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THE

TENTH ANNUAL REPORT

P 970.1,108

OF THE

COMMITTEE

OF THE

MICMAC MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

FROM SEPTEMBER 30, 1858, TO SEPTEMBER 30, 1859.

Halifax, N. S.:

PRINTED AT THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE STEAM PRESS.

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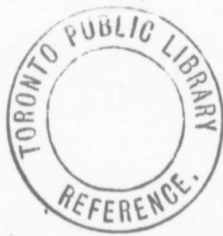
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CONSTITUTION.

Adopted October 23rd, 1850.

- I. This Society shall be called the Micmac Missionary Society.

- II. The object of this Society shall be the evangelization and civilization of the Indians of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

- III. Every person paying annually Five Shillings into the funds of the Society shall be a member.

- IV. The Office-Bearers of this Society shall consist of a President, two Vice Presidents, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and a Committee of at least twelve persons.

- V. 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 Protestant denominations, whose main object shall be the propagation of the truths of the Gospel.

- VI. This Society will encourage and support its missionary or missionaries in producing a translation of the Holy Scriptures or of portions thereof in the Micmac 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 General Committee.

- VII. There shall be an annual meeting of the Society on the last week of September, when a Report of the Committee shall be presented, and the Officers chosen for the ensuing year.

THE
MICMAC MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

OFFICE BEARERS.

ELECTED DEC. 5, 1859.

J. W. RITCHIE, ESQ., *President.*
JAS. F. AVERY, M. D., } *Vice-Presidents.*
REV. P. G. M'GREGOR, }
GEORGE E. MORTON, ESQ., *Treasurer.*
WILLIAM HOWE, ESQ., *Secretary.*

COMMITTEE.

REV'D. JOHN HUNTER,	COMMANDER ORLEBAR, R. N.
" CHAS. CHURCHILL, A. M.,	JOHN BURTON, ESQ.
" GEORGE BOYD,	WM. HARE, "
" THOS. JARDINE,	P. C. HILL, "
" THOS. CRISP,	CHAS. ROBSON, "
" A. M'KNIGHT,	ALEXR. JAMES, "
" S. W. SPRAGUE,	S. L. SHANNON, "
" JOHN BREWSTER,	B. C. COLLINS, "
" WM. HUMPHREY,	S. SELDEN, "
" G. W. HILL,	

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AT THE
TENTH ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
MICMAC MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

HELD IN TEMPERANCE HALL, DEC. 5TH, 1859.

J. W. RITCHIE, President, in the Chair.

The meeting was opened by singing a hymn, and the Rev. Thomas Crisp offered prayer.

The Chairman briefly addressed the meeting.

William Howe, Esq., Secretary, then read the Report.

On motion of Rev. P. G. McGregor, seconded by Rev. C. Churchill, it was

Resolved Unanimously—"That the Report of Committee be adopted—and that the paper read by Rev. Mr. Rand be added to the Report, and published under the direction of the Committee. And that the Committee, and the friends of the Mission generally, be requested to make the subject of a Micmac Institute, as suggested by Mr. Rand in his report, a matter of earnest consideration. That in case such an establishment should appear to be practicable, and called for, measures may immediately be adopted for its accomplishment."

Rev. S. T. Rand, the Missionary, addressed the Meeting, and then read a paper detailing the labours of himself and assistant during the year.

On motion of Rev. S. W. Sprague, seconded by Charles Robson, Esq., the following gentlemen were unanimously elected as Office-Bearers and Committee for the ensuing year, with power to add to their numbers, fill vacancies, &c., (see list).

After singing the Doxology, the meeting was dismissed with the Apostolic Benediction.

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REPORT.

THE Committee of the MICMAC MISSIONARY SOCIETY are happy to be able to state that the earnest appeal made in the last annual Report to the liberality of the Christian public has not been made in vain. The amount received during the past year has been amply sufficient to enable your Committee to discharge all the obligations assumed by them, and to leave a small balance in the hands of the Treasurer.

The first act of your Committee on entering upon office was the raising of the salary of the Rev. Mr. Rand from £160 to £200 a year, with the usual allowance of £40 for travelling expenses. The Committee felt that in taking this step they were doing nothing more than simple justice to the Missionary and his family, as the Missionary had no other source on which to rely for support, and the funds for the payment of his own salary and the other outlays of the Society being raised almost entirely by his own exertions.

Soon after the last annual meeting Mr. Benjamin Christmas addressed a letter to the Committee, stating his desire of being employed as an Assistant Missionary in connection with Mr. Rand, and offering his services at a salary of £125 a year; and Ben's offer being earnestly recommended to the acceptance of the Committee by Mr. Rand, who stated that "Ben's services for the past eight years had been invaluable, and that he was now in a position to render such aid as no other living man could render," your Committee entered into an engagement with Ben for one year, from the first day of January last, at the salary he himself had proposed, viz., £125 a year—with an additional sum of £10 for his travelling expenses. It is a matter of just pride to reflect that one of the Wanderers of the Forest has, under the training of this Society, been made to feel that he can occupy such a highly honorable and useful position, and that he can claim and receive so large a salary for his services.

Ben has been laboring during the past year with Mr. Rand in the work of the Mission; and Mr. Rand bears testimony to his usefulness, and to his consistent conduct as a christian. "The only thing that has been pretended as an objection," says Mr. Rand, "is, that Ben wants to act like civilized people, and that he dares occasionally to pattern after those, who, he has reason to suppose, understand themselves the best."

In addition to Missionary labor, and the work of translation, Ben employed a portion of his time during the year in delivering Lectures on the customs, manners, condition and prospects of the Indians of this Province. He addressed large and respectable audiences at Halifax, Windsor, Kentville, Liverpool, Annapolis, and other places. The collections taken on these occasions added very materially to the funds of the Mission; and Ben in this way alone more than earned his entire salary.* In speaking of these lectures, Mr. Rand writes:—"I have never yet heard the intimation that any were dissatisfied. More than this, too, Ben can preach with great acceptance. I wish you could have heard his sermon here (at Berwick) last evening, on the lifting up of the brazen serpent. It was great and awfully impressive. I listened to it a few hours before in Micmac, in the woods. The Red man heard it. Bless the Lord, oh, my soul!"

