

exaggeration. Read the statement commencing in page 134, of that work, there were scalped and murdered in cold blood, ninety-six persons, among whom were five of the most valuable assistants, and thirty four children. Thus were four villages of christianized Indians destroyed. Not by other savages; but by white men,—or rather white demons. Not the shadow of a crime was imputed to these poor creatures. The band of murderers got them into their power, by the most consummate treachery and villainy. They afterwards confessed that the sufferers behaved with wonderful patience, “for, said they, they prayed and sang with their last breath.” And these whitemen called themselves christians! But they had the same views respecting the Indians, which many among us seem to hold, that they are a doomed race, and that they are to be destroyed, and not saved. They indeed pushed the doctrine to extremes. They thought themselves, in the heat of their fanaticism, called upon to be the executioners of the decree of heaven. *We* would shudder at this. But, after all, where is the great difference between killing a man, and letting him die—between starving a man to death, and allowing him to die of hunger, without attempting to relieve him, when we have it in our power? Why not kill the Indians outright, and rid the land of them at once, rather than compel them, by our avarice, and our apathy, to die by inches—to waste away and suffer, and perish eternally, while we put forth no effort to save them? But why do I write thus? Surely there is no heart so callous, as not to feel for their wrongs. Surely there is no one who would not rejoice at the opportunity of redressing those wrongs, and of doing them good.

We have no reason for desponding. There are now many flourishing missionary stations among other tribes of Indians. In the United States, and in Canada, the Episcopalians, the Methodists, the Baptists, and other denominations, are labouring among them with great success. Large flourishing settlements, with farms, and houses, and cattle, and schools, and places of worship, and educated Indian preachers, and industry, and order, and bright example of christian character, and bright hopes, and joy, and triumphant death beds are among the obvious fruits of those missions. Why may we not look for the same here?

The number of Micmacs cannot be far short of 2000. They are scattered over Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, and the Eastern and Northern portions of New Brunswick. In most of those places they have large tracts of land. In Cape Breton government has secured to them 14000 acres, of an excellent quality. Few therefore as they are in their dispersions, what a host they would form, collected into one village, or district. And even to be the means of “saving the soul of *one*” of them, would be a large reward for all the labor and expense which can possibly be employed. May He who is the author of all good, give wisdom and grace to us all, and crown our efforts with success.

*V. “Missions to the North American Indians,” published by the Religious Tract Society, page 21. This is an exceedingly interesting little work, and ought to be in every ones hands.