

in them return part of the way back. I staid at this place about one hour. It seemed to be a large town, with many big chimneys and plenty of smoke, and there was the smell of oil, (probably Bothwell). By and by the fire-waggon approached, coming from where the sun had set ; and a man told me to get in. It was mid-night when I reached Pahkate-quayaug, (London), and they let me go into the wire-house and lie down to sleep. I slept well all night, and early in the morning a man beckoned to me that the fire-waggon were ready to start for Sarnia, and shewed me which way to go.

Thus I at length got back to Ahmujewunoong, and was glad to lie down, and rest in Wilson's wigwam ; and now I am waiting for the fire-ship to come, and as soon as it comes I shall go on board and return straight back home to my people.

The Black-coat, Wilson, has asked me to let him write down all this that I have told him, so that it may be made into a book and read by everybody. And I hope that by and bye all the white people will see this book, and that their hearts will be warmed towards the poor ignorant Indians who live on the shores of the Great Chippeway Lake.

We have collected \$300, but \$300 is not enough to make religion increase. If we had but the worth of one of those big wigwams of which I saw so many in Toronto, I think it would be enough to build a big teaching-wigwam at Garden River, in which the children would be taught and clothed and fed, and enough to send teachers also to the shores of the