

receiving for several years past among the Indians of these Provinces. They treat me everywhere with respect, listen with great interest and attention to the doctrines of the Gospel, and in not a few instances, individuals have given evidence of having received the truth in the love of it ; for they have lived consistent lives, or died happy, triumphant deaths.

I have never baptized but one Indian. A much more worthy Missionary than I can claim to be, has said, strangely as the doctrine sounds to modern ears : " I thank God that I baptized none of you but Crispus and Gaius"—" For Christ sent me, not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel!" (See 1 Cor., 1.14-17.) And I humbly trust that *I myself* have never made a single convert ; but I am satisfied that God has made a good many converts among the Micmac Indians, as well as among other tribes. Nor have I ever had any reason to complain of the one that I had the happiness to baptize about twenty years ago. That Indian up to the present time, has been a most consistent Christian, so far as I have been able to ascertain. It may cause some surprise to learn that that Indian's name is " BEN. CHRISTMAS"—but it is *Mrs.* not Mr. Ben. Christmas. She still lives, and I trust she may hold out to the end. That is not all. Their eldest son died several years ago of consumption, at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. He was about eighteen years of age ; and the testimony of his mother and the Christian friends who knew him, is, that he was a child of God, and that he died happy in the Lord. Another of her children—another Christ-