

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 (steam-boat) arrived, and we assembled on the wharf to bid him fare-well, 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 when we learned that a Black-coat was on board. We knew who it was, for he had already visited us before in passing. His English name was Wilson, but the Chippeways of Ahmujewunoong