

eyes towards my mother, the mother who nursed me when I was a babe, and I saw that she was weeping for me. She said that she wept for my soul. Dear Brother I cannot describe how I felt, but I found the spirit of God was in me, and I felt as if I were guided by that spirit that night. I was enabled to speak boldly for my Master, but he made me harmless as a dove. I learned that after that my father spoke well of me.

In general I was well received by the Indians in Cape Breton. I arrived home yesterday quite unwell, having been laid by twice with severe illness during my absence. I had one time but little hopes of recovering, but I found kind and skillful friends, especially Sister Whidden of Antigonish, where I was confined with a severe cold in my head and ear-ache for several days. But God does all things well, and we must not complain when we feel the rod.

I found my family well, but one was missing. Oh, when will she be forgotten! I sympathize with you in the afflictions of your family. God knows what is right.

Yours truly,

BENJAMIN CHRISTMAS.

Comment upon these letters is unnecessary. Were the Micmac Mission in its present organization now to cease, it could not be said to have failed. Under God it has accomplished a great work. It has been very successful in promoting harmony and brotherly love among the different bands of Christian brethren. It has awakened a deep and increasing interest in the Indians of our land. It has called forth earnest prayer for their deliverance,—it has given them the Holy Scriptures and taught them to read them, and enabled hundreds who cannot read them to hear, in their own tongue, their soul-saving truths. It has blessed them temporally,—given them employment and fed and clothed them; and finally it has so far instructed at least one of their number, once as dark, as ignorant, and as degraded as any of them, that he can go and tell them of the love of Jesus, bid them “Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world;” and then in simple style move our hearts with his details of the natural affection—the tears of sorrow, the pleadings of the spirit, and the deep workings of the hidden man—common to the wigwam and the palace. Surely the labor, the anxiety, the endurance, and the expense, which has been owned by God, and crowned with such results, have been already most amply rewarded. And may we not hope that all this is but an earnest of what is to come,—but the first fruits of a rich and glorious harvest!

Your Committee can scarcely feel satisfied to close this Report without some reference to pecuniary expenses. In the disbursement of funds they