

REPORT

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MICMAC MISSION,

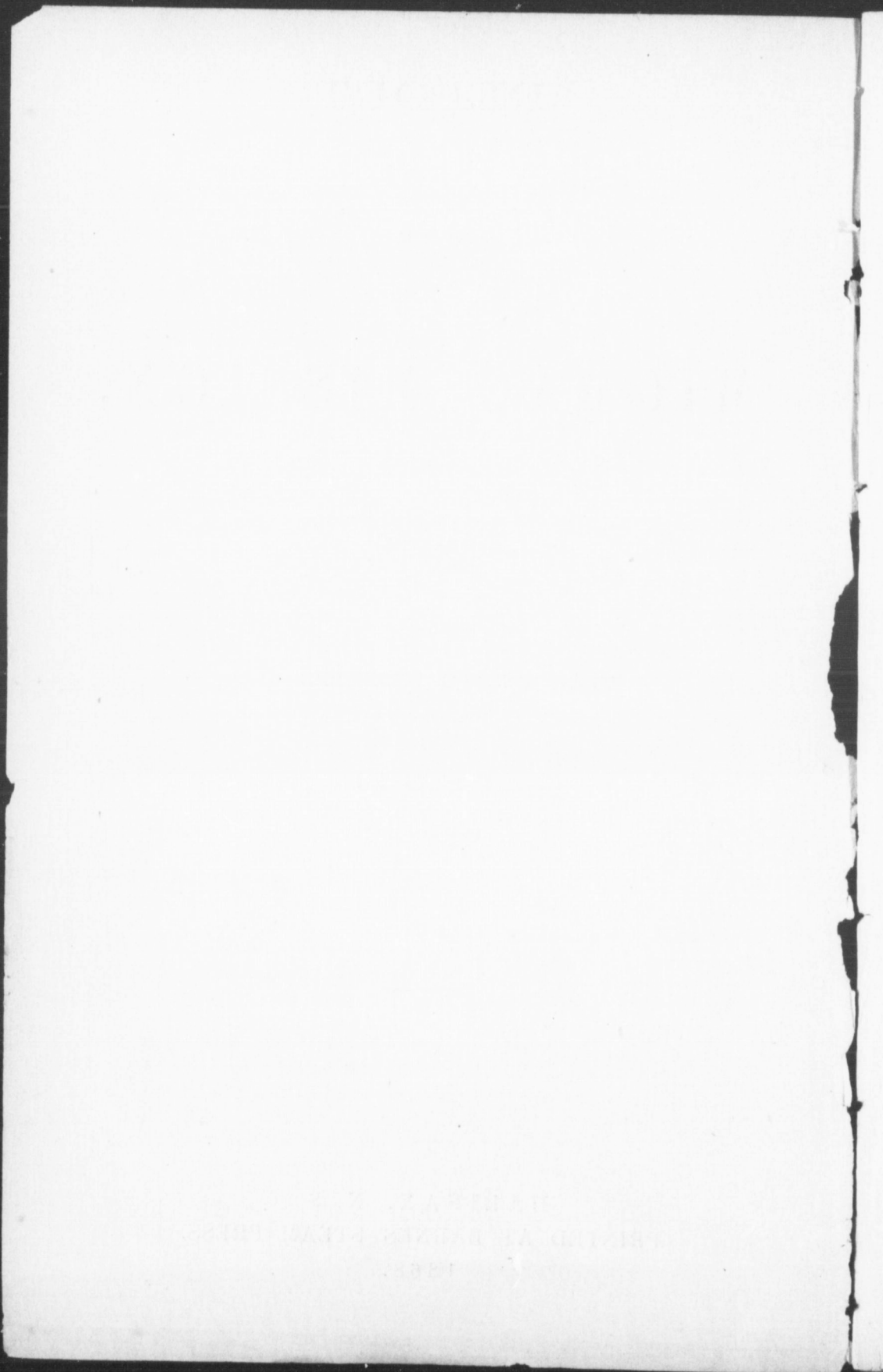
FOR THE

YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31st,

1867.



HALIFAX, N. S.
PRINTED AT BARNES' STEAM PRESS.
1868.



REPORT
OF THE
MICMAC MISSION,

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December 31st, 1867.

SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.

ONE object sought by the Micmac Mission, is, the promotion of "civilization" among the Indians. In our last Report several facts were mentioned, showing that some progress has been made in this respect. A few details are here given in proof of the same.

In April, 1866, I visited within a few days, at their winter quarters between Hantsport and Annapolis town, about twenty families, in five different places. The white people in all these places where the Indians had been stopping, seemed astonished to see them so well clad, so industrious, so honest, so sober, so neat in their persons and habits as most of them were. It was supposed in each case that the two or three families in that neighborhood were different from all other Indians, because they exhibited such marked symptoms of improvement; and the wonder was increased when it was ascertained that this was not the case.

In one place, in Wilmot, there were two families residing in two small houses near each other, where the past and present, so far as cleanliness was concerned, were exhibited in painful contrast. In the one the children were comfortably clad, their hands and faces clean, and their hair well combed and brushed. In the other, they were ragged, and one would have supposed that the use of a wash-basin and comb had never been heard of. But the example of their neighbors wrought wonders in a short time. In the autumn as I passed the same place, I learned that the latter family had come back. I called, expecting to witness the usual want of tidiness. I was agreeably mistaken. The hut had lost its old appearance. The mother and the children had evidently made discoveries in the uses of water. They were improved greatly in their appearance, and subsequent visits have satisfied me that what had been thus gained has not been lost. I spent a very pleasant hour with them not many weeks ago. Their eldest daughter, about twelve years old, exhibited quite a smart appearance, and informed me she was going to school.

In June, 1866, I went to Pictou. Not having been there for several years, I naturally wondered if I would find the same proofs of advancement that I had witnessed along the valley of Annapolis and Kings. On my way to Truro I stepped out on one of the platforms, and was accosted by a well-dressed *gentleman*, as I should have called him, with the Indian salutation, *Kwā!*—"hail!" Thought I, here is a white man who knows a few Indian words, and who takes this method to let me know that he recognises me. So I returned the salutation and proceeded to try him a little further, by asking him, *tällyoolāin?*—"how do you do?" "*Welāe,*" was his ready response—"I am well." His utterance was so correct that I began to conclude he was a veritable Indian in spite of his appearance. This was true. He hailed for an Indian. He lived near Truro, and had been down to Halifax selling mast hoops. This was encouraging. I visited the "camp" where he stopped, and was much encouraged by the treatment I received, and by what I saw. In the autumn I visited the same place again. I had taken the up train from Truro, intending to spend a couple of hours with the Indians, and then go back in the down train. As soon as I stepped out of the cars I saw a couple of men sawing wood near the platform. They spoke to me, and on approaching them I found that my friend just referred to was one of them. They scarcely paused in their work, but shook hands pleasantly with me, and conversed as they sawed. The sun went down, but they continued their work. After a while I said, "You seem to be very industrious; have you not done enough for one day? How much do you receive per cord for sawing?" They quietly laid down their saws, put on their coats, and said they were sawing, not by the cord, but by the day. This I scarcely believed; but I did them injustice. I learned last winter from a gentleman residing in that neighborhood, the following facts, which I received as quite confirmatory of their statement. Speaking not of the one I have mentioned more particularly, but of the other, he informed me that he was a very industrious, honest man—a first rate fellow. "He encamped near my house," said he, "all last summer. Sometime in the summer he came and asked me if I could give him some work. I told him there was a piece of land I wished to clear, and I would give him so much per acre to chop it. There was still some wood upon it, and I would give him so much per cord extra to cut and pile that." The bargain was struck; but being suspicious that "Jo" would get tired of his job, it was stipulated that he must, at least, chop one acre, in order to be entitled to any pay. The Indian accepted the terms, went at the work manfully, and continued day after day, and week after week, until he had chopped *ten acres*. The neighbors were, of course, as well as himself, surprised at the Indian's perseverance. Significant hints were thrown out that there would be trouble with the fellow. The old *sing song* would not fail to be repeated, as though it were a maxim of Holy Writ, "An Indian is an Indian." But as the poor fellow was taking good care not to get in debt to his employer, and was doing his work faithfully, no just cause of alarm was given. The Indian's family continued to ply their ordi-

nary occupation, making baskets, &c.; and when hard pushed a small portion of the pay for chopping would be asked for, and cheerfully given. When the job was finished, a surveyor was employed to measure the land. The wood was also surveyed. Both parties were perfectly satisfied, and the Indian was paid to his satisfaction. Just then a gentleman residing at Truro, who had taken the contract to supply wood for the cars, was enquiring for a man to saw. Our Indian friend was recommended, and he gave such satisfaction to his employer, that he readily hired him by the day, left him to oversee himself, and affirmed—so said my informant—that he would do twice as much as any white man he could get. Two more incidents were added worthy of being mentioned. The Indian was in the habit of going to a white man's grindstone to grind his axe, and, in order not to be laid under obligation, he would occasionally take an axe handle and leave it. At the approach of winter he moved further off into the woods. He came down to a Mr. J——'s as they were butchering a beef. "Would you not like to have a quarter of beef?" he was asked. "No money," was the answer. "Well, I guess you are good for a quarter of beef; I'll trust you," said Mr. J——. So he agreed to take it, and stipulated that it should be a *hind quarter*, and be conveyed to his wigwam. This was done; when lo! instead of "no money," a twenty dollar bill was produced, which it was not quite so easy for our friend to change.

