

Silas T. Rand, The Micmacs' Friend.

By Judson Kempton.

"Katakumagual upehelase—Come up to the back part of the wigwam," and I'll tell you the story of Silas T. Rand, the apostle to the Micmacs.

On rare occasions, in my boyhood, I saw the great scholar from the woods. He was known to the Sunday school children of Nova Scotia as the most charming of all story tellers, for his tales smelt of the smoke of the wigwam, the balsam of the fir trees and the tan of the beaded buck skin. The last time I saw him was near the close of his career. He was preaching on the Twenty-third Psalm to a large congregation, composed mostly of young people. "Goodness and Mercy," he personified as two angels that attend the Christian all through life; and when he came to the last passage, the old man slowly repeated the words, "surely Goodness and Mercy shall follow me all the days of my life," and as he spoke, he turned his back to the audience, and stood with both hands raised, his white hair falling to his shoulders, looking up, as if his guardian angels were visible to his sight. It seemed to me that I could see them too.

It was not long after this, in the winter of '89, that the college town of Wolfville was awakened one night by the cry of fire. The Acadia boys formed a bucket brigade, heroically soaked the building,—a photographer's gallery—and themselves, and each carried off as a souvenir, an old photo from the pile that had been thrown into the snow. Mine proved to be the likeness of the Indians' missionary, who had died at his home in Hantsport but a few months before. I have treasured it ever since.

The fact that few know anything about Silas T. Rand illustrates how little we really know as to who shall be greatest in the kingdom of God. Truly, when all is manifest, many that are last shall be first, many that are unknown shall be revered.



HE LOVED AN OBSCURE PEOPLE.

The only reason why Dr. Rand's fame is not more widespread is that his valuable life was given with a rare consecration to an obscure and hidden people. For forty years he was the missionary to the Indians of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. He visited them in their secluded settlements and birch-bark wigwams until he practically knew them all, for there were less than 3,000 all told. If Southey could pronounce John Eliot, the missionary to the Indians of Massachusetts, "One of the most extraordinary men of any country," those who know of Silas T. Rand and his work may say the same of him.

He was born in 1810, near Kentville, Nova Scotia, of parents of English ancestry, who had come from New England to occupy this land of the exiled Acadians.

He was the eighth of twenty-two children. His early advantages were of the most limited kind. Outside of learning what he calls the "honorable and muscle-developing professions of bricklaying," he received scarcely any education until he was twenty-five years of age. "When I was a small boy I went to school, such as schools were then, for a few weeks, to Sarah Beekwith, Sarah Pierce and Wealthy Tupper, respectively. None of them amounted to much as teachers, and Wealthy Tupper could not write her own name; but there was one thing she could do,—she could and did teach and show us the way to heaven." When he was eighteen years old he determined to study and master the science of arithmetic. "This I did with the aid of a book. I took my first lesson in English grammar from an old stager named Bennett. I paid him \$3 for the lesson and after learning it, started and taught a couple of classes of my own at \$2 per pupil. Next, I studied Latin grammar four weeks at Horton Academy. Then in the spring of 1833, I returned to the work of a stone mason and the study of Latin. There was no ten hour system then. It was manual labor from sunrise to sunset. But I took a lesson in Latin before going to work, studied it while at work, took another at dinner and another at night."

He thus describes his first lesson in Latin: "It was the first night of the four weeks I spent at Horton

Academy. I heard a fellow student repeat over and over again: 'The words opus and usus, signifying "need," require the ablative, as Est opus pecunia,—there is need of money.' That rule, and the truth it contained, was so impressed upon my memory, and was such a perfect illustration of my own circumstances, that I never forgot it."

A STUDENT OF THE GREATEST UNIVERSITY.

After these few weeks in an academy, Mr. Rand entered what he called his "great university"—"the greatest university of all time, ancient or modern, a building as large as all outdoors, and that had the broad canopy of heaven for a roof." Stone mason, country pastor, woodsman, Micmac missionary, whatever else, thenceforth he was a student destined to become such a scholar in that "greatest university," that the lesser universities, such as Harvard and Acadia, considered that they honored themselves in voluntarily bestowing upon him the degrees, D. D., D. C. L., LL. D.

Asked in after years if it was true that he could speak in a dozen languages, Dr. Rand replied: "I could twenty years ago, but perhaps I should have to refresh my memory somewhat to do it in my seventy-sixth year. Twenty years ago I knew English, Latin Greek, Hebrew, French, Italian, German, Spanish, modern Greek, Micmac, Maliseet and Mohawk. I am a little rusty now as I said, but I could then read Latin, French, Italian and Spanish almost as well as English. Do you ask what is my favorite language? Micmac. Why? Because it is one of the most marvelous of all languages—in its construction, in its regularity, in its fullness,—and it is the language in which I have, perhaps, done the most good. It is the language into which I have translated the Bible and in which I have been privileged to preach the gospel to thousands of semi-savages."

After ten years in the pastorate, in 1846, Dr. Rand was fired with the foreign mission sentiment that had swept over Nova Scotia. The Baptists had sent Mr. and Mrs. Burpee to Burma, and the Presbyterians, John Geddes and Isaac Archibald to the savages of the South Sea Islands. At the suggestion of Prof. Isaac Chapman, of Acadia College, Silas Rand began to study the Indian language. "I took hold of the idea, and determined thenceforth to devote my life to the work of civilizing, educating and Christianizing the semi-savage Indians of the Maritime Provinces. I resigned the pastorate of my church, gave up all the comfort, conveniences, prospects and social happiness of a pastor and devoted a large portion of my life to association with savages, having such comforts as were to be derived from association with them, and spending portions of a lifetime in wigwams and in the woods."

