, that he would live in happiness somewhere, and be rewarded. While if a man lived a bad life and cared only to be selfish, mean and cruel, he would be rewarded accordingly and have no happiness evermore.

MEDICINE MAN OR CONJURERS

"Medicine Man," so called, is wrongly named. Properly speaking, the name applied should be conjurer, or Indian doctor, and this applies to either man or

woman. In certain families this art was preserved from one generation to another. Anyone outside those families wishing to become a doctor must claim relationship. All the songs in connection with this practise have been handed down for hundreds of years. Each doctor had what he called "soul hunters." These soul hunters might perhaps be the head or feet of a mink, owl, eagle, hawk, or the tooth of a wolf, etc. These were all kept in a big bag, together with some paint powder of their own manufacture, which was to use on their hands and faces during the performance. They claimed that when a person was sick that sickness was caused by the absence of the soul. These articles were then brought out of the bags and laid around the head of the patient while all the conjurers sang their songs and at the same time drumming and beating the boards.

During this performance the soul is being hunted and brought back again. Should the patient fail to recover, it was because the soul could not be brought back or caught. It might be underneath a steep mountain, or in the deep water, or in some other out-of-the-way place, too difficult to get at.

The cause of the soul taking its leave of any person was fright, and wherever this took place, the soul stayed. When the soul was recovered it was placed inside a hollow bone which was made from the leg of a grizzly bear. This was tied with a string and hung across the conjurer's chest. Both ends were securely covered with the inner bark of cedar in order that the soul might have no chance of escape. This article was named the "soul trap." The conjurer would then call

all the relations together and inform them that the soul was safe, giving the date and time when the patient was to receive it back again. This, of course, was always good news both to the patient and his friends. The news soon spread through the village and all would rejoice that their alarm and anxiety were gone.

At the time appointed, the house was crowded with people to witness the ceremony—special songs were selected and sung— two or three extra conjurers were called in to take part. As a rule, the sick person would be on his feet again and as well as ever in a few days.

On the other hand, should the conjurer fail to find the patient's soul, he would abandon all hope and give up in despair, dying in a few days.

It was wonderful what power a conjurer had over the sick. Is there any wonder that they had such implicit confidence in him, obeying him in every detail? A conjurer not only had power to restore the lost soul, but he claimed to have power to take away their souls at any time. Knowing this, all Indians lived in constant fear of him.

I remember one time when Rev. T. Crosby was very ill at Fort Simpson. An old conjurer, named Neasbeans, went into the mission house and said, "Don't you be alarmed, Sir, I found your soul last night lying in the gutter all covered with filth. I got my stick and poked it, rolling it over into a dry place. You need not be afraid that you will die; in a few days more you will be well again. Sure enough at the time specified the old man took the soul to the mission house and was desirous of placing it on Mr. Crosby's head.

In order to be a conjurer, a person must be thoroughly qualified. In the first place he had to undergo starvation. For a certain number of days he had to stay in bed with only a mat or bearskin for covering. During that time he was neither to eat or drink. All through the night he was taught how to start his songs and how to use his rattle. His sleep was to be taken during the day. At night all the other doctors had to be with him—nobody else. These conjurers were fed at the man's expense and they would remain until they were able to declare that he was as competent to practise as themselves.

The fee charged by any doctor would depend upon the circumstance of the patient. If poor, a small fee only was expected, but if wealthy the charge was made accordingly. A medicine man, or Indian doctor, never made nor used any medicine of any kind. Any of the natives who understood the art of making medicine from roots and bark were never doctors at all. In one large village there might be forty doctors, but out of the entire population perhaps only one person understood the making of medicines.

GAMBLING

The Hydahs from Queen Charlotte's Islands were the first to introduce gambling to the natives on the mainland. There were only two gambling games, which were known as Lahal and Xshan. *Lahal* was played by two rows of men, each row having an even number of

players. Each man staked a certain amount of money to the man kneeling opposite. The two rows had to kneel facing each other. Each one had a stick in his hand with which he beat a board in front of him, keeping time by singing a gambling song. During the game the row that was playing would beat the boards, while the other side looked on. Two men in that row would have a bone in each hand during the performance and the other side who were watching appointed one man to guess which hand held the bone. Every miss counted one stick passed over to the other side. There were twenty sticks altogether. If the man were a poor guesser and missed twenty times, the game was over. But if during the game he guessed wrong occasionally, the other side would take their turn in guessing. When the game was finished, each one would put up more money and start over again.

During the whole game, singing was kept up to keep time. The hideous noise made was to confuse the guesser and also to put life into the game. Sometimes a man was sleeping in. A professional gambler might win a few hundred dollars in a few hours. For instance, the value of one canoe staked might mean $200.00 or more.

Xshan is a game similar in many ways to the other, but it was played quietly. There was no singing and as a rule no one even had to speak or make any noise whatever. Ten sticks were counted instead of twenty. There might be any number in each row and each man played the game with the one opposite. No one took any notice of his neighbour's actions. Each man looked

out for himself. Two of these gambling sticks were marked in a special manner, one being different from the other. One of these was the special one to be guessed. These two were hidden inside two bundles of soft cedar bark. They were then turned over and over until the man would call out "Ready." The guessing would then begin. If the guesser were correct the first time, then the man opposite would take his turn at guessing and the other side would hide the sticks. Whenever there was an even missing on both sides it was called a "tie" and the game would begin over again. But if the man on the one side missed ten, he was the loser. This was the older game.

The writer has seen a bag of these gambling sticks that have been handed down for six generations. The oldest people were fond of this game. They would go all day without food in order to keep at it. The game of Lahal was mostly indulged in by the young people.

POTLATCH

In the northern part of British Columbia, the Potlatch always takes place in the winter time. On the death of a chief, his successor, before claiming the chief's place, his title, his honor, or his name, must give a potlatch. The successor of the dead chief must be either his brother, nephew, or niece.

In order to have a big potlatch, quite a large sum of money is required. The amount may reach the sum of two or three thousand dollars. This means that a

man must work very hard for three years or so and save most of what he earns for this coming event. He will deny himself every comfort, so that he may have a big display. The entire cost is not carried by one man, however. The members of the crest to which he may belong, club together and contribute *their* share towards the big feast, but the host himself contributes the largest share. The sum total gathered does not mean that it is all cash. Canoes, rifles, horses, cattle, etc., are all counted in. The more money that he is able to spend on the potlatch, the greater is the honor conferred upon him.

To hold a potlatch and fail to give satisfaction to all the people is a standing disgrace to him for life. When preparations are complete, then an invitation is sent to all the different tribes. After they congregate, the ceremony begins. This feast usually lasts from three to six weeks or longer, according to circumstances, and during that time there is feasting every day and dancing every night.

At certain times during the Potlatch, blankets and cotton are torn into strips, each person present receiving a piece. At these times, too, various kinds of food are distributed, and each person takes home with him whatever he has been given. Rifles, clocks, trunks and canoes are chopped up and burned before the crowd. Even money has been known to be thrown into the blaze.

When the potlatch is ended, the giver is a very poor man and suffers for want of both food and clothing for many weeks afterwards. He takes his cedar mat

and single blanket which he places on the ashes alongside the fire, and there he lies. Doing this acknowledges that he is suffering from the potlatch, all because he wanted to gain honor.

As a rule, the potlatch must be carried on by one crest. For instance, a wolf crest will give a potlatch to all the other crests of the different villages excepting that of the wolf, but all the wolves of the village where the potlatch is held will help the wolf who is the giver of the potlatch. The same is true of the eagle, blackfish and crow.

The word *Potlatch* is taken from the Chinook meaning "to give." But the *real* meaning is much more than that. When a man gives a potlatch he is really banking, for when a potlatch comes off in another village he fully expects to receive more than what he gave himself at his own feast. Suppose, for instance that he had given two blankets to one person, and he in turn gave a potlatch, three blankets would have to be given in return instead of two.

The real potlatch, conducted in the early days, before the whites came, was very different from the modern feast. There were rules and regulations to govern every move and these were strictly adhered to. The feasting period then lasted for about three months. There was no cash in those days—all gifts were in kind —mostly furs. There were rules to guide the dances, the whole of the feast, and the young people.

During the potlatch the wisest and best speakers were chosen to give lectures for the benefit of those who had come together to enjoy themselves. These lectures

taught them how to respect themselves and to honor those who were in authority as their chiefs. The young people were instructed to lead pure lives and shun all forms of evil. A certain number of men were appointed to inform the chiefs should any of these rules be broken during the feast. When the potlatch broke up all returned to their homes feeling that they had received help and encouragement.

But alas! How different is the Potlatch of today. Amongst the natives it is the root of all evil and the big mountain of sin against which the missionaries have to fight.

