

of reindeer on the fire to singe the hair off, and then and there she went at them with her big axe and chopped them in chunks and put them in a big Indian kettle on the fire. So when our dog trains dashed into her village our dinner was boiling. Soap out there is three dollars and a half a bar, and they don't put much on their faces, and as they don't know much about shaking hands, every man, woman, and child tried to see who would be the first to kiss us!

I cut short this ordeal and hurried into the wigwam. You never saw a woman so happy as was the chieftainess. She exclaimed, among many other things, "Oh, to think the man with the Book has come to my people!" A level place was prepared for the dinner. In the centre was piled up these chunks of reindeer heads and in a circle around was placed a number of tin cups full of black tea, of which I had given her a package. She put me on her left and her principal chief was on her right. Some more of her prominent people and my drivers and guides were also there. There was not a plate or a fork or a knife visible. As soon as we sat down, the men took out their hunting-knives and at once reached forward for a chunk of meat. "Wait," said I, "we are going to be Christians; Christians thank the Great Spirit for His gifts; Christians ask a blessing over their food. Shut your eyes and I will ask a blessing; we will thank the Great Spirit for what we are going to eat and drink." They shut their eyes and I asked a blessing, and, being the first, I made it like a little prayer, and said Amen, and opened my eyes. But every eye was shut. I said, "Open your eyes." So they opened their eyes. "When I say amen at the end, although that is not all it means, it means that we have come to the end. Now, eat your dinner." Every fellow leaned forward and grabbed a chunk of meat and took it up in his dirty hands, and cut it with his big hunting-knife with which they fought bears and skinned their game. Some, more hungry than others, would take a piece in their mouth and saw off a little piece at a time. I looked over the pile and saw a piece that had a projecting bone on it. I took hold of that bone as a handle, and, taking out my hunting-knife, began my dinner. How happy my friend the chieftainess was! She reached forward with her great, dirty hands, and, grabbing a great juicy, splendid piece of meat she went at it with great vigor. Then she slapped it down on the ground, and, after drinking a cup of tea, she grabbed it off of the ground again and vigorously ate from it, all the time talking, with her mouth full or empty. Again she threw the piece of meat down, and reaching down in the bosom of her dress she drew out a greasy, dirty paper, saying, "Oh, missionary, I want you to see how I have tried to keep the record of the praying day." It was a dirty, greasy paper now, and I hardly recognized it as the clean one I had given her. With much interest I looked it over, and found that during all those six months she had kept the record faithfully. Here it was the right day for all those six months. Of course I was very much delighted. She said, "Some days a boy