

about 40,000). St. Paul's Sunday school has long taken an active interest in our institution, and they support a boy named James Kezhegud. After addressing this Sunday school, we drove to Trinity Church, where I preached. This is the oldest church in St. John, one of the old landmarks of New Brunswick, and I had the honor of preaching the last morning sermon in it before its destruction. We dined at Mr. Brigstocke's, and at 4 p. m. proceeded to St. Paul's Church, Portland, where it had been arranged to have a union service of all the Sunday schools. There was a very large attendance, and all the children listened very attentively while I told of the origin of our institution through the instrumentality of the old chief "Little Pine," of my journey to England with Chief Buhkwujjenene, and of our terrible fire, which laid our first institution in ashes six days after it was completed, and lastly of the marvellous way in which God had helped us and blessed us ever since. Little did the children think that in a few days many of them would be driven from

their own comfortable homes by fire. We had tea at Mr. DeVeber's (the rector of St. Paul's,) and in the evening I preached again at the Rev. Geo. Armstrong's church in the parish of St. Mark's and after the service assisted him at evening communion. There is something pleasant to me in preaching now in a surplice, now in a black gown, now joining in the full choral service, now joining in the good old Islington style, one day an early communion with a High Church brother, another day an evening communion with one of the Evangelical school. In both I see beauty, in neither do I see opposition to the word of God. Let a man be bent on seeking God's glory, God's honor, the eternal salvation of souls and the spread of Christ's kingdom, and a great many of these little differences will sink into comparative nothingness. I think neither the gentle Saviour nor the loved disciple John would approve of the wrangling and disputing that too often disturbs our Church and weakens her hands.

(To be continued.)

Little Pine's Journal.

THE WRITER IS THE CHIEF WHOSE APPEAL IN 1871 SUGGESTED THE SHINGWAUK HOME.

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 labored faithfully among us and had been 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 labor 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 Nahduwag [Mohawks] away south on the Grand River, who called him to come and teach them, and he must now go. We were all very sad when he told us this, for we loved him

much, we loved his wife, we loved his children who were born on our land, and had grown up together with our children; we could not bear to part with him; but he told us that he was called away, and that however much he might himself wish it, still he could not stay, and he hoped another missionary would soon be found to take his place.

At length one morning the fire-ship [steamboat] arrived, and we assembled on the wharf to bid him farewell, the young men fired their guns, and he departed from us.

Then we were sad in our hearts. When we met in the prayer-wigwam [church] the next prayer-day [Sunday] there was no Black-coat to teach us. One of our young men read prayers, another read from God's book, we sang hymns, and then my brother-chief, Pahqudgenene ["Man of the Desert"] stood up to exhort the congregation. But his heart was full he could not speak; he only uttered a few words, and then his voice choked him. He sat down and buried his face in his hands. We were all of us then overcome with grief. We all wept. And we had no teaching that prayer day. A few days after this we saw a sail boat approach, it came fast over the waters of the river. We were indeed glad