

an hour. He told of the sins of this life and the happiness which was promised in the next. He dwelt upon the passing of the spirit of Shamanism among the natives of the pale Arctic shore. His voice raised when he explained the good results which were being obtained by the mission schools on the islands and at the reindeer station.

He paused and then went on with vigour. He deplored the rum situation and showed how it had wrought ruin to many—white and native. He pictured a happy village, free from whisky, and one where whisky was rampant. His delivery changed to force and gesticulation. He dwelt in heavy measure upon brimstone and future punishment. He preached the Old Testament and glorified it.

Changing his voice, in strident tones he called on each man and woman in the room to lead a true life, fear God, and expect punishment unless they did. He closed the sermon with a short prayer.

Those nearest the door started to go. He called them back and added what had been on his mind from the beginning.

"There are two among ye," he said, "who represent ye all. Moona, my ward, once believed in Shamanism. It was her mother's religion.

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