

exception favourably received; and had many opportunities to read, sing, converse, and pray with these people.

On one occasion they held a more formal service than usual. Somewhere about thirty Indians were assembled on the banks of the beautiful Tawoaspick, the Annapolis river, under the broad spreading elms. A chapter was read, and prayer offered by Mr. Rand; and the "Red Brother," addressed the listening company in their own tongue, from John 1, xxix,—“Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.” Mr. Rand, in noticing the event, says:—“I shall never forget the scene. Seven years ago I first heard an Indian reading the Scriptures in his own tongue. It was the story of the Prodigal son. A thrill of joy came over me, and I thought I should not die until I heard something resembling a sermon from an Indian. I ventured to say so at the next annual meeting. My hopes had now been more than realized. I could scarcely sleep that night. The sight of my eyes had indeed affected my heart. I looked forward to the future full of hope and faith.”

The following Sabbath, in another place, Mr. Rand says:—“Several families assembled in one wigwam. There, with full permission, we sang Psalms, read the Scriptures, prayed, and addressed them on the Great Salvation. *We* called it a meeting: what others called it was of no consequence. At the close we were cordially invited to repeat our visit.”

Mr. Rand was anxious that Benjamin should accompany him during the whole summer, but the Committee deemed it advisable for him to pursue his studies at the Normal School, especially as he appeared to be making creditable proficiency, and was very desirous to prosecute his studies further.

Mr. Rand thus relates the incidents of a subsequent tour through Wilmot and St. John, N. B., and as far as Fredericton:

“I do not remember whether I reported the results of a tour to Wilmot, previously to my going to St. John. I had a good opportunity on that occasion to visit the Indians. Those that I met were, for the most part, the same that I had seen last May in company with my friend Ben. Our first encounter was on the high road, near Gibbons’. About a dozen were returning from a funeral. They halted as soon as they saw who it was, and one of them greeted me with demonstrations of joy in regular wild Indian style; enquiring how I was, and whence I came, and whither I was going,—questions, by the way, which are in Micmac as polite and proper as they are on board ship. I shook hands with them all, and began to answer their numerous questions, when another party came up, and I noticed that one of them was giving me a “wide berth,” and pushing ahead with great zeal. Some one called out “Come back and shake hands with Mr. Rand.” Whereupon I heard a furious muttering, and distinctly understood the word