

Miac Mission.

Report of the Committee

Of the Miac Missionary Society, from Oct. 23rd, 1850, to Sept. 30, 1851.

But it is high time to direct your attention to Mr. Rand's later operations. Early in June, he paid a visit to the Indians in some parts of Cape Breton, which has not been surpassed in interest, by any previous excursion. He took passage from Charlottetown, in H. M. Surveying Schooner Gulnare, and after a brief stay in Pictou, proceeded to the Strait of Cansuau, expecting to find the Indians encamped there as usual for the summer. Disappointed in this expectation, he returned to the vessel which was going on to St. Peters, about eight miles from an Indian settlement. Here he met an old friend, in whose wigwag he had once stayed all night, and was asked to visit him next day. The interesting narrative which follows, must be given in Mr. R.'s own words, extracted from his letter of date June 24th, 1851.

It happened very well for me that Captain Orlebar was to remain here about a week, and that his business led him down to Indian Island, where the Indian Chapel is, with a settlement of Indians contiguous, about (as I said before,) 8 miles from our floating house. This gave me a capital chance of going and returning. At first there were but few families at home, but as the Sabbath drew on, they began to assemble in greater numbers. I learned that Sabbath was a high day among them, and that they were expected from all quarters. Provisionally the priest would not be there. I proposed to them to go down and go into their chapel and keep quiet until after their prayers were over, and then to come out and read to them out in the open air. They assented to this, and a young man volunteered to come up and convey me down in a canoe. He came accordingly on Saturday evening, remained till morning, and the wind came ahead and blew pretty fresh, but we accomplished the passage without any trouble. I found upwards of a hundred Indians, old and young, and was very politely introduced to them by my friend. They all gave me leave to go into the Chapel, where they provided me an eligible seat, and the service commenced. I cannot describe it, for want of time and space. I could not understand what they chanted and muttered, but I could understand what I saw. The prostrations, the kissing of the floor, and the toe of an image of St. Ann, and the offering of a half-penny in two several places, all this going on continuously was plain enough. One old man led on the rest, and after the singing was over, he gave them an exhortation. As he spoke slowly, and in measured style, I could understand the most of it. He said many good things, seated by the way, like the Rabbins of old, and some which were not so good. As soon as they issued out, my old friend said to me, "If you have anything to say, now's your time before they scatter." It was proposed that we should occupy the Priest's house, which stands a few rods from the chapel. Thinking it had probably never been devoted to a better purpose, and very likely never would be again, I did not object. I found a table and a chair, which I immediately occupied. They crowded in, and filled up the room. "Are you ready?" I inquired. "Not quite; there are a few more to come yet." I assure you, dear brother, it was a solemn moment. For often have I addressed an audience, because custom had drawn them together, and custom required a sermon. It was different now. These immortal beings who sat before me had come because they supposed I had a message for them. I had collected them because I had something to tell them. I was to address them extemporaneously in their own language. I looked up to Heaven for wisdom, and help. I had determined to tell them all about the mission for an introduction, then to read a chapter and expound it, by way of conclusion. I did so. I could see by their eyes that I was succeeding in making myself understood, and in riveting their attention. I could not tell how long my address lasted; there was no necessity of taking out my watch. After a while, quite in Missionary style, I was interrupted with questions. They were all put, however, in a kindly manner, and I answered them as well as I could. The purport of the questions was to ascertain more fully my views and aims. "Did the Queen send you," they inquired; and had I any immediate temporal benefits to bestow?—I explained. By and bye, the bell rang for vesper. Most of them retired, but six or seven remained, some of them intelligent looking old fellows. "Never mind," said they, "we need not go. Tell us more about it." Finally, one more gave his opinion. "If we contemplated instructing their children, and giving them books, it certainly could not be anything evil we were designing. For his part he would not be afraid to send his children." I concluded the whole by prayer. Vespers were now nearly over. As soon as they issued out of the chapel they collected in groups, repeated what had passed, and a very warm discussion ensued. This was just what I desired. Some sparks of thought would probably be elicited. I looked on and listened. The worthy old man who had played the preach-

er in the morning, was evidently not pleased.—He had not attended my lecture in the lodging place of his "Retirence." I occasionally put in a word, helping each party as occasion required. All parties separated soon, apparently in friendly terms. I got a couple of Indians to convey me in a canoe a couple of miles across a cove, and then walked homewards. It was now past four o'clock. I had eaten a very early breakfast, and taken a bite in my pocket, which I gave nearly all to the two Indians, who paddled me across the cove, on learning that they had had no breakfast. But I was neither hungry nor weary. Had I the pen of Leigh Richmond, I could tell you what a delightful winding road I travelled. How it would occasionally shoot into the woods, just putting on the livery of Spring, and then emerge out upon the Bras d'Or, studded with little Islands—then rise over an eminence, giving a most commanding view of the surrounding country. But let that pass. I reached home after a couple of hours, and found my friends just assembling on the half-deck for evening service. You will scarcely need to be told that after we were assembled in the gun room, I recounted the events of the day. We sang a few hymns, and prayed together, and betook us to our beds. It was long before I could go to sleep. The earnest, interesting countenances of those old, hoary-headed, venerable looking Indians were before me. The Indian words were ringing through my head. I do think I could pray sincerely that the blessing of God would rest upon the labours of the day, notwithstanding all my defects and failings. Next day I went back in Capt. Orlebar's boat. I again heard and saw their devotions, again I heard the old *Sakumow* preach. After chapel was out, we sat down together out of doors, and had a very interesting conversation. Finding that they did not get offended, I took the opportunity of telling them what we conceive to be their errors, both in principle and practice. They in turn tried to puzzle me. "Tell us," said one old man, "where is heaven?" "It is above," said I. "And don't the earth turn over every day?" he rejoined. "Yes, it does." "Well then, if heaven is up at noon, where is it at midnight?" This was a difficulty, truly, but he seemed satisfied with my explanation.