Such a case would be well worth recording, even were it a solitary one, which, I am happy to say, it is not. It would prove the injustice of treating the Indians as though they were incapable of improvement. They may, as a race, be prone to deceit, to laziness, to extravagance, and all else that is bad, because, alas! they are brothers to the white people, of whom all these things are true. But Christ came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. He came to seek and to save that which was lost; and the deeper the guilt and wretchedness are into which any race, or any individual, is sunk, the louder is the call to hasten to the rescue. Christian duty, in such cases, is not founded upon human pliability, but on the command of the Lord. Unless we are prepared to labor on in the way of obedience to the end of life, without witnessing much fruit from our labors, we certainly are very imperfect imitators of the prophets, apostles, and martyrs. If our faith will not bear testing, it is not of the right kind. Still every case in which God is pleased to show his approval of our efforts, is a precious encouragement to labor on; and even one solitary instance like that just detailed, ought to shut the mouths of gain-sayers, and silence forever the unfounded objection that the Indian is incapable of improvement or change, and that efforts to that end are in vain.

But I could relate a number more similar facts. Two Indian families, comprising about a dozen individuals, resided last winter in West Cornwallis. The man, on whose land their huts were erected, gave me the most pleasing testimony respecting their honesty, their tidiness, and their industry. He affirmed they were "capital neighbors." Two of the young men were employed cutting cord-wood on

the North Mountain, and could far outdo the white men. During the winter they cut two hundred cords, besides making barrels and doing work of other kinds. And the women were as industrious as the men. I made them several visits, and spent part of Good Friday and Easter Sunday with them. The air of thrift, of neatness and comfort that pervaded their huts, (for huts they were, having floors, doors and windows) was truly refreshing. The interest was not lessened by the fact that we spent the time in earnest study of the Bible, and in singing and prayer. And so I could go on, did the limits of this report allow, detailing case after case of Indians whose reputation for moral honesty and industry would do credit to men of any sphere whatever.

MISSIONARY LABOR.

An application was made last winter to the British and Foreign Bible Society for means to publish for us the book of Exodus in Micmac. This was readily granted, and during the winter I was engaged in correcting and copying the translation. The printing has not yet commenced. It is to be done in Halifax; is to be proceeded with this winter; to finish the correcting and copying, and to superintend the printing, will furnish employment for a good many weeks.

During the summer I visited several parts of Nova Scotia, and went in September to Prince Edward Island. I had planned to go to Restigouche from the Island; but my visit to the latter place having been delayed by sickness at home, I had to postpone the other. I have no reason to complain so far as it respects opportunities for doing good, either among the Indians or the white people. Effectual doors are opened in every direction for instruction, admonition and exhortation. The difficulty is to obtain and maintain a frame of mind that will prompt one to faithfulness, and make success possible. In this respect I must confess to great deficiency. I often shrink from duty, even where religious conversation and the story of the cross would be kindly received. But the hardest task is, to go where one is not wanted, and to preach to those who have no confidence in you, and no patience with you; who look upon you as an adversary, and who regard your words as fraught with error and danger. Still, were such persons to be passed by, the great commission would not be carried out, and those who are often most in need would be neglected. Among the Indians many instances could be mentioned where fear and opposition on their part have yielded to a little perseverance, and doubtless many a blood-washed soul in heaven was once like Saul of Tarsus among the most furious of persecutors.

I have not hitherto, I believe, been in the habit of introducing into our Reports extracts from my diary; but on the present occasion it may not only give some variety, but also present a more correct picture of missionary labor among the Indians, with its trials and encouragements.

Feb. 7th.—Yesterday, a poor fellow, sick with consumption, came on from Yarmouth, his wife hauling him part of the way on a sled; they were on their way to Beaver Bank, where their relatives are.

I was requested to furnish the means of paying their fare thither. I engaged to do so, and as I was coming down to Halifax, I offered to convey them over to Windsor to-day. During the forenoon I read the Bible to them in my study. Endeavoured to be personal and plain with the poor sick man, and to direct him at once to the all-atoning blood of the Lamb. He listened attentively, and seemed to receive my admonitions with gratitude. I drove them up to Windsor, paid their fare in the cars, and conversed with them as we came down. They appeared very grateful for it all, and I felt encouraged to hope the poor fellow was the subject of grace.

[This man died last spring at Dartmouth, and I was informed by one who was present, that he died rejoicing in the Lord.]

Berwick, Monday, April 22nd.—Preached at the Baptist Chapel yesterday forenoon. It rained a little when meeting was out, but it soon held up, and I went to see the Indians according to my promise last Friday. I must say I had a very satisfactory visit. Last Friday I read to them the book of Exodus as far as chapter five; yesterday I read on to chapter thirteen. They listened with great attention. Questions were freely asked and explanations given, and exhortations thrown in as opportunity offered. It was "Easter Sunday," so that the Institution of the Passover, related in Exodus xii., seemed to be very appropriate to the occasion.* I prayed with them at the close. It was a very pleasant season. Oh may the blessing of heaven rest upon the labors of yesterday!

Wilmot, May 3rd.—I called over yesterday to see the Indians. The men were absent from the "village," but nevertheless I received a cordial welcome, and was assured that the men would be glad to see me when they came home. I promised to go over again to-day.

Wilmot, May 4th.—I went yesterday again to the Indian "village." [It consisted of a cluster of small houses on the banks of the Annapolis river, surrounded by woods.] The men had returned. I was kindly received and read the scriptures. Poor Helen had not heard of the death of her father until I told the news. She seemed to feel the blow deeply, and wept. At their request I wrote a letter to her mother, enquiring after the particulars. I have more to say of this man presently.

Lord's Day, May 5th.—I spent most of yesterday again with the Indians. I read several chapters from my manuscript copy of Exodus. They were at leisure. They assured me that they were much pleased with my visit. I studied astronomy with them in the evening. Ascertained that while they called Ursa Major, *Moo'in*, the *Bear*, they restrict the name, very sensibly, to the four stars comprising the body of the Dipper. The three stars, *Benetnash*, *Mizar* and *Alioth*, composing the handle, they name *Chiggeegëch*, *Chipchowëch*, and *Plës*, i. e., *Chickadee*, *Robin* and *Pigeon*, who are reported to be three

* The Indian name for "Easter" and the "Passover" is the same. This is also the case in French and other European languages. *Pagāwīmk*, *Micmac*; *La Pâque*, French; from *Pasach*, Hebrew.

hunters pursuing the "bear." The constellation, "Corona Borealis," is named "M'skeegwōm." "*The bears den.*" Mooin (*Bruin?*) is supposed to have been started from his den. One of the hunters, viz., Chigegech, has a kettle on his shoulder, (a small star near it, Alcor,) in which it is intended to boil their dinner when they shall have succeeded in taking their bear. It is said the "Hurons," when first discovered, gave the same name to this remarkable constellation, calling it "the Bear," and restricting the animal to his ordinary form, excluding the *long tail*, very well knowing what our ancient astronomers seem not to have known, or to have overlooked, viz., that "bears have no tails." The three hunters having, in Micmac, the names of birds, is evidence of antiquity, since it was the custom thus to name people before the Europeans came,—not since.

To-day (Sunday) I crossed over and spent an hour or so with the Indians. But I was nearly defeated by a crowd of white people. The Indians had brought in a litter of young foxes, whose mother was black. They had been taken in a hollow log. The mother had been allowed to escape, as it was not the season for fur. I could not but commend their consideration and presence of mind in this respect. Would many white men have been as considerate? Their description of the capture was, however, rather touching. The poor old fox had followed them close at hand, and making affecting signs of sorrow until night, when they entered their canoe and crossed over a lake, leaving her to herself and her sorrows. I could not blame the people, whether young or old, for their curiosity in wishing to see the litter of foxes, especially as the word had been circulated that they were mostly all black. But I was sorry so little respect had been paid to the Sabbath. They might surely have restrained their curiosity for one day. Their desire to hear the missionary read and sing in Micmac would seem to be more reasonable. But was it really so? How many times in my life have I been completely defeated in my attempts to instruct the Indians, not by the opposition of enemies, but by the want of consideration in friends. On this occasion so many white people crowded into the hut, that I had to turn it into a meeting for them; many of the Indians having had the politeness to remain outside, resigning their places to their white visitors.*

May 28th.—Walked over to Dartmouth Lakes. Saw lots of Indians. Met J. W., an intelligent man. He said he had gone to school a short time when a boy, and that he now deeply regrets that he did not persevere; but he had been discouraged and dissuaded by the priests, who still oppose objections to their sending their children to school. I read several chapters from Exodus, from chapter xvii. to chapter xx., inclusive. It was 7 o'clock when I left.

August 2nd.—New Glasgow, 9 P. M. I found several Indian families near this place, and had a pleasant season among them. I read and conversed for more than two hours.

* I saw the "little foxes" again during the summer; some of them bid fair to be of "divers colors," but it was thought none would be black.

August 7th.—Yesterday I went down to see the Indians at the mouth of Pictou Harbour. I did not succeed very well. They gave me a very cold shoulder. I found about a dozen wigwams and houses. I succeeded in reading a few chapters to a few Indians, but I met with opposition, banter, and ridicule. This made my work seem hard and discouraging. Wearied and worn, and overcome by the heat, I retired into the woods to pray. I soon found a cool, comfortable place, where some fir trees had been lately felled. I collected some boughs and prepared a comfortable couch, and found sweet relief in prayer. There was a friend near who could sympathise with me, and who would neither banter nor blame me. Then I lay down and slept under the "juniper trees." I awoke refreshed and encouraged. I could rejoice as well as pray.

[I tried several times afterwards to find that same lovely spot, but either could not succeed, or could not make it seem the same. But I shall not soon forget the sweet season I enjoyed there "alone, but not alone," in the woods.]

August 9th.—Took the train at Pictou and came up to New Glasgow, and visited the Indians. I found more than a dozen ready to listen to the Bible, a large portion of them being young people. I read four chapters from John's Gospel, viz., ix., x., xi., xii. I am to go again this evening.

