

gloomy and uncertain. This Black-coat Puhkukahbun, (Wilson) could make us no promise to remain with us; he had been with us a short time, and now he was away again. I felt gloomy and without hope.

Suddenly, like the lightning darting across the sky, there came a thought into my breast. I thought "I also will go with him, I will journey with this Black-coat, Puhkukahbun, to where he is going; I will see the Great Black-coat myself, and ask that Wilson may come and be our teacher; and I will ask the Great Black-coat also to send us more teachers to the shores of the Great Chippeway Lake; for why indeed are my poor brethren left so long in ignorance and darkness; with no one to instruct them? Is it that Christ loves us less than his white children? or is it that the Church is sleeping? Perhaps I may arouse them; perhaps I may stir them up to send us more help, so that the gospel may be preached to my poor pagan brethren. So I resolved to go. I did not think it necessary to call a council and inform my people that I was going, I only told just my wife and a few friends of my intention. I felt that the Great Spirit had called me to go; and even though I was poor, and had but a few dollars in my pocket, still I knew that the Great God in heaven, to whom forty years ago I yielded myself up, would not let me want, I felt sure that he would provide for my necessities.

So when Puhkukahbun and his wife stepped on board the great fire-ship I stepped on also. I had not told him as yet what was my object in going;