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

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THEY talked a long time, and wrote a good deal on paper; and I was glad to see them writing on paper: for I thought surely now something would be settled, and my journey will not have been in vain; and I was still more glad when they told me that they thought Wilson would come to be our missionary and live among us. I said to them "Thank you. Thank you greatly. This is the reason for which I came. I thank you for giving me so good an answer, and now I am prepared to return again to my people." The Black-coats then invited me to tell them all I had to say; so I opened my heart to them and divulged its secrets. I said that at Ketegaunesebe (Garden River) we were well content, for we had had the Gospel preached to us now for forty winters, and I felt that our religious wants had been well attended to; but, when I considered how great and how

powerful is the English nation, how rapid their advance, and how great their success in every work to which they put their hands: I wondered often in my mind—and my people wondered too—why the Christian religion should have halted so long at Garden River, just at the entrance to the Great Lake of the Chippeways, and how it was that forty winters had passed away, and yet religion still slept, and the poor Indians of the Great Chippeway Lake pleaded in vain for teachers to be sent to them. I said that we Indians knew our Great Mother the Queen of the English nation, is strong, and we cannot keep back her power any more than we can stop the rising sun. She is strong: her people are great and strong, but my people are weak. Why do you not help us? It is not good. I told the Black-coats I hoped before I died I should see a