In these days, any man of the common order may give a potlatch providing he is rich enough. He need not wait until he has a large sum of money to expend. If he can manage to save one hundred dollars or a little more, he is entitled to give a feast even if not conducted on a large scale. This feasting is merely an excuse to carry on all kinds of sin. At such times the laziness, filth and every other evil is indescribable. Immorality among the young people and drinking of whiskey or home-made intoxicants are two outstanding features.

Mixed with the potlatch of today is the white man's dance, which to the native is a great attraction and the source of much evil. On any mission where this feasting is practised God's work can make no progress. Those who attend these gatherings lose all interest in religion and religious teaching. The day school is affected also, for the majority of the children follow the crowd, anxious to see all that transpires. It can readily be seen how this affects their training and future life. How

much discouragement and uphill work the missionary and teacher have to face.

Yet there are many intellectual whites who uphold the potlatch, and consider that the natives have a right to enjoy themselves in this way. It is quite evident that they only see the surface and have no conception of the undercurrent. If the government only realized that the potlatch is ruination to the progress of the Indian and is leading the young people on to destruction, I feel sure that they would adopt more stringent measures to enforce the Indian Act.

TOTEM POLES

A totem is a tall cedar post or tree, sometimes 50 feet high or more, according to the rank of the person for whom it is intended. A totem pole is in reality a monument erected to the memory of a dead chief. The head of any village always claimed to have the highest pole. A totem is always ornamented with the carving of many grotesque figures of animals, fish or birds, which give the history of the one who erects them. Each tribe was divided into families which took for their coat-of-arms or crest, some animal, fish, or bird, such as the wolf, bear, crow, eagle, and black-fish. The carvings on the totem show the descent and intermarriages of these families. Whatever figure is carved at the top of the pole represents the name of the crest to which that pole belongs. For instance, if the carving be a bear, that pole belongs to the bear crest, and all

the different figures carved below that represent the history or tradition of that crest, as handed down from generation to generation.

It was law amongst the Northern Indians that the totem to be erected should be the exact length. If the law was violated, due punishment was meted out. An instance of this happened on the Naas river where one of the chiefs had a totem pole complete and raised. During the ceremony it was discovered that the length exceeded the allowance. When the chief was informed that the pole was too long, he refused to listen, therefore he was shot right on the spot.

The cost of the totem was enormous, for when the pole was raised it was necessary that the big feast or potlatch was held, and for this gathering a large sum of money was expended. Any neglect on the part of nephew or son to erect a totem pole in memory of an uncle or father, if chief, would be a standing disgrace in that family forever.

DANCES

(1) *The Peace Dance.*

This belonged to the chiefs and higher class of Indians. If there were any disturbance, dispute, or fighting amongst the different tribes, the chiefs would meet and call together the different parties connected with the quarrel. The chiefs would then dance before them and scatter eagle feathers down over their heads. After that the spokesman declared before all that peace

now reigns, and that any person guilty of causing trouble again would have to be dealt with according to the law and punished severely.

(2) *The Wild Dance.*

This dance belonged to all both high and low. When a man wished to be promoted in the ranks it was necessary that he go through the wild dance. He would go through the village from house to house smashing everything that he could find. All the other wild dancers joined in the march. He was perfectly nude and marched with a big club in his hands. The greatness of his power was reckoned accordingly to the number of articles he had smashed. For nearly two weeks he would march through the village three times a day, and at the end of that time he gave some kind of Potlatch to all the wild dancers. After that he was considered to be one of them and willing to keep all their rules.

(3) *The Dog-Eater Dance.*

This is similar to the wild dance, except that live dogs are eaten.

(4) *The Man-Eater Dance.*

This dance belongs to the high chiefs, and was introduced to the Northern coast by the Kilamaate and Bella Bellas. This dance was more of a secret nature than any of the other dances, and all who belonged had power to make rules and control all the other dances. During a performance they would bite off pieces of flesh

from each others arms but no outsider would be touched. Suppose a man-eater chief were living in the same house with common people and death were mentioned in his presence, he would start the same dance over again, and perhaps keep it up for two or three nights.If it were really necesary to mention "death" the words "Salmon berries" was used instead. During the man-eater dance, the chief who acted as man-eater would be fed by every family in the village. Before a family would begin their meal a very small piece of the first course would be taken to the man-eater and dropped into his mouth. This was repeated by every family and was considered to be the greatest honor the man-eater could have. The rule was that he had to taste the first of everything and any neglect on the part of any family to adhere to this rule would result in the dance being repeated again and the death of the party who had omitted his duty.

Quite a number of years ago, at the time when Bella Bella Mission was just starting, Dr. Thomas Crosby and the writer were in a man-eater chief's house there right in the hottest time. We saw several persons come in during the day and drop a piece of food into the chief's mouth. Before starting our own meal and after we had asked the blessing, I suggested to Dr. Crosby that we ask the chief if it would cause any offence for us to eat and not offer him any, as the custom was. His answer was, "No, you are not included in the 'band.' "

A few weeks afterwards this same chief was converted in our meetings and was the first to put his name down for a fifty-dollar subscription towards the building of a new church. His name was Kanchit.

INDIAN MARRIAGE

In the early days there were two kinds of marriage ceremonies, one amongst the chiefs and high classes and one amongst the people.

When a chief or a person belonging to the high class would take to himself a wife, his tribe and the tribe of the woman would meet together and have a sham fight, which would last perhaps for half a day.

When a marriage took place amongst the common people, the man would go into the house of the woman he intended to have and stay all night. That was the announcement.

During the sham fight stones and clubs were used, and although several persons might be cut, bruised or hurt in some way, nobody complained or had his feelings hurt, as this was not considered real fighting. This blood being shed was to remind the contracting parties that the marriage was solid and was not to be treated lightly. It was expected that the married couple do their utmost not to bring disgrace upon their friends. They were supposed to respect and honor them as long as they lived.

Except in very rare cases, marriages amongst the high class were always known to be true and lasting, even if they lived to a very old age.

During my very early mission work at Bella Bella, I was privileged to witness a marriage ceremony amongst the chiefs of that tribe, which was quite different from that of the Tsimpsheans. After the marriage had been announced publicly in the head chief's

house, the couple left for their own home and behind them walked all the chiefs and young people carrying an Indian box. On reaching the house, this box was opened and out of it was taken a blanket made from the inner bark of the yellow cedar, which was presented to the new wife by the chiefs. In making this blanket, it had gone through several processes, leaving it soft and wooly. Square Indian coppers were fastened on the outside of this blanket, covering every bit of space. This, of course, made it very heavy—the weight being over one hundred pounds. This has to be worn by the bride for about ten days. The chief told her that, as she felt the weight of this resting on her shoulders, so she must accept the heavy responsibilities of married life, and never treat her marriage lightly. Since she had accepted the responsibility she must do her utmost to carry it out by staying at home, advising and assisting her husband in every possible way.

At the marriage feast amongst the Tsimpsheans, after speeches had been made and advice given to the marriage couple, the father of the tribe made his speech, when he endowed certain gifts to his daughter. It might be part of his hunting ground, or some of the lakes where he hunted beaver, or a canoe loaded with different kinds of gifts. The husband then would be fully privileged to hunt and trap on these grounds as long as they lived together. If at any time the woman should go astray, the best councillors on her side would go to the house and talk to her, reminding her of the blood that had been shed on her marriage day and that it was her bounden duty not to forget it.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN

In the early days before civilization, the natives were very particular in the training of their children. Every evening just before dark, when everything was quiet, it was the duty of uncles and grandfathers to gather the children around them for instruction. They were required to sit perfectly still in a certain position until the instruction was finished. They did not even dare to move the head on one side. They were taught that when old enough to earn their own living, they were to depend on themselves and not on their parents or friends—whether fishing or hunting, they were to be industrious, securing all kinds of food possible. Laziness, they were told would bring them poverty and disgrace amongst their people and cause them to be a laughing stock to everybody.

On the other hand, to be industrious, meant that they would command self respect and honor, and always have plenty and thus be ready to alleviate any distress amongst the unfortunate.

Each child was trained for what they considered him to be best adapted, as for instance, canoe makers fishers trappers, hunters, singers and speakers. Particular stress was laid on cowardice. They were taught to be brave and fearless, so that during any battles fought in which they would have to take part, they would prove themselves to be skilled fighters.

During the winter months, their bravery was tested in the following manner. On the coldest mornings when the cold north wind was blowing a gale, and the sea

water had turned into ice, the chief sent orders to each before day-light to have all young people and childern roused from their sleep and sent into the icy sea water for a cold bath.

On coming out of the water, and as they proceeded to the chiefs house each one received a few lashes on his back and chest by two chiefs who had been appointed to stand in the path and wait for them. This was considered to be the hardening process. After entering the house, each one received a fur robe and after a good thawing out, a small gift was presented to every one by the chief and one of the appointed speakers made a speech. This was to encourage them all to be strong and honor their tribe.