Again—Mr. Rand writes, "We had a lecture here (at Annapolis) last evening that would have passed muster at Exeter Hall, where it may be repeated, perhaps, one of these days. The Hall was crammed, many not being able to get in. £7 were taken at the door. At Yarmouth hundreds came to hear him, and £18 were taken at the door. We got large houses at Liverpool, and Mr. Christmas was pronounced a great man. And he is all that. He is great at his lectures, and is a first-rate fellow every way. I could detect nothing improper, nothing unchristian, nothing *small* in his deportment. I am delighted with the progress he has made. The Indians at Liverpool gathered round him—and he lectured and preached to them. On a second visit, as soon as it was known that he was there they came from all directions. I left him after a while in the midst of the story of Joseph, a few chapters of which I had read to them."

* The whole sum thus raised was £165. A part of it will appear in the next Report, instead of the Subscriptions taken in Canada since October 1, the close of the financial year, and which it has been deemed advisable to publish in this.

It was noticed in last year's Report that the translation of the Book of Psalms into Micmac had been completed, and that the manuscript had been forwarded to the Publishing Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society for publication. Your Committee are happy to state that the work has been done, and that they have lately received two large cases containing 980 copies of the Psalms in Micmac—the whole being a free contribution to this Mission by that noble Society, at an expense to them of £87 18s. sterling. Your Committee take this first public opportunity of expressing their grateful thanks for this munificent gift.

The Book of Acts has been translated, and after some further revision, will shortly be ready for publication.

The Committee have to deplore the destruction of nearly their entire stock of Micmac scriptures—their copies of Genesis, with the Gospels of Matthew, Luke and John, having been unfortunately consumed in the conflagration that occurred at Halifax in September last. The cases containing these scriptures were stored in the premises of one of the Committee (Mr. Charles Robson) in Granville Street. About one hundred copies of each of these books had, however, been providentially removed by Mr. Rand, for circulation, some time previously. The destruction of these scriptures involves also a very serious pecuniary loss.

The Committee have much pleasure in announcing that Mrs. Christmas, wife of the Assistant Missionary, has abjured the errors of Romanism, and has joined a Protestant church at Truro.

The Committee have to regret the removal of one of their number in the recent death of the Rev. S. N. Bentley, who was very highly esteemed by all who knew him for his amiability and earnest piety. "Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb." The Committee deeply sympathise with his afflicted family and friends.

The Rev. Mr. Rand, accompanied by Ben Christmas, made a tour in October last through New Brunswick and Canada, for the purpose of interesting our neighbors in the work of this Mission, and also with a view of learning how Missions of a similar character were conducted in Canada. The details of this tour, as well as the doings of our Missionaries for the past year in the Province, will be found in the voluminous Report prepared by Mr. Rand—and to which the Committee refer the friends of the Mission for full and interesting particulars.

MR. RAND'S ADDRESS.

LABORS IN NOVA SCOTIA AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

“Oh, give thanks unto the Lord! call upon his name, make known his deeds among the people. Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him; talk ye of all his wondrous works.” If, in reviewing the past year, we cannot see much of our own doings to boast of, we can see much which calls for the devout gratitude expressed in these words of the Psalmist. And, first, may be mentioned the fact that instead of your *Missionary*, always hitherto in the singular number, we can at last say your *Missionaries*. For the first time in the history of our country a “native” has been employed in regular Missionary work: and I am happy to testify to the propriety of his deportment, and to the favorable manner in which his labors have been received by his own people, and also to the increasing readiness with which assistance has been afforded to the Mission because we have at last the aid of a Micmac Assistant. Our work may now be said to have fairly *commenced*.

During the year we have travelled from Cape Breton to Yarmouth, and round by Liverpool and Chester to Halifax; on by Truro, Amherst, and Moncton, to Mirimichi; back by Parrsboro' to Hantsport; thence by St. John to Portland, Montreal, Caughnawaga, St. Francis, Peterboro', Mud Lake, Rice Lake, Alnwick, Toronto, and the Niagara Falls.

We have seen scores of Indians. We have had many opportunities of addressing them, and have in no instance been treated by them rudely, or otherwise than with kindness and respect. In a number of instances they have listened to the truth with marked attention and seriousness. We have found Micmacs everywhere in these Provinces, and scattering ones all the way to Montreal. A Micmac family reached that city by the same train by which we arrived. We met another company there one day in the streets who were from Cape Breton. We could not hear of any of this tribe in Canada West.

The prejudices of the Indians against us are rapidly giving way, or, as they express it, “Their thoughts are melting down.” In proof of this we may mention a case or two,—we suppress names, to prevent unnecessary annoyance and persecution to the parties. Less than two years ago we encountered two men who were very indignant and angry that an Indian should have changed his religion. Like Joseph's Brethren, they could not speak peaceably to him, and they could not bear that any one

else should do so. "*Boonaj-jim!*" they would exclaim, "Cease speaking to him." "*Moo tally-kulloosic*"—"He's a miserable fellow"—when any one seemed disposed to listen to his remarks. They said to me after Brother Christmas retired, "We have nothing against you, Mr. Rand, but we don't like that fellow: the Priest says he's a brute." They did not know, they said, what that word meant, but they were sure it meant no good. They got me to explain it. They assured me that if they saw us both struggling in the water they would seize me, and help me out first,—a very unnatural thing for an Indian to do. Last spring both those men invited us to visit them, and we spent a very pleasant day in their wigwam. One of them can read; he receives and reads our books; and both seemed exceedingly anxious to receive instruction, and that their children should be educated. They said they had pondered the matter over, and felt very different towards us from what they did.

Five years ago, in another direction, I knew an Indian who would not consent for us to come to his wigwam. He was a man of influence, and stirred up the others against us. We had not probably a more determined opponent amongst them. The life of the Protestant Indian, as they termed him, was hardly deemed safe in his neighbourhood. Last spring we visited that same man together. No one could have treated us more kindly. From him we learned that the question of schools and education, is often earnestly discussed among them, and that many of them are changing their minds on the subject. I read the story of Joseph through in his wigwam, himself and several others listened with marked attention. He went with us to show us the wigwam of a sick Indian, who was dying of consumption. We conversed with the poor fellow, read the Scriptures, and sang a part of the 34th Psalm. I cannot soon forget the gush of tears which came welling up into the eyes of the dying man, as he heard in his own soft language, the touching verse: "This poor man cried and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his troubles." We kneeled together upon the boughs, and each of us Missionaries offered up a short prayer in Micmac. They all thanked us for our visit, and none seemed more hearty and sincere in the acknowledgement than the man who had formerly manifested so much hostility. Cases of this kind show clearly that their prejudices are giving way; that "their thoughts are melting down."

