

among their own people. Etcha-Ottinè were they, the finest of all Tinnè-Zua (Indian men)! You laughed and sang, my sister, when we played in the woods together; when we cut the birch trees to make sirop in the spring time; when we sewed the rogans of the birch bark, or plaited the quills of the porcupine into belts, and made our father's gun-cases, or our own leather dresses for the Fall. Many a time we went out in the canoe together; we paddled among the islands when the berries were ripe; we spent the night in gathering the sweet ripe fruit—moose-berry and moss-berry, the little eye-berry, and the sassiketoum. In the summer we went to the Forts, and pitched our camps near the white man's house. We sold our furs to the 'big master,' and he gave us blankets and dress pieces, and beads to make us fine leggings; and tobacco, and tea, and shot, and ammunition. Then we went to the Praying man's house, and he kept school for us every day, and made us read in the big books; and told us of Niotsi N Dethe (Great God), and the poor, silly wife who listened to the bad Spirit, and stole the big