Any young person or child, failing to go through this performance brought a slur on himself and the whole family. And, as a rule any of these failures, never made any success in life, nor was ever promoted by his tribe to be a leader in any way. Promotion to a higher standing in the heathen life was given during any feasting occasion when all were at home. A potlatch followed, at which all who claimed by tradition to be their ancestors were invited. Presents were given them and perhaps two out of the number would be chosen to bore one or more holes in the ears, the number of holes represented their title and were given in order that they might be the successors to their Fathers and Uncles when grown up. The lower class could only claim one. The higher class were further distinguished by having a hole bored throngh the nose at the tip. In times of war these marks have often been the salvation of some of the prisoners.

When it was seen that these prisoners belonged to the higher class, their lives were often spared and great kindness was shown them. If possible, they were sent back to their homes. A reward was given by the friends of the prisoner perhaps several hundred dollars worth of furs.

WARFARE

Before Christianity was introduced by the missionaries, fighting amongst the different tribes was quite common. Often all the tribes through the Northern part of British Columbia would be in a turmoil. The chiefs belonging to each tribe would select their best men to act as leaders so that when the warfare actually began there would neither be misunderstanding nor confusion.

Spies were sent out in various directions some months before the fighting began, upon their return a report was given to their chiefs in their assembly and if approved, plans were made accordingly. The length of time required for preparation would depend on the nature of the intended attack. For instance suppose Queen Charlotte Islands were the object of attack, then many months of preparation were required before they could commence their journey. Several well experienced pilots were required, as the tribes of the interior were quite ignorant of navigation in open waters. Neither did they understand any thing about the lay of the villages and countries over there hence the need for these experts. When battles were fought on a less

extensive scale, very little preparations were required. War was never declared amongst the Indians because of any desire to acquire more territory, nor because of any trouble caused by disputes. War was merely a means of retaliation for what had transpired amongst their forefathers many years before. Each crest, whether a wolf, a bear, or an eagle, kept themselves together as a regiment, choosing the best man from amongst them to be their leader. Regulations regarding diet and mode of living were strictly adhered to during the war periods.

It is interesting to note with what skill and craftiness plans were made by the leaders to ensure victory. Take for example, the scheme thought out by the Bella Bellas. It was said that they were the most powerful tribe of the south. The other smaller tribes near by, such as the China Hats, Bella Coolas, Tailioms and Kimsquits, had no peace. They lived in constant fear of an attack from these warriers. At last the Bella Bellas devised a plan whereby they could retaliate. Instead of having a potlatch right in Bella Bella village they selected one of the islands right at the entrance of Rivers Inlet. On this island, they built a big house making it large enough to accomodate hundreds of people. When the building was finished and all their plans complete, cordial invitations were sent out to all the tribes around that locality to attend a Potlatch on this island. The date was set for the time when they were expected to arrive. The reception was to take place in the new building as they arrived, on the first day of the feast. The welcome song and drum could be

heard before they entered. Each chief preceeded the the tribe to which he belonged. There were two doors. An outer and an inner door It was arranged so that only one person could enter at a time. Above the inner door there was a trap and the entrance was dark so that nothing unusual could be detected. But just when the person expected to step inside the building, the trap came down and killed him instantly. His body was then thrown to one side and the next person to follow whether man or woman, shared the same fate, until the whole tribe was exterminated. During this time the drum and the song of welcome had never ceased. The men who were outside in charge of the canoes were the only ones to escape. Hundreds of bodies were piled up inside the building and all were cremated in the woods the next day. To day that island is known as "Slaughter Island." From that time to the present the Oweekeenos have been noted as the weak tribe. Take another example; About 90 years ago a big battle was fought between the Kishpeat tribe in the interior, and that of Legiac, the largest tribe amongst the Tsimpsheans.

After their plans had been completed about 200 war canoes started off from Port Simpson to travel up the Skeena River to Kishpiax village, a distance of about 230 miles. In order to deceive the people, the canoes were loaded with boxes supposed to be full of dried seaweed, fish eggs, and ollachan grease for trading purposes, but which really only contained stones, sand, and moss,, each box being weighed and filled according to the weight of the genuine article supposed to be there.

The Interior Natives were always very anxious to obtain any salt water food from the coast, and they were willing to pay any price for such. The Tsimpsheans, knowing this, expected their bait to be effective. When the canoes landed at Kishpiax, the people there met them in a friendly way and received them into their homes as friends and traders. Two or more of the canoe loads with their crew were taken into each house. By the time that the last canoe was unloaded, the fraud had been discovered and fighting began at once. All the women and childern who could get away ran into the woods to hide.

Legiac, chief of the Fort Simpson Band, had brought with him an umbrella, which in those days was a great curiosity. The interior natives had never seen one. Legaic knew this, so he stood up in his canoe, opening and shutting this umbrella several times. This seemed such a wonderful thing that the few old women who had remained in the village shouted with all their might to those in hiding, "Come and see this wonderful thing." They named it "tzow," meaning "to bring both darkness and light on the earth." Everybody rushed from the woods to look at this umbrella, and, of course, all were taken prisoners.

A rope of cedar was put through the holes of the lips of the older women to keep them safe, while the children and young girls were tied up and put in a canoe. In those days the only article of clothing worn as a covering for the body was a fur robe. As the women were being caught, their robe was the first thing to be caught hold of, then any woman who was not too

much ashamed to run, would escape behind the village right behind where the church now stands. Several escaped thus, but the majority, on loosing their robe, dropped right on the ground and were captured at once. It took two days to burn the dead bodies in front of the village.

Before leaving, the enemy set fire to the village. One stump of a totempole, partly burnt then, still stands today.

After the battle was over, and the canoes had departed those who were still left in the village expected to find quite a stock of salt water food in the boxes left behind and were looking forward to a big treat. Much to their disgust and disappointment, not a particle of food was to be found. As they opened box after box, nothing was to be seen but dirt, sand or stones. The majority of the prisoners were sold as slaves to Alaska tribes, and to Hydahs of Queen Charlottle Islands. The remainder were kept on Legaic's premises and were his own slaves.

As a rule, all slaves among the Indians along this Northern Coast were shamefully treated by their master. Their only food consisted of the remains from any meal from the family table. Their clothing was very scant, and they were exposed to all kinds of bad weather, and were employed to do the very roughest kind of work. When a slave died there was no funeral. A stone was tied to his neck and his body was then cast into the sea. When Legaic secured these slaves from Kishpiax, he commenced to build a very large house at Metlakahtla, the work being done by these slaves.

Part of it was built underground, and to do this meant and immense amount of labor. Many tons of earth had to be taken out before the excavation was sufficiently large. This part of the work alone occupied more than one year.

When Mr. Duncan moved away from Fort Simpson he selected this very spot as a building site for the Mission premises, but before commencing, this large hollow space had to be filled in. Today this part of Metlakahtla Mission containing about five acres is known as Mission Point.

When very young, I remember the Hydah's coming over to Port Simpson from Queen Charlotte's to trade with the people there as usual. Two days after their arrival, a big fight took place right on the beach. just in front of the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort. The Hydahs were so feeble that only a few were left to return home. The majority had their heads cut off by the Tsmpsheans and were piled up on the beach. For two or three days afterwards, as the tide came in and washed the beach, the water was red with the blood from the dead bodies lying there.

Another fight which lives in my memory was fought on the Naas River, and this time whiskey drinking was the cause. It happened during the small-fish season. One of the Naas Chiefs invited all the other tribes who were gathered there for the oolachan times to a whiskey feast. Everyone became intoxicated and all began to fight. This fight lasted for two weeks, several of the Interior people were killed and Fort Simpson lost three chiefs.

The following year, the Tsmpsheans, out of revenge, started for the Naas to have war with the people there. As they were passing Kincolith Mission, the Missionary in charge there, Rev. R. Tomlinson, called them in, advising them that the best way of settling the matter was to get the Government to do it for them. They agreed to this, providing the Government would settle the trouble in the Indian way. They wished no settlement made in the white man's way. The Government agreed to settle the trouble. A gunboat was sent up—blankets, guns and other valuable articles were given to the Tsmpsheans, and they then had a peace dance, which lasted for two nights. This was the last fight that ever took place amongst any of the different tribes.

Previous to this battle, the only weapons used in warfare were the bow and arrow, spear and club. The head of the spear was made out of bone and the club was made from the hind leg of the cariboo.

LAW

Before white man's laws were introduced amongst the Indians, and before Indian Agents were appointed by the government to enforce their laws, they were governed by laws of their own.

