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THE "SHIGIGIADISQU."

The word Shigigiadisqu literally means "that which is made man."

The name is applied, writes the Rev. J. B. McCullagh of the Church Missionary Society, to a small graven image sometimes used by the Nishga Indians of British Columbia under the following circumstances:—

The dreams of the medicine-man, who is usually regarded as somewhat of a *clairvoyant*, are accepted by the superstitious as supernatural revelations. Should he have an ominous dream about any member of the community he proceeds on the following morning to make it known.

"Lo! I am in great trouble about you, Nat," he begins.

"Oh, indeed! and for what reasons are you troubled about me, Nat?" Nat is a title of friendly address between men, and is somewhat equivalent to the Irish *avick*.

"Had I dreamt well I should be happy to-day, but"—hinting darkly.

This brings the operation in which the other is engaged to a sudden standstill, and preparations are made to listen attentively to what may be coming.

"Certainly, Nat, a man cannot be happy when he has had a bad dream; but perhaps your dream was not quite bad."

"It may be bad or it may not, I do not really know myself," he continues; "but I shall tell you about it, and then you shall know yourselves."

"I dreamt that your house was moved, Nat; I saw it standing alone among the trees; silent within; no fire. I entered; behold, there you sat. I greeted you; behold, you did not answer. Therefore I turned to leave, and as I was leaving I awoke. So much I dreamed."

For the next few moments no one speaks; all are "hunkering" round the fire, into which they look intently, as though expecting something from it. Presently the one who has been dreamt of leans forward to adjust a faggot, remarking—

"Oh, indeed, Nat!"

"The chief's dream bodes no good," croaks an old woman of the company.

"Alas! it means death," replies another.

"That is what it means," say they all.

And then they go on to discuss the dream in all its details, showing that the house in the wood signifies the man's grave, in which he lies alone in the silence of death.

"He will meet with an accident," is the verdict.

The poor man whose death is thus apprehended now gets a wood carver to grave a small wooden figure, known as the Shigigiadisqu, as nearly resembling himself in feature as possible, which he suspends around his neck by a string, the figure lying exactly over the heart. In this position it is worn sufficiently long to allow the heat of the body to be fully imparted to it—generally about four days.

\*The dream here given is taken from an actual case in point.

On the fourth day the medicine-man comes to the house wearing his regulation bearskin and other insignia of his office. He also brings with him a toy canoe made from the inner bark of the cedar tree, in which lies a wisp of something like tow, i. e., teased bark.

The man wearing the Shigigiadisqu sits near the fire in a stooping posture, supposed to be a posture of penitence and devotion. The medicine-man begins his performance by singing a doleful chant, the death-song of the tribe. Then he arranges the fire so

hand and his rattle with his right, he makes a circuit of the fire, presenting the canoe aloft towards the north, south, east, and west. Then bending slowly over the fire he puts it to *Malag* (i. e., to be burnt as a sacrifice) in the flames, where the canoe, Shigigiadisqu, and the wisp containing the *yip* (i. e., the defilement supposed to have been washed off the flesh), are all consumed.

The death chant is now changed to the *milug* (dance) song of joy, in which he joins who was erewhile in fear of death.

He may well be happy now, for has he

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY LAURA J. RITTENHOUSE.

The regular meeting of the Drinkwater W.C.T.U. was in session, and several superintendents of departments had responded to the call for reports. Finally, the report of the committee appointed to distribute literature in railway stations, was called for.

It was the first day they had used the new racks placed for that purpose in the different stations, and the ladies were all quite eager to know the result.

"Madame President," said the chairman, "we have nothing very encouraging to tell you. We placed our carefully selected papers and leaflets in the racks, and stayed a while in each waiting-room to see if any were taken, but in only one way was any attention paid to them. A plain old farmer, who looked as if he could not be induced to touch a drop of intoxicants, took out a paper and a leaflet, glanced at them a moment and put them in his pocket. I suppose he will read them eventually, but it seemed time and money thrown away to have a sober man read those things, when there were dozens of men whose faces told plainly that they were dissipated, who did not even look toward our racks. I felt completely discouraged." And, with a very dejected air, the lady dropped into her seat, while a few members shook their heads solemnly or whispered to each other that they never had thought any good could be done in that way.

