

by the winds of autumn, from one end of the land to the other; that heartfelt prayers have arisen to him from the solitary huntsman in the depths of the forest, and that many earnest religious conversations have been held around the camp-fires in the long nights of winter, which, but for the instrumentality of your society, would not have gladdened his ear. Apart from the general good which they trust has been done, your Committee desire to express their gratitude to God, that he has brought to their knowledge several instances, in which the labours of the Missionary have been blessed, and they trust savingly, to individual souls. One of the most remarkable of these was communicated to them in a letter from Mr. Rand, and they feel sure it will gratify the public as it gratified them. Mr. Rand writes as follows:—

“HANTSPOET, March 9th, 1855.

“An event of some interest has just occurred. One of our sick Indians—John Paul, brother of Mrs. Morris—Christiana, whom you have seen—of North-west arm—has just died, and was buried to-day. I have taken from my first acquaintance with him a great liking to him. I have spent many an hour with him in his wigwam. He always listened attentively to the Scriptures, and engaged readily in religious conversation, and I have not been without hope that the grace of God had taken possession of his heart. Efforts were made to deter him from allowing my visits; but they were unavailing. I never aimed so much to attack his Romish errors directly as to dwell upon the free salvation of the Gospel—without money and without price. About New years, while I was in Halifax, I was informed that the priest had sent orders to him to leave Hantsport, and had threatened him with all the curses of the church if he remained. His statement to me, when I returned was, “I wont leave this place till I choose. It is not in the power of any MAN to keep me out of Heaven—that is a matter between God and my soul.” He said in Indian ALSOOMSEE, “I am my own master” in the matter of religion. He remained. He continued to listen to the Bible with attention, and to receive my visits with kindness and respect until he died. I remember now that when I came to read he would send the small children away that I might not be disturbed. The last time I saw him, was a precious season to my own soul. It seemed easy to speak of the great Redeemer, and the way of salvation. I may say that special prayer was made for him in the church, where a number of christian friends were assembled on the day before he died, holding a special prayer meeting on our own account. More than one fervent prayer was here offered up for the dying Indian. I returned from the House of God to my own house, where I met an Indian from John Paul’s wigwam, who informed me that the poor fellow was near his end—but, “oh,” said he, “he is wonderfully happy. He says he is going to heaven—and that he has already had a glimpse of that bright happy world. He has been exhorting us all, and telling us how easy it is to be saved. He DREAMED last night he was in heaven. He saw there the glorious Redeemer, and the shining hosts of Angels and the Redeemed. As he was ushered into the holy throng, he thought they gathered around him and shouted—John Paul has come!—John Paul has come! and though it was but a dream he believed it would not be a dream long.” I need not say that I would think but little of a dream simply as such—but do they not often indicate the state of the mind? And would not any of us wish to be in such a frame of mind when called to grapple with the last enemy as would lead us, in our broken slumbers, to have such a glorious vision of the Lamb in the midst of the throne. I found that the dying man had been aiding me wonderfully in my work. If I, sinner that I am, should reach that holy place, I too shall be hailed with shouts of rapture and astonishment—and none the less would be the joy over the soul of a poor red brother. And the Indian who brought me the affecting account was moved. I found it easy to follow up the exhortations of the dying man, and to urge him to flee from the wrath to come. I went next day to see John Paul. I couldnt see him. His Body was there—but HE had gone—GONE I do hope and believe, where he dreamed he was. He died rejoicing. True, he was not a convert from popery—he had never abjured Romanism. They put a huge cross on his clay. I