

iment of drums, rattles and whistles. The old members of the "Medicine Circle" then march round within the enclosure, each decked out and painted according to fancy, and carrying a bag of charms, with hands outstretched. These bags are made of the skins of the animal, bird or reptile, which are held sacred by the individual members. I have seen them made of skins of foxes, otter, mink, marten, skunk, owls and snakes used for this purpose. During the dance some stand on either side while others march round with that stately step which is considered the perfection of dancing among Indians. At almost every round some one of the dancers strikes one of those standing about, with his "bag," at the same time hissing in a peculiar manner. This is called "Shooting the Spirit" into the person struck. He or she at once falls down as though in a fit, and after some few seconds of writhing about, generally in silence, the person gets up and joins in the dance.

Meantime the candidates for admission have been put through some secret ceremonies in the "mysterious tent." They now come out, scantily clad and painted in the most fantastic fashion, and take part in the dance. After a time they are escorted to the further end, where the leaders sit, silent and mysterious. A crowd gathers about them, while they are covered with blankets, and after various incantations are suddenly pushed over. Then it is discovered that the "spirit" has been "shot" into them. To prove this the ceremony is repeated, when by a jugglers trick, the chief man pretends to extract a sacred shell from the chest of the novitiates. After this they are initiated by degrees into the mysteries of the black art, and of medicine in its proper sense. They are then full fledged "doctors."

In another article we shall try to give some information about their manner of work, their knowledge of medicine, and their position among the people.

"NOT GOOD ENOUGH."

"HATTIE," said Margie one Sunday afternoon at the close of their Bible reading, "I've something to tell you. You know in a few weeks the bishop is coming here, and there is to be a confirmation in our church. Well, I am going to be confirmed."

"Are you?" asked Hattie, with deep interest.

"Yes. And, oh, Hattie, I wish you would be too!"

"I'm not fit," said Hattie. "I'm not good enough."

"That's just what I said to mother," returned Margie. "And she said, 'When will you be, Margie?' And then when I didn't answer, she told me to think over her question, and tell her that night."

"Well, what did you tell her?"

"I thought about it all that day," replied Margie,

"and the longer I thought, the harder it seemed to decide when I should be good enough. At last I made up my mind that it wouldn't be till I had more love to God, and that wouldn't come till I was older."

"That's just what I think, Margie. But what did your mother say then?"

"She said, 'Margie, when you came into this world did you love me first, or did I love you first?' 'You did, of course, mother.' 'Yes,' she said; 'you didn't have any love in your little heart for me at all when you first came. But I didn't mind that. I took you just as you were, and began to love you and take care of you; and I said to myself, By and by she will love me, just as soon as she finds out how much I love her. And very soon the love came. That is just the way God is doing with you, Margie.' And then mother told me to think that over."

"Oh, but I never heard of God doing that way!" said Hattie.

"Yes, mother said so, Hattie. And she told me to read the next morning the fourth chapter of the First Epistle of St. John, from the seventh verse, and see if I couldn't find at least two messages from Him about it. So I did, and found these two verses," and Margie turned to the Bible and read: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us. * * * We love Him because He first loved us."

"Margie, you don't suppose that means that He will love us—love me, for instance, first, before I love Him?"

"Yes."

"It looks like it," said Hattie, thoughtfully. "I don't see how the words can mean anything else."

"No, nor I either," said Margie. "You see, Hattie, as soon as I began to find out, when I was a little baby, that mother loved me I began to love her, and mother says I must learn to love God in the same way."

"But, Margie, I don't feel that God loves me. How can I love Him when I don't feel that He loves me?"

"Mother told me," said Margie, "that I couldn't feel his love till I first believed it. She said, 'Believe Him first, Margie, when He tells you He loves you, and by and by the feeling will come.' And it does Hattie! the feeling does come!"

"It's a very hard thing to believe that He loves me, Margie. I'm so bad."

"Oh, so am I, Hattie, but still He says He does. And mother says we must just let Him begin to love us first, and by and by our love will come, just like the little baby's, you know."

Hattie walked home that afternoon with her mind full of what Margie had told her. It all seemed so new and strange to her. And yet, too, it seemed so plain. Margie's words, "We must just let Him begin to love us first," came to her again and again. How easy that sounded. Why shouldn't she "just let Him" love her, and be