

the work, and who has sustained us through an amount of difficulties, labours, discouragements and hardships, that, now that they are past, appear truly appalling. I am amazed that I did not break down and abandon the work years ago. I ascribe it solely to the sustaining goodness of God.

As this statement is intended to be little more than a private circular for Christian friends, I may be allowed to refer to myself, and to my labours and trials without reserve: my readers will, I feel persuaded, make all due allowance under the circumstances.

First, then, I may say that I had almost no assistance in learning the Micmac language, and it would have been a difficult task even if I had been supplied with every needful aid. For it has always been a difficult task for me to remember foreign words, and names, and numbers; though charmed with the study of languages, and easily recalling the meaning of words when I saw them. I could soon master a foreign language so as to translate from it into English: to translate from English into the other was always a difficult task. But in order to *spea*k a language, you must not only be able to remember the words and grammatical niceties, but you must be able to do this without effort. To attain this end, in the case in question, was an arduous task,—but thanks to Him who once said: “Who hath made man’s mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? Have not I, JEHOVAH? Now, therefore, go and I will be with thy mouth and