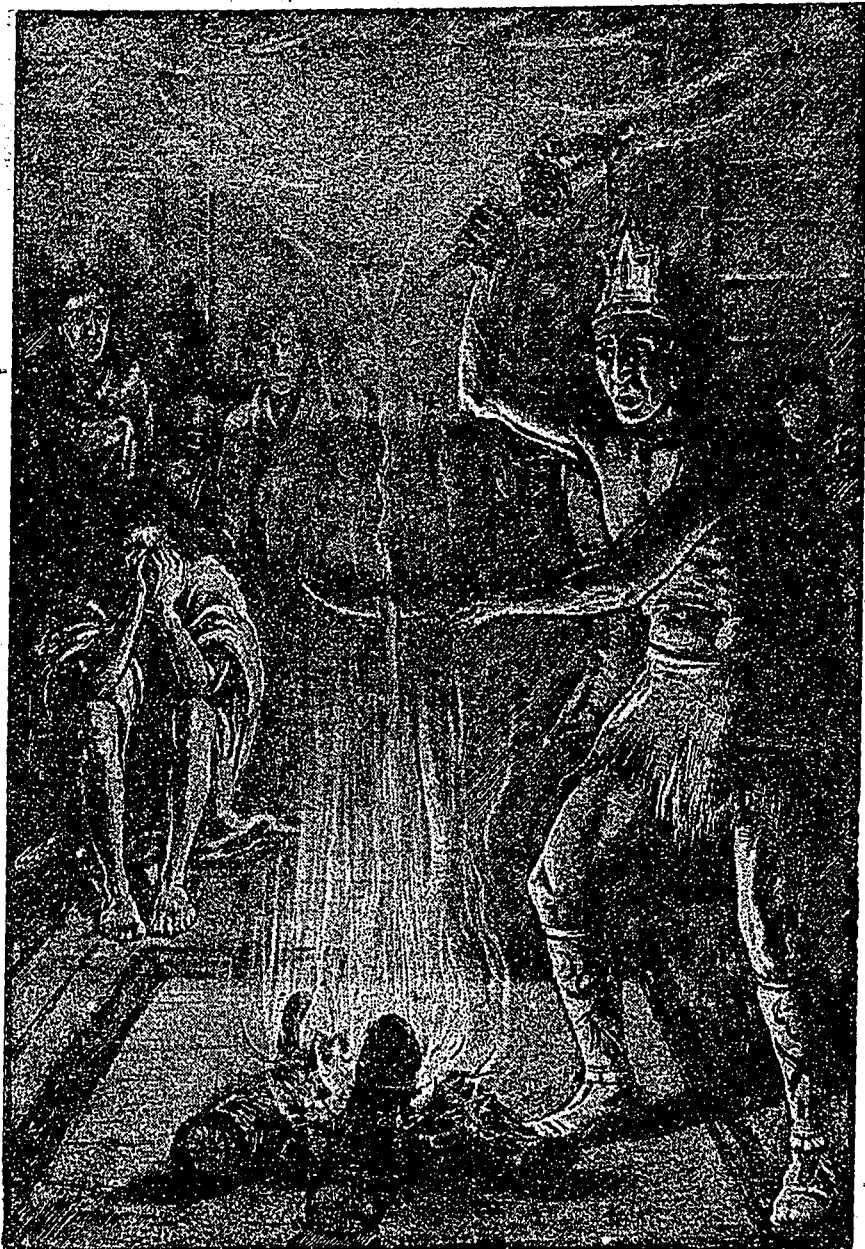
The president was a woman of great faith and perseverance, and not to be disheartened by temporary failures, so she said a few cheerful, hopeful words to the heavy-hearted sister:

"You mustn't be so easily discouraged, Mrs. Moody. Often the very things that seem wrong to us are right, and the things that seem right are wrong. For instance, how can you tell but that the Lord has some special reason for sending the sober old farmer to the rack for our literature, instead of the men who were dissipated. The reading matter that farmer took may influence some life for good, clear through eternity. And one good life means a wonderfully purifying influence over many others."

A bright-eyed young sister, who was always full of enthusiasm, rose to her feet.

"Madame President, I quite agree with you. It is our business to take hold of the duties that lie nearest us and perform them faithfully, trusting to the All-wise One for results. We are assured that nothing is ever lost, but must exist somehow, somewhere, in some lives forever. Surely that is an encouraging thought. It is enough to make us work steadily, faithfully on, though we may never see the fruits of our labor. Good will come of good, just as surely as evil springs from evil. Let us plant; God will water and give the increase."

Mrs. Moody brightened up a little after



THE MEDICINE-MAN BURNING THE "SHIGIGIADISQU."  
(From a Sketch by the Rev. J. B. McCullagh, Aiyansh.)

that the faggots may lie evenly at top. He now takes the wisp of bark from the canoe, and dipping it in water proceeds to wash his friend over the region of the heart, after which he carefully replaces the wisp in the canoe, together with the Shigigiadisqu. At this point he resumes the death chant, and grasping the canoe with his left

not devoted to destruction a substitute impregnated with the warmth of his own life, and accompanied by the *yip* of his own flesh? He may, however, heave a sigh or two as he shakes out and passes over to the medicine-man three or four of the blankets which he has been storing up towards the next "potlach."

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