Each tribe had a number of men elected to act as Councillors with the chief. Whenever any rule was made, all the people in each village had to agree before enforcing it. On approval it was to be strictly obeyed. Any violation of the law was duly punished. There

were laws to govern hunters, marriages, dances, war, and everything pertaining to the public. Violation of any law was punishable in various ways. For example: In a case of stealing, which was rare, the person, if caught, was punished by being roasted to death. If a murder had been committed, payment in goods was required, or the life of the murderer. If a hunter happened to trespass on another hunter's grounds, it meant that he had to forfeit his life.

Only a few years ago, some of the families belonging to the Kishpiax tribe, were trespassing on the Stikine ground. They were caught. As they did not return to their homes at the usual time, their friends became alarmed. Search was made, and in spring their bodies were found at the bottom of the lake, each one —men, women and children—with a stone tied around the neck.

Any dancers who violated the dance law were tried by the man-eaters privately, and condemned to death at once.

CANOES

It is not known how the natives acquired the knowledge of canoe making. The Hydahs on Queen Charlotte Islands were the first Indians who made really good canoes, and this workmanship was all natural talent. These were called War Canoes, and were built ten fathoms in length. Canoes of this size would hold fifty people besides their cargo. The old people say that they remember their great grandfathers making

canoes, but how this knowledge was first acquired, remains a mystery. Cedar was the kind of wood chosen to build a canoe. The log selected would be about 18 feet in diameter. A canoe of that size would easily hold four tons. It was always made in one piece. Sometimes smaller ones were made that would hold two tons, and a smaller size still that would hold one and a half tons, besides the necessary crew. The trees selected were of a special kind, and were only found on the north end of Queen Charlotte Islands. In olden times it was necessary for a man to go through certain ceremonies before going out to hunt for the tree. He would spend a certain number of days fasting, and he would drink nothing but sea water in order to cleanse his system and have good luck. For a certain number of nights he would sleep separate from his wife. He would be on the floor, having his back close to the fire, and lying on the one side all night. He would then start for the woods and after felling a tree and finding it sound, he would offer a prayer of thanksgiving to the great spirit. On his return home, he would call all his relations and give them a feast, when there would be a general rejoicing amongst them all. He would next ask his nephews to go out with him to give assistance with the work. The first thing was to get the correct shape from bow to stern, and after that the hull had to be burnt out. This meant a good deal of labor and careful watching. It had to be watched very carefuly both day and night. When this process is completed, the entire crest went to the woods to haul out the canoe to the village, where it was to be finished.

Each of these hands had to be paid. The next day the canoe was partly filled with water into which red-hot stones were placed. When the boiling point was reached, the canoe was covered with mats in order to keep the steam in. As soon as the canoe would spread easily, to just the beam required, the water and stones were taken out and the canoe was then ready to be used. This was one winter's work.

Long before steamboats navigated the coast, all the different tribes travelled long distances by these war canoes. It was a very common event to travel from Queen Charlotte Islands or from Fort Simpson down to Victoria. In crossing Hecate Straits, Milbank Sound, Queen Charlotte's Sound, and Gulf of Georgia stormy weather had often to be encountered, so it was very necessary that the canoes should be of the best workmanship and very sea-worthy. But no canoe ever travelled single handed; they always went in bands. This method was to prevent other tribes from attacking them in passing other villages on their way down. Each canoe chose an experienced man to act as captain. He had to be a man of sound judgment regarding the weather and in selecting suitable camps. In fact, he was held responsible for the entire crew. He had to be obeyed in every detail.

All the bands would camp together and after the evening meal, before retiring for the night, all the fires were to be extinguished in order that no enemy could detect the camp during the sleeping hours. Half of the crew kept guard all night alternately and the women and children would be isolated by themselves

in some other part of the wood. This precaution was taken in case of any attack.

In order to prevent the canoe from splitting during the journey, great care was necessary. When not in use during camping hours, as a means of protection from the hot sun, cedar mats were used as a covering and over this water was frequently sprinkled quite freely.

Smaller canoes, capable of carrying two tons, were used in navigating the rivers—such as the Stikine and Skeena. When the Hudson's Bay Company established their different trading posts in the interior, buying furs from the Indians, they had no other means of obtaining their supplies than by these freight canoes. Later on when the gold mines were discovered in the Omineca and Cassiar districts, hundreds of canoes were in demand to carry both passengers and freight. Some years later the Hudson's Bay Company replaced the canoes by stern-wheelers. A journey on these boats was considered luxurious compared to the open canoe where passengers were always exposed to all kinds of weather. And then, later still, the river boat was superceded by the railway, which was the greatest improvement of all.

NAMES AND TRADITIONS OF INDIAN VILLAGES

From head wake of Skeena River to the Coast and up North to Naas River.

Kish-ga-ges is the farthest Indian village on the Skeena River and is situated at the junction of that river and the Babine.

It is said that sea gulls used to congregate on one of the mountains close by, and build their nests in great numbers. Because of this, the people of that place have always been known as the Sea Gull, or Kish-ga-ges tribe.

Sixty miles below Kish-ga-gas, is the Village of *Kishpiax,* situated on the right bank of the Skeena, at the junction of that river and the Kishpiax. Tradition says there were no people of that name until a man named Yaal, came from Kitzequela to escape punishment after having murdered one of his fellow-men while gambling. This man walked on and on until he discovered a small river. Along this river were many ravines, and to his delight he was able to take refuge there, where he remained safely hidden for many years. His tribe had given him up for lost, and had almost forgotten him, when one night he surprised them all by appearing amongst them.

He called his relatives together and told them what he had discovered. He told them that he had good news. That this river where he had been hiding was full of salmon during the summer months—so full that anyone could pick them out of the water with the hand and cure and smoke any amount. Also that the ponds and lakes were alive with the beaver, and the valley was so thick with all kinds of fur-bearing animals, such as mink, marten, lynx and foxes. The mountain sides were covered with groundhogs, and the mountain tops were alive with mountain goats and cariboo. Everything could be killed without any effort.

This good news moved the hearts of his relations

and they were easily persuaded to follow him to this wonderful discovery.

They left secretly during the night, and in the morning it was found that about a dozen houses were empty and nobody knew where the people had gone. When they reached their destination and saw the ravines, they called it "The Hiding Place."

And as they settled and multiplied there they became known as the people of the hiding place, or Kish-pi-ax. So the name Kishpiax really means "a hiding place."

As these people increased and extended the village they became the wealthiest and strongest tribe on the river. They found that Yaal had not exaggerated his report in the least. Of furs of all kinds they had in abundance. The walls of their houses were lined with furs and they had fur robes to wear of every description. Regarding the salmon, Kishpiax River was filled to overflowing with every kind.

In those days no salmon net was ever thought of. Instead of this a salmon trap was invented, by a few of the wiser ones, and was used after they had cleverly dammed the river in two places. In order to dam the river, the people were formed into two divisions the chiefs taking the lead. Material for this purpose was collected during the winter and hauled to the place selected for the dam. Stone axes were used to hew the logs and stone hammers were used to drive the piles across. Each hammer weighed a hundred pounds so some strength was required to wield those hammers. The women prepared and made all the rope requires

to tie the dam together, of cedar bark.

For the salmon traps, they softened some spruce roots, and then, when soft and tender, split it up into lengths exceedingly fine almost as fine as paper, which they used to fasten the finer parts of the salmon trap together. When all the necessary salmon traps were completed, the chiefs of each crest would own one, and those belonging to that particular crest, would be permitted to take all the salmon they wanted from that trap free. According to traditions, these traps were set in special places, and at a certain time from one another. They were not to be moved and were handed down from one generation to another. During the heavy run of salmon the traps had to be visited twice a day. A watchman was stationed at each dam, and gave a special call to the people, when the fish were runnng very thick. If this were neglected the weight of the fish would break these salmon traps and carry them away. In a few days after a heavy run, many millions of fish were caught in these traps.

When it happened occasionally that an early freshet came, it would carry away the dam and the salmon traps. This meant a famine amongst them for that year, and the women would wail and mourn for they realized the serious situation.

TRADITION OF HAZELTON

(*Kit-un-maht*)

Hazelton is situated at the junction of the Skeena and the Bukley Rivers and was formerly known as the

"Forks of the Skeena." The Indian name for Hazelton is Kit-un-mahts, which means "The People who spear the salmon by torch-light." The people living here, had an advantage over all the other tribes, as this was a centre place.

From there trails led to the Omineca Mines, Babine, Hudson's Bay Company's Post, Hug-wil-get Village, Kish-ga-gas, Kul-do and Kishpiax. During the excitement of the Omineca gold mine discovery 45 years ago, all the freight canoes from the Coast and all the gold seekers landed here. So the Kish-un-mahts were the first Interior Indians to come in contact with the white men and to copy their manners and mode of living. They built log cabins, planted potatoes, and vegetables and learned how to work like a white man.

