

LITTLE PINE'S JOURNAL.

It was when "the sucker moon" rose (February) that the bad news came to us that our Black-coat (missionary) was to be taken from us. I called our people together in the teaching-wigwam, both men and women, and for a long time we sat and consulted what was to be done; it seemed a sad thing to us to lose our Black-coat, who for many years had laboured faithfully among us, and had been as a father to us. We all said "It must not be; our Black-coat must not leave us;" and we wrote a letter to the Great Black-coat (the Bishop), who lives in the big town (Toronto), and petitioned him to let our beloved minister stay and labour amongst us. The Great Black-coat wrote us back answering that he was willing our pastor should remain, but he could not tell us for certain whether it would be so or not.

The weeks passed on; the day of prayer came round many times; and, now the moon of flowers (May) rose; the winter was past, and spring had arrived. Our Black-coat now told us that the time had come for him to leave us; that there were other Indians, the Nahduhwag (Mohawks) away south on the Grand River, who called him to come and