

common mercies, and to deem every blessing, except that of the conversion of sinners, unworthy of mention, and even that fearfully undervalued. But enough. While Elijah acknowledged that the thing asked for was "hard," even this did not discourage him,—and so of the brother who asks me to *pray in faith for his children*. I will endeavor to do so, and for my own also; and I request the benefit of his prayers for myself, and for my unconverted children, and the Indians, and all the world. I like his request. It moves and humbles me, and encourages me too. What nothingness, and less than nothingness, are we! And yet what wondrous blessings we may ask and obtain, when we can approach God in his own way, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and in the all-prevailing name. I bless the Lord that I *can* tell to some small extent, of sinners being converted in answer to the prayer of faith; and also of rich spiritual blessings bestowed on myself and others. Unceasingly I would continue to pray for these. But why should we overlook or undervalue the lesser matters? even the wants of the body as well as of the soul? With God is anything great; or, rather, is anything *little* with him?

I return to my extracts, one or two more of which I will insert:

"Please to accept the enclosed trifle (50 cents in stamps) from a *working man*, towards your mission among the Indians, with prayer for your greater success." "Please receive the enclosed twenty shilling note as a contribution towards the Micmac Mission fund. Yours, Friend." *Halifax, August 22nd.*—"I send you \$1.65 in stamps in aid of the Micmac Mission, being the amount raised by the children of our Sabbath School during the summer months. Small as the sum is, we hope the Great Head of the Church will bless it and render it of some use to the poor neglected Micmacs; and may your hands be staid up by the prayers and support of the Churches in Nova Scotia. I trust you will be enabled to proceed onward in your heavenly work, and that you may have power given you to stay the current that is fast, I fear, sweeping them as an innocent people into oblivion. Their lives, temporal and spiritual, will certainly be required at our hands. May God spare you long to labor in this vineyard, and make you as honored and useful in the future as you have been in the past,—is the sincere prayer of our Sabbath School scholars. Yours truly, W. C."

In these extracts I have mentioned no names, nor, in general, the places from which they came. I trust I have thus avoided giving occasion for offence on the one hand, or for vanity on the other. And here I might close my Report, not for the want of facts, which, I believe, would be interesting and useful, but because I must keep within reasonable limits. I have no idea of being discouraged in the work. I feel conscious of many defects and shortcomings in every particular as a missionary. I certainly do not think I have large faith—nay, indeed, does not my own conscience reproach me with unbelief, and with the unreasonableness and sinfulness of it. But I do think I have some faith, and my earnest desire and prayer to God is for more—and for that also compared with which even "all faith, so that I could remove mountains, would be nothing," 1 Cor. xiii.

The following letter from that dear sister who has been already introduced to the reader as a suffering invalid, was not, of course, intended for publication; but as I cannot think of a fitter conclusion to this Report, I shall venture to insert it nearly entire:—

October 23rd, 1867.—"Dear Brother in Christ, I hope you will excuse the liberty I take in writing to you. But my heart is very sad to-day, and I feel as if I wanted