August 10th.—I spent the afternoon with the Indians. I found them, I may say, *eager* to hear, and I read a good many chapters. Went out again in the evening and examined the stars, and confirmed former observations and information respecting the Indian names for some of the constellations.*

September 1st.—I was again at Pictou, on my way to Charlottetown. I left a sick daughter at home, who had been ill several months, without any prospect of recovery. After briefly recording the events of the preceding Lord's day, the Record proceeds: "I slept well last night, and dreamed of preaching earnestly and powerfully to individuals. I now turn my face toward Charlottetown; O, may God go with me! and may my visit to that 'Isle of the Sea' be a blessing to myself and to others."

2 o'clock, P. M.—Just after the cars had started for Halifax, I received a dispatch from Mrs. Rand, to the effect that "Minnie is dying," and asking me to return immediately. Had the dispatch reached me half-an-hour sooner, I should now have been on the wing for home. Had it been an hour-and-a-half later, I would have been on my way to Charlottetown. I must see and acknowledge the hand of God in all this. I have telegraphed that I will go back to-morrow. Mean-

*The Indians tell me that the old people had names for stars and constellations which are now forgotten. The following are about all that I have been able to obtain, in addition to those already mentioned:—Egwedamdijik, the Fishers, (Orion's belt); Elegawijik, the Kings, (Orion's sword); Ejjalkuch, the Pleiades; signification unknown. Kweomoo, the Lion, four small stars in the form of a cross in the thigh of Antinous. Ootadabun, the Morning Herald, applied to Venus when morning star; and Nenganoos, the Leader of the Host, applied to the same when evening star. The North Star is named as in English, Okwottunoogawa kullokowech.

while I will go up to New Glasgow in the steamer this afternoon. I feel composed and peaceful. Not my will, but thine, be done, O Lord. I have asked to see my dear child again before she dies; but I leave this also wholly to thee, O Lord.

September 30th.—I came up to New Glasgow yesterday afternoon. Had sweet talk with christian friends. Slept soundly. I feel this morning very much composed. Somehow the crisis seems to have been passed. I *think* my daughter is *better*. She may be *dead*; but I am at perfect peace about her, and about everything else also. I have had comfort in devotion. We have a fine cool day for travelling.

Next day I arrived home. Our dear child was better, though still very low, and, apparently, trembling in the balance between life and death, but very peaceful and happy, and full of joy at the thought of departing to be with Christ. To find her still alive, comparatively free from pain, and so happy, seemed to fill my own heart with gratitude, and to prevent everything like murmuring, or complaining. I long, myself, for the rest of heaven; why should I wish to detain another?

Our child continuing to improve, I started again for Charlottetown, where I arrived on the 13th September. The Record says; "I have been earnestly praying that the Lord may be with me during this visit. I have not come to get money. I have to-day a feeling bordering on disgust for the 'filthy stuff.'" But my prayer is that God will be with me, and that the Gospel may have access to the Indians and to the white people, to saints and to sinners; and that my visit may tend to the glory of God, and to the advancement of his cause."

Nor was I disappointed. I once resided in Charlottetown for eight years. We left it fourteen years ago. I have been there but seldom since. But I love to go; and my visit on this occasion was a pleasant one to myself, and I trust not without advantage to others. For about a fortnight the weather was so stormy, and the roads so muddy, as a consequence, that my travelling was almost wholly suspended. But many precious opportunities were afforded for preaching publicly, privately, and from house to house, both to the Indians and the white people. There are generally a good many Indians in the neighborhood of Charlottetown, at Rose Bank, across the harbor. I have always found it one of the hardest places. In former years I have been assaulted there, as well as insulted, and have again and again been driven from the field. I found some opposition still. On one occasion as I entered a wigwam, I was given to understand that my room would be deemed much better than my company. But as I had had a long walk, and was tired, I insisted on the privilege of resting myself a while. Seeing that I would not decamp, they took another course for accomplishing their object, and ran out themselves. I did not, I confess, enjoy the solitude, and felt somewhat relieved when one of them returned, apparently, to watch me. I soon left, and tried for better success at another wigwam. But a fierce-looking woman in the doorway, holding back two huge savage-looking dogs, and threatening to let them loose upon me if I attempted to enter, presented a barrier

altogether too formidable for my nerves, and I passed quietly on to the next encampment. Crossing a field I met a woman and a boy; the former responded to my friendly salutation, with *Mündoo pemeet*—"the devil is going along." All this seemed forbidding and sufficiently discouraging, and yet, on reaching the next encampment, I had a quiet, pleasant season, reading and expounding the Scriptures to quite a group of men and women. And I believe I was never altogether disappointed in this respect. One day, at Rose Bank, an Indian named "Peter," undertook to frighten me away. The poor fellow has only one hand, but he has a good deal of pluck, and is, in many respects, a capital fellow. It is astonishing how he gets on with all kinds of work with his one hand. The other hand was blown to pieces some years ago, by the accidental discharge of a gun. He is a most zealous Catholic. I could never succeed in gaining his good will. On the occasion referred to, I had stood some time watching his ingenuity in "ship-building," as he wrought at his *kweedün*; but he seemed so crusty and dogged in his answers and questions, that I soon gave up the attempt at conversation. Reclining on the shavings in front of another wigwam, I was succeeding somewhat better with the "man of the house," when friend Peter came over to see what was going on. He talked loudly and fiercely, and brandished his crooked knife very stoutly over me. I quietly advised him to go home, assuring him that I neither feared him nor his knife; that I had no objections at all to being killed, and no fears on the subject whatever. Others attempted to frighten or drive me away at the same time, but they did not succeed; nor did I leave the place without spending a very pleasant hour in reading the Scriptures to one family at least.

I was anxious to visit Lenox Island, but did not succeed, the stormy weather having disconcerted my arrangements. This is quite a large Island in Richmond Bay, near Port Hill. The Indians have long claimed possession of it as a central rendezvous. They have a chapel there and several houses, and have made considerable progress in farming. Theophilus Stewart, Esq., a gentleman of Charlottetown, takes a great interest in them. He is Indian Commissioner for the Island, and is untiring in his efforts to aid them. He does not, I am sorry to say, meet with much sympathy or encouragement from the "pale faces;" still he perseveres, and meets with some success with the Indians. His efforts are more particularly turned towards inducing them to settle and till the land. The Indians' title to the Island is disputed. It is claimed by a gentleman residing near Charlottetown, as the "inheritance of his fathers," purchased and paid for in hard cash. It were unreasonable, therefore, to suppose that he would be willing to have it wrested from him by argument or force. Some years ago I recommended that the Island should be quietly purchased for the Indians, and all obstacles in the way of their peaceful possession of it removed. It is bad enough for any class of poor men to have to dig and delve for a living, without being obliged to fight over the little piece of "stubborn soil" allowed them. I was pleased to learn that measures were lately concerted in England, while

Mr. Stewart was there, for purchasing this Island for the use of the Indians; and that about four hundred pounds sterling had been contributed in England towards the object. It is most devoutly to be hoped that the negotiations may be speedily concluded, and that no obstacle, imaginary or real, may be allowed to hinder or retard it.

Though I did not get to Lenox Island, I went to Summerside and spent one day—one of the most rainy days I ever saw—at that place. There was an encampment of Indians about a mile off. Notwithstanding the rain, I went out in company with a friend. We entered the first wigwam we came to, and of all places for human beings to vegetate in—*live* would be an unsuitable word. The “concern” was very small. The drenching rain had found its way in above and below, and several pools of water were visible, with little hillocks rising above them, on one of which there was a wretched apology for a fire, and on the others human bipeds were squatting. The owner saluted me cheerfully, and talked freely and fast; but he would not allow me to read. I could read out doors, he said, but not in the wigwam. As he was bent on arguing with me, I succeeded in putting in some words “according to the lively oracles.” I found more comfortable habitations in the other wigwams, and a little more encouragement, as I was allowed to read a portion of several chapters and to sing a hymn. I found a poor fellow dying with consumption in one of the wigwams, who had expressed a desire, I had been told, to see me. I had correctly divined the cause—the same that led the poor cripple at the gate “Beautiful,” to look so earnestly at Peter and John—“expecting to receive something of them.” I was glad to have it in my power not to disappoint his expectations. The habitation, I was glad to see, had been so constructed as to guard against the intrusion of the rain. He and his mother manifested much gratitude for the trifle given,—not quite so much for the hymn, the exhortation and the prayer. There were two young men there from New Brunswick, who seemed glad to see me. One of them assured me that he had a brother in Bucktouche that could read, and he eagerly asked me for books. He went all the way to my lodgings in order to obtain them, and received them gratefully.

My time being up, I was now obliged to return home, which I did the following week, greatly pleased with my visit to the Island. My friends there were not unmindful of the wants of the Mission, nor of my personal wants. I had no occasion to refer to these, and if I had had, I should not have done so. Money in large sums and little, and useful articles, were handed me, and sent after me in a liberal manner. The whole amount received from the time I left home till I returned was *one hundred and sixty one dollars and twenty-three and a half cents.*

After spending a few days at home I started on another tour, crossing over to Chester, Liverpool, Locke's Island, and came home round by Yarmouth. I will not increase the length of this Report by any further extracts from my journal. I will close this part by giving a brief sketch of the hopeful conversion, and happy death of an indi-

vidual of whom I have often spoken. He was a Frenchman. His father came from France; his mother was a German. He was brought up nominally a Protestant,* but lived and grew up to manhood without religion. His father came to Nova Scotia as a French prisoner of war. He was a potter by trade, and lived in Annapolis County, Truro and other places. The son was apprenticed to a blacksmith, but became dissatisfied with the treatment he received and ran away. He went to sea several years, and returned again to Nova Scotia, landing in Halifax on the night of the illumination to celebrate the proclamation of peace at the close of the American war. Thoughtless, intemperate and wild, when about twenty-one years of age he changed his name, calling himself Patrick, and went off among the Indians. He learned their language and their habits, married an Indian girl, turned papist, and became to all intents and purposes an Indian, living with them for more than fifty years, till the time of his death. He lost his first wife and married another Indian woman, who still survives him. They had in all seventeen children. During his boyhood he had learned to read, but could neither write nor cipher. Many years ago a New Testament was put into his hands, and he was induced to peruse it. He read it through—such was his own statement—five times in one winter. Subsequently he received a Bible, which he kept and read despite all the attempts of Rome to wrest it from him. He supposed his faith in the Catholic creed was very firm, but the Bible shook his steadfastness, and he became a staunch Protestant.

