

And my people spake never one word, but waited with a kind of awe.

Presently he stepped carefully out upon the land, turned his scarred face towards the heavens, then swept the sea-line as one who waits, and thus he spake: "My people, my kindred, I know this day that you are all my brothers and my sisters. I was born among you; my babyhood, my youth, my manhood have been lived here with you by the great waters. I have lived thus far the life of a Sitkan *Shaman* of the olden time. I have been very harsh and very cruel; I have lived the life of a murderer, a liar and a thief. Although you have deemed me brave, I know that I have been a wicked coward, and I have brought back to you to-day the *tenas Klootchman* who has made me know these bitter things.

"She is dead, but before she went away I promised her to tell the story to you; so it is not only I who talk, but it is her lips, her heart which speaks through mine. When she first came to us from the Chilkats I coveted her possession, and when I carried her away to my hut in the mountains my intentions were very cruel and wicked. I know this now; I did not know it then. It is a day's journey to my mountain home, and soon after leaving here I untied her, and she came trustingly and sat at my feet in the bottom of the canoe, and laid her head on my knee, and looked up into my face out of eyes like a young fawn's. I turned the disfigured side of my face away from her, so that she might not see; but she noticed it, and put up her little hands, and turned it back again, and caressed it. She did not scorn it, nor put it away from her; and I felt like a hunting dog caressed by his master. No living man or woman had ever been gentle to me before in all my recollection.

"Then she made me tell her about it, and when I had finished she called me 'brave' and stroked the scarred places, saying, 'Poor face, poor face!'

"I don't know what it was, but I had a pain in my heart, and something came up in my throat and made me gasp. Then she said she would tell me a story, and she told me of One who was the Son of God, the Great Tyhee, who made the world and the sky, the sun, the moon and the stars; and how, because of wicked men like me, this Son of God gave His own life and died a cruel death, so that I might not suffer for my own sins if I would believe in Him. She told me He was gentle and harmless as a child, although He possessed mighty power and could accomplish all things. After this she went to sleep, and I sat very still for fear of waking her, and watched her face, and thought about this wonderful thing she had told me. I was not in a hurry to take her to my home, and I ceased paddling and let the canoe swing lazily to the motion of the sea. Far out beyond the islands, where the sky bends to the waters, it seemed to me as if the day was breaking, for instead of growing darker it grew brighter and brighter, and I could see the glimmer of the white gulls as if the sun shone on them; but here, where we now stand, and all along the mountain side, it was so black that I could not distinguish anything. Now I thought this was a sign and a mystery, and I wondered if the child's God was coming over the western waters to visit her, for she had told me 'He was a bright and shining One,' and so I waited and watched while the child slept. Suddenly the light faded out, and a cold wind came off from the sea, and I heard the familiar witch voices talking, and my heart was hardened, and I awoke the child rudely and pushed her from me, and commenced paddling furiously; but I had drifted whither I knew not, and before the light had faded out I had forgotten to notice where we were. I was frightened, for I had never lost my way before, and I had never seen so black a night; and because I was cruel and ugly, I told the child that we were going to die, that a sea witch was pulling us to her home, where we would be killed and eaten. Then the child came and knelt down at my