

Psalms and Hymns, and part of Scripture history.

"I have not found an Indian who appeared to have any correct ideas respecting the plan of salvation. I have, however, seen them affected almost to tears at the story of Christ's suffering and death; and I once met one who appeared overjoyed to find a Protestant who knew and cared anything about the blessed Redeemer. "I really believe," said he, raising his hands with emotion, "that we think alike after all;" and he seemed to think that it was of little consequence whether I crossed myself or not, provided I loved Jesus Christ and prayed to him. I had just read to him in his own tongue the three last chapters of John's Gospel. On one occasion poor Jacob Michel, of whom I have spoken in a previous chapter, heard me read one of the Penitential Psalms. He assured me that he sometimes felt that way—that is, like the Psalmist—when he thought about his sins. "When I am alone in the woods," said he, "I think of my sins, and pray, and weep." I assured him I was glad to hear that. "I suppose," said he, "you thought an Indian never cries about his sins." "Well, Jacob, do you pray to God to forgive your sins?" "Oh yes I pray," he replied, "I pray to God, and I pray to God's Mother." He listened with attention while I endeavored to point out the folly of praying to a woman, or to any other creature. Poor fellow! It is not for me to say where his departed spirit has gone. But I am glad that I read the story of the cross to him. I am glad I was enabled to visit him constantly during his last illness; that I could kneel by his side in his wigwam and ask the Saviour to bless him, in a language which the poor fellow could understand. The last thing I remember to have heard him say was, *that he loved Jesus*, and was not afraid to die.

"In general, so far as I can discover, they seem to be trusting to their own doings and the doings of other men, for salvation. They say their prayers regularly; they attend mass; go to confession, and when death approaches, the priest is sent for, who administers the rite of extreme unction, and after death their gun and other scanty effects are sold, and the proceeds given to the

priest, in order that masses may be said for their deliverance from purgatory; and then, they doubt not, all will be well."

Mr. Rand also notices the only book of the Micmacs, which exists only in manuscript, written in strange characters, which appear like those of the Chinese, to be symbols for words or ideas. It contains extracts from the Scriptures, a Catechism, Prayers, Psalms, &c. We know that the Indians of the Eastern part of this Province, bestow much labour on these books, occasionally illustrating them with figures of natural objects, and of the chapels which they attend; and they are much valued by their possessors.

In the close of the work the wrongs of the Micmacs, the apathy of Protestants, the encouragement to a missionary effort and the blessing likely to attend it, are fully brought forward.—We close our extracts with one on these subjects.

"I have never found the slightest difficulty or danger in going among them. Again and again my heart has been moved at witnessing the pleasure and gratitude expressed for the attention shown them, and the deep interest they appeared to manifest in the truths of the New Testament, when read to them in their own tongue. I carefully avoid provoking controversy, but never fail to point out their errors kindly, when opportunity offers, and I never knew this give offence. Questions on the New Testament, and upon religious subjects are frequently put; and the answers are listened to with candour and attention. And all this has continued even after the most strenuous exertions have been made to put a stop to it.

But I need not continue these details. And after the deep interest which has been manifested in the subject by the community generally, any further arguments or appeals, intended to arouse the feelings, would be felt to be altogether out of place. Let those who are familiar with the Mercy Seat, not forget to pray for this object. Bring the case of the poor Indian to the throne of grace, and forget not the Missionary. In your best moments, when you get the nearest to your Heavenly Father's bosom; when faith lays