And this is not the result of mere meditation; but of conversation with the priests, and discussions with other Indians. They dare question the former, and they dare dispute with the latter. The mind, long fettered and crushed, begins to assert its native freedom; and light and mental liberty and boldness are the result.

"There are but few of our own people," said a third Indian to me some time ago, "to whom I can utter my thoughts freely; but I often walk by myself and meditate." He had been telling me freely what he now thought of the system to which he had been always subjected; how

wretchedly the Indians had, in his opinion, been imposed upon, and how they had been designedly kept in darkness by those whose duty it was to lead them into the light. Day after day we had been sitting together. I had read the Bible to him, explained the method of Justification by Faith without the deeds of the Law,—and had pointed out to him some of the main points in which we differ from the Romanists: and he had also been learning to read the Bible for himself. We have frequently met since. I have the highest opinion of him. I believe he is not far from the kingdom. He now aids us in our discussions with the others. He reads the Bible to them, and he brings them to hear it read. I shall not soon forget an afternoon spent last winter in the place where he and another large family resided. How attentively did they all listen to our Saviour's farewell address to his disciples, and his closing prayer, in John xvii. "Oh why did they not give us all that in our book?" asked the other man, of him of whom I have been speaking. And when, several weeks afterwards, the latter asked for the Gospel of John, or as he termed it, "the book containing the Saviour's last prayer," which I had read to them on the occasion just referred to, and asked as though he might possibly be refused; and when, on receiving the volume, he desired me to read it to his wife—who was not present when I read it before—it may well be supposed that my heart was stirred within me with gratitude to God, and that I was glad that I had the book to give him.

And I sat one day last winter in the wigwam of a relative of this individual, reading the Scriptures "verse about" in quite a class, "for we were three," and I could not claim that my reading was much better than theirs. Here was a man who without ever having gone to school—so I was informed—had managed to learn to read and write. I saw a letter which he sent to Mr. George Creed, of Rawdon, earnestly soliciting a copy of the Book of Genesis—and I was told how much perseverance he had displayed in learning to read it. Candles were procured, and he read on in the evening until all the others had lain down to rest. Long after, some of them awoke, and to their surprise he was still at the candle poring over his book.

There is no merit in bestowing so rich a boon upon such a man; but it were in the highest degree wicked to withhold it.

Let me introduce you to one more scene. Some of you know Mr. James Ward of Bedford, near Halifax, and have warmed your feet before that large open grate of his. Well, I sat right in front of it on the 27th day of last December, with an Indian seated on either hand, and I saw and heard what truly affected my heart, and which led me to look back, and look up, and look forward, with confident expectation and faith. There sat one Indian telling to the other, in their native tongue, his own past history—his religious experience. The other, with his countenance all a-glow, sat imbibing the marvellous "*agnoo-dumokn*,"—such a tale, I presume, as he had never before heard. For nearly an hour I sat and

enjoyed it. If seven years ago I had said I should witness even so much before I died, it would have been deemed extravagant. Just such a scene occurred some months afterwards at Bear River, in the parlor of Nathan Tupper, Esqr., but it had by this time become quite an old story with me, so that it did not affect me as it did at Mr. Ward's.

I must mention one more case, because it bears upon the point. I may as well mention the time and place. It was at Annapolis on the Sunday preceding Good Friday. Having attended divine service in the town in the morning, we went out after dinner to the General's Bridge to see the Indians. One of them has quite a snug house out there, and we found several of the neighbors within, taking their dinner, when we entered. Shortly after dinner, while we were busy in conversation, white people began to drop in, and we observed a little excitement amongst the Indians, when on raising my eyes I perceived that a very well dressed, good looking gentleman, was addressing myself. I presently recognized his priestly attire and bearing, and am most happy to say, for it is the first time I have been able to do so under similar circumstances, that he treated me courteously. He told me that these people were Catholics. But that was no news. I was pretty well posted up on that point. But he assured me he did not wish me to go among them. I supposed not of course; but, as I seemed slow to take the hint, he requested me politely to leave them. He did not go among our people, he said. But you can if you choose, I rejoined; the law allows you to, and it allows me to go among the Indians, and so long as they consent to it, I shall go, and if they wish to hear the Scriptures read I shall read them to them. Whereupon we commenced speaking in Indian to the man of the house, as we apprehended he did not understand the drift of our argument, and we wished him to do so. The Priest thereupon called him out. The poor fellow came back soon and told us the *Padleass* wanted to speak to us out of doors. We stepped out to see what his will and pleasure was; but he and his friend were "mounting in hot haste" the rattling car, and making off with all speed. Quite a numerous little host had collected in the meantime, whether friends or foes we could only gather from their looks and the circumstances of the case. All were quiet. But we concluded that our wisest way was to follow our clerical friend's example, and quit the field, as there seemed small chance of doing any good. Next day, to our surprise and joy, one of the Indians came into town and invited us to go out again and see them, and intimated that they were sorry we had been interrupted on the previous day. And so we went, and for three days in succession we went; and from the way in which we were treated by the Indians, no one would have supposed they had received any particular caution against us. I do not say they had.

But they had at Bear River—Elsetcook—what a pity the real name is not retained—when we arrived there, we learned that the Priest had sent them an admonitory epistle, and we think they were a little more shy on

account of it. We did see them, however, and we read the Bible to them, and held an animated discussion with them too, in the presence of a large company of white people. And we had also the pleasure of listening for some time to a spirited address from a lady orator, who gave it to us in great style, *a la mode stump*, in defence of the 'poor creatures' whom she had hastened down into the field to defend. Had the worthy daughter of the Emerald Isle understood the Indian's idea of independence, and their notions of female dignity as well as we, she had probably assisted us less, and gained more laurels to herself from all parties, at less expenditure of breath and labor. I need not continue to recite instances of this kind.