But I will have done, and tell you the rest when I see you. I returned in the Gulnare, and arrived home Saturday before last. I expected my teacher would have been gone to Nova Scotia. Instead of that I found him sick. I took the opportunity to visit him and the Indians in that region. I found it a good opportunity to read and talk to him and others. My trip to Cape Breton answered a valuable purpose. The shy ones would draw near and listen, when they heard me *telling news* in Miac. The Chapter which I had read in the *Pallisagooom* came in as a matter of course, as a part of the story, and what I had said, and what they had said, worked in also.

Since that time, Mr. Rand has been presenting the claims of the Indian to christian sympathy and help, at Pictou, New Glasgow, Green Hill, West River, Onslow, Cornwallis and Pughwash. From some of these places, aid has been received, from others it is forthcoming. At Pughwash Mr. R. spent some time in correcting his translations. The portions of the Scriptures translated are the Book of Genesis, the Gospel of St. Luke, and the Acts of the Apostles. The portions which approach the nearest to the proper standard are the two latter. The Gospel of St. Luke was first translated, but the Acts of the Apostles being more recently done, required less labour in revision. Both will soon be in that state in which Mr. R. will feel himself warranted in placing them in the hands of the Committee for publication; trusting that although imperfect, as they necessarily must be, yet that they will present to the Miac, in his own tongue, the sayings and doings of our Lord Jesus Christ—the words of *eternal life*.

The Committee feel that they as well as the translator now occupy a responsible position.—They know how desirable it is that those, when issued, should remain for years, if not ages, standard productions. They know however that translations into the English and into other languages, which were marred by imperfections which increasing knowledge ultimately removed, were blessed to the salvation of souls. In these circumstances they have felt constrained to take the preliminary steps towards publishing, and are now in negotiation with the Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society for the accomplishment of the contemplated measure, so soon as Mr. R. and the Committee shall have been satisfied that they are fully prepared for such a step.

In the mean time the Committee think it desirable to state, that the subject on which the greatest difficulty was apprehended, and on which some predictions were hazarded by persons unfriendly to the Mission on its present basis, (the rendering of Baptizo and Baptisma) is likely to be arranged in a way, which, if not perfectly satisfactory to all, will not, it is hoped, prove very grievous to the conscientious scruples of any. By the Constitution of this Society, which was adopted after much deliberation, no part of the funds can be applied to the publishing of any translation till sanctioned by the Committee. It was

therefore, and is now evident, that some concession must be made, else one object of our union must fail of its accomplishment. In these circumstances, Mr. Rand and his Baptist brethren while conscientiously differing from the Committee on the points referred to, have continued their co-operation with the Committee, a majority of whom have resolved on their own responsibility, that these words shall be transferred, after the example of the English authorized version.

The Committee in concluding would, with increasing confidence and earnestness, recommend the prosecution of the work to the Society, and to the Christian public. The conversion to God of those poor ignorant children of nature is not impossible, is not impracticable. They need much, but not more than the death of the Saviour can provide for them, and not more than the Great Spirit can do for them. The Saviour lives, and by his life can secure all that is necessary to make the exertions of your Missionary successful. And the object for which he labours is dear to the Saviour. It is the object for which he poured out his soul unto death; and for which he now in his intercession, pours his soul into the bosom of his father. And what He asks shall be granted. The Holy Ghost will be given. A blessing will descend on means, on such means as have his approval, and such are the circulation of His own word, and the preaching of Christ. Union among ourselves, in applying these will also have his approval. How striking are his own words! "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also who shall believe on me through their words; that they all may be one; as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou has sent me." Surely with this example before us, we should pray that the Lord would guide and bless our Missionary, that the Holy Spirit may descend upon him, and upon the Indians, to whom he bears the tidings of salvation, and upon ourselves, that we may continue "like minded one towards another, according to Christ Jesus, that we may with one mind and heart glorify God, even the father of our Lord Jesus Christ." "Come then, O Spirit of the Lord, from the four winds, breathe on the dead that they may live, and let the wilderness become a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be counted for a forest." "Then shall judgment dwell in the wilderness, and righteousness remain in the fruitful field, and the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever."

