

the Indians would gather round him in numbers over there, and listen with great attention while he read to them. I read part of Exodus to him. He says he would go fifty miles to get it as soon as we have it printed.

"You will be pleased to learn that I have reason to hope that my 'Pundit' is not without some serious thoughts of his future state. He sometimes appears very much impressed. He is evidently pleased to listen to close and earnest exhortation to seek the Saviour, and told me one day that for one whole summer a few years ago he was so impressed with a sense of eternal realities that he could scarcely fix his thoughts on anything else.

"Some of the Indians are annoyed at his aiding me, but I think it does not greatly disconcert him."

In the month of June we have the following incident, which may not be without some interest to the friends of the mission.

"We have had a Protestant funeral among the Indians, and the first I ever attended. Ben's youngest boy, a fine little fellow four years old, and named Silas after myself, was sick about a fortnight, and then died. We have all been pleased with the Christian spirit manifested by the mother, and are not without hopes that the father, poor fellow, has been made better by the event. He appears to be trying to amend, and we are quite willing to hope and wait to see whether he can endure. I had been to see them the forenoon of the day the child died, and prayed with them, a number of other Indians being present, and behaving with great decorum. About sundown the child died. According to their custom, the Indians gathered in as it was expiring, Ben being absent. They commenced their prayers for the repose of its soul. As soon as Ben came in, they desisted, and retired. Ben came to inform me of what had transpired, and to obtain something to attire the corpse. I went to the wigwam and found it deserted. I found the mother with her little son at the nearest wigwam. They immediately returned, and seemed greatly relieved when she saw us there. We remained until her husband returned. She conversed freely and sensibly. She told us of the triumphant death of her little Harriet at Truro some years ago. All through the trying scene till the burial she evidently felt keenly the treatment she received from the Catholic Indian neighbours, but there were no words of bitterness or reproach on her part. She said she could pity and pray for them, as she had been in the dark herself.