We are satisfied that our greatest difficulties now are not those which the Priests throw in our way, nor those which arise from the prejudices of the Indians. When we meet an aged Indian in the road, and "commanding the waggon to stand still," we get out and converse for half an hour, talking of Christ and salvation, and are listened to with the most animated attention,—when we see a group sitting out of the sun in the shade of the tall pines, as we did between Port Mouton and Liverpool last spring, and leaving our horse in the road, go and read the Bible to them and offer prayer, and they express to us their cordial thanks for our visit,—when we go on a Sabbath afternoon, as we did near Berwick some time ago, and preach a sermon to them from "Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness," and hear afterwards of one relating with tears in his eyes, what he had heard from the Indian preacher,—and, finally, when we have gone down across the fences, fields, and swamps, and spent an hour among the Indians, as we did last spring at Nictaux; my excellent friend, Mr. FitzRandolf, who was with us, will remember the time; and they call after us as we are going away, "Oh, you are always in such a hurry when you come to see us: Why don't you stay longer?"—I say, when we meet with incidents of this kind, and we do not unfrequently meet with such incidents, we feel assured that the opposition of the Indian to evangelical instruction and the efforts of the Micmac mission, and his dread of Priestly domination, are on the wane. We thank God and take courage. Labor and vexation, wearisome days and restless nights, which we experience sometimes also, are forgotten. We are cheered and animated in our work, and feel assured that in "due time we shall reap if we faint not."

We saw large numbers of Indians in New Brunswick. They are more numerous there than in Nova Scotia. We found some who could read, and who eagerly sought after our books. We had many opportunities of addressing them: time would fail to give details. But our worthy friend Mr. Finney, of Richibucto, who kindly opened his doors to us strangers, will pardon me, I am sure, if I mention his name as I call to mind the admirable "Zayat" that shed of his made, where we used to sit and read to the Indians; and he will remember how often during the day, we were called upon, and enquired after, by our brothers. We shall not soon for-

get the few days we were permitted to spend at that place. Had there been any truth in that idle story, that certain parties had hired those two brave looking, brawny Indians, to seize "Ben" during his lecture, and throw him down—we rather think the contract would not have been fulfilled, and that the money would have had to be refunded.

We were defeated in our arrangements to go down to "Burnt Church" on St. Ann's day—the Indians' great Annual Festival—and then to proceed on to Restigouche. A despatch from home brought the distressing intelligence at Newcastle of the sickness and death of one of Mr. Christmas's children—a fine little boy of about two years of age. He felt, under the circumstances, that he could not go on further until he had returned to visit his family in their deep affliction. I well knew how to sympathise with him, having passed through a similar ordeal once myself. We accordingly returned home about the 6th of August.

VISIT TO CANADA.

In September, after consulting a large meeting of the Committee, and obtaining their approval of the proposal, we visited Canada. Our object was twofold; to obtain information respecting Missionary operations among the French Canadians and the Indians of that country; and to obtain pecuniary aid. In both respects we were successful. In Portland, Montreal, Peterboro, and Toronto, we had an opportunity of advocating the claims of the Micmac Mission, and the people of all denominations appeared interested in the object, and afforded generous aid. We had but little time to devote to collections; but we obtained about 260 dollars, with assurances, from time to time, of a willingness to aid us by regular contributions in future. About 160 dollars of the above was obtained in the city of Montreal.

We came thither in a good day. We found the friends of Missions actively engaged devising means for sending a Missionary among the Indians of Red River, in the Far West. A gentleman who spoke their language, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, by the name of Kennedy, had lately come on to Montreal to see if the means could be raised, and proper measures adopted, for allowing him to return and devote himself to the instruction of these people. He was a sea captain, has been several times to the Arctic Regions, has commanded two expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin, has seen much of the Indians, their sufferings and their wrongs, and his spirit has been stirred within him to devote the remainder of his days to their spiritual and temporal good. The project was well entertained by the christian friends at Montreal. I did not ascertain before leaving what arrangements had been made, but I was pleased to hear that every thing was progressing favorably.

We met Capt. Kennedy for the first time at a social evening party at the house of a brother Nova Scotian, J. W. Dawson, Esq., Principal of McGill College. A number of christian friends, interested in Missions, were there, collected to hear our story, and to consult with us. And very pleasant it was on that and several other similar occasions, to perceive the earnestness and zeal with which the Lord's people, though belonging to places widely far apart, and to different sections of the Christian Church, can unite in the blessed work of saving souls from death; and particularly in coming to the rescue of the Indian. On Sabbath afternoon, though the weather was stormy, quite a large assembly gathered at Bonaventure Hall to hear us three—Capt. Kennedy, Mr. Christmas, and myself—talk about the Indians and Indian missions, in connection with "Temperance and religion." On the following Tuesday evening we again had the opportunity of addressing a numerous and deeply attentive audience in Zion Chapel—Congregational—the place where a few years ago Father Gavazzi was mobbed, on that sad day, when about a dozen unoffending citizens, quietly retiring from the meeting, were shot down by the soldiers, as they were quietly ascending the hill in front of the chapel. The collection, at the close of our meeting, by agreement, was taken for the Micmac Mission, and it amounted to 37 dollars. From the similarity traceable in the language, we could see at a glance that the Indians at Red River and the Micmacs, though dwelling on opposite sides of the Continent, are members of the same family; and there was no difficulty in perceiving that efforts in behalf of the one tribe were by no means incompatible with efforts in behalf of the other. My favorite theory received confirmation, that this movement in behalf of the Micmacs is not an isolated movement—a mere spasmodic effort of man, to be continued for a few years while the novelty and curiosity of the thing lasts, and then to be abandoned for some other curious novelty; but that it is a part of a great movement, having its source in Heaven, for the enlightenment and salvation of man—a movement, which of late years especially, has made the poor and the needy every where to become the subjects of earnest prayer and of earnest solicitude, and of christian effort; a part of God's great plan for saving the world. "I am sure," said a lady to me one day, at Montreal, "that your coming here was designed of the Lord, as much on account of the Indians for whom Capt. Kennedy is laboring, as for the Micmacs. I have not had, I confess," she continued, "much faith in Indian Missions, particularly in his scheme; but when I saw and heard that Indian who is with you, all my hesitation was removed. I felt satisfied that Indians were as capable of being civilized and christianized as any others."

But, as already intimated, a special object of our visit to Canada was to examine on the spot the workings of those Missions which during the last twenty years or so, have been established by Protestants among the Catholic Canadian French population. And foremost among these, as the one of which I have read and heard and thought most, I may mention

THE GRANDE LIGNE MISSION.