In a short time the whites had part of the townsite surveyed for themselves, the rest of it was a reservation. The name was then changed and given the name of Hazelton. This name was chosen because of an abundance of Hazel nuts growing in that locality.

Later on as the place grew, the government appointed officials to administer the law.

No missionaries had then been amongst them.

Many white men had to submit to the Indians in order to save their lives. One trader, who lived at the Forks was stabbed by a scalping knife while standing outside his store. Bye and bye the missionaries came along. The English Church established a mission and a church.

As the years passed, the Methodist Church sent out a Medical Missionary, Dr. H. C. Wrinch. A fine well-

equipped, up-to-date hospital was built nearly two miles above Hazelton, at what is known as "Two Mile Creek."

As the population increased the Methodist Church sent a minister to make his headquarters at Hazelton, holding services there, and at several other appointments and mining camps in the district.

In the early days all transportation was done by canoe. Cost of freight was very, very,high.

The usual size of the freight canoe used was capable of carrying two tons, beside a crew of five men. During the summer, each man was paid fifteen dollars and the price of the canoe was also reckoned as the price of one man. The provisions for the trip would amount to another fifteen dollars making the total of $105.00.

In the spring and fall, when navigation was more difficult the cost was greater. Then twenty dollars instead of fifteen was paid to each man, making the total for these trips to be $140.00.

The Skeena River is considered a very difficult and dangerous river to navigate. The canoes were often in great danger, and the freight was often lost or badly damaged which, of course, was a dead loss to the owner.

When the freight reached Hazelton, it was distributed to different posts to which it was assigned. Men, women and children were engaged to pack the goods even as far as Omineca mining district, also Babine and Kish-ga gas.

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TRADITIONS OF KITZEGUCLAS

Kitzeguclas is situated on the left bank of the Skeena, half way between Hazelton and Kit-wun-gah:

The population is mixed, some being descended from the Hug-wil-gets and some from the Kit-un-maht (Hazelton.)

Because of this they were never united in anything that they undertook to do, and have always been noted for quarrelling and disagreeing amongst themselves never listening to, nor obeying and respecting their chiefs. Consequently it had always been difficult to make a success of any undertaking they had ever planned. This trait is still prominent to-day. For instance, a few Christian people, after much consultation with their missionary, decided to move away from the old heathen village and form a new settlement seven miles above, where there was plenty of splendid land for agricultural purposes. New houses, also church and mission house were erected. Land was cultivated and for a short time all were happy and content. Soon however the old spirit began to crop up. A few of the old heads wanted to rule the place and everybody in it. The result was, the village was almost deserted. Some returned to the old village and others went elsewhere, thus hindering the mission from making further progress.

Tradition says that during Noah's flood one of the big mountains from Asia floated away and landed just where the village stands to-day. As this big mountain travelled along it knocked others down, thus leaving

a valley behind, which stretches as far as the eye can see. The name of this mountain is Kitze-ugla, and the tribe living there have always been known as the "Kitz-egulas" which means the peaple of the Kitz-uela mountains.

TRADITION OF ANDANCAUL

Andancaul is situated on the right bank of the Skeena River, almost five miles below Kitzeguela village. It was formerly a large fishing camp belonging to the Kit-wun-gah tribe. Behind this camp is a very high hill—the highest on the Skeena.

The name of this hill is Andimaul, meaning the "Seat of Native Astronomers." The top of this hill was a specially selected place for the astronomers belonging to the different tribes to gather together on an evening watching the sun sinking away on the mountains. By watching the sun in the spring of the year, and again in the fall, they claimed to be capable of discerning just what the coming season would bring forth.

In the spring, they could tell whether berries were going to be plentiful or scarce, and whether there would be a good run of salmon or otherwise. Also whether the summer would be hot or cold, wet or dry. In the fall, they knew what kind of winter to expect, whether severe or mild and whether a light or heavy fall of snow, also whether any epidemic would be prevalent.

One branch of the "Grease Trail," extending from the Naas, led right past this seat on the hill, and along

this route travellers were continually passing and repassing.

Today any traveller passing by may see several little spots, here and there, which it is claimed to have been worn away from constant use as seats by these astronomers in the olden days.

When sitting there in consultation and each one agreed, then a messenger was sent to all the different tribes warning the people and telling them what they might expect to happen. At the present time astronomy at Andimaul is a thing of the past. This place is now a fishing camp only for a few families from Kitzeguela who have made it their home, and as they joined the Salvation Army this is now a small Salvation Army settlement with an officer in charge.

TRADITION OF KILSELAS PEOPLE

Many hundred years ago, tradition says, there was no human being living at Kit-se-las. But one day, a man named Nahmauksque, came over from Kit-a-maat. He followed the Kit-a-maat river until he came to the lake, and from that he followed the creek which flows from the lake until he reached the Skeena. The name of that creek is Gitsum-ovdzack, which is now known as the Copper River. He then followed the Skeena up on the same side until he came to a small stream, which was packed full of salmon, so he decided to build a little house for himself on this location. He walked further, looking for some other discovery, when

to his great surprise he found a big dam. Above this dam was a good-sized pond, nearly as large as a lake. This location pleased him so much that instead of building at the salmon creek as he had intended, he resolved to build his house here, and began at once. After completing his house he returned to Kit-a-maat and told his relations of his wonderful discovery. This news was told to his relations only, and not to outsiders. On his return, he took along a few of his relations and gave each one a location. Nah-mauksque was the head chief, and the village was named Gil-akzauksh by him. The population increased, and for many years all lived together in peace and harmony. They had no idea of any other people living along the river, either above or below them, except those living at Kit-sum-kalum. After enjoying peace and quietness all those years one night their peace was all upset by a very sad and sudden occurrence.

That night a chief was killed while sitting in his own house during the early part of the evening. His name was Gwanaque. A bow and arrow shot from the outside entered his heart and killed him on the spot. After extracting the arrow, they examined closely, but failed to recognize to whom it belonged. It was very roughly made, and they knew that it neither belonged to Kit-a-maat nor Kit-sum-kalum.

The tribe belonging to the chief who was killed, decided that this arrow was to be kept and preserved until they could discover from whence it came.

For many years after this happened, whenever there was a big gathering, this arrow was brought out and

passed from one to another, trying to find out any information that would lead to its discovery. Each time they failed. But one day during the springtime a large crowd of gamblers arrived from Kit-sum-kalum and Kit-a-maat. After spending some days there enjoying their games, they were all assembled for the last game in the house of the head chief, Mah-mawksque. This being the closing game, it was the most important day of all, and there was a crowded house. Amongst the number of those who were looking on were two strangers who were noticed at once. These two had not been present at the other gatherings.

Both these men were noticed to have their hand and part of their garments over their mouths. The head chief, Nah-mauksque, ordered that this, being the last last gathering, the arrow should be passed, not missing any person.

These two strangers were seated almost at the door, and were thus the last to have the arrow passed. On examination, the stranger whispered to his friend, "This is my brother Benumgueltque's arrow." This whisper was heard by the man who had handed him the arrow, and at once he called out to the whole crowd: "This man says that this arrow belongs to his brother, Benumqueltque."

This caused so much excitement that everyone rushed from his seat trying to capture these two strangers, but they, being near the door, had made good their escape. They were seen at quite a distance running fast towards the dam, one of them carrying the arrow in his mouth crosswise. But before the water was

reached, those following them discovered that they were beavers. Both these beavers jumped into the wtaer, the one with the arrow in his mouth keeping it there.

Then in the middle of the pond they came up once, and on going down again, struck the water with their tales, which was a sign that they would come up no more.

The tribe thus discovered that their chief had been killed by a beaver, also that the two beavers on entering the house where the gamblers were assembled had covered their mouths with their hands and garments in order to escape detection by hiding the big front teeth. Immediately the tribe held a consultation to consider what would be the best course to pursue. They decided to cut the dam into two parts, in order to exterminate the beavers.

By adopting this method and killing off every beaver, they felt sure of killing the murderer of their chief amongst the number. This was tedious work and took a long time, but at last their task was completed and their efforts rewarded by killing off every beaver, even the king himself, the last one to come out of the dam, was amongst the number.

Strange to say, when the king made his appearance he was quite conspicuous, with numerous human faces covering his body. On each paw, on each eye-lid, on each ear, and on his body, were these tiny human faces to be seen. This tribe who killed the beavers are today known as the Eagle tribe, having Kit-kon as the name of their head chief. Their totem poles have always been distinguished by having the carving of the

beaver king, just as he was seen at the time. The special blanket belonging to the chief, was painted in the centre with the beaver king. At the time this happened, the Kitselas tribe had no knowledge of any other human beings living up the river. The only thing noticeable to them was in the springtime, during the high water, when they saw some cedar bark rope and poles belonging to fish traps floating down the river, which were washed ashore in some of the eddies in the canyon. These were picked up and examined and were found to be similar to their own. From this they concluded that some people must be living up the river somewhere, but just how far they had not the remotest idea.

