

But the Indians were kind to her. I think it was at this time a few seed potatoes were obtained from a band living either at the Fishing Lakes or Nut Lake, and several dollars a bushel were paid for them. This year the Indians were encouraged to begin farming by receiving some seed from the Department, but the grasshoppers ate most of the crop, so that hunting had to be depended upon again. In those days, ere the ravages of fires devastated much of the fine birch and poplar which covered these hills, there were many large game that made the forest their home, and on one occasion a solitary beaver was killed by an Indian named "Little Child", and the tail of it presented to us as a delicacy.

During the winter of 1875-6 a journey was undertaken to Long Lake, for numbers of Indians unable as yet to settle at Touchwood, had gone there to live upon fish. Their wretched shacks and general miserable condition both of body and soul evidenced the need of getting them to settle on ~~our~~ Reserves under Farm Instructors, in order to lift them up in the social scale, on the one hand, and of bringing them under the influence of the Word of God to bring them out of heathen "darkness into His marvellous light", on the other. And now, after four decades of teaching, there is cause for much thankfulness for the success achieved both by the Indian Department and by Missionaries. At Long Lake, a Chief called "Kowakatoos" or The Poor Man, was living in a hut devoid of any window, save a trap door in the flat roof. His name expressed to a T both his character and condition. But poor, as he certainly was he gave his visitor a meal of fish, but the rare article of tea in such bare places was supplied by myself. This was the Chief who later on went all the way from Big Touchwood Hills to Swan River to beg provisions from the Honourable David Laird, and ere reaching his objective point the poor man had a terrible experience through lack of food. The