

teach thee what thou shalt say," (Ex. 4, 11, 12)—it was accomplished.

But the difficulty of remembering and using in a correct manner long difficult Indian words, was only a tithe of the trouble. To master the language, to reduce it to writing, to compose one's own Grammar and Dictionary, and to translate the New Testament, would have been a formidable task, had I had the advantage of a thorough collegiate training, and all the advantages of money and leisure. But neither of the three had fallen to my lot. Up to the time when I was in my twenty-third year, my *school-days* had been few and far between, and my teaching of the flattest imaginable kind. *Reading, writing and arithmetic* were all that any of my instructors professed to teach, and of the latter branch there was precious little, for I learned to cipher by myself after I was seventeen years old, during the winter evenings, after the toils of the day were over. And the school teacher to whom I went longest in my childhood could not even *write*—peace to her memory! for she was an intelligent, noble-hearted, christian girl, nevertheless, who could teach us to *pray*, and show us the way to Heaven, by her bright and living example, even though she could only teach us our "Dilworth," and our "New England Primer." I had, however, when I commenced the study of *Micmac*, mastered the difficulties of Latin, Greek, Hebrew and French, with such assistance as came within my reach, without attending a regular institution of learning. And, perhaps, a training of