Heat-git-lob made a trip quite a distance above the canyon and built a camp trapping and hunting. Not one of that company ever lived to return home again to tell the tale of what hapepned during their stay there. It was then that the others concluded that some other tribe did live not far distant who had murdered their own people.

Search was made and continued for many days without any success. This happened in the winter time. Early in the following fall, what appeared to be a very strange log came floating down, and was first seen when just above the canyon, with a person sitting on it. That person was paddling and trying to effect a landing there above the village. Everybody seemed excited; men, women and children all ran out to see the sight, all anxious to know who this strange person could be.

What had appeared in the distance to be a log proved to be the half of a cotton tree canoe. Just as soon as the canoe touched the landing a young woman jumped ashore. Her name was Shumagooldt, and was the niece of Healgitlob.

This is her story:

"One night while in the camp when all were sound asleep, a number of men came in, killing every one except me. I was taken as a slave. First I was blindfolded, so that I might not find my way if I attempted to escape.

"During the first day's travel we crossed a creek which was called Anskaadsk, because we had to wade across. The following day we reached another creek, which we had to wade also. This they called Kshgwunboyausk, because there were so many mosquitoes. The next day we arrived at a village. Behind this village stands a little mountain which is shaped like a heart, and is called kit-wum-gah.

"When summer came around and the berries were ripe, the women packed up and moved across the river to their camps, which are on the mountainside just opposite the village. They chose me to look after the camp on the bank of the river while they all went up the mountain to pick berries. They were to be away several days. So, while alone, I resolved to do my utmost to try and escape. The cottonwood canoe in which we had crossed the river, lay on the beach, half of it in the water. My strength not being sufficient to push the canoe entirely in the water, I tried to cut it

in two with a sharp rock. This rock I changed several times each day.

"But my work was very slow. After working several times each day for a few days, my aim was accomplished, and the half that was already in the water I quickly filled with ballast in order that the cut end might be high, and thus avoid the water rushing in. I then jumped in with my paddle and, as you see, have reached my home and people in safety."

The Kit-se-las people, after hearing Shumagoodlt's story, discovered that their theory regarding the floating poles, rope, etc., that they had seen, was correct. At once they held a council and decided that a number of them should go up and visit Kit-wum-gah to demand peace and a settlement for the murders they had committed.

Shumagooldtd was to be their guide on the journey. After three days' journey they entered Kit-wum-gah village. A peace dance was held during their first night's stay there. Both sides agreed to the settlement by which there was to be no more murder or war between Kit-wum-gah and Kit-se-las.

Mountains, creeks and lakes where they had been accustomed to trap and hunt were handed over to the Kit-se-las people as a token that there would be no more murder nor ill-feeling existing between them. The names of the chiefs on both sides were exchanged, and songs belonging to these chiefs were exchanged also. This was all done in accordance to their laws and customs.

The Kit-wun-gah chiefs declared before the chiefs of Kit-se-las that no other tribes from the coast should come up and trade with them. This privilege of trading was extended to the Kit-se-las tribe only. This arrangement was strictly carried out for hundreds of years. It was not until the white man made his appearance and the missionary came that this law was changed. Legaic's tribe, Kishpaclauts, through intermarrying with Kit-se-las, were the first people from the coast to trade with the Upper Skeena.

Kit-se-las people, as they increased, divided themselves into two distinct tribes, each bearing a different name. The tribe who chose to live on the left bank of the river was named Kit-lac-tzauks, which means "people living by a ravine," and the tribe who chose the opposite bank was named Ki-tzaalth, meaning "people living on the edge of the lake."

SPOOK-SHUTE, OR PORT ESSINGTON

Spook-shute was formerly a camping place in the fall of the year for the Tsmpsheans when on their way home from the Upper Skeena after spending the summer months there drying salmon for their winter use. Hence the name Spook-shute means a "fall camping place." The main reason for camping here was to wait for suitable weather to pass Gid-um-naghi, now known as Point Lambert. Tradition states that the chief, Gid-um-naghi, lived in the water at that point under the rock, controlling the power of both water and wind.

Whenever he did not feel pleased, he would not allow any canoe to pass that point. He would cause a strong wind to rise very suddenly, making the waves dash furiously around the point, and thus swamp the canoes. Before leaving Spook-shute, the occupants of each canoe would prepare what they called "Oomgawksh," which means an offering. This consisted of pieces of salmon meat, wrapped neatly in some of the soft, inner bark of red cedar, and as they approached the point, the captain of each canoe signaled to his crew to paddle very softly, making no noise of any description, while he would cast this offering into the water to appease the wrath of Gid-um-naghi. While doing this he would offer prayer to him, asking for protection and guidance so that they might reach their destination in safety.

It is said that any canoe passing that point without honoring the chief always came to grief. In 1793, when Vancouver, the discoverer, was anchored in the bay here, he gave the name, Port Essington. Nevertheless, "Spook-shute" has never died out. Some of the tribes still use that name occasionally, and there are gasoline launches known by that name also.

In 1872 the Hudson's Bay Company built a trading post here. At that time Port Essington was nothing but a wilderness, not even Cree Indians living here. The steamer, *Otter,* brought up the lumber all the way from Victoria, also twelve workmen to erect the building. At that time the writer was acting as cabin boy on that steamer under Captain Lewis. There was considerable trouble in getting the lumber landed. Much ice was in the river and in spite of two anchors, the

steamer drifted down to Point Lambert twice. This was in the month of January.

Six months later we made our second trip and brought McFeak, the trader, to take charge of new post, also goods for the store which by this time had been erected, and all was in readiness to commence business.

One year later, Mr. Robert Cunningham, trader, moved up from Inverness and built a store here also. The news soon spread up the river and down the coast that two new stores had been built at Spook-shute, and were paying better prices for furs. This was quite an attraction and before long, all the different tribes began to congregate here to trade off their furs. In those days, no cash was paid. Instead the Indian would load up his canoe with goods of all kinds, and feel quite satisfied, returning home again with the feeling that he had completed a great business transaction between the trader and himself.

Even the Alaska Indians had heard the wonderful news, and they too, soon proved the truth of the report by taking the long journey and bartering their furs at Port Essington.

At this time the Omineca gold mine began to open up, and great excitement prevailed all over the country. Miners came here in hundreds from Victoria and the States. Some came all the way from the old country. Three steamers sailing from Victoria were kept busy. Their names were, the *Otter, Isobel* and *Emma.* The two latter were special, running to accommodate extra passengers and freight, all bound for the Omineca Country. As Port Essington was the gate-way to the

Inkrive, they all had to camp here, often weeks at a time, until freight canoes could be obtained to take them and their goods up the river as far as the Forks, now known as Hazelton.

Before Port Essington was established, passengers were landed at the mouth of the river at Wil-thaulk meaning the place of slide and known to the whites as Woodcock's Landing. The modern name is Inverness.

As the miners were passing up and down the river, making Port Essington their stopping place, they left hundreds and thousands of dollars behind. This was undoubtedly a big uplift to the new town just sprung up. It may be of interest to say something of the wealth acquired by one man, Jamieson, just returning from the Omineca district where he had spent one year. During that time, he discovered a creek which he named after himself-Jamieson Creek. He travelled down to Victoria on the steamer *Otter*, on his way to England. As I was cabin boy on that boat, he came to me one day asking for four soup plates. He put those plates on the table and filled two of them with large, gold nuggets. The other he piled high with gold dust. This was to show all the passengers on board the richness of his newly discovered creek.

As the Kit-sum-kalum and Kit-se-bas tribes passed up and down the river in their canoes on their way to Naas for the oolichan fishing, they were impressed by the progress that was being made at the new town of Port Essington. They carried the news home to their friends. This led them to council together, and both bands soon decided that it would be to their interest

and that of their children, to move down to the mouth of the river and make Port Essington their home This was not accomplished without opposition. Quite a number of the older people had very strong objections to the change. They were afraid that if they left their old heathen ground and all their heathen rites and the Potlatch behind, these things would be lost forever, and they themselves would always be the laughing stock to the tribes. However, the young people were determined to make a start. First one family then another came down in their canoes and camped on the beach. Small log houses or shacks were built and soon three quarters of the people were living here. They were not slow to discover that to live down here was not an easy way to obtain a living. When not hunting, they were employed by the traders doing various kinds of work. And now those old chiefs and people who had been so strongly opposed to move, began to feel lonely, so they too, decided to cast in their lot with the rest.

About this time a few of the Kit-se-las people who had been living for sometime at Met-la-kah-tla and had become Christians through Mr. Duncan's teaching came to Port Essington to visit their friends, after hearing the report of their settling at the new place.

