

I had not been on Cape Breton, before last summer, for fifteen years. A wonderful change had taken place. The number of Indians on that Island has evidently increased. But their ignorance, and prejudice, and blind confidence in their priests, have greatly diminished. Then some of them believed me to be the devil—the priests had assured them that this was the case, and they fled from me through fear. *Now* they remembered that *farce*, and laughed heartily over it. Instead of running away, or raving at me, as they then sometimes did, they now greeted me with smiles, listened to my books, invited me to their “houses,” and treated me with respect. I do not say this was universally the case, but it was general. In some cases I was received somewhat coldly on my first visit, and some of them were shy. Once near Sydney, a woman requested—nay, even ordered—me not to read my book, and to go away. I sat on a rock out of doors, near the shore. I quietly told her I should *not* go, and that I *should* continue to read. But she was at liberty to go away if she chose. I would read, and read aloud; but she was under no compulsion to listen. She accordingly went back to her wigwam, and left me to my reading. The second day, in such cases, I always succeeded better; and by the third I would meet with so much encouragement, as to afford me much satisfaction. The very woman just referred to, and on the very day, too, in which she showed such zealous opposition, conversed freely and intelligently with me on the subject of vital religion—listened to the hymn, commencing, in English,—“Abide with me, fast falls the even tide,” as I sang it through in Micmac, and pronounced it “weltahk,” “beautiful,” and the next day, with her husband and others, she listened in the most attentive manner to the Scriptures, as long as I chose to read. The very day, too, on which I was forbidden to approach the camp, as previously mentioned, and was ordered not to enter the wigwams, and was struck with the fist, and “beaten with a rod,” and saw stones “tossed” at me. I did not fail in my object. Then and there I read Gen. 1, 2 and 3, and preached Christ and Him crucified, and sang a hymn, to a group of both old and young, who filled the wigwam, and surrounded it, and who listened with decorum and attention. I may state in passing, that the encampment at this place was the largest I can remember to have ever seen. It was to the eastward of Antigonish, on