This is a Baptist Mission, and is situated about thirty miles from Montreal, in the parish of l'Acadie, or, as we should call it in English, Acadia, named after our own Province by the Acadians, who first settled there, and who had been expelled from this country. It has been in operation about twenty-four years. The history of its origin, its missionaries, its trials and triumphs, were the means of leading my own mind towards the Micmacs. That funeral in the lowly Swiss canton, where was carried out the only child of its mother and she was a widow; that solemn renewal of her vows to God as that afflicted one returned to her chamber "a widow and desolate"—the only obstacle in the way of her becoming a missionary being now removed,—that little garret at the Grand Ligne, where that same devoted lady, Madame Feller, opened her first little school; that day of trouble, and storm, and darkness, when in the depths and cold of winter the mission premises, in 1837, were surrounded by about 300 incarnate demons, who, excited and emboldened by the spirit of anarchy and revolt that then reigned in Canada, compelled the unoffending missionaries and their friends to leave all and to fly for their lives; and that scene during the outbreak of the following winter, 1838, when an armed band of horsemen came down in great wrath to seize the missionary, M. Roussy, and bring him prisoner to their camp; when that unprotected female, Madame Feller, strong in the omnipotence of weakness, went out and faced the foe, who quailed before her glance, yielded to her expostulations, and giving her a pledge that they would not be molested again, sounded a retreat and fled; and then the way in which all these efforts of the enemy turned out to the furtherance of the Gospel, giving the missionaries an opportunity to exhibit its motive and its power by returning good for evil—all these and a thousand other thrilling events which I had read or heard from those who had been at the Grande Ligne mission, and which had led us, in this country, first to turn our attention towards the Canadian French, and then, as a natural and necessary consequence, towards the Indians, have all combined to interest my feelings greatly in the mission at la Grande Ligne. I have longed for years to visit it. That favor has now, by the will of God, been granted.

On the 11th of October, while my Brother Christmas went down to St. Francis, about 80 miles from Montreal, to visit and preach for the first time to a congregation of Protestant Indians, I took the train for the Grande Ligne. On leaving the cars I had to walk about half a mile to the mission premises, a large three-story stone building, with a farm and out-houses attached. I was joined by a stranger with a carpet bag in his hand, and learned that we were going to the very same place, and that, as in my case, it was his first visit. But judge of my surprise when I learned that he too was an Indian missionary,—he had just come on from Kansas, where he had been laboring as a colporteur among the

Indians. Here was a second remarkable coincidence, nor did it require any undue belief in a particular Providence to believe that the hand of God was in it. Certainly we were thus gathering from places far remote into quite an Indian Missionary Convention, without any previous concert of our own, and without having known of each other's existence. I had been annoyed at what had appeared to me to be a needless detention in Nova Scotia before we started. Our plan for proceeding to Restigouche had been thwarted, but I now saw that had we had our own way exactly in our arrangements these pleasant and profitable rencounters would have been missed. The name of the gentleman referred to was Mos. P. C. Paumier. He was a Frenchman, from France. In his native country he had labored as a Colporteur, and gave us much important information respecting the work of evangelization there, as well as respecting the Pottowottomies of Kansas. He could not speak the language of the Indians, and had been convinced from what he had seen and learned that it is impossible to obtain the confidence of these people, and to labor successfully among them without this acquisition. All I meet with confirms my convictions in this respect. The health of M. Paumier had failed in the far West, and he had come on to seek employment as a colporteur. The Bible Society at Montreal subsequently engaged his services in that capacity in that city; and he commenced his labors under encouraging auspices.

One fact connected with the establishment of the Grand Ligne Mission I had forgotten. The first missionaries, when they left Switzerland, started to go among the Indians. Pastor Olivier and a few others came on to Montreal, where they halted for the winter; but their field of destination was the country of the Sioux and the Dacotas. Providence changed their plans. M. Olivier's failing health compelled him to return to his native land, with his family, where he still lives. M. Roussey and his fellow-labours heard of the opening made by the gift and the reading of a Bible in the parish of l'Acadie, and went out to see. They ultimately took up their position there: the opening gyrations swept round the French of Nova Scotia and the Micmac Indians; nor shall those of the far West, after all, be forgotten. Deeply touching was it to hear the Missionaries tell of their early impressions when first called to the work,—how the condition of the Indians moved their hearts. Mlle. Jonte, the matron of the Feller Institute, a female institution at Longuille, told me she was thinking and praying over the matter for seven years before she mentioned it to any one. Her pastor finally asked her what it was which weighed upon her spirits? She hesitated to tell him. "Don't you wish to become a missionary?" said he. She confessed to the fact: and forthwith arrangements were made, and the desire of her heart was accomplished. She has been a devoted labourer for twenty years.

Connected with this Mission are now twelve main stations, with each of which are connected several out-stations. Hundreds of the Canadian

French Roman Catholics through their instrumentality have been enlightened, converted, and blessed.

Next I would mention the

CANADIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

This, so far as I could learn, sprang up after the Grande Ligne Mission, with the same object in view, and is conducted very nearly upon the same principles, and with equal zeal and success, except that while the latter is a Baptist Mission, the former does not assume the name of any particular denomination, but allows all who believe in the evangelical doctrines to unite in its support and control. It is principally supported, I understood, by the Congregationalists and the Presbyterians of the Free Church. The Churches formed in connection with it, are associated with the Protestants of France. They have a Boys' and a Girls' Institute at "Point aux Tremble," or "Poplar Point," about ten miles down from Montreal, on the same side of the River. The two beautiful, commodious buildings, well furnished, with a farm attached, and other appurtenances, I had the pleasure of visiting, in company with Captain Kennedy, Rev. Dr. Wilkes, and others. We were shown all over the premises, climbed to the top of one of the buildings, scratched our names there, looked away over the country, asked a great many questions, which were readily answered, visited the Mission Cemetery, dined with the Mission family and drove back to the City. Often and often since, when engaged in prayer, has the parting expression of Madame Richard occurred to me, "Pensez à moi quand vous priez,"—"think of me when you pray."

This Society has also its main stations and out stations, and requires, as I see by the Report, about ten thousand dollars annually to support it. I understood that the Grande Ligne Mission expends about the same. I would rejoice to see the day when it would require as large a sum to carry on our Micmac Mission. Far better all around to spend it so, than to compel the necessity of throwing it into the fire, and the people with it, as is done ever and anon here in Halifax, and in other places.