METLAKAHTLA

This village is situated on the Tsmpshean Peninsula fifteen miles south of Port Simpson and about five miles north of Prince Rupert. This is known as one of

the most ancient villages belonging to the ten tribes of Tsmpshean nation.

The meaning of Metlakahtla, is the inside passage of the Kit-kaht-las.

During war time in the olden days, it was not safe to travel outside in the open waters. The Hydahs from Queen Charlotte's Island were always on the watch. They, knowing the time when the Kit-kahtla tribe would be journeying north on their way to Naas oolichan fishing. For this reason, they always chose the inner passage, so kahtla really means, the inner passage of the Kit-kahtlas.

Each of the ten tribes had its head chief, and each tribe was divided into several crests, with a chief to represent each crest.

This chief would choose the wisest and bravest men from their tribe. For instance, one man would be chosen to act as adviser for war, another would be chosen to plan out peace and settlement after war.

One who was able to form words and tune, would take the part of musician. This man, with his eyes shut, and a stick in his hand, tapping the floor to keep time, would compose a few pieces very quickly, the learners sitting around as he might dictate. These songs would include War dance, Peace dance, and the head chief's Reception dance. The words for each song were always appropriate for the part chosen.

The head chiefs, in order to be wise, had to listen to advice of these men in council for he was responsible to the whole tribe for their welfare.

Battles were fought often. Indians from Alaska,

Queen Charlotte's Islands, Bella Bella, Bella Coola, Kit-a-maat and even from the Upper Skeena were all united in their attacks on Metlakatla. Fortunately, this village is situated on high ground so that whenever a battle was planned by these other tribes, their canoes were easily seen long before they approached Metlakahtla. This gave the inhabitants time to prepare for an attack. The Tsmpsheans at that time being such a powerful nation always gained the victory.

Whenever war was declared amongst the different tribes, it was not because of any desire on their part to acquire more territory, nor because of trouble caused by any dispute. It was merely a means of retaliation for what has transpired amongst their forefathers many years before.

Each crest, whether a wolf, a bear or an eagle, kept themselves together as a regiment, choosing the best man from among them to be their leader. Regulations, regarding diet and mode of living were strictly adhered to during the war time periods.

Women and children were always to be protected and taken captives.

Metlakahtla was the winter village for the Tsmpsheans, while the lower part of the Skeena was where they made their summer home.

During the spring time, they moved up to the Naas river, where they lived during the oolichan fishing.

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PORT SIMPSON

It was in the year 1831 that the Hudson's Bay company first established a trading post at Port Simpson. A barge and a schooner loaded with goods, together with a number of men and their families, sailed from Columbia river bound for the North.

The first location which they selected was at the mouth of the Naas river, now known as Graveyard point, a few miles above Kin-kolith, where they built a fort, several dwellings and a store. They only remained at that post for two winters. The cold weather was so severe, that scarcely any business could be done during that season of the year. Their ships had to anchor out a distance, it being impossible for them to discharge their freight. All this trouble caused them to decide for a better and more suitable location. The site then chosen is now known as Port Simpson.

At that time it was merely an Indian camp and stopping place. Legaic, one of the head chiefs of Kish-pac-lot's tribe invited the company to build on this bay. One of the leading men who superintended the erection of the building, was named Simpson, hence the name of the settlement became Fort Simpson, which in later years changed again to Port Simpson.

A large fort was built, covering several acres. The Fort was square and the two front corners were built each with a bastion in which cannon were stationed facing the village.

At three different times the Fort was attacked by

the Tsmpsheans, and these cannons used in defence were the salvation of all who were living inside the Fort.

The staff who were living inside the Fort consisted of a doctor, school teacher, two salesmen, two managers and forty common hands. Each man was always armed, ready for any emergency, and each had to take his turn in guarding the gate from morning till night. Then during the night two were appointed as guards for the whole Fort, each one taking his turn for a certain number of hours. Every half hour he would ring the Fort bell and in a loud clear tone call out, "All's well." These precautions were necessary in order that all who were living inside the Fort could feel that they were perfectly safe to enjoy their night's rest without danger.

Only one Indian at a time was permitted to enter for trading purposes and unless he had furs to show was not allowed to pass even then. On no account was he permitted to trade inside the store. He presented his furs through a small opening, where a salesman attended to his wants. Cash was not used. A land otter, for instance, might be exchanged for a tin cup; a beaver skin for a common cotton shirt, or a mink for one bunch of leaf tobacco.

Quite often the Hudson's Bay Company have saved the Indians from starvation. When the winters were long and severe, native food became very scarce. They had then no means of obtaining food in quantities sufficient to last for any length of time. There were no nets for catching fish. Salmon were caught by a basket which was tied to a stick and then dipped into the

water. Oolichan, or small fish were caught by means of long poles of red cedar made specially for that purpose.

It was the Kit-amaats who first introduced the nets to the Tsmpsheans, but as the price was high then, only a very few of the chiefs were able to own one. As time passed on, the entire tribe saw the great advantage of using these nets, and they were not satisfied until they were rich enough for their use to become general.

A few years later, all the other tribes began to notice that the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Simpson was the centre place for trading and thus the place became a source of great attraction. The natives from Alaska, Queen Charlotte's Islands, Skeena river, Kit-kahtla, Kit-kahla, Kit-amaat and Naas river, all headed for Fort Simpson just as soon as their hunting trips were over, their canoes being loaded with furs—martens, beavers, sea-otters, lynx, mink, wolves, bears, fishers and every kind of fur imaginable.

Fur values in those days could not be compared with present-day prices. For instance, a very common blanket known as the potlatch blanket, was exchanged for ten marten skins. The blanket might be worth two dollars or less, and the marten skins about ten dollars each, so it can be readily seen how the poor native was treated in a bargain. Mr. William Duncan, who was the first Protestant missionary to come North, and who was sent out from England by the C. M. S. (Church Missionary Society) was the first man to tell the natives that they did not receive one-quarter the value for their furs.

The furs, when bought, were shipped by the Hud-

son's Bay Company down to Victoria twice each year, early in the spring and late in the fall. They owned a steamer named the *Beaver*, which was the first, and, in those days, the only steamer plying the Pacific Coast. A few years later the *Beaver* was replaced by the *Otter*, another Hudson's Bay Boat.

The journey from Victoria to Fort Simpson was then a very different matter from what it is today. The fuel consisted of wood and it had to be replenished at different points along the way. At the first suitable stopping place, all hands went ashore armed with cross-cut saws and axes. Then a sufficient quantity was cut to last until the next suitable camp was reached.

Swanson Bay, now noted for its pulpmills, was at that time noted for the great quantities of hemlocks growing there, and as that was the only kind of wood used for steam, the boat never failed to stop there both on the up and down trips, taking away as much as she could conveniently carry. The captain of the *Otter* was named Swanson, hence the name of that camp became known as Swanson Bay.

There was no lighthouses in those days, and no buoys were to be found on the whole coast. The captain was simply guided by his chart and compass. At dark they always anchored. There were no passengers travelling either up or down, therefore neither grumbling nor complaining could be heard because of these delays and long trips.

No business of any kind was conducted along the coast other than the three Forts owned by the Hudson's Bay. One was at Fort Rupert, on Vancouver Island,

one at Bella Bella, and the other at Fort Simpson. These stores received their goods by this boat twice during each year.

The length of time taken to reach Fort Simpson from Victoria would be about three weeks or so. Note the difference now in these days. Steamers leaving Victoria for Prince Rupert arrive at that Port in thirty-six hours or even less.

NAAS RIVER TRIBES

On the Naas river, there were formerly five large villages occupied by the Naas tribes, who earned their living by trapping and hunting, oolichan fishing and catching salmon.

The names of the villages referred to are as follows:

Git-gwanwok—Place where people sleep.

Git-an-gidah—Place where people comb oolichans into the canoe.

Git-lahouse—People of the sand.

Git-wunsil—People of Lizards.

Git-lak-damaks—People of a pond.

The inhabitants of these villages all speak the same language and are known as "Nishgas." While these people are a distinct tribe from the Tsmpsheans, yet they understand and speak each other's language quite readily.

During the oolichan fishing, when the Tsmpsheans were on the Naas at their camps, they would invite

the Nishgas down to visit them where they would be entertained for several days. Friendly feasts were given, as was also a Peace Dance, where all agreed to live in as peaceful and harmonious manner as was possible. Should any dispute or friction arise, the trouble was to be settled by arbitration. The fact was well known to the Tsmpsheans and other coast tribes, that the Naas river belonged solely to the Nishgas, but at the same time all knew that during the oolichan fishing the river was thrown open to anyone belonging to the other tribes who cared to fish there. Even the natives from Alaska came. When the whites first entered the country bringing in their whiskey, which was sold to the Indians, much trouble was caused among all those tribes on the Naas river. Fighting and bloodshed were common, there being no law to prohibit or punish offenders.

