

Mundoo, (devil), strongly emphasized. This called forth a burst of laughter from the rest. We conversed a while: I learned where they were encamped, and we separated with the expectation of seeing each other again soon. My course lay in a different direction from theirs; but I soon overtook another of the party and offered him a ride. He declined to accept my offer, and said he was afraid of me. He walked along by the side of the waggon, however, and we were soon engaged in an animated discussion. I found him well posted up in the Catholic doctrine, clever, capable of appreciating the force of an argument, but fully persuaded that a priest can work miracles, turn meat into fish, and men into pigs, and do anything he chooses. I assured him that was all a mistake, that they are nothing more than other men. I endeavored to show him a more excellent way. After a while he so far got the better of his fears and his prejudices as to take a seat in my waggon, and listened attentively to a chapter at parting.

I went on to Port George where they were encamped. There were no white Romanists there to interfere with us, and I had many opportunities of reading the Scriptures to them. They all treated me kindly. I had just obtained a few copies of the Book of Genesis in Micmac, and I used to read of the Creation, of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the history of Abraham and Joseph. I was able to distribute a number of copies to Indians who can read.

I found at St. John my old friend Brooks, my first Micmac teacher, and to whom, under God, I owe everything, so far as the language is concerned. He showed me the identical Testament which was the means of breaking the shackles of Popery and setting him free. The name of the little girl who gave it to him thirty ago at Douglas, N. S.—“Jane Smith Bates”—was still on the cover; and I saw also the Bible which Rev. Mr. Brown, of “Old Barns,” afterwards gave him, and which the Priest strove in vain to take from him. The old man is still hale and strong, very industrious, has a large number of very fine smart looking boys, whose appearance and bearing are quite above the “savage.”

And I met a number of Indians at Indian town. They did not give me a very warm reception, but there were no hostile demonstrations, and that itself was no small matter to one who *has* had to flee for his life before now. I read to them, and we got up quite a discussion on one occasion. Now and then a stern voice would order me to decamp, but others would come to the rescue. They requested me to sing, and I sang of course. During the heat of debate on one occasion a short frowning little form, who stammered fearfully, came up with a knock-down argument, which he appeared to think would settle up the matter at once and forever. The Priest he affirmed could “call up the devil” and a Minister could not. Come on, said

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