The Micmac Mission agrees in so many particulars with those I have been describing, that I need offer no apology for the length of these remarks. Two other Societies are also actively engaged in spreading the Gospel among the Canadian French—the Colonial Church Society, and the Wesleyans. They have stations at Quebec, but we had not the privilege of visiting them. We regretted it much, and quite concurred with a Roman priest with whom I entered into conversation coming down in the cars. On learning that we had not visited Quebec he seemed surprised, and several times exclaimed, "c'est dommage, c'est dommage."

“What a pity! what a pity!” Little did he imagine what would have interested us most had we gone thither.

Great success is just now attending all these efforts. We cannot suppose that they have been without their influence in bringing about the great Protestant movement of M. Chiniquy and his adherents. He was once, however, one of their most bitter and influential opponents. His labors are now aiding them in a most remarkable manner. Bibles transmitted to Illinois, for the use of his congregation, are sometimes sent back by individuals to their kindred and friends in Canada; and the blessed influence is extending itself in every direction. I did not see Father Chiniquy; but I saw those who were well acquainted with him both before and since his conversion. All over Canada now, it is said, ‘the Book of Life is received and read by individuals with avidity. It penetrates every where; it works effectually; it enlightens; it breaks the chains of iniquity; of falsehood and superstition; the priests are alarmed; and the missionaries shed tears of joy,’—“so mightily grew the word of the Lord and prevailed.”

But it is time to speak of

THE INDIANS OF CANADA.

Deeply interested as we were in those Protestant Missions among the French Canadians, we were still more so in respect to the Indians. What is their condition? How, and by whom, and with what success, are Missions among them conducted? were among the questions we had to ask. And we saw there hosts of Indians. They cannot surely be disappearing from the face of the earth as rapidly as some would have us believe. There are those in Nova Scotia who affect to think that an Indian cannot be induced to live in a house. And it *does* require some effort and perseverance to enable them to change from the wigwam, and get accustomed to a house. But we saw plenty of Indian houses in Canada, and we did not see a single wigwam. We only heard of *one*, and that was located near the Niagara Falls, connected with a museum, to be seen as a curiosity in connection with two living buffaloes, and the cooking stove Blondin is said to have carried over the river on his shoulder, upon the “slack rope.”

The Iriquois village at Caughnawaga—pronounced Cog-nay-wah-gay—about ten miles above Montreal, consists of about 300 houses. Some of them are substantial stone buildings, and they have resided there about 100 years. They are Catholics, but very far in advance, to all appearance, of the Micmacs. They are evidently a good deal mixed up with the French. We could scarcely distinguish them, except by the costume of the women. They till the ground to some extent, have a school

among them, an Indian pilot generally guides the steamers down the Lachine rapids; and we found some very intelligent fellows of the tribe. The language differs materially from the Micmac. There are, however, some points of resemblance, particularly the constant recurrence of the sound of *k*—as in *Skang-ah-chee-wah-kah-tah-kah-ree-tay*—I am well.

I could not learn, as our Protestant friends had thought, of these people in connection with their evangelistic labors. From what I heard I have reason to believe that a mission among them could be started without difficulty. They speak French, and there are those who speak all three languages, English, French, and Iriquois, fluently.

I did not visit St. Francis myself, but, as already stated, Mr. Christmas did. There he found a congregation of Protestants, a Protestant chapel, and a Missionary, not an Indian, who labors constantly among them. An educated Indian preacher has been for some years laboring among his brethren there,—his name is Ozonkeline. In obtaining his education he is said to have manifested a degree of firmness and perseverance that would have done credit to any man. If I remember correctly he is a Presbyterian. I understood that owing to some difficulties he and a number of his brethren had lately removed to some other place.

We visited three other Indian Missionary Stations. They were in Canada West. About 60 miles below Toronto we struck off from the Grand Trunk, and took the cars for Peterboro, where we arrived about 10 o'clock in the evening. We were met at the cars by Rev. Mr. Gilmore, Superintendent of the Shemong Mission, and agent of the New England Company, to whom we had sent on a letter of introduction. He very kindly entertained us, and aided us in our plans every way in his power. We shall ever cherish a grateful remembrance of his kindness, and that of his son and family.

We met a company of Indians next day in the street from Rice Lake. Their countenances were so much like Micmacs that we could not see any difference. Our Micmac, however, was all Dutch to them; but they greeted us with a warm reception on our being introduced. We promised to visit them the ensuing Monday.

In the afternoon we got an opportunity to go on to Mud Lake, where we designed to spend the next day, which would be the Lord's day, among the Indians under Mr. Gilmore's Superintendance, and where there is a school and boarding house for Indian children. We rode about seven miles, over a rough road in a lumber waggon. About sunset we left the cart and took to the water. John Rice Lake, an Indian brother whom we picked up on the road, undertook to be our guide, and to pilot us to the Shemong Mission. It was well for us that we had so good a pilot. We had borrowed a boat of a good Baptist white brother, but the day was cold and windy, and our boat was but little larger than a good sized coffin, and we had five miles to go and to cross the lake. It was about seven o'clock when we arrived. We went to the Indian Boarding-

house, and were very cordially received by Mr. and Mrs. Scofield, even before we presented our credentials. The hospitable board was soon spread in our behalf, and we were in capital trim to do justice to the viands.

Mr. Scofield is the School teacher. The school-room is under the same roof with the boarding house; which is a wooden building, not very large, but having the appearance of comfort and convenience. It is supported by a missionary society of long standing called the New England Company. It was formed nearly 200 years ago, in the reign of William III., for the benefit of the Indians of the British Provinces of North America, then embracing of course the United States as well as the Canadas and the Lower Provinces. The company was incorporated, and large sums of money were paid in for the object. After the American Revolution, by the terms of the charter, those Indians who dwelt in the United States were excluded from participating in the monies of the Company. An institution was some years ago established by them at Sussx Vale, New Brunswick; for some reason it failed, and was removed to Mud Lake, in Canada West. The New England Company has its head quarters in London. We have been led to believe they are still in possession of unappropriated funds. We once applied to them for aid, but without success,—they have expressed their perfect willingness to receive any further information we may have to impart; and I am not without hope that we may yet obtain the means from this quarter for the creation and support of an Institute at Mount Micmac. At all events we intend to “try again.”