After Mr. Duncan came to Metlakahtla as a missionary, he visited the Naas river and informed the people that the law must be enforced on the Naas as well as at Metlakahtla or Fort Simpson—and if the law were broken, he would send a canoe up with his constables to bring down the guilty ones to Metlakahtla for trial. This, he told them, was for the good of the country as well as for themselves.

Mr. Duncan was the first missionary to visit and preach to the Naas river Indians. For a number of years he fulfilled his promise in administering the law to all the tribes living there.

□

TRADITION OF KIT-SUM-KALUM PEOPLE

The formation of the rocks at Kit-sum-kalum Canyon, lay in tiers, and tradition says that the first village discovered there was built right on the topmost tier. Hence the name, Kit-sum-kalum, which means, "people living on the ridge."

Two chiefs belonging to the Naas river, named Neasyok and Neas-kaal, with their families, left their own homes and began wandering about in search of some better location where fishing would be much easier, and where they could secure good hunting ground.

After many long wanderings, climbing mountains and journeying through valleys, they discovered a small lake perfectly round, and at the bottom lay a quantity of pure white sand where small trout could be seen from quite a distance. At this spot they decided to locate. They gave the name "Dapm-queth-al-altkt," which means a lake perfectly round.

These people continued to live at this spot for many generations. In the springtime they found it quite easy to spear all the salmon they wanted, the sandy bottom preventing the fish from hiding, and the clearness of the water enabling them to see just where the salmon were. In those days the spears used were made from the horns of mountain goats, also from a piece of the leg bone of the grizzly bear.

During the winter months, Neas-yok and Neas-kaal used to go off hunting bears in their dens, as well as trapping beavers and other furs.

When going on one of those winter journeys they made it a rule never to eat any snow or ice to quench their thirst. They believed that if they indulged in this, their constitution would be weakened and they would be unable to stand any fatigue or hardship, or to keep up the pursuit of any animals they were trying to follow, and thus be unsuccessful. This rule has been kept from one generation to another amongst the hunters until the present time.

As a substitute for snow or ice, when their thirst needed to be quenched, they selected a small nice round pebble the size of a marble, which was kept in their mouth as they journeyed on through the snow on their snowshoes. This pebble was handed down and passed on to the different generations, at the same time gradually increasing in size, until at last it became too large to be placed in the mouth. It was then laid aside and placed at the back part of the house where Neas-yok lived. As this pebble increased to a considerable size and became solid enough to be stationary, Neas-yok, when tired, would go and rest his back by this stone. Today that stone still stands. It has been examined and measured by prospectors, and is ten feet high and eight feet through. One side faces the Naas and the other side, the Kit-sum-kalum river, thus forming a dividing line between the Naas people and those of Kit-sum-kalum.

But while this stone forms the boundary line between those two tribes, all those on the Naas descending from Neas-yok, are allowed the privileges and rights of the Kit-sum-kalum tribe right up to the present time.

After a number of years had elapsed, the descendants of Neas-kaal separated from those of Neas-york. Neas-kaal followed the stream, until he found a lake very much larger than the one where they had been living so long. The journey was still continued, and at last another lake was discovered larger still than the two previous ones, and here was situated a large village, inhabited by many people, all busy drying their salmon, this being the summer time. This village was built right on the ridge of the topmost tier. All the houses belonging to chiefs were built partly underground. One of the chiefs entertained Neas-kaal and all his people.

After the meal, Neas-kaal was called outside by his host, who showed him the village and the dam across the Kit-sum-kalum river, and all the salmon traps connected with it. He gave him instructions how to build a dam and how to perfect it during high water.

At last night came on and everybody went to bed. During the night while Neas-kaal and his people were sound asleep, the rest of the inhabitants took their departure. In the morning, Neas-kaal and his party awoke to find themselves the sole occupants of the village. With surprise and fear they moved from house to house wondering what was going to happen, and hoping they would find some life somewhere. But nothing was to be seen except a few dried salmon in each house, which had been left behind for Neas-kaal and his people, and a quantity of feathers which covered the ground all through the village. The floor of each house, too, was covered with them. They came

to the conclusion after a thorough examination, that the inhabitants of this village had been robins, and the man who had entertained and instructed them in every detail, was one of these birds. Neas-kaal and his people occupied the village and followed out the instructions given him.

They built a dam and salmon traps exactly as he had been told. This was the beginning of salmon traps being made and used amongst the upper river tribes. Any one visiting Kit-sum-kalum village today may see the hollows in the ground all through the ancient village, and each one is called the "Robin Chief's House."

The Late Amos Russ

Western Recorder Jan. 1935

On Saturday, November 10, about 12:30 noon there passed away one of the early pioneers of the Indian Missionary work along the West Coast of B.C. His death while mourned by local residents and friends all along the coast was a happy release. For many years he was nearly blind and for the last three years has been totally blind. He was an old man full of years having been born on the Queen Charlottee Islands about eighty-five years ago. He died on the fifty-fifth anniversary of his wedding day.

Mr. Russ had a wonderful career. His early boyhood was spent among Haidas on Queen Charlotte Islands. Being the son of a Chief, he had a spartan training. Often he would be compelled to stand for four hours in the ocean waters near the shore, with the winter winds blowing upon him to harden him for his future work. Afterwards he would be brought into the Potlatch House wrapped in blankets and kept in front of a big fire until the Indian dance commenced, then he would be compelled to dance until exhausted.

During a visit to Victoria, Amos, then a young man, came under the influence of a Christian mis-

sionary and was converted, being the first of the Haidas to become a Christian.

Returning home he visited Port Simpson and came under the influence and inspiration of Rev. Thomas Crosby who at that time was the missionary there. Here he met Agnes Habbs, the youthful widow of Chief Steilta, who was a worker in the Crosby home at Port Simpson. Their sympathies and interests being mutual they were married by Dr. Crosby on the 10th of November, 1879. Mrs. Crosby made a wedding breakfast for the happy young couple and invited all the Indian Chiefs within the district to attend this happy event.

After the marriage Mr. and Mrs. Russ accompanied Dr. Crosby on a missionary tour up the Naas river. It certainly was a hard and strenuous honeymoon. Mrs. Russ says, "We fought snow and wind, even had to chop holes in the ice to get water and make fires." For a whole year Amos toiled on without any pay.

During the next ten years Mr. Russ visited almost every Indian settlement and preached the gospel receiving no financial assistance from the Church. Fishing and working for a living he kept his growing family, and spent several months every year in promoting revivals and campaigns among the people at Massett; Gold Harbour, on Maud Island, and Clew on Moresby Island. He was influential in building a number of new churches, and the church in his native town of Skiddigate was almost wholly due to the work of this earnest Christian worker.

Amos made many sacrifices for his convictions. He gave up his position as Chief in order that he might become a missionary and a preacher. After ten years voluntary service the Methodist Church paid him a salary of ten dollars a month, to act as interpreter for the white men who were sent as missionaries to these Indian villages. For many years Mrs. Russ boarded these missionaries, her home was their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Russ have been blessed with a large but happy family. The eldest was born in 1881 the youngest in 1905, the family consisted of eleven children, four boys and seven girls. Of these nine are living and are a credit to their parents. The fifth child became the wife of the

Rev. Peter Kelly in August, 1906. One of our Indian Missionaries now working the Mission Boat "Thomas Crosby." Elsie the ninth child, has had quite a career, attended the Coqualeetza Institute at Sardis, Columbia College and later worked in a Government Office at Anyox. She was married in 1923 and still lives in Anyox. Mr. Russ leaves to mourn his loss twenty-eight grandchildren, one grandchild died, also two great-grand-children. His eldest son holds a very important position in Skiddigate at the present time, he is Councillor.

An appropriate funeral was given this worthy pioneer. Royal honors were accorded him. Flags were hoisted at half mast. The last post was sounded at the home. The town band led the procession from the home to the Church and thence to the grave side, here they beautifully rendered his favorite hymn "Nearer My God to Thee." A short service was conducted in the home by the Rev. B. Black. An impressive service was held in the Church. Every person that could be present was there. The Church was comfortably filled. The choir in full force led the singing. Addresses were delivered in honour of his memory. One in English by the Missionary in charge others in the native language by Mr. Edenshaw and Mr. Adams of Masset. He was laid to rest in the local cemetery, respected and mourned for by all his relatives, friends, fellow citizens and local Christian workers.

The United Church owes much to this great Christian character, he was a strong character, a lover of music especially hymns and sacred songs. It was owing to his personal influence that the Methodist Church was able to establish a permanent Church among the Haida Indians.

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