The conversion of this man from the errors of Popery, by reading the Bible, was one of the most important links in the chain of providential events, which led to the establishment and continuance of the Micmac Mission. He became my first efficient teacher of the Micmac tongue. I had not tried the experiment of learning it long before I met with obstacles to which I must have yielded, had I not met with a man who understood English as well as Micmac, and who would not be terrified, from the work of instructing me, by any kind of "papal thunder." Such a teacher the Lord raised up for me in this man. But until recently I never saw in him any clear proofs of vital piety. Long before I saw him first he had become a practical teetotaller. The affectionate appeals of a dear dying daughter, eight years of age, went to his heart, and led him to resolve never again to drink intoxicating liquors. I first met him in 1846, near Charlotte-town, P. E. I. He subsequently removed back to Nova Scotia, afterwards to New Brunswick, living for a number of years near Indian-town. A few years ago he removed in the autumn to Hantsport. Here, in the following spring, I think it was, I, for the first time, witnessed in the poor fellow, then verging towards eighty years of age,

* This I think was the statement he gave me some years ago, and that he became a Roman Catholic when he got married. His eldest son, however, is of the opinion that his grandmother was a Roman Catholic—that his father was christened in infancy by the late Abbe Segogne of Clair, and that his godmother was an Indian woman. Both statements are probably correct.

symptoms of real anxiety to be saved. He was taken seriously ill and feared he would die, and felt that he was not prepared. He subsequently recovered, but manifested a tenderness of spirit ever afterwards. But it was not until the following winter that the hopeful change took place, without which no one can enter the kingdom of heaven. I found him exhibiting satisfactory tokens of the broken heart and the contrite spirit. From his own old long cherished Bible, I read to him words of counsel and consolation. I directed him to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." I called upon him again in the course of a fortnight—he was stopping near Wolfville—How great, how manifest was the change! His countenance was lighted up. By his looks, his words, his tone of voice, he gave encouraging evidence that "old things had passed away and that all things had become new." I cannot soon forget the words of gratitude he uttered for the interest that had been taken in him, for the instructions imparted to him, the admonitions he had received, and the prayers which had so often been offered up with him and for him. He lived about two years after that. His course, so far as I have been able to trace it, was consistent. I saw myself some very striking proofs exhibited by him of the reality of the change he professed. A year ago last summer he removed from Cornwallis back to St. John, N. B. And last winter, on the 16th of March, he died. He was carried off by a severe cold or fever. The accounts I have received of his happy and triumphant death are exceedingly cheering and encouraging. Ever since I knew him he had the reputation of being an industrious, sober and honest man. His original name was *Rousseaux*, but he had translated this French word into English, and always since I knew him he went by the name of Brooks. He was clever, retiring and modest. He could speak three languages, viz., French, English and Indian, with ease and fluency—no mean attainment. He used to tell me of his relations—by his mother's side respectable people—in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; but he never made himself known to them. He exhibited a consciousness that in the kind of life he had chosen he had degraded himself and displeased them. I had seen him in the summer of 1846 at Charlottetown, where I first met him. But I never got really acquainted with him until I think it was the ensuing winter, when I engaged him to come and spend a fortnight at my house to teach me Micmac. It was then that I became really interested in the Indians, in their language, in their manners, customs and traditions. I had known, I may say, nothing of those people before. We used to "put in" long days of weary toil, collecting words, phrases, &c., and when we could work no longer for weariness, he would thrill me with his "yarns," which were often so interesting as to banish all weariness and sleepiness. I was astonished at the man as well as at the things he related. "Brooks," said I to him one day, "how came you to go off as you did among the Indians?" "O well," was his quiet remark, "perhaps some good may come of it after all." And unquestionably some good has come of it. Let us admire the mysterious workings of Divine Providence! How quietly God carries

on his work. How skilfully he makes all his arrangements. How little, often, those who are the instruments of his wondrous working are conscious of the hand that guides them! How little the wild young Frenchman imagined, when he determined to leave civilized society and spend his life in the woods, that "the God of all grace" was thus preparing the means of giving the scriptures to those neglected outcasts, among whom he had taken up his abode; and ultimately of leading himself to glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life! And when years after, at the mouth of the Shubenacadie, a Mr. Smith gave a New Testament to the "miserable Indian," who could have foreseen the results of that donation! Oh that we could learn to trust in the Lord with all our hearts, to believe in his wisdom and power, and his unchangeable love. "How great are his signs! and how mighty are his wonders! His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion is from generation to generation!"

I do not know that Brooks (his name was Joseph) ever formally separated from the Church of Rome. Some people may be disposed to think very little of his conversion since this was not the case. They will, probably, be still more dissatisfied to learn that he was visited by a priest in his last illness, and received christian burial in "consecrated ground." I am told that this was the case. I questioned his son John, who attended him in his last illness, on the subject, and he seemed disposed to answer my questions with all candor; but I could not elicit much information. John admitted that the family—all Catholics—would have felt sad had the "last rites" of the Church not been performed. That the old man was importuned to send for the priest, and did so. That the priest was to see him twice, but what passed between them he knew nothing. The priest did not attend at the funeral. From all I gather, there was small ground for triumph on the one hand, or for complaint on the other. So far as I am concerned, I can say, most emphatically, that if God will only be pleased to bless, convert,, and save the Indians, it is to me a matter of small moment who may have the honor of their conversion, or what church may claim them. Young Brooks assures me that his father was very happy in the prospect of death; that his conversation and exhortations were very touching and impressive, and he hopes never to forget them. Why should he have been unwilling, in such a peaceful frame of mind, to see a Roman priest, or any one else? What harm could come of his prayers and manipulations? The visit might be a blessing to the priest.

I do not know as I have ever been very sanguine as to the results of this Mission. But of one thing I could never doubt: to leave those people to pass away, without attempting, and persevering in the attempt, to give them the Bible, would be a grievous sin. Certainly, I have never seen any thing like what my soul longs to see,—a great turning unto the Lord among them. For them to assume the name of Protestants, while their hearts should remain unchanged, would be a matter of small moment. Transferring a dead body from one sepulchre to another, is not to give it life. As in natural, so in spiritual things, there can

be no substitute for *life*. Our helplessness and utter dependance on God, must not be perverted into an excuse for apathy and a neglect of duty. But we *are* dependant on him, and on him alone. All the gold and silver in the universe, all the prayers and efforts of saints and angels, cannot awaken the dead sinner to life. But God can do it. Nor shall any obstacle prevent the execution of his will, in his own time and way. Nor can that time be hastened or delayed. All the instrumentality needed will be furnished at the proper time. To this work I have solemnly dedicated my life, and without any stipulation as to the results. What I have already seen is far more than I once supposed to be possible, in the way of success. When I stood by poor Joe Brooks, and heard him giving utterance to his gratitude for what I had been the means of doing for him, and remembered how long I had waited and prayed, and hoped for his conversion, I felt that I was amply repaid for all the toil and trouble I have had to endure in this work; and to-day I feel like saying in the language of the dying patriarch, "*I die*, but God will surely visit you, and bring you out of this land, into the land which he sware to Abraham, and to Isaac, and to Jacob." (Gen. i. 24.) True, the difficulties still appear insurmountable, but all things are possible to him that believeth; and may we not adopt the words of Nehemiah, and say, "The God of Heaven, he will prosper us: therefore we his servants will arise and build." (Nehemiah ii. 20.)

FINANCIAL REPORT.

During the year the plan adopted in January, 1865, has been strictly adhered to, and with the most encouraging results. To prevent misapprehension, I beg to state here, that I do not deem it wrong or improper to ask for assistance in promoting religious and benevolent objects. I only claim that it is *not* wrong *not* to ask. The apostle Paul, in 1 Cor. vii. 38, clearly establishes the principle that one man may pursue one course and "do well," and another may take exactly the opposite course and "do better." The principle may be fairly applied to the case in hand. For years I pursued the plan of asking every person that I had any idea would give me the smallest donation for the object, to aid in the Micmac Mission. My deliberate conviction is, that in so doing I *did well*. On July 1st, 1864, after much deliberation and earnest prayer for divine direction, I resolved to take a course exactly opposite, and to make no personal applications, and to give no intimation, in any way, as to the state of the funds, let the need of money be ever so pressing. To this rule I have strictly adhered ever since, and most emphatically must I give it as my conviction that I have *done better*. I cannot conscientiously say that I approve of all the methods resorted to in these degenerate days, for raising money for religious purposes. Some of those methods are, to my mind, as contrary to the faith of the gospel, as was the festival in honor of the "golden calf," at the foot of Mount Sinai, when the high priest of Jehovah gave his sanction to the proceedings, proclaimed it as a feast to the Lord, and with him at their head, "the people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play." I have attended

"religious festivals," which, in all their leading features, were suggestive of that celebration. From my heart, I desire to see all such profanation abolished. But I have no wish to oppose any well-ordered method for inducing people to contribute freely, as every one is bound, according to his means to do, towards religious and benevolent objects. Nor do I consider it always wrong to "buy on credit." It may sometimes be proper. But no one will pretend that it is wrong to take the opposite course, and to contract no debts; "All things may not be expedient that are lawful. (1 Cor. vi. 12.) And were the whole system of "dunning" and "begging" abolished, by being rendered unnecessary, it would be a great boon to society, and a blessing to all parties concerned. Will the day ever come? Once more—I do not profess to discard the use of all means for obtaining supplies. I simply say, *that I do not make any personal applications for aid, I ask no one for money, I give no intimation of our necessities, I never make known the state of the funds.* As there exists a good deal of misapprehension on this subject, it seems but proper that a somewhat more extended explanation should be given. For this end the following remarks are introduced:—

