

baptized, have retained a repugnance to their former taboo. They no longer venerate it; they even regard it as wicked, but they continue to abstain from it for this reason, and we do not seek to force their wills. Time will put an end to these childish fears.

Further, the fetichism of the Dènè-Dindjié does not differ from that of the Esquimaux, the Algonquins, the Sioux, the Blackfeet and other North American nations. It is allied as with them with ancient forms of worship, particularly with Sabeism. Under whatever aspect we regard these nations, we perceive only remains and ruins. Nothing is followed or co-ordinated among them, so as to present a complete society, having its own autonomy, an established and rational religion, any form whatever of government; everything is mutilated, adulterated, diffused, deformed.

With fetichism and in spite of fetichism, our Dènè-Dindjié have the primordial knowledge of a Good Being who is placed above all beings. He has a multitude of names; the most usual, in the three principal dialects is *Bétsen-nu-unli* (He by whom the earth exists), *Nnulsé* (make earth, or creator) and *Til'ie* (Father of men).

The Hares and the Loucheux call their god threefold. This triad is composed of father, mother and son. The father is seated at the zenith, the mother at the nadir, and the son traverses the heavens from the one to the other. One day whilst thus engaged he perceived the earth; then having returned to his father, he said, singing (and this song is carefully preserved intact by the Hares): "Oh! my father, seated on high, light the celestial fire, for on this small island (the earth, which the Indians believe to be a round island), my brothers-in-law have long been unhappy. Behold it now, oh! my father. Then descend towards us, my father, says to thee, the man who pities."^{*}

^{*}The following are the words of this song in

It has been rightly said that a triune God could not be known naturally by heathens.† But when to this is joined so explicit a tradition, and so clear a faith in the expectation and coming of a Redeemer, there is no longer room for hesitation; either the Dènès have preserved in purity the ancient belief, or they have received the knowledge of the Gospel at a period of which we are ignorant, and which already is far, very far distant. Yet no worship is rendered to this Creator.

On the question which I put to my Hare Indian narrator, the old female juggler K'atchôti, if the Dènès had seen this celestial fire, or if they had heard that the Son of God had descended to earth, she answered: "Yes—long before the coming of the whites, my mother told me that a star had appeared in the West-South-West, and that several of our nation had gone towards it. Since that time we have all been separated. The Montagnais have reached the South; their arrows are small and ill-made. The Loucheux have gone towards the North; their women are awkward; but we, who are the true men, have remained in the Rocky Mountains, and but a short time will elapse before we arrive on the banks of the Mackenzie."

This recital, the truth of which I guarantee, has led me from my subject. I resume.

Independently of the creative triad

the Hare language: "*Sel'a tayita, yéta oday-inkron, tidi nuu yasi kki tchaak's k'edatti lonnis kka-neunt'a. Ek'u ar'a ni-nondja, sel'a, nendi dèni é'nettinon.*" Like the ancient nations, the tribes of the lower Mackenzie have consecrated the most remarkable passages of their traditions, by formulas which are sung, and have become, as it were, stereotyped, they are so unchanged.

† Eusebius (De Prepar. Evang., book x., chap. i and book xiii., chap. x.) proves, in fact, says Migne, that what Plato said of God and His Word, and what Trismegistus said, "*Monas genuit monadem et in se reflexit ardorem,*" have been borrowed from Moses and the Hebrew beliefs.