

ened by the prayer, he opened his eyes, and behold the first faint flush of dawn was in the skies, and he broke into grateful tears, for he knew that he should be saved.

With the early day he was taken from his rock. The old man of the museum came out as usual with the sun and looked at the cliff and saw the landslip, and went around to the American shore to study it from that point of view, and saw Hugh Ravelston clinging to his rock. Oh, the delight to Hugh of that first tread on the firm earth, to which he was raised by ropes lowered from sturdy, eager hands! Oh, the rapture of that cup of scalding, strong tea! Oh, the sight of that soft, delicious, restful bed to which he was brought! He ran toward the looking-glass, half afraid to look in, yet longing to know—no, his hair had not turned white, it was dark and thick as ever. Marie would see in him no outward effect of his night of terror.

AN INDIAN POTLATCH.

ONE of the largest and most valuable potlatches or "Give away for 100 per cent. return," says the *Nanaimo Free Press*, will take place at Fort Rupert, about Christmas day. The potlatch will be given by Capt. Jim, an aged Indian who is known from one end of the province to the other. The articles to be lent will comprise 6,000 blankets, 800 pairs silver bracelets (Indian make), forty large canoes, and muck-a-muck galore, in all valued at \$10,000. For this \$10,000 Capt. Jim, according to Indian custom, will receive within two years \$20,000. Our modern Shylocks will be green with envy to see the Indian beating them out of sight at their own game. The potlatch will embrace nineteen tribes, residing between Qualicum and Fort Rupert. This will make the hundredth potlatch Capt. Jim has given, and he intends to eclipse all former efforts in that line, and judging from the value and quantity of the articles to be donated, we should judge it to be the biggest thing on record. The centurian hero of the potlatch is about sixty-five years of age, of fine physique, and speaks English with remarkable fluency.

In the early days of the settlement of this island, the authorities deemed it necessary to bombard the Fort Rupert Indian village, and Capt. Jim, who was then a noted and valorous war chief, was taken as hostage. Several thousand Indians will, no doubt, take part in this Indian feast. A law has been passed by the dominion parliament putting a stop to these potlatches, but the old Indians do not understand this infringement on what they justly consider their hereditary rights. The practice is pernicious in the extreme, but its suppression should be gradual, so that with the present elder generation of Indians the feast should die out. It is well to prevent the younger Indians from continuing the practice, but those who have looked upon it as a life-long duty should be allowed to continue it, at least until they are gathered to the happy hunting grounds. The greatest curse is the liquor that is taken to the potlatches by depraved and hardened white men, but this the authorities, by a little energy, could readily prevent.



THE SEA GULL'S FEATHER.

On a sea where man is so helpless,
And his creations are buffet and sport,
A sea-bird's feather gallantly rode,
Unpiloted into the port.

So light, its weight could be measured
By only the silver-smith's scale;
But unharmed it lifted to heaven,
The tremulous fleece of its sail.

Neptune held his billowy breath,
As the frail craft fluttered by.
What cargo did the shallop bear,
And whither did it fly?

How strange it looked, as, rudderless,
It swiftly sped from view,
With its fairy freight, invisible,
And its unseen fairy crew!

No helmsman guided the little bark,
Before the light, driving wind;
But it left our boat with its flagging sail
Drifting along behind.

We could not help but wonder
What its ultimate fate would be;
Whether the rudderless little craft
Would be swamped in the open sea;

Or what was its unknown haven;
And what was its final goal;
Thank heaven the dainty, white ship bore
No freight of a human soul!

GENIE CLARK POMEBOY.

