

only must months be past in these devotion exercises, but the hunter must observe a long season of *continence* and purity.

To them everything has a spirit. The winds are the work of spirits. Spirits inhabit the trees and rocks, the mountains and sea. Many of the animals, such as the wolf, the owl, the crow and raven, are descendants of Indians who were, long ago, transformed into those animals by a mythologic personage, and though clothed outwardly with the garments of skins, and feathers, retain still their original nature, and are accorded a reverence earned by their ancestors by various benefits to the race in the mythologic past. Thus the crow is protected as a friend, not because he is the scavenger of the *rancherie*, but because in a time of great distress from drouth, in the dim past, a dropping from this bird's progenitor, filled the parched lake and river beds with fresh water, whilst the raven, which is also found in the vicinity in great numbers, is disliked as one whose ancestor caused the land to be plunged into darkness for a season.

But among these semi-deities the wolf stands pre-eminent. It is in honor of the wolf that the celebrated *Klo-kwan* dance is observed. This festival lasts from six to ten days, and winds up with a *potlatch*, or giving to the spectators, of money or blankets. During the dance young children are initiated into the mysteries of nature, are taught the sacred legends, and have impressed upon them by a series of vivid object lessons, that the wolf is not a wolf, but a human being in a wolf's skin, and other like sacred mysteries.

Other, less prized, *potlatches* have for their object the distribution of wealth among the tribesmen, or the people of another tribe, as the case may be, the development of harmony and good-will, the repayment of debts, incurred for the most part by receiving gifts at other previous *potlatches*, commemorating the arrival of daughters to a marriageable age.

At all such *potlatches* the virtues of the ancient heroes are proclaimed in song and the greatness of the host is extolled. Dances and spectacular exhibitions succeed each other, while betimes the gifts are presented, with such expressions as "See, I have shaken this out of my sleeves," etc.

Revelations are made through the medium of *dreams*. The expectant whale hunter continues his preparations until in a dream the spirit of a whale comes to him—recognized by the perfume—in human form, and then he is ready to proceed to the chase; songs the repetition of which, like the Buddhist's prayers, secure the desire of the heart—he it safety in time of peril, health in time of sickness, or such ordinary blessings as fair winds, etc., are received from some spirit in a dream; and the medical virtues of plants, or minerals, are revealed in the same way.

Through this medium the Indian doctor receives his imaginary powers.

Retiring to the forest, or to the mountain top, wandering out into the darkness of night, bathing in the sea, singing, praying, or using charms, making efforts to throw himself into a catleptic state and submitting himself to the abode of demons, he seeks the aid of the spirits in his chosen vocation. Having succeeded in this he immediately becomes great, and secures an ascendancy over, not only his own tribe, but tribes far distant. In him lies the power of life and death. He can throw into any object of his: a stick or stone, or a bundle of feathers which, spirit like, require no avenue of entrance or exit, and which are supposed to be the cause of any unusual sickness, and which can only be extracted by a "doctor," whose services are in such cases immediately sought.

Some doctors are practised in the art of extracting a little worm from the body, invisible save when in the doctor's hand, called *mar-jaltee*, which is supposed to make its appearance upon a person becoming ill, thereby much aggravating the disease, while others are apparently able to suck, by the mouthful, blood and clotted matter from a bruised part of the body.

Others simply howl their revealed incantations over their patients and by pressing their hands into the abdomen of the sick one, by sheer force of will power persuade the patient into rest.

All classes of "*ee-cush-tuck-ee*" (doctor) practice these incantations and use their hands in an effort to extract the spirit causing the sickness, but only the first or "*min-ook-ik*" doctor is feared as having power to kill.

The violence of the method of treating disease, regardless of the pain and inconvenience caused the patient, often results in great harm. In fact many precious lives could doubtless be saved, especially of children, could there be a hospital established where the poor unfortunates could be taken away from the power of the ubiquitous doctor and treated by humane methods. Not only would lives be saved, but such an institution should be a means of training them in the art of nursing, an accomplishment they very much need, and would tend to break down their superstitious connected with diseases and the power of the medicine man or woman.

