

The next day was prayer-day, and I went to the prayer-wigwam, and also to the teaching-wigwam to hear the children sing and to speak to them a few words.

The whole of the day following, Wilson and myself went from wigwam to wigwam, asking for money to help the Indians on the Great Chippeway Lake. We also entered a long wigwam where live the chiefs who own all the fire-waggon. We saw the great fire-waggon chief, and he spoke kind words to us, and gave us a paper on which it was written that we were to pay no money at all on our way back to Ahmujewuhnoong. In the evening the white people met together in the teaching-wigwam, and there were so many of them that they had no more room to sit, and I spoke to them and told them the thoughts of my heart. This time I spoke more boldly than I had done before. I told them that as an Indian Chief I had a right to speak on behalf of my poor people, for the land the white men now held was the land of my fathers; and now that the white man was powerful, and the Indian was weak, the Indian had a right to look to him for help and support. As I closed my speech I looked around last of all upon the children; for I wished my eyes last of all to rest upon these white children who had received the benefit of education and Christian instruction; and I gave them my beaver-skin to keep in their school, so that they might always remember my visit and think upon my words.

On the second day of the week, early in the morn-