

in discussing the customs of the Hurons, says: "A great knowledge of simples for the cure of disease is popularly ascribed to the Indian. Here, however, as elsewhere, his knowledge is in fact scanty. He rarely reasons from cause to effect, or from effect to cause. Disease, in his belief, is the result of sorcery, the agency of spirits or supernatural influences, undefined and indefinable. The Indian doctor was a conjurer, and his remedies were to the last degree preposterous, ridiculous or revolting."

Among the Coast Indians in British Columbia the practice is still kept up, and it may interest you to hear me relate what I saw not forty miles from here only three years ago. In the Indian villages are to be found huge barnlike structures called rancheries, each consisting of one immense room and capable of accommodating twenty or thirty families. Living close to nature, the floor, of course, is mother earth. Rough stalls, arranged along the walls, separated by screens of rush matting and open towards the centre, form the none too private retreats of the individual families. Each lights its own fire on the earthen floor opposite, whereon their rude cooking is done. The smoke escapes through the shingles, as there is no chimney, and in the absence of windows the light comes in through the cracks in the wooden walls. I went down one evening to such a place to see a sick Indian woman. It was dusk, and the waves of the sea were lapping the beach close at hand, while dusky children flitted by in the twilight, engrossed in some pastime. On entering the only door in the rancherie, I found it in utter darkness, excepting for a small fire burning at the extreme end of the building. Here was presented a study in light and shade to have suited a Rembrandt. Around the fire was arranged a circle of Indian women (it is always the women who are closest to the mysteries of nature), while at one side was the patient, too weak to sit up, but supported by a couple of sympathizers. Facing her was the Indian Medicine-man, trying to cure her disorder by directing his energies to overcome the supposed cause of her disease. My diagnosis was tubercular pleurisy with effusion, but my Indian confrere had diagnosed possession by an evil spirit, and as he was in charge of the case, I could only look on. Each woman, with a stick in either hand, was beating on a piece of wood before her, making as much noise as possible, and adding blood-curdling explosives to the incantations of the Medicine-man, in a vain endeavor to drive out, to scare out, the possessing spirit. But unfortunately this kind comes not forth by such rude wooing. And so, from the gray dawn of time, down to what we imagine is the mid-day splendor of to-day, such forms of practice have persisted through all the ages.