

visited the tribe my arrival gave rise to much speculation and distrust, which led to my being invited to attend a council at which the subject was to be discussed. At that time the minds of the Indians were much stirred by efforts of the Canadian Government to put a stop to certain dances and ceremonies, and every stranger was suspected as a Government agent with sinister designs. In the council I was addressed as follows by the chief of the village:

"We want to know whether you have come to stop our dances and feasts, as the missionaries and agents who live among our neighbors try to do. We do not want to have anybody here who will interfere with our customs. We were told that a man-of-war would come if we should continue to do as our grandfathers and great-grandfathers have done. But we do not mind such words. Is this the white-man's land? We are told it is the Queen's land; but no! it is mine! Where was the Queen when our God came down from heaven? Where was the Queen when our God gave the land to my grandfather and told him, 'This will be thine'? My father owned the land and was a mighty chief; now it is mine. And when your man-of-war comes let him destroy our houses. Do you see yon woods? Do you see yon trees? We shall cut them down and build new houses and live as our fathers did. We will dance when our laws command us to dance, we will feast when our hearts desire to feast. Do we ask the white man, 'Do as the Indian does'? No, we do not. Why then do you ask us, 'Do as the white man does'? It is a strict law that bids us dance. It is a strict law that bids us distribute our property among our friends and neighbors. It is a good law. Let the white man observe his law; we shall observe ours. And now, if you are come to forbid us to dance, begone; if not, you will be welcome to us."

My words in reply to this speech seem to have been taken very kindly, for since that time I have never been made more at home than among this tribe.

How much more friendly was my reception last year. On one of my later visits I had received an Indian name, Heiltsakuls, "The one who says the right thing." I was coming down the coast in a small steamer which, as it approached the village in the middle of the night, blew its whistle until a canoe came alongside. I was recognized at once and paddled ashore, and many were the welcomes that were offered to me that night.

I had arrived at a most opportune season for my studies. The whole tribe and a great many friends from neighboring villages were assembled to celebrate the great religious ceremonial which