The plan we go upon has been represented as *unscriptural*; the facts brought forward as resulting from it as *extra-biblical*, and our views on the subject of prayer and faith as "leading to *fanaticism*." But we cannot admit either of these propositions. They who preach the gospel are doubtless to live of the gospel, (1 Cor. ix. 14) and this implies that the people are bound to support them, (verses 11, 12, 13). But the minister is not obliged to enforce this claim (See verses 15, 18.) And if he choose to look to God alone, and not to the people in humble dependence on God, to so move the hearts of the people that they will contribute freely and lovingly of their substance towards what is, in a special sense, "the Lord's work," what is there *unscriptural* or wrong in this? And what is there *extra-biblical* in any or all of the striking facts that can be brought forward to prove that God is the hearer of prayer now as in former days? and that he still honors confidence reposed in him? and interferes sometimes in an extraordinary way to supply the wants of his servants? Surely nothing can go beyond the Bible in wonders of this sort. And is not God the same unchangeable Being that he was "in the days of our fathers?" Is there any proof that he has ceased to manifest His power and grace? If sentiments of this nature "lead to fanaticism," we are quite willing to have the epithet applied. We think the contrary views "lead to atheism." By all means avoid extremes, but we prefer the light and heat of the torrid zone to the rigors and darkness of an arctic winter.

In believing that God *hears* prayer, that he *honors confidence reposed in him*; that those who are called to preach the gospel, *may, if they choose*, decline looking to man, and look to the Lord alone for the support of themselves and their families, we see nothing *unscriptural*, and nothing *extra-biblical*. "All the gold and the silver are the Lord's." "The world is his and the fulness thereof." "All hearts are in his hands." All our wants are known to him, and he can never be

at a loss to relieve them. He is a very present help in times of trouble. We may "cast all our care on him, for he careth for us," a truth applicable to all, but applied especially in 1 Peter v. 7, "to the elders or ministers of religion, (see verse first). How clearly is the doctrine taught throughout the Old Testament and the New, not only that entire confidence in God and no confidence whatever in human *means*, is consistent with the most diligent use of the wisest and most approved means; but also that when God chooses to do so, he can reverse all the ordinary means that human experience and prudence would suggest, and use the exact contrary to bring about the same results—or bring them about without the use of any means whatever. Surely if there is one admonition in the Bible reiterated more frequently than any other, it is that we should *trust in the Lord*, and depend solely on Him for everything spiritual and temporal; and that we should not trust in ourselves, in our own wisdom or works, or in the wisdom or works of others. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." (Prov. iii. 5, 6.) "Put not your trust in princes, in the son of man, in whom there is no help. Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God." (Ps. cxlvi. 3, 4, 5.) "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the LORD JEHOVAH is everlasting strength." (Is. xxvi. 3, 4.) How easily passages of scripture to the same effect, and just as impressively sweet, might be multiplied. Even when the Lord himself has appointed the measures that are to be adopted for the accomplishment of an object, and when the diligent use of those measures are essential to the result, and the neglect of them would be unbelief and rebellion, we are distinctly taught that our success is not the result of those measures, but is to be ascribed to God alone, exactly as though no human instrumentality at all had been used. The dispossessing of the inhabitants of Canaan, for instance, was effected by human instrumentality of God's own appointing. A well-disciplined and well-equipped army, under one of the ablest of generals, fought those people and conquered them. But all the labors and skill of Joshua and his army seem to be ignored by the Holy Spirit speaking by the mouth of the prophet. "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old. How thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand and plantedst them, how thou didst afflict the people and cast them out. *For they got not the land in possession by their own sword; neither did their own arm save them; but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favor unto them.*" (Ps. xlv. 1, 2, 3.) "I have planted," says the apostle Paul, "Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth anything, nor he that watereth, but God who giveth the increase." (1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.) Such is the plain teaching of the Bible. *Using means* does not necessarily imply *trusting in means*. The Lord can bless us through our own efforts, and he

can as easily bless us separate and apart from our own efforts. And it must also be remembered that one of the most efficacious means that can be used, is the prayer of faith. "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much"—*i. e.*, accomplishes much. (James v. 15, 16.) In accordance with these principles Mr. George Muller of Bristol, England, and his humble imitators profess to act. But "Muller is mistaken," I hear it gravely asserted. "He is surely—"all unwittingly of course"—deceiving himself and others. He says *that in answer to prayer alone* he receives continual and timely supplies for the orphans and all the other objects under his care; that when he needs money, all he has to do is to go to the Lord and ask for it, and he gets it. He is mistaken. He *uses means* for obtaining money, and most skilful and effectual means too. He works upon the religious and "superstitious" feelings of the people. He takes good care to keep his wants continually before the public. He sends out the most thrilling anecdotes, and publishes them in all parts of the world. What wonder if money is poured into his hands in large and liberal measure! What idleness to talk about extraordinary faith in the matter! How absurd to suppose that God has any particular hand in the business! It is human scheming, human agency, human ingenuity that does it all!" This is the view apparently taken by many. Are they right?

The friends of the Micmac Mission cannot wonder that I am somewhat interested in this question. The amount of all these objections is, that George Muller, of Bristol, England, of Orphan-house celebrity, and S. T. Rand, of Hantsport, N. S., and the *scores of others* who profess "to live by faith," are *either ourselves deceived, or we are deceiving others*. In other words, we are either greatly deficient in common sense, or else in moral honesty, using the most effectual measures for obtaining the people's money *without knowing it*, or, else knowing it *but denying it!* Now, we invite the most careful scrutiny, and affirm that neither the one supposition nor the other is correct. We *do know*, and we *never pretend to conceal it*, that we do use most effectual measures for obtaining money. We escape both "horns" of this imaginary "dilemma." We use most effectual measures for moving good men to help us, and more effectual measures for moving God to help us; and the former, we are convinced, would be of little avail without the latter. Wise or wily as the means taken for inducing men to aid us may be supposed to be, we could place very little confidence in them, were it not for *faith in God*, and *prayer to God*. The mighty, the most efficacious means that can be employed, is the *prayer of faith*. "The effectual, fervent prayer, of a righteous man availeth much,"—(a passage which bears reiteration.) "And whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." If prayer were mere performance,—a muttering over of petitions to oneself or to others,—or were it anything besides real communion with a "living God," "the Father of our spirits," and the "God of all grace," then, indeed, it were idle to talk of its efficacy, of its being a means effectual and mighty for obtaining blessings, even all we need. But if it is *asking and receiv-*

ing, as God himself affirms it to be, then he who tells me that he prayed for money, or anything else, and obtained what he asked for, must not say that he obtained it without the use of means. No, we do not pretend that we obtain the supplies we need, either of things temporal or spiritual, without the use of means. *Theoretically* we differ but little from all others who call themselves christians, and however many differ from us in words, it is devoutly to be believed that there are many who know what it is, really and practically, to ask and receive, to seek and find, to cast all their care on the Lord and to find that he really does care for them. Work as we may, and watch as we can, do we not all realize this, "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Unless the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." And that "rising early and sitting up late, and eating the bread of sorrow," all amounts to nothing without the special blessing of God, "who so giveth to his beloved sleep."

This, then, is exactly our theory. If we profess to be in constant communion with heaven, it does indeed seem to be an astonishing assumption; but after all is not this what every one professes, who claims to be a true christian? We speak to God, and he speaks to us. "That which we have heard and seen, declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us, and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his son Jesus Christ; and these things write I unto you that your joy may be full." (1 John i. 3, 4.) For the glory of God, and for the benefit of saints and sinners, prompted, as we firmly believe, by the spirit of holiness, we undertake to do what any business man, who fails to acknowledge the direct agency of God in it, would pronounce to be a rash, wild scheme, which cannot possibly succeed. He would pronounce it presumption. He would say it *must* fail, and *ought* to fail.

Take the case of Mr. Muller as an illustration. In the month of May, 1866, his financial year commenced. With no private resources of his own, and with no promises of money to be sent at any particular time, and with no one bound to send him any money at all, he boldly undertakes to provide for the daily wants of above twelve hundred orphan children, involving an outlay of more than fifty pounds sterling every day. And he says, "I will purchase nothing on credit, I will make no personal applications for money, and I will not make known to any mortal the state of the funds, until the close of the year, and I will want for nothing." On every principle of mere worldly wisdom and prudence, I ask *how can* he succeed? By what doctrine of human chances can it so happen that money shall come steadily in, so that there shall be throughout the year never *much overplus* and never *any lack*, and that the year shall quietly close with a small balance in hand, and a report that all has gone on without any difficulty or disaster! Yet it did so come out. And the work has been going on in the same way, not *one* year, not *ten* years, not *twenty* years, but over *thirty* years, without any failure or interruption, but with a continual increase. Talk about the skilful measures adopted by that remarkable

man; his talent and tact; his Reports; his anecdotes!—when grapes will grow on thorns, and figs on thistles,—when water left by itself will run uphill, and when all the laws of the universe are reversed,—then may such results be derived from such measures, without the direct interposition of Him who worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; who has said, “Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find.” “All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.” “All things are possible to him that believeth.”

Yes, indeed, we *do* beg, of man, if you choose so to style it, but, certainly, we do beg of God; really, directly, we beg of him. We tell him our wants, we plead his promises and our necessities, but we say nothing of promises or necessities to mortals. If this is *begging*,—it surely reverses all the ordinary laws of begging. In every other method the continual cry is, *our wants*, the *pressing claims*, the empty treasury, the empty cupboard, the empty stomach,—the *want!* the *want!* the *want!* is the constant, never-ceasing din. Our plan is, to tell of fulness and of plenty; our treasury is never exhausted, our wants are all supplied, and always supplied, and always in time.