The Rev. Mr. Gilmore, who superintends the Shemong mission, and preaches, through an interpreter, to the Indians, is a Baptist Minister. The people are all Methodists. Mr. Scofield, who appears to be a very excellent man and well adapted to the work of teaching, is a Methodist Class-leader, and a Local-preacher. It was pleasing to us to learn that persons of different denominations could there, as well as here, labor harmoniously for the Indian's good.

We visited the school room on the evening of our arrival, to look for the first time upon a class of intelligent Indian lads busily engaged with their lessons. We examined their writing and drawing, and brought away specimens. They seemed somewhat embarrassed when they attempted to sing, and broke down several times, but finally acquitted themselves very well.

Mr. Scofield has been at this post for ten years. Mrs. Scofield exercises a motherly supervision over the children of the school. She appears to be an excellent woman, and well fitted for her post. They have a very prepossessing little family of their own—not very *little* neither—the eldest, a lad of about 12, being, so far as fluency in the language goes, quite a respectable little Indian. Mr. Scofield himself does not speak it—which, in my opinion, is a serious defect.

His account of their success was any thing but flattering. There are not just now many boys at the Institution, and the prospect of permanently

benefitting them, according to his account, seems dark and discouraging. It is not for the want of intellect, it is not the difficulty of getting children to come. They come, they remain; they learn rapidly. But after that, what? His hopes have been raised again and again, only to meet with disappointment. Disease and death carry off some of the brightest and best: others, instead of becoming servants in respectable families, mechanics, school teachers, or clerks, ramble about with their guns, idling away their time, contracting evil habits, and losing all they have learned, sometimes becoming apparently more wicked and vile for the pains which have been bestowed upon them.

I confess these candid statements pained me to the heart. They seemed a confirmation of the theory that the Indian race is doomed, and that labor expended on them is labor lost. True I had never raised my expectations extravagantly high. I had not supposed that the Indian would or could, by one flying leap, reach the highest point of civilization from the depths of degradation and barbarism. But I have all along believed in the doctrine of developement,—of improvement, gradual, it might be, but in time great. It was hard to see all my plans and anticipations blasted. I questioned our worthy host: examined and cross-examined, earnestly searching for the "silver lining to the cloud." But I searched in vain.

Late in the evening we retired to the well furnished "Prophet's chamber" for rest. I slept; but my sleep was disturbed by troublesome dreams. I was near my own home, but could not find it. I seemed to wander in the streets of Charlottetown, where I once resided, passing and repassing where I knew my own house stood, but I could not find the door. I awoke with a feeling of disappointment and distress. I slept again and was again in the same place among the same familiar objects, searching in vain for the door of my own dwelling. Morning came at last, the morning of the Holy Day. I never before had been so far from home. It was about eleven hundred miles distant, and I was away out on the very outskirts of civilization. All beyond being an interminable forest. The Indian village I had not yet seen. I scarcely cared to see it. I sought consolation where I have learned, I trust, to seek it in the hour of trouble, from "the word of God and prayer." Nor did I seek in vain. There are moments in our Christian warfare, when cut off from all help from without and from within, the spirit betakes itself to the Mighty for help, and in the utter helplessness and brokenness of despair, casts itself upon God, and "the Spirit maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." Oh! it seemed hard! hard to abandon all my fond schemes and prospects; but I felt as if I could give all up so far as I was concerned: *self* seemed of no consequence. But was the condition of the Indian hopeless? Was the arm of the Lord shortened that it could not save? was his ear heavy that it could not hear? And I felt something, I think, as Jacob did when he said, "I will not let thee go until thou bless me." And the Lord said to Hezekiah, I have heard thy prayers, I have

seen thy *tears*. And blessed be his holy name, it is the high and holy privilege of others besides Hezekiah to weep sometimes before the mercy seat, as well as pray. And I deemed that the day broke; that the "sun rose upon Peniel," that I had "power with God and with man, and had prevailed." Oh! it was worth all the fatigue and expense of the journey, and infinitely more than that, to enjoy such a precious season of prayer, in that humble chamber of that Indian Institute, on the borders of Mud Lake.

And how often have we found it that our difficulties and troubles vanish the moment we can cast them upon the Lord! I felt light and happy. It was easy to converse with these precious Indian boys, and the others, about Christ and heaven. I read the Scriptures, and brother Christmas prayed at our family devotions. "Thy words were sweet to my taste," and I thought my dear brother's prayer unusually fervent and touching.

We walked out to see the village and our Indian brethren. Things did not look so bad after all. Here were snug little farms, comfortable houses; intelligent, well dressed men and women, receiving us with politeness, and conversing like Christians. What a change was this from the darkness and wretchedness of heathenism! what a change to be effected in about twenty years!

They had a neat little chapel. The bell rang; a very respectable and orderly congregation assembled. There were no graven images to be seen; no holy water; no pictures stuck upon the walls; no bowings and crossings. The hymn book used was in part the work of an Indian—Peter Jones had made a translation of the English, and the pages in each language faced each other. When the hymn and chapter were read in English, an Indian read them immediately in the "vulgar tongue," lining out the hymn in Indian so that all might sing. A very good sermon was preached to us by an Indian, our Miemac brother. At the close brother "Bigman," the chief, who had been spoken of as a very consistent christian, and a worthy man every way, prayed, apparently with great fervor.

I gave them a short address myself; told them about their brethren in our country, and sang a Miemac Hymn,

"In de dark wood no Indian nigh,"

After the meeting all pressed forward to shake hands with us. It was a pleasant sight to behold, and one which we cannot very soon forget. We could not understand upon what principle, or by what figure of speech the "Shemong Mission" could be said to have "failed."

We learned all about it afterwards. Good brother Scofield had been somewhat too sanguine at first. He came from England. Warmhearted, delighted with the Indian character, full of zeal and christian affection, inexperienced in the difficulties that lay before him, what wonder was it that his expectations should be raised a little too high? Those bright-eyed, brilliant little Indian boys, who could learn any thing, and do any thing, might

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become any thing, and every thing, that was great and good! of course they could. Why not! But alas! for human hopes and earthly anticipations in every department! The blossoms are often abundant, but the frost, and the worm, and the blight follow; and the "harvest is a heap in the day of grief, and of desperate sorrow." And then we are prone to extremes both ways; as sure we rise above measure in our expectations our spirits sink below measure from our disappointments. To us the contrast between what those Indians had been, and what ours are still in Nova Scotia, and what they now are, was wonderful. So far is the theory from being correct that an Indian "like a partridge" cannot be tamed, cannot be kept from "running back into the woods"—cannot be induced to live in a house, that my excellent friend Mr. Gilmore stated it as the general fact—to which there might occasionally be an exception, that when they have once tasted the luxury of civilization, they cannot be easily induced to go back again to the wretchedness and misery of their former state.

