



MICMAC INDIANS.

had a few devotional books printed in curious characters, something like Chinese, which they were able to read. As a very great favour I was given a loose leaf from one of these books, and got the Indian to give me the sound and explain to me the meaning of some twenty or so of the characters. I thought at first from what they said, that this form of writing had originated with themselves, at which I was much surprised, as the Indians are supposed never to have had a written language until the white men taught them, but it turned out on further enquiry that a missionary had taught it to them.

Our evening meeting in the basement of the church at Truro was well attended; we stayed the night under the hospitable roof of the Arch-deacon and the next day left for Halifax.

I had been in Halifax ten years previously, and the place looked to me much the same as of yore—rather old-fashioned, narrow streets, the houses seldom more than two storeys in height, and shops more like those in some English town than one generally sees in Canada; there is also a good sprinkling of fine public buildings, and the public gardens are well known for their beauty and the care with which they are tended. Red-coated English soldiers may be seen pacing the streets of Halifax, this being the only place in the Dominion, we believe, that is still garrisoned by English troops, and there are several important-looking forts commanding the entrances to the harbour. Our good friend, the Rev. Mr. A., met us at the station, and brought us in a cab to a house on Brunswick Street, where some kind friends had hospitably offered to entertain us during our stay in Halifax. I had finished my pamphlet, "Our Indians in a New Light," while travelling, and had forwarded it in advance for Halifax printing, and the evening of my arrival I had the proof brought to me for correction. There was also a meeting for us, so I had plenty to occupy my time that first

evening. The next day was Sunday. The two boys had slept on a shake-down made up for them on an extension sofa in my room. I noticed that Zosie groaned and talked in his sleep a little during the night, and he had had a cold in his head and a cough for several days. When we came down to breakfast, our hostess, Mrs. H., looked at Zosie as he sat beside her at the table and said, "Why, the child has the measles!" "Nonsense," said her husband. "He can't have them," said I; but Mrs. H. declared it was the measles he had got, so the doctor was called in, and the result was, that before it was quite time to go to church—the bed on which the boys had been sleeping had been trundled into a little adjoining sitting-room with a fire in it, and Master Zosie, wretched little creature, was undressed and put to bed. What was to be done now? meetings every night, moving to a new place every day, going to England, perhaps, in three weeks, and Zosie down with the measles! and not only so, but Soney had slept with him the night before, and as likely as not would also develop them in a few days. However, we took it all very quietly. Mr. and Mrs. H. would neither of them hear of little Zosie being removed from the house. There had been measles all winter in Halifax; it had been of a very mild type, and they were not at all afraid of it, and would gladly nurse the child, until he got well enough to travel. All this was very kind, very kind indeed, and we could only hope for the best.

Well, it was Sunday, and there were services to be attended, and sermons to be preached. Mrs. H. stayed at home to take care of Zosie, and the rest of us went to church. I preached at St. George's in the morning, (a curious old building, circular in shape, and generally spoken of as "the round church"). In the afternoon I addressed a great crowd of nearly 2,000 children gathered from eight Sunday schools in the Church of St. Paul's, and Soney stood on a hassock in the aisle—brave boy—to repeat some texts and sing a hymn. And in the evening I preached in St. Luke's Cathedral. The next day, Monday, there was first of all a meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary, at 11.00 a.m., at which I gave an address and elicited some warm responses; in the evening a public meeting in Trinity Church, which, though a wet evening, was very well attended by a congregation of about three hundred; the Bishop of Nova Scotia kindly acting as our chairman. Poor Soney had to do his part without the aid of his little colleague. I had prepared a few questions to ask him, and he had to answer me instead of putting questions to Zosie, and he did very well. It seemed rather to cause amusement than otherwise when people heard that "little Zosie had got the measles." Poor little Zosie,—he was very good and lay quite quiet in bed and took his medicine and did all that kind Mrs. H. told him to do. Mr. H. was rather amused at his