Mr. Muller is in the habit of telling “all the world” what he is doing, or, as he would more correctly express it, “What the Lord is doing.” He lets all know, too, that in order to carry on this great work, he must be supplied by the voluntary contributions of the people. His Reports are widely circulated, and contain statements well calculated to stir the heart and awaken benevolence. In all this, however, he differs in nothing from other benevolent Societies. The human instrumentality, so far as I can see, differs from others simply in these respects, viz., that *he makes no personal application*, and *takes care to let this be known*, and tells how abundantly he is always supplied; whereas, in other Societies, the best arranged schemes that can be devised, are added, to make personal appeals for aid. They say, *ask everybody*; he says, *ask nobody*, and his plan reverses therefore, all the ordinary rules of “begging.” That it succeeds admirably, is beyond question. Let those who believe this success is owing simply to those two particulars in which the scheme differs from others, adopt the improvement. If it really is the better plan to make no personal applications, then, by all means, make none. If it succeeds so admirably in his case, why should it not in yours? It does really seem to me that a neglect to adopt this plan, is a tacit acknowledgment that the secret of success lies beyond the instrumentality, even in the *faith*, without which no such instrumentality would ever be adopted; or, being adopted, would most assuredly fail.

I have referred to Rev. G. Muller and his celebrated orphan house on Ashley Downs. But there are many similar cases. I have conversed with a brother who had been laboring in a distant land for ten years, and who has since returned to his post, who had no fixed salary, no private resources, and no guarantee from mortals that aid would be sent to him, but who had never been suffered to lack. Dr. Wichern’s Reformatory in Hamburg has been in operation about as long as

Mr. Muller's establishment in England, on the same plan, and with similar success. Then comes another, Rev. Louis Harms was settled in 1843 as pastor at Hermannsburg, a village in Germany. After successfully laboring for a reformation among a poor, ignorant, irreligious community, he projected a Mission to Africa, to be sustained by prayer and faith. The Rev. Wm. Hemming Stephenson, Dublin, in an admirable little volume entitled "Praying and Working," London, 1863, thus sums up the results of the Mission, page 361,—“It is only seven years since their first missionaries sailed for Africa; and in these seven years this is the fruit of their labors. There are 100 settlers spread over the Eastern provinces at eight stations; there are dwelling-houses and workshops at every station; there are about 40,000 acres of land; 50 heathens have been baptized; their influence reaches from the Zulus on the coast to the Bechuanas in the centre, and from the Orange River to Lake Ngami. At home they have the mission house and farm with 45 persons living in them; the Refuge farm with 20 persons; they have their own ship, and print their own books; and they continue with one accord in breaking of bread and in prayer. This is no common success. It is wonderful. And what to some would explain the wonders, to most would seem more wonderful than all.

“For the question must have started in any reader's mind long since,—Where did they get the money? A ship is costly, and a farm is not bought for nothing, and the daily maintenance of 200 people is no trifle, nor can buildings be put up at eight different settlements without expense, although it be among the Kaffirs. And yet this parish is a plain peasant parish, and Mr. Harms is only a clergyman's son, and his income is scanty enough. Beyond a doubt the Mission costs something. The ship cost 15,000 crowns, and 4000 more to outfit it; and the passengers landed in Africa with 3000 crowns. The printing press and house cost 3000 crowns; the Refuge farm was bought for 4000; from 1854 to 1859 inclusive, the expenditure was 115,676 crowns, and the income was 118,694. Where did he get these 118,000 crowns? Did he send begging letters? Did he go to Holland, across to England, or ask a subsidy from the State? He is a foe to beggars. He will not tolerate them in his parish; his doctrine is that no christian dare be a beggar, nor ask from any but God. No one acts so rigorously on these principles as himself. His scruples are almost prohibitory. Beyond the barest outline of accounts, he excludes money matters and money difficulties from his paper; he will neither mention the sums that have been given (unless incidentally, as an illustration of some truth) nor the names of any who give; though the people are prepared with alms at the annual festival, he never speaks of his wants, nor asks a donation; when he is in urgent difficulty about money, he persists in silence. This may look singular and absurd. But is it not more singular that he has never found this course of conduct to mislead or disappoint him? that he has found his straightforward asking of God abundantly sufficient? When a man makes that discovery, who can blame him for using it? * * * *

The congregation is liberal. There are plain yeoman who have handed him 500 crowns. There are persons who have stripped themselves of all to give. But he has no control over these people. No one will be so bold as to assert that because a clergyman is full of missionary zeal, and has a happy way of inspiring the interest of others, that his people will give up all they have to his schemes. The reverse happens every day. If there are persons that give so largely in the community, it is but reasonable to say that it is God who moves their hearts to this liberality. If it is found that their giving is in accurate proportion to a need of which they can have no precise information, it is not only more reverent and scriptural, but more rational, to say that they have been guided invisibly by God, than that they did it by chance, which is equivalent to confessing our inability to know how it was done. And if there has been a child of God praying all the while for this very blessing to his "Father who seeth in secret," is it not rational to go back a step farther and connect the giving with the prayer?"

* * * * * "I have placed these extracts loosely together, because they show with great clearness what Mr. Harms believes about his missions, and to what he attributes their success. There is nothing he insists upon with greater earnestness than that, be the expenses what they may, let them increase ever so suddenly, he has never begged. There is nothing he has more delight in telling than that he has prayed for every want, or that without special prayer he has received aid in reply to his life of faith alone. The difficulties that lay in the way are conceivable enough. He has displayed remarkable firmness and wisdom in removing them. Are firmness and wisdom sufficient to account for it? Have they helped others who possessed and used them, to anything like the same results? His mission agency has flourished beyond all precedent. Does it account for that to say that he has a remarkable personality? that he has the power of attracting people to his views? of drawing them in to work out his plans? that he has a congregation filled with the primitive zeal? Does not every one feel that these are no more than auxiliaries, and that of themselves they are not explanatory? Are we not driven to one of two solutions, either that Mr. Harms is right, and that God has guided him, that it has been a continuous answer to prayer; or, *that he has been thoroughly deceived*, that it is a series of curious coincidences which may at any time be broken; that the appearance of an order and law in it are delusive; that it has been only ten years of happy mistake? These conclusions may be left to the careful thought of those who interest themselves in the subject."

But it is time to proceed with my Report. I am happy to state that during the year our wants have been bountifully supplied. We have had no trouble in raising funds, we have suffered no want, and no inconvenience by delay. The sum of \$1102.36 has been received. This is \$43.96 $\frac{1}{2}$ more than was received the preceding year, and \$81.11 more than was received the year before that; and \$102.36 more than our allowance for everything on the former plan, even had

we received it. It has been sent in in larger and smaller sums, varying from one hundred dollars to one cent. It has been received in public collections and private contributions. It has been sent by mail, and by private conveyance, from different parts of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Canada, and England; and one donation was received from a friend residing on the island of Fate, in the New Hebrides. Articles of clothing have been received, articles of food, and contributions in labor. We have been aided by friends well known and by those who are unknown, sometimes having the name of the donor, and sometimes not. Sometimes the contribution would be accompanied by a friendly and encouraging letter; sometimes simply the donation in an envelope, without even the name of the donor. I will here introduce a few extracts from some of those letters received:—

Jan. 3rd.—"Enclosed please find a check for \$30.00, with best wishes to assist you in your work of love." *Jan. 24th.*—"My dear Brother: I hope you are well and prospering. Enclosed you will find \$5.00, which you will please credit to D. A., except \$1.00. I trust that answers to prayers still abound, not only for your temporal supplies, but also for your soul, and the souls of the benighted for whom you toil." *Uigg, P. E. I., Feb. 5th.*—"Rev. Sir: Herein I enclose you \$1.00, to aid you in your laudable work; and may the Lord give you grace to persevere in the great work; and may the time soon come when all nations shall know and serve the Lord, is the prayer of your young brother in Christ."

The following extract is from a dear invalid, who has been imprisoned by acute rheumatism, for about twenty years. She has been a great sufferer. For years she has been in the habit of contributing a dollar or more annually to the Micmac Mission. It was only a few years ago that I learned that she had earned the money with her own hands, distorted, as they were, by disease and pain. I was much affected at the time, and concluded that if this poor afflicted sister could contribute a dollar, I need not trouble my head much about the rest. Her letter enclosed \$4.00. She says:—

"Dear Brother: I have the pleasure of once more sending you a little money: I intended to have sent it long ago, but was disappointed in getting it; but perhaps it will come in good time. Miss C. sends \$1.00, Mrs. B. \$0.50; and a little boy I must tell you about, came in the other day and gave me \$0.44½ and said, 'I want you to send that to Mr. Rand.' He is eleven years old, and I thought it quite wonderful for a child. Dear Brother, I hope you are still prospering in your labors. I hope the Lord is still supplying all your wants, both temporal and spiritual. I have not seen a report in the *Messenger* for a long time. I feel anxious to know how you are getting along. I hope you will call sometimes to see me. I think your visits are always a blessing, and your letters likewise; they cheer me in my lonely pilgrimage. It is a great comfort for me to have a christian friend come to see me. I hope you are still praying for me. I hope you will soon see more fruits of your labours among the Indians. I trust you may never be discouraged. By and by you will reap if you faint you. This is my earnest prayer."

"BELMONT LODGE, LEE KENT, S. E., }
ENGLAND, MARCH 29, 1867. }

"My dear Brother in the Lord: I have been reminded by a letter from Capt. O., that we usually send you an offering towards your work, or, rather, towards the Lord's work, amongst the poor Micmacs. I enclose you £5 stg. from myself, and £2 stg. from him. I hope you are still encouraged by your twelve months trial to go on in dependance upon the Lord. It seems a long time since I heard from you, which always affords me pleasure. As I grow older I find a growing love for a

worship with the least amount of form and routine. There never was a time when the Lord's people were more thoroughly in earnest. Imagine Spurgeon preaching in the hall at Islington, which holds from 10,000 to 12,000 people, and numbers went away unable to get in. But I believe the time is short, and Satan knows this, and is doing his best. Our united kind regards to yourself and family.

