

At the feeding-wigwams (hotels) in this town they did not seem to like us very well, and from two of them we were turned away. I did not know the reason, but I thought in my mind, "these people are not the right sort of Christians, or they would not refuse us shelter."

The Black-coat in this town (Rev. H. Holland) was very good to us indeed. We were both of us strangers to him, and yet he received us as if we were old friends. He invited us to his wigwam, and we drank tea with his wife and daughters. This Black-coat's wife seemed to me to be a very good woman, and full of love. She told me that she came from a far country, many days' journey distant to the South, beyond the Big-knives' land, where the sun is very hot, and the land inhabited by strange Indians. I thought it was because she came from this far country that she was different from the women who lived here, and perhaps it was her having known these strange Indians long ago that made her so good to me now. She gave me money to buy a shawl for my wife, and my heart warmed towards her. I tried to think what present I could make to her, and I told her I had a beaver-skin with me, which I always carried to put under my feet when I sat, or to lie upon at night. This I wished to give her if she would accept it, but she would not take it. She said that I should want it, and although I pressed her again to have it, still she refused.

The day after our arrival at the inland town