

worship, and also, the whites their way, &c." To which I replied in substance. "We want some evidence of the truth of such statements as you make, that a man has been dead a whole year on a journey to the spirit land, and then comes back to earth again. You say the Munnitoo gave us our way, and also gave you your way. We have changed our way. At first we had a way of worship almost exactly like yours: then we were poor like you are now, and wicked too; but when the the Great Spirit sent us the right way, some of our forefathers received it, and in time more and more; and the more strictly we obey his way, and the longer we keep it, the more we are blessed. When we followed the old way we were poor, and few in number; now we are spread all over the world, and are numerous, like the leaves on the trees, and have plenty of food and clothing, and all other good things, as you know. Now, my friend, you say the Munnitoo gave you your way. I know there are bad things in your way. You sometimes invoke your spirits to assist you to do evil to each other. Some medicine men give bad medicine, and kill their fellows. They do thus and thus." "That's true, that's true," said the old man's wife and some of the other old women. "Yes, and that's true." "Hear him!" said one, "he talks like a great medicine man himself." "Now my friend, if your way should prevail over the world, we will never have done with wars, and all other evils. Your way keeps you poor and miserable, and the Spirit *Wagwain-ivigwain munitoowigwain*—a sentence expressing thribble-distilled doubt who that spirit might be; because I did not wish to offend him—who gave you your way is not good to you, for he has given you a bad way, and that keeps you poor and in want of many good things." I put him on the road to *infer* that it was the evil spirit that gave them their way. Some of them requested me to preach to them again. These Indians live in the vicinity of a mission of the Church of England, on the west side of the lake. The old man at first said "we are willing to hear you: but when any one comes to speak to us we expect to see *something* laid before us. There was one man that came to see us that did nearly

right. What was his name?" Peter Jacobs. "Yes, that's the one: well, he laid before us a considerable quantity of flour and pennican with his tobacco: but would you believe it, the big black coat, Mr. Ryerson, that passed here last summer, only gave us a piece of tobacco so long"—measuring on his finger—and he fairly muffed at the supposed indignity. "The missionaries want our children, but they are not willing to give us anything for them. They do consider that it is a good deal of trouble to raise them to a suitable age to go to school." This was at our first interview. After we left them I consulted with the brethren with me as to what we had best do. I said I had not designed to give them anything. They answered, "The Missionaries on the other side have spoiled these Indians. We have heard that some of them give a pint of flour and a piece of pennican to each one every time they come to hear preaching." Well, I remarked, these Indians do not belong to our side of the lake, and as it has been the custom of all that have visited them heretofore to give them something, we will do it for once; but I will explain to them that that is not God's plan, and that I will never do it again. We had contemplated remaining a week; but, considering all the circumstances, we concluded to give them some flour and pennican, leaving us enough to go home on. I afterwards explained to them that I could feed them no more. I said to them "this is not done anywhere in the world, except where they consider the Indians like children, and wish to coax them into the church. You have seen a man try to catch a wild horse? he takes some salt. Well, just so these Missionaries are serving you; as soon as you get fairly joined to them, they will do this no more. I have come to tell you the words of the Great Spirit, that you may save your souls, and escape the dangers in the world to come. I shall treat you as though I thought you men, and not children, or like an animal." Still, after all this plain talk, they were friendly, and were willing to give me their children to educate. I saw one girl, of about 12 years of age—an orphan. She was dressed in what appeared the bodies of two old cast off men's shirts, without