Ever yours,
J. L."

There was something very remarkable in the receipt of that letter, and those donations, from two Episcopalian brothers in England. I needed just then quite a large sum to meet a pressing case, and had been for several days in succession waiting upon God for it, with prayer and fasting; and on the day it came another came with it, containing \$4.00, and the following letter was dated the same day, (April 11) though received on the 12th:—

"I send you \$5.00 from A. G., West River, for the Micmac Mission."

On the 29th of March, the date of the above letter from England, I find the following entry in my diary: "To-day I am devoting myself to special prayer. I need about \$40.00, and, if possible, I must pay \$36.00 next week. I am looking in faith to God for it; but my faith is weak. Lord, I will *expect* aid; I will even look for it *to-day*." The ensuing two weeks, while this money was on its way across the Atlantic, I can never forget. It was one of those seasons in which faith is tried to the utmost, and gains strength by the trial, and the heart is drawn nearer and still nearer to God. Oh! how precious a privilege it is to pray, when one really *can* pray! I am sometimes told that the praying has nothing to do with the coming of the money. I answer, "You can't prove that." I believe it has; and even if it has not, the privilege of praying is worth infinitely more than the money. The solid peace, the substantial joy, and the blessed influence of such a season of praying and waiting in faith, have a value that cannot be represented by numbers, and the money thus obtained has an additional value which cannot be put down in dollars and cents. Looking back to my feelings on the day that this relief came, I find the following entry in my diary:—

April 11th.—Several times in the night I awoke and found my heart rising up in sweet confidence to God in prayer. Went out last evening and spent some time with the Indians, reading the scriptures, singing and praying with them. Had an earnest season in prayer after coming home. I rose this morning at five o'clock and retired to my study. I commenced my prayer in the words of the beautiful hymn—"Nearer my God to thee, nearer to thee. Even though it be a cross that raiseth me." My heart was melted at once into tenderness, and I could sing—and sang the hymn through on my knees, weeping with joy as I sang. I have determined *not to give up*. I feel satisfied that God *will not* forsake me. Psalm cxix., under *Caph*, was my morning portion. [I am in the habit of reading a portion of this blessed Psalm every morning, going regularly through it in course.] Several verses, especially 81, 82, 88, seemed appropriate to my case. I shall fast and pray, with thanksgiving, again to-day. The following are still the objects of special supplication:—1. Myself. Oh! for

more *faith*; more *seriousness*; a deeper all-pervading realization of GOD! This would qualify me for all the duties of my station. 2. My family—that they all may be *saved* in the broadest sense of that term. 3. The Indians. Oh! let the day of their deliverance dawn! 4. The Churches and Ministers of Nova Scotia, Baptists and all others. Oh for a real, a lasting, a scriptural REFORMATION! [For I have less and less confidence in what usually passes under the name of revivals.] 5. My relatives, friends, and all whose hearts have been stirred up to aid me. 6. Several Indians by name—Tom B., poor “Ben” and several others. 7. My temporal wants—always regarding them as least and lowest, but of vast importance notwithstanding. For God’s glory is concerned, the faith of his servant, and of his servants elsewhere. I do intend to “give myself to *fasting* and *prayer*” until help comes. “I wait for thy salvation, O Lord!” “O Lord! make speed to save us.” This entry was made about 9 o’clock, a.m., of that morning (April 11). The mail arrived about noon. At about 2 p.m. three letters were brought me, and I find this entry. “Blessed be the Lord! the money has come! I have received from England £7 stg., equal \$35; and from St. John, N. B., \$4. I received \$5 on the 5th, and had \$4 by me then, making in all \$48, which meets every emergency. Bless the Lord, O my soul! I have been waiting on Him day after day for many days, and have enjoyed a blessed season. Oh may my heart rise in full gratitude and praise! Blessed be thy name, O Lord!” Next day I received from three different sources \$15, making in all within two days \$63, in answer to *earnest, persevering, believing prayer*. All this came in time to prevent any inconvenience or want. As usual, it was all we needed, and a little over.

Among other misrepresentations it is very common to hear this, that *living by faith* implies *living without work*. This, however, was not the idea of the apostle James. It is not Mr. Muller’s, it is not mine. *Faith* is to be proved by *works*; a faith that fosters idleness and neglect of active duty is as worthless as a dead carcass—a body without a soul. (See James ii.) This is the view also of the apostle Paul. Confidence in the living God, he taught, was an inducement to labor. “*Therefore*,” says he, “we both *labor* and *suffer reproach*, because we trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, especially of those *who believe*.” We need not mind the *reproach*, which, trusting in God, always occasions from those who cannot comprehend it; but if our faith be *unfeigned faith*, it will produce the same *works* as in former days. Even the sweet and blessed privilege of meditation, prayer, and the study of the “lively oracles” must not be allowed to interfere with our *work*. During the fortnight of prayer, just referred to, I was engaged in copying out the book of Exodus for the press. I could write as many hours as I thought proper, and the praying did not necessarily interrupt the work, nor the work the praying. When the heart is in a devout and heavenly frame, both can be carried on in blessed harmony together; and “*working and praying*” is the true idea.

Returning to the notice of letters received,—the one already men-

tioned as having been received April 5th, and bearing date April 3rd, says:—

"I am just in receipt of your Report, and I was much gratified by its perusal. If it will do no other good, it has reminded me of my privilege as well as my duty, to send you the enclosed \$5. I am a firm believer in the doctrine that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." I am convinced of this by experience and close observation, as well as by the holy scriptures. May your faith in your Master be strengthened day by day; and may the Lord prosper your labors of love. I just sent on \$54 to the Rev. Mr. Chiniquy from the ladies of our congregation. There were a great many deaths among the Indians here this winter; four deaths in two weeks.—one poor fellow will follow his brother in a few days. I think, upon the whole, they are improving in this neighborhood."

Here follows another, dated St. John, N. B., April 5th:—

"Dear Christian Brother: Your little interesting printed messenger, and your unflinching faith and prayer, are both so interesting as to remind me of my duty. I send you what would be much larger, were it not that the calls on my purse are heavier than I well see my way to meet. Most sincerely yours."

As already mentioned, this kind letter contained \$4, and was received on that memorable 11th April, 1867. The following is from a Presbyterian minister. I bless God for the tone of faith and fervent piety which it breathes:—

"I enclose twenty shillings in aid of the Micmac Mission, which you may appropriate as you think proper. This small sum is not from my congregation, or from any person but myself. It is a thank-offering to my God for his mercies to me. I do not ask you to be to the trouble of replying to this, as I feel confident it will reach you safely. All I ask of you, is, to pray for me and my family. I have several boys and two girls; two of the sons are grown up, and I feel a deep solicitude for their spiritual welfare. My heart's desire and prayer to God, is, that they may be converted and saved; and I beg that you, when you can think of me, to offer up the effectual fervent prayer, for their being kept from evil, turned to God, and enabled to live soberly, righteously, and godly. May God encourage you in your endeavors to save the Micmacs. Sincerely yours."

This brother's request reminds me of 2 Kings ii. 9, 10,—*"And it came to pass, when they were gone over, that Elijah said unto Elisha, Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken from thee. And Elisha said, I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me. And he said, thou hast asked a hard thing."* How singular that the prophet should have returned such an answer. Was not Elijah a man of mighty faith? Had he not power to open and shut up heaven? Had he not been miraculously fed by ravens? Could he not call down fire from heaven to devour his enemies? Had he not faith to multiply the "meal" and the "oil"? to raise the widow's son from the dead? How was it that he should find it so difficult to obtain for his brother a double portion of the Holy Spirit? And further, why could he not ask in faith—and obtain the blessing—that all Israel should be turned to the Lord? Why could he not get Ahab and Jezebel converted? or those captains of fifties with their fifties? And the same question and similar questions might be asked concerning ten thousand others, even the whole galaxy of worthies mentioned in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens," but who found some things too hard for them to obtain.

We surely need not be required to make pretensions to a mightier faith than they possessed. To "save souls," is certainly an object of paramount importance. He who does not labor and pray most earnestly for this, is certainly unworthy of the name of a christian minister. But we must not forget that there is an object of more importance than this, even "that God may be glorified in all things." (1 Peter iv. 11; see Ephes. ii. 10.) And this we are to seek in "all things," and not merely in the salvation of souls. (1 Cor. x. 31.) God will be glorified in the destruction of sinners, as well as in their salvation. (2 Cor. ii. 15, 16.) We must also remember that we are to give thanks for everything—"Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. (Ephes. v. 20; Ps. ciii. 1, 2.

It is not therefore alone of the salvation of souls in answer to our prayers, or through our efforts, that we are allowed to give thanks. We may mention other things—even everything that God in his goodness deigns to bestow—and in this we have the example of holy men of God in all ages. Doubtless, Moses would have rejoiced to have been able to tell how Pharaoh and the Egyptians, Korah, Dathan and Abiram, with those who "believed not, whose carcasses fell in the wilderness;" yea, and Og the King of Bashan, and Sihon the king of the Amorites, had all yielded their hearts to God, and been saved. But, alas! this was not granted to him, great as was his faith. But he could, and he did tell, how they were "destroyed," and how God's great name was glorified in their destruction. Yes, and although they were mere temporal blessings, he tells how, in answer to prayer, the people were delivered out of Egypt, carried across the Red sea, fed with manna, drank water out of the rock, and were put in possession of the promised land. So could Noah tell of his ark and his rainbow, and the wondrous goodness of God in other things, notwithstanding he seems to have had small success in winning souls. Eli, Samuel, and David, might also be mentioned. Many and marvellous answers to prayer did they receive. Nor could they be restrained to silence respecting these, on the ground that they were merely *temporal* blessings, and that they could not get even their own children converted. And so I might mention Noah, Job, and Daniel, Elijah and all the prophets, yea, all the apostles,—and Him who is greater than all, who wept over Jerusalem, and said, "How often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not." To an awful extent, so far as the immediate salvation of those to whom they were sent, was concerned, they all failed, signally, fearfully failed, and most deeply did they lament it. But what then? Had they nothing to be thankful for? Was their own faith false because they could not persuade men to believe? "God forbid; yea, let God be true and every man a liar." Nor would they be less loud in extolling the riches of divine goodness in those manifold blessings which they could obtain, and did obtain, because some things were "too hard for them."