RICE LAKE.

Next day, Monday, we visited Rice Lake. This place is about a dozen miles from Peterboro', in another direction. It is a larger settlement than the one just referred to—the soil is better, and seems to be better tilled; the men, women, and children here, as is the case with all the Protestant Indians we saw, dress like white people and live like them. They are Methodists, and a Methodist missionary resides among them.

The first thing that arrested our attention on arriving at this village, was a respectable-looking Indian farmer, following the plow, with a solid-looking yoke of oxen, driven quite man-fashion by a clever junk of a boy. We passed field after field, well laid out and enclosed, as we went on to the Mission House and the Chapel. The village School-house stood hard by, and while the Chapel bell was ringing, and the people collecting for a sermon, we stepped into the School. It was kept by young Mr. Jeffries, son of the Wesleyan Minister,—his father, to whom we had a letter of introduction, was absent from home. We had time to hear the "class in the Testament" read a chapter. They read it in English, and acquitted themselves very well.

Here I preached my first sermon in an Indian Chapel to a congregation of Christianized Indians. It was an era in my life. We told them of their unfortunate brethren who dwelt "towards the rising sun," and bespoke their sympathies and their prayers. There were many venerable looking old women, and a few old men, present, who had lived in heathenism the greater part of their lives. Our English was pretty much unintelligible to them, but we could speak to them as Joseph spoke to his brethren in Egypt—through an interpreter. Our visit seemed to be

mutually comforting both to us and to them. We shook hands with them all around. We could not only understand each other's "Hallelujah" and "Amen," but we found, to our surprise, the Micmac's salutation for both meeting and parting, so near to the letter that we readily understood it.

We dined with the old chief. Mrs. Jeffries, sensible woman that she was, had taken advantage of her husband's absence to perform the ever-recurring process of house cleaning—the dread of the male sex in every clime and condition. On perceiving this state of things at the Mission House, we scarcely waited for an apology, but beat a hasty retreat. An entertainment, however, had been kindly prepared for us, in which there was no lack. One dish consisted of the wild rice from which the lake takes its name. It was very much like the civilized article, and fully as palatable. After dinner the chief, through an interpreter, thanked us for our visit, and for the attention shown them; we of course making "appropriate replies."

Alnwick, where the Methodists have an Indian Institute, which we were bound to see, was about nine miles distant, on the opposite side of the lake. Two young men belonging to that place were about returning home, and they undertook to convey us over in a canoe, and to escort us to the settlement. One of them was the son of John Sunday, an Indian preacher, of whom we had often heard, and who resides at Alnwick. Our birch canoe was the smallest affair of the kind I had ever seen launched upon the wave—the only specimen, by the way, that we saw in Canada. This species of water-craft is evidently, like the wigwam, dying out before the march of civilization. It could easily be carried on the arm.

"The wind did blow, and we did buffet it," for nearly an hour, and I must confess I should have felt far more secure had my one-legged, half-eyed friend, old "Tidlum," of Hantsport, been there in his own "kweed'n," with Passumi at the "asidemkempk." As it was, we were all glad to get ashore as soon as possible, and to land a couple of miles further from our place of destination than we would have had to land had the weather been more favorable. On approaching the shore we had to force our canoe through a large field of rice, and I had an opportunity to examine it at my leisure. The stalk is about seven feet long, more than one-half of it being under water. It is about twice as large round as the straw of wheat, which it resembles in some measure. The head looks more like that of oats. They gather it by pushing a canoe through it, bending the heads over the gunwale, and beating them off with a proper instrument. The kernel is nearly half an inch long, small, round, and black. It bursts open when boiled, is white on the inside, and presents a singularly speckled appearance in your plate. It is nutritious, palatable, and wholesome, and, requiring no cultivation, and being easily gathered and prepared, is an important item in the Indian's culinary arrangements. The crop was good this year. They gathered, I was told, about twelve bushels on an average to each family.

It was nearly sundown when we landed. The boys hid the little "basket" in which they had brought us over, and taking a path which led into the forest, and which looked for all the world like an "old sled road," they pushed vigorously on, and we followed; but, alas, how the school, and the farm, and the Bible, do *spoil* the Indian! our guides had lost their "longitude." Our path soon ceased to be a path, and they could not proceed without it. We had to retrace our footsteps and try again; but, with no better success. Young Sunday was evidently lost, and we, consequently, lost all confidence in him as a guide through the woods. The sun was now down; and the dense masses of clouds which covered the heavens, and the hoarse roar of the winds through the tops of the majestic trees, gave evidence of a dark and stormy night. It so turned out. Before morning it blew a gale, and the rain descended in torrents. To be lost amidst Canadian wilds, and to pass such a night in such a place, would indeed be a capital thing to tell at our annual meeting in the Temperance Hall at Halifax—it would be a splendid subject for the "painter's pencil and the poet's pen;" but, alas, for poor weak flesh and blood, we shrank from the prospect, and the dictates of one's sober judgment was, that the pleasure of telling about it, would hardly pay for the suffering and the risk.

There was, where we turned off into the woods each time, what looked marvellously like a road. "Whither will it lead us?" I eagerly enquired. "Oh, to Alnwick," was the reply. "Then why not take it?" "Because it is to long and round about; this, if we could only find it, will save us at least a couple of miles of travel." "But it seems you cannot find it: miss it once more and we cannot even get back to this place, for the darkness will be upon us." I decided the case at once; and we two foreigners took the beaten track. We were soon joined by one of the others, who kindly yielded to our obstinacy, and came on to show us the way. We had a long tiresome walk through the mud and darkness, but arrived at last safe and sound, and found our young friend all right.

We had intended to lodge with "brother Sunday," but were, on arriving, very considerably escorted to the Mission house, the home of the Rev. Sylvester Hurlburt, Wesleyan Minister. We were kindly cared for, and our wants soon supplied; though I confess I did think our worthy host eyed us somewhat "askance" at first. Nor could I find it in my heart to blame him much. We must have cut rather a sorry figure; then we had no credentials except a printed book, our last year's Report—and I have long been of the opinion that a