

south, east, and west advance large groups of the men of the tribe, converging upon the Lodge. They carry lodge poles tied in pairs, like long-handled tongs or pincers. They sing, as they advance, thrilling songs that belong to this part of the ceremonial rites, by turn advancing, until, at last, they reach the structure, and with their long prongs, amid the victorious shouts of the crowd, they raise the post and securely set it in the hole dug for it. They set the tip of the roof poles in the fork of the center post, others pushing them up over the wall rails, and bind the butts to the rails with the strips of rawhide. The roof and walls are then laid with brush, and the people repair to their lodges. All of this must be accomplished before Sun sets.

On the following day, the Sun priest, whom the Horns have selected, enters a booth constructed of boughs opposite the entrance of the Lodge, and there offers prayers for good weather during the remaining days of the Medicine Lodge, paints the faces of those who come to him with gifts for Sun, and prays for the welfare of the tribe. The Horns distribute gifts to the poor, food in particular. On succeeding days, the societies continue their dances in the Lodge, and around the camp, until the tenth day, when all of the lodges of the great camp are taken down.

The last rite of the Matokiks attracts much interest in the camp. Before sunrise, they go from their lodge to a rise of ground east of the camp, and lie down. There they remain until some time after sunrise, when a man, a buffalo caller, approaches from the north, uttering the peculiar cries with which his fathers enticed herds of the animals to the piskans of the cliffs. The Matokiks suddenly sit up, stand up, listen to the cries, and when the caller is quite near them, they break for camp, bounding along like buffalo, and hooking at the people they pass, particularly the four women dressed like buffalo bulls,

All of the sacred ceremonies completed, the members of the tribe go their various ways, happy in the belief that their prayers and their sacrifices to the Above Ones have been answered.

Priests and preachers and contact with the civilization of the whites have made no least dent in that belief; they are as sure of it as are the Fundamentalists that the God of their faith made the world in six days, that Christ turned water in wine, and that Jonah survived three days entombed in the belly of a whale.

Long may they retain their belief in their sky gods, these Children of the Sun.