I take the opportunity to introduce these observations, because I find continually a disposition in myself, and others, to undervalue

common mercies, and to deem every blessing, except that of the conversion of sinners, unworthy of mention, and even that fearfully undervalued. But enough. While Elijah acknowledged that the thing asked for was "hard," even this did not discourage him,—and so of the brother who asks me to *pray in faith for his children*. I will endeavor to do so, and for my own also; and I request the benefit of his prayers for myself, and for my unconverted children, and the Indians, and all the world. I like his request. It moves and humbles me, and encourages me too. What nothingness, and less than nothingness, are we! And yet what wondrous blessings we may ask and obtain, when we can approach God in his own way, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and in the all-prevailing name. I bless the Lord that I *can* tell to some small extent, of sinners being converted in answer to the prayer of faith; and also of rich spiritual blessings bestowed on myself and others. Unceasingly I would continue to pray for these. But why should we overlook or undervalue the lesser matters? even the wants of the body as well as of the soul? With God is anything great; or, rather, is anything *little* with him?

I return to my extracts, one or two more of which I will insert:

"Please to accept the enclosed trifle (50 cents in stamps) from a *working man*, towards your mission among the Indians, with prayer for your greater success." "Please receive the enclosed twenty shilling note as a contribution towards the Micmac Mission fund. Yours, Friend." *Halifax, August 22nd.*—"I send you \$1.65 in stamps in aid of the Micmac Mission, being the amount raised by the children of our Sabbath School during the summer months. Small as the sum is, we hope the Great Head of the Church will bless it and render it of some use to the poor neglected Micmacs; and may your hands be staid up by the prayers and support of the Churches in Nova Scotia. I trust you will be enabled to proceed onward in your heavenly work, and that you may have power given you to stay the current that is fast, I fear, sweeping them as an innocent people into oblivion. Their lives, temporal and spiritual, will certainly be required at our hands. May God spare you long to labor in this vineyard, and make you as honored and useful in the future as you have been in the past,—is the sincere prayer of our Sabbath School scholars. Yours truly, W. C."

In these extracts I have mentioned no names, nor, in general, the places from which they came. I trust I have thus avoided giving occasion for offence on the one hand, or for vanity on the other. And here I might close my Report, not for the want of facts, which, I believe, would be interesting and useful, but because I must keep within reasonable limits. I have no idea of being discouraged in the work. I feel conscious of many defects and shortcomings in every particular as a missionary. I certainly do not think I have large faith—nay, indeed, does not my own conscience reproach me with unbelief, and with the unreasonableness and sinfulness of it. But I do think I have some faith, and my earnest desire and prayer to God is for more—and for that also compared with which even "all faith, so that I could remove mountains, would be nothing," 1 Cor. xiii.

The following letter from that dear sister who has been already introduced to the reader as a suffering invalid, was not, of course, intended for publication; but as I cannot think of a fitter conclusion to this Report, I shall venture to insert it nearly entire:—

October 23rd, 1867.—"Dear Brother in Christ, I hope you will excuse the liberty I take in writing to you. But my heart is very sad to-day, and I feel as if I wanted

the counsel of some christian friend to cheer me in my lonely pilgrimage. Your letters always cheer me, and do me good, and strengthen my love and zeal for God. They are "like cold water to a thirsty soul." I love to hear of the prosperity of your mission, and of the dealings of God to you in regard to your answers of prayer. Oh! how sweet it is trusting in Jesus, and to feel and know that he hears and answers our prayers! and is ever ready to help us when we call upon him. Dear brother, I owe much to you. The first serious impressions I ever had was under your preaching and praying; and I do not know as I ever heard you preach or pray but what I received a blessing. A sermon that I heard you preach when I was a child of eight or ten years, is still fresh in my memory. Oh how good the Lord has been to me! He called me in the days of my youth, and brought me to his feet and prepared me for death, I trust, before he brought this affliction upon me. And now he gives me "songs in the night," and goes with me through the furnace, and gently leads my soul along through the storms and trials of life. I have enjoyed my mind better this last year than I have for many years before. I spend much of my time alone with God, but I never feel lonely when he is with me. My prison home is a happy one when God is near. Death seems very near to me at times. I often feel as if I should soon be at rest in heaven. I bless God that he ever put it into your heart to pray for me. He has heard your prayer. My health is better than it has been for years before.* Dear brother, I have one great favor to ask. I have two friends, who are near and dear to me by the ties of nature, that I want you to pray for. One is in the prime of life, and has to all appearance but a short time to live, and without God and without hope in the world, and appears to have no concern about his soul. The other is drawing near to the grave, and I greatly fear out of the ark of safety. He has already passed his three-score years and ten. Dear brother, pray much and earnestly for them. I believe God will hear your prayers. I still remember the friends you asked me to pray for, and trust God will restore them. I hope the Lord is still blessing you in both spiritual and temporal blessings, and giving you much peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. I long to hear of a revival of religion among the Indians. It would greatly rejoice my heart. The Lord hasten it in his time, is my earnest prayer. I thank you kindly for the Reports you sent me. I found them very interesting and encouraging. I was pleased to hear of your success among the Indians. Oh! what a blessing it is that God has opened a way for them to receive the gospel! My heart has often been pained to see how they have been neglected and passed by. I have often heard christian people say that they thought the Mission would all go down, and that it was no use to do anything with them. But there is nothing too hard for the Lord to do; and he can and will bless them. While my life remains I shall always be interested in the Micmac Mission. Dear brother, I hope you will always pray for me. I often feel that I am only a cumberer of the ground. I would like to hear from your sick daughter. I hope she may be restored. I remain your true friend, M. C.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger." "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, to confound the mighty, and base things of the world, and things that are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are. That no flesh should glory in his presence. That, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." While we are conscious of such help as is indicated in this interesting and artless letter, breathing, as it does, the spirit of unfeigned faith and deep devotion, we may go boldly forward without faltering and without fear. "For of him, and to him, and through him, are all things,—to whom be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. AMEN."

* This dear child of God had been engaged to unite with two other "afflicted saints" and myself, to pray for each other. Our prayers have already been signally answered.

APPENDIX.

THE REVISED CONSTITUTION.

1. This Society shall be called the "MICHMAC MISSIONARY SOCIETY."
2. The object of this Society, shall be the evangelization and civilization of the Indians of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island.
3. All Members of Evangelical Churches, shewing an interest in the Mission by contributing to its funds in money or otherwise, and by causing their names to be appended to the Constitution, shall be Members of this Society.
4. The Office Bearers of this Society shall consist of a Committee of not less than *five*, and not more than *seven*, who shall be appointed by the Society, and when appointed, shall not necessarily be either changed or re-elected annually. The Committee shall appoint their own Chairman, Secretary, and Treasurer; with power to reconstruct the Committee from time to time, as occasion may require. All funds to be under the control of the Committee, except when otherwise specially directed by the donors.
5. This Society shall aim at enlisting generally, the sympathies of the religious community, by employing as its agents, pious individuals of any of the Evangelical denominations, whose main design shall be the propagation of the great truths of the Gospel.
- (5.) This Society will encourage and support its Missionary or Missionaries, in producing a translation of the Holy Scriptures, or portions thereof, in the Michmac language; but will appropriate no portion of the funds entrusted to their management, for the publication of any translation, until it has obtained the sanction of the Committee.
6. There shall be an Annual Meeting of the Society held at such time and place as the Committee may appoint; when an Annual Report shall be presented.

The above is the Constitution as revised at the Annual Meeting, held in Chalmers Church, Jan. 26, 1865. The following resolution, at my own request, was passed unanimously, at that meeting, viz:—

"*Resolved*, That it shall be a fixed principle of this Society, hereafter to contract no debts. All labor performed by any member of the Society, in aid of its objects, shall be, as far as possible, gratuitous. It shall be no part of the duty of any persons employed as Missionaries, to solicit funds—but they shall be at liberty to receive public collections and private donations. They shall receive no fixed salary, but shall accept as their pay, whatever God shall put it into the hearts of the people to contribute for that object. While, however, the work of the Society, is designed to be conducted in future as a "work of faith and labour of love," depending entirely on the Lord for assistance and success, the Committee shall not neglect to use such means as will most effectually keep the object and claims of the Mission before the churches."

The Officers for the ensuing year, 1868, are:—

CHAIRMAN—DR. J. F. AVERY.
SECRETARY—J. FARQUHAR, Esq.
TREASURER—GEO. H. STARR, Esq.

COMMITTEE:

WILLIAM HOWE, Esq.		HENRY N. PAINT, Esq.,
CHAS. ROBSON Esq.,		DR. PARKER,

Contributions may be transmitted to either of the above gentleman, at Halifax, or to the Missionary, whose address is, Rev. S. T. Rand, Hantsport, Nova Scotia.

ERRATA.

PAGE 9th, *Foot Note*.—For *Kweemoo*, read *Kweemoo* ; for *Lion*, read *Loon* ; for *Nenganoos*, read *Neeganoos*.

N.B.—A Copy of this Report will be sent to all contributors whose names are known, and to all others as far as possible.

S. T. RAND.

HANTSPORT, Nova Scotia, May 18th, 1868.