THE DEGRADATION OF THE MICMACS.

At that time the condition of the Indians was not much different from that when the country was discovered. In some respects it was worse. No effort had been made to civilize them, and from the white man they had learned little except his vices. There was a strong prejudice, even on the part of the Christian people, against encouraging the Indians to break with the traditions of barbarism.

But forty years of the life-time of one devoted, talented man of God won both red man and white man to different thoughts. "They are now treated not only as human beings," said Dr. Rand in an interview with one who asked him to tell the story of his life, "but as citizens. They have the gospel and other books in their own language; they live in houses, dress, work and eat like other people, and have property and schools of their own." To the truth of this any Nova Scotian can testify, for we have visited their tidy public schools and well remember their small but neat-looking cottages in their settlements, with gardens and farms. No Indians in America are more comfortable or maintain a higher scale of living than the Micmacs and Miqicetes of the Maritime Provinces of Canada. They are also increasing in numbers and the census shows that there are twice as many in these provinces as there were in 1851. We too frequently excuse our murderous methods of dealing with the Indian problem by saying that "the noble red man" necessarily languishes and dies when brought into contact with civilization. It has not proved so in Nova Scotia since Silas T. Rand became the red man's brother.

Many other interesting things concerning Dr. Rand how he adopted the Muller system of living by faith, receiving no fixed salary, making no appeals for money, never asking any man for a dollar, but living twenty-two years by faith in God—"that my bread would be given me and that my water would be sure"—how he published a volume of "Modern Latin Hymns," how he took Mr. Gladstone's Latin translation of "Book of Ages," and corrected what he considered a poorly translated line, besides making his own translation, and how Mr. Gladstone sent him a personal acknowledgment of indebtedness; how, besides translating into Micmac almost the entire Bible, he compiled a dictionary, in that language, of 40,000 words; how he discovered Glooscap, that mythological character which has been called "the most Aryan-like of any ever evolved from a savage mind," and of how he has saved from oblivion the "Legends of the Micmacs" the best of which

have been published by Wellesley College in a volume to which I am much indebted for facts here presented, I might relate. But I have reached the limit of my space and will close with this "Micmac's Prayer," which the good doctor was fond of singing, though I believe it was not composed by him, but was of earlier origin—

"In de dark wood, no Injun nigh,
Den me look hebbun and send up cry,
Upon me knee so low;
Dat God, on high in shiny place,
See me in night, wid teary face,
Me heart, him tell me so.

Him send him Angel—
Take me care—
Him come himself
And hearum prayer,
If inside heart do pray.

Him see me now,
Him know me here,
Him say,—"Poor Injun, nebber fear—
Me wid you night and day?"

—Standard.

The Christian's Rule of Living.

By J. B. Gambrell.

Life is so broad and has so many points of contact with the world that it cannot be regulated by a complete system of specific commands and inhibitions. The world could contain a book that would specify everything a Christian ought to do or ought not to do. Rather, the New Testament lays down rules of living, which are to be applied with sanctified wisdom. The master law of the new life is this: Whether the Christian eats or whatever he does, he is to do all to the glory of God. This law rules every detail of life. The base of it is the fact, that he is not his own, but belongs to Jesus Christ. Under the law of the surrendered life, Christians are to present their bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is their reasonable service. Because the world is at enmity with God, Christians are not to be conformed to the world, but are to be transformed by the renewing of their minds; that they may prove what is that good and perfect and acceptable will of God.

This means that the new life is to dominate and use the body as an instrument of service. This is the whole philosophy of Christian living. Whatever we do in this world to honor the Savior or to help humanity must be done in the flesh, but not according to the flesh. The Christian is to plan his life in every detail from the Christ center, not from the self centre. The real Christian is dead, and his life is hid with Christ in God. The strength of this rule of life lies in its extreme simplicity, and in the fact that it appeals directly to the highest motives, such as love, gratitude, a tender regard for the honor of the Savior, and compassion for erring humanity, which is hurt by a careless and worldly walk. Ordinarily, no devout spirit will have any difficulty in deciding whether a given action is permissible under this divine rule, and the rule is so manifestly correct, that it must be admitted by every Christian when it is stated.

Under this rule, many things not mentioned in the scriptures against gambling on horse races, in lotteries or on cotton, or other products. But one can gamble in any way to the glory of Christ? Who believes it? Not one. Applying this rule, gambling in every form, is to be let alone. It is evil and hurtful. At the bottom it is dishonesty, no matter how disguised. Not even the stupidest can believe God can be glorified by gambling.

Suppose we apply the rule to dancing. Does the dance glorify Christ? If it does, then we may reasonably precede every dance with prayer. Preachers may reasonably, even scripturally, dance. Churches may move out the pews from their meetinghouses and turn them into dance halls. Why not have church balls, if only we may thereby glorify God, and help humanity to a higher life? This has been done, but only when Christianity was merely a profession. No one should hold that dancing is as bad as some other things. It is not, but where does it fall under the rule—among things Christian, or things belonging to the world and the flesh?—Even the world has no trouble in identifying its own. Under the rule, where does the liquor business belong? The whole country suffered a moral shock when some months ago, that elegant Laodicean, Bishop Potter, of New York, opened a saloon with religious services. Men of the world and men of all denominations felt that Christianity had been scandalized and God's holy name defiled. I see that the saloon has gone the way of all others. It could not serve God and Mammon. But, if saloons may be voted for and patronized, why should they not be voted for and patronized, why should they not be religiously opened? Can anyone tell us why not?

Let us turn the rule in another direction. The work of life may all be wrought out with beautiful consistency in harmony with this simple rule. It requires honesty in dealing, purity in life, and a lofty purpose in all things. This is the formula, under the rule: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit,

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