

this sort was a better preparation after all for my special life work—than a regular Collegiate course would have been. One gets accustomed under such circumstances to grappling with difficulties single-handed and overcoming them.

But *time* for the labour was needed, and *bread* for already quite a large family. How were these to be obtained? Alas, this was a question I could not for a long time answer. For be it remembered, that when we ventured to appeal, in the year 1849, to the public in Halifax for aid, and the Christian community were aroused and came up generously to the work, a good deal of progress had already been made. I could then hold conversation, to a small extent, with the Indians in their own tongue, and had, with the assistance of an Indian who spoke tolerable English, translated the Gospel of Luke into Micmac, with some other portions of Scripture.

But there were greater objections still in the way. The very people for whom I was laboring, and on whom I had to depend for all the aid I could get in learning the language, and in translating the Bible, were led to look upon me as a deadly foe. Violence was sometimes offered to my person by the Indians, and often threatened. I was once attacked and pursued by a crowd of Indians, men and women, the men putting the women forward with their clubs, and I escaped bodily harm only by the good hand of God upon me, and by flight.

Then I was sometimes insulted in the most gross