The Indians also live in dread of poison sometimes administered with their food, and sometimes simply placed upon some stolen article of clothing which thereupon transfers the poison to the part of the body it formerly covered, even though its owner never sees the missing garment again.

They also fear seeing a "*cheh-bah*," or spirit, in which event they waste away and die.

Death is to them a fearful thing. They do not want to hear the word mentioned, and the name of the recently deceased is dropped from their vocabulary for a year or two, while for weeks or months after the decease the death lament can be heard.

The moment one dies—yes, even before death actually has taken place—the assembled friends and hired mourners become *frantic* and make a very bedlam with their cries and howls. The face of the dying is covered with a blanket and as soon as the breath leaves the body, the remains are wrapped in blankets, placed in a box and hurriedly carried out—not through the door, but through a window or part of the wall torn down for the purpose—and deposited, with the face to the rising sun, under a bush or in a tree.

The box in which the remains are placed has always a part broken off it, the blankets in which they are swathed have a piece cut off them, and all the personal belongings are carried out, broken and burned, the spirits of the various articles being thus released and proceed with the spirit of the dead to the other world, where they are used, the spirit of the box for a canoe, and the others for the various purposes to which their bodies were put in this world.

In their views of the future there is little that is to be desired. Spirits, while dreaded on account of their subtle powers, are really thought to be only shadows and very weak—some twenty of them struggling together not being able to overturn a small nut. Their food consists, so say their wise men, of spring salmon and certain unmentionable insects that find all too frequently a residence upon their bodies in this world.

The Indian knows nothing of the Resurrection and his ideas of the future are very vague. His mythology is debasing, his highest ideals being spoiled, as were those of the Greeks, by ascribing to them the passions of mortals. He says the Son of the Highest came to this earth, but there the parallel ends. He says that two of earth's inhabitants went up to heaven without having passed the portals of death—but with the recital of this much the parallelism to the stories of Elijah and Enoch ends. His account of the flood is a localism, so is also his view of the "dispersion."

His religion is largely a secret, family affair, divulged only by father to son, and not shared by other families. The possession of this secret system brings blessing upon the family. In his private box he keeps charms and images and in some of his houses there are carved pillars which are subjects of veneration, while upon the persons of members of some tribes are tattooed symbolical representations of their household deities, all of those possessing a like symbol becoming brothers and sisters—a sort of spiritual relationship which forbids their intermarriage.

Woman has been considered, until recently, a part of the household chattels. She was, and is, bought and sold as a beast of burden, and her only remedy is to run away from her husband, if she does not like him, and sell herself to another. Even yet polygamy is practiced and wives and husbands are divorced at will. But an improvement is taking place in these things now, and the time is not far distant when such outrages will be known no more.

The Indians have no literature beyond their crude pictorial representations of ancient myths; their language is unwritten, but shows evidences of a goodly origin. This lack of a literature seriously hampers missionary work, and a system of education must necessarily accompany the preaching of the Gospel.

Besides this the vices of the whites, drinking and gambling, have been imported among them, and diseases, some of which are also caused by contact with immoral whites, are carrying them off. What is to be done for them must be done soon. Satan has many agencies at work. The Lord has apparently but few. But even with these few we are thankful to know that progress is being made. Our schools are giving an education and undermining the superstitions of the past. The language is being reduced to writing, hymns and portions of Scripture are being translated into the vernacular, the Gospel is becoming understood and, whilst some oppose, some believe and are converted, and are living epistles, witnessing for Jesus. Our medical work, poor and crippled as it is, is a very effective agency in breaking down the power of the Indian doctor, and we believe the time is coming when all of these people will be good citizens of our country and many of them will give their allegiance to the King of kings and become true servants of the Lord Jesus.