

fur-cushioned mat had been placed for each of the guests, on a bearskin rug; and after they had been seated, all remained still in the lodge. Neither looking at them, nor stirring in any way, the tribal leader sat long in meditation.

Reverential dignity manifested itself in everything he did: in the filling of the redstone pipe; in the lighting of the tobacco with a coal lifted from the fire; in the touching of Holy Earth with the end of the pipe while drawing smoke into his mouth, and likewise in his recognition of spiritual forces by offering the pipe to the sky, to the north, the east, the south, and the west. The first breath of vapour passing from his lips, after he had reseated himself, was toward the heavens.

Thus concluding this phase of the ritual, he next passed the calumet over his right arm, to the visitor, for the ceremony to be continued.

"*Na,*" said the chief, quite as though the guest were not a white man, but an Indian who would know what was expected of him. And the guest really did know, so that when the tobacco had been finally consumed through repeated turns of smoking the pipe was taken by him to the fire, and the bowl there emptied: ashes to ashes, dust to dust; the holy plant, with its spirit fled, returning once again to the Earth that gave it.

When the time for talking had properly come, the chief spoke, and afterward waited for his words to be put into English by his nephew:

"The lodge fire is never so bright as when it sees good hearts. One of our friends does not know, maybe, that he has a name among us, Snow-on-the-Green-Tree."