

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 hold upon the promises; and praying is felt to be a matter of asking and receiving, then "brethren pray for us."

I do not know that a single convert has yet been made. It is possible that all the labors which may be expended upon them, may fail in being instrumental in saving one soul from death. But it is not probable. And even if it were, that is not so much our affair, as to see to it that the failure result from no neglect of ours. "I can do all things," says an Apostle, "through Christ strengthening me." And so can we; while without Him "we can do nothing."

There is no reason why the Micmac Indians, may not be blest, and elevated and saved by the gospel, equally with any other people. "Is any thing too hard for the Lord?" No race of human beings has ever been discovered, impervious to the Spirit's power; nor has man been found in any condition on this side of eternity, in which the gospel could not find its way to his heart, and bring him clothed, and in his right mind, to the feet of Jesus. Missionary labors among the American Indians, have been abundantly successful. Who does not know of the labours and successes of Elliot, and Brainard, and the Mahews, of Roger Williams, and the Moravians, and a host of others both of former and later times? The second sermon which Elliot preached to the Savages, about the year 1646, brought an aged Indian to him, enquiring "whether it was not too late for such an old man as he, who was now near death, to repent and seek after God." Elliot translated the whole Bible into the language of some of the tribes. This was published in 1664, and was the first Bible ever printed in America\*. Through his labours fourteen towns of "praying Indians," as they were designated, rose up as if by miracle, in the wilderness.

Brainard was equally successful. And so were the Moravians. In spite of the roving habits of the Indians, in spite of their prejudices against the whites, in spite of their ignorance and barbarism, in spite of the opposition of their *powows*: in spite of the scattering demoralizing influence of war; in spite of the wicked examples of men bearing the christian name; in spite of the ruinous effects of ardent spirits; in spite of every thing, the zealous Moravians persevered in their labors, nor did the God of all grace withhold his approbation, and blessing. Multitudes were converted and saved. The poor converts as well as their devoted teachers, were often called to endure severe hardships, and suffering. It is enough to make ones blood boil with indignation, or curdle with horror, to read of the treatment they suffered at the hands of the white man, especially in times of war. But "what could separate them from the love of Christ?" "Could tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" "As it is written, for his sake they were killed all the day long, they were accounted as sheep for the slaughter. But in all these things they were more than conquerors; through Him who had loved them." Let the reader peruse the book just referred to, and he must acknowledge that this application of the above impressive passage of Scripture, is not an