

and the pagan Indians on the Great Chippeway Lake to have school-houses and teachers. This cannot be done without money, so we must set to work and collect some. I am an old man of seventy winters, and cannot walk about as much as I could when I was a young brave; so he got such a waggon as the rich people go about in there, and we drove from house to house. I thought some of the people were very good; one woman gave us ten dollars, and several men also gave us ten dollars; but many of the people gave us very little, and some would not give us any at all.

I have one friend left in Toronto of those whom I used to know many years ago, his name is Odonjekeshick, (Hon. W. B. Robinson) he has always been a great friend of the Indians, he used to make treaties with us many years ago. I was very anxious to see him. We drove to his house, but he was away from home. We only saw the young woman, but she told us that Odonjekeshick would return on the third day. On the third day we went again to see him, and found that he had just come home. I was rejoiced in my heart to meet him; and although it is many winters since we last met, I found that he could still talk with me in my own tongue.

There was also a kind Black-coat, whom I had seen of old at Ketegaunanc-sebc, (Garden River) called Beaven, who greeted me warmly as a friend. His wife also, and his daughters were very good; and engaged to ask their people for money to send teachers to our neglected tribes on the Great Lake of the Chippeways.