

In the fall he crossed to St. John, N. B., and writes :

ST. JOHN, Sept. 4th, 1862.

"I copied out the first twelve chapters of Exodus, visited the Indians and read the scriptures to them several times, and collected about 50 dollars. I found some Indians that I knew and some that I did not. I found them from Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Restigouche, without exception. I was kindly received, and my reading even cordially listened to. Their roving habits produce this advantage at least, that one can see individuals from all the fields without being obliged to go to all those places. A man from Restigouche gave me a good deal of information about the Indians of that place. His wife was absent on the day of my first visit ; next time she was at home, and I found her scrubbing the floor of her hut quite in civilization style. I had to wait for her husband, and she requested me very respectfully to read to her something from the Book of which her husband had told her. Collecting money I found up-hill work, and everything seemed to operate against me. The people seemed to think I had come to New Brunswick to get money to help the Nova Scotians. I tried to make them see that the Micmac Indians are as much theirs as ours. About the 18th of August I went to Fredericton. Providentially, I found an old friend of the Maliseets, who has some education, can read, write and speak English well, and I trust has the fear of God in his heart. I secured his services, and spent every afternoon of 14 days preparing the means of mastering their dialect, so as to converse in it, and translate the word of God for this tribe. Having filled up about three quires of paper with words, grammatical inflections, phrases and conversations, I can now pursue the study of the dialect at my leisure. I had a hymn struck off—Maliseet—a specimen of which I enclose. An Indian read the proof for me, and others could read it ; and I heard them sing the tune which I taught them some years ago. My "pundit" expressed a great desire that we would give them books in their tongue. He assured me that he and others were beginning to see more clearly than they had done, respecting divine things. Occasionally I spent the forenoon at the Indian village opposite Fredericton. The Micmacs would give me a cordial greeting. Some of the Maliseets would be moderately kind, others would gather