

mas—Harriet Christmas, who died in Truro some years ago, gave such evidence of faith in the Lord Jesus, and triumph in the hour of death, that the white friends who saw and heard her, were astonished beyond measure. The Rev. Mr. Dimock published an extensive notice of it in the *Christian Messenger*. I could mention several more among the sleeping and the living, but let these suffice.

For the last three years, while never losing sight of the Indians; I have not been attending as exclusively to them as formerly. I have been compelled to rest. The labor of translating and correcting the New Testament, and of transcribing it, and of correcting the press while the printing was going on, crowded too much brain work upon me, and I broke down under it, and had an attack of fever in the autumn of 1875, just after the whole work was done. The doctors enjoined rest from work of that kind; and change of labor is rest. But I cannot and do not lose sight of the Indians. I can tell them in their own tongue wherein they were born, the marvellous story of the Cross, and as long as the Lord keeps me here, I hope to be able to continue to tell that story to those people, and to others. May the good Lord enable me to do so with more earnestness and power than heretofore.

What has been accomplished, when looked at from a mere human standpoint, is certainly not much; but when looked at in the light of eternal truth, it *is* much. The salvation of one soul is of more value than the conquest of kingdoms, or the discoveries of