

to worship there, and I regarded it as the Queen's prayer-wigwam. I could not understand the words of the service ; but my heart was full of thoughts on God ; and I thought how good a thing it was to be a Christian, and I rejoiced that I was a member of the Queen's church, and had heard from its teachers of the love of Christ, who died for his red children as well as for the pale faces ; for he is not ashamed we know now, to call us brothers.

In the evening the man who writes for the speaking paper (the Toronto "Telegraph" reporter), came to see me. He said he was going to write about me in his paper, so that everybody might know who I was, and what I had come for. I thought this was good : for I wished everybody to know my reason in coming to Toronto, so that they might be stirred up to send help to my poor neglected brethren. This writing-man put a great many questions to me. He asked me about my medals, and about our customs before I became a Christian, and what I thought of the recent Indian outbreaks in the country of the Long-knives (the States). I thought many of his questions were not to the point, and I told him so. I said to him: "When the white people read about me in your paper, I think they will say that I am a fool."

During the few days we remained in Toronto I was out nearly all the time with Puhkukahbun, collecting money at the people's wigwams. It was he who proposed that we should do this. He said to me "You want to see the christian religion increase,