

at my circumstances. Here I am in Cape Breton among my people: it is harvest time, and the fields are white, and the laborers few. I saw the tears of an Indian woman (Mrs. ———) roll down her cheeks as I talked to her and her family about Christ dying for me, for her, for her family, and all the world. I mean to tell my people as I go to "behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world."

The next is dated

*Truro, Oct. 28th, 1858.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,—After I had written you from Plaister Cove I pursued my journey to meet Dr. Forrester at Whycogomagh. Here I found some of my countrymen, and they were all glad to see me. I learned there how much threatening they had got this last summer from the Priest to have nothing to do with me when I should go among them. Some of them said the Priest told them if they should shoot me it would be no harm. But I did not see any of this harsh treatment: but I saw red countenances solemnized while I talked to them, and I think when the countenance is solemnized the heart is affected too.

After I had finished there I went down to the Bar. When I came there immediately I met my two young brothers in the street, and as I shook hands with them their eyes were overflowed with tears of natural affection. A few minutes after I went to see them all in the wigwam. Oh, how did I feel when I went to see my mother! I knew *her* feelings; but when I got into the wigwam I found all my brothers and sisters. I made salutations to them, but I could not read their countenances. In one sense they were glad to see me, but in another sense they felt sore about me. While I sat for a few minutes no one spoke to me. I prayed for them in my heart. After my prayer in spirit I began to talk to them, to move away if possible the dark cloud. I soon succeeded; and before we parted that night we had a very pleasing conversation. The following day I went to see them again, and spent almost the whole day with them; then my father and I began to talk about new events. I felt that I could talk with them with a peaceable heart, and told them what God had done for my soul, and how I found peace with Christ. Father said to me, after listening to what I had experienced, "Why could you not stay in the true church and be a Christian?" In replying I told him my reasons and showed him passages from the Bible which spoke contrary to the Roman Catholic Church. After that he did not argue that point much, but he said I ought not to be of the Protestant religion, and he wished me to go back to the old traditional Church. I told him I was very well satisfied with the church I have. Not the least movement was made by my brothers, but their flashing eyes were fixed upon me. I directed my