If good men in some instances, decline our union, and prefer other departments of the Master's service, we wish them God-speed; and feel assured, that a sufficient number will remain, who feel it an unspeakable honour to be employed in the effort to save their brethren, and to be associated with the Redeemer himself in the highest and holiest of enterprises.

Literary.

For the Wesleyan. Mental Science. NO. XIV.

THE EXISTENCE OF THE HUMAN MIND.

The existence of the mind appears from that attribute of the soul termed sensation. Were it not for sensation the mind would not become conscious of either pleasure or pain, joy or sorrow, light or colour, cold or heat, hard or soft, or any of the objects of sense. By it the mind contemplates things as it were out of itself, and acquires a proper knowledge of corporeal representations, or sensible objects. This sensation then is produced by the impression of external objects upon the organs of sense.

The organs of sense are the sight, hearing, taste, smell, and touch. The effects of the knowledge, through them, which it attains, which these indelible produce upon the mind, and in all their varied ramifications, will never be fully known in time, and must run parallel with eternity. By the eye, the organ of sight, the mind acquires the sensations of light, colour, visible figure, magnitude, motion and position. By hearing, the sense of sound, and the information derived from language, are communicated to the mind through the ear. The external ear collects the undulations of sound, and conveys them to the sensorium in the brain, which is the organ of sensation. Taste is that exquisite sensibility, which resides in the palate and tongue; and conveys to the mind the impressions which produced by bitter and sweet, and such substances as are cognizable by the taste. The smell is that nice susceptibility which is excited in the mind, by the impression of odiferous, or the contrary, particles, arising from surrounding bodies. Feeling is that sensation which extends to every part of the body, whether external or internal; and the sensations generated by it are multiform.

We are perfectly conscious that we feel cold, heat, hunger, and thirst; that we taste, bitter, sour and sweet; that we are capable of smelling that which is agreeable, or disagreeable; that by sight we behold light, colour, motion and visible figure; and that by hearing we attain a knowledge of sounds, and are able to distinguish one sound from another. By these senses we learn the existence, properties, and powers of external objects, and the co-existence of different attributes in the same objects. We are evidently as conscious of the truth of these positions, as we are of our existence. We find something within ourselves of quite a different nature, and possessed of essentially different properties, to the four elements, of which our bodies are said to be composed,—viz., earth, water, air, and fire,—something, having no relation to these. We find something in ourselves that thinks, and becomes conscious of the objects of sense, by the external senses, and can reflect on its own existence, properties, and capabilities, which neither earth, water, air, fire, nor any mixture of them, can possibly do: something which sees, hears, smells, tastes, and feels, all of which are so many modes of thinking. We go further still: Having perceived objects by any of these senses, we form inward ideas of them. We judge concerning them; and we discover whether they agree or disagree with each other. We reason concerning them, that is, we infer one proposition from another, and we reflect on the operations of our own minds.

As we can see, hear, smell, taste, feel, think, become conscious, judge, reason, and reflect, we infer and conclude, that we have a living, active, mental principle within us, which is not matter, which exists perfectly distinct from matter, and which can, and will, exist independent of matter. Mere matter, however organized, cannot possibly produce all these wonderful effects. The mind, then, cannot be matter, because, it thinks, reasons, reflects, and so forth, which are properties eternally separated from matter, and every particle of it. As matter and mind are diverse from each other, and as they cannot, in their essence, and essential properties, be united, we must believe, from these very properties, of which we can take cognizance, that the soul exists, distinct from the body; that it is not of the body, or is not the result of any particular material organization; and that thought, consciousness, reason and reflection, are the processes of a spiritual substance, whose external sources of knowledge are the organs of sense; and yet, in this life, they are mysteriously united, by what is to us an unknown tie.

Consciousness, which is considered one of the principle faculties of the human mind, may be adduced in proof of the soul's existence. Consciousness appears to be that faculty of the mind whereby we are made sensible of anything; viz., of love, hatred, joy, sorrow, desire, fear, hope, guilt, or innocence, and a whole train of other inward emotions, termed passions or affects. By it we are assured that we do exist; that we can reflect, judge, reason, and dispose; that we feel hunger, thirst, cold or heat; that we are conscious of external objects; and that we can hear the human voice or thunder.—We are as conscious of these particulars as we are of our existence. If we study, meditate wish or fear, we are also conscious of the inward acts and our minds perceive their own thoughts, wishes, fears, and so forth.

Consciousness, having no positive existence in itself, demonstratly the positive existence of some substance, in which it inheres; for consciousness implies both a source and an object. Consciousness, being the internal perception of what passes in our own minds, must have its origin in the soul; and at the same time, there must be an object which is perceived, or of which the mind becomes conscious. The activity of the mind implies both a source and an object, in all its operations. It is, therefore, a sufficient demonstration that consciousness, volition and perception do exist, and from this existence an active principle must follow.

Consciousness cannot be an essential property of matter, nor result from it, merely considered as matter. Neither can it result from any particular modification of its parts, or combinations of these particles of which any material being is composed. A being which is physically incapable of being conscious in any state, must, if it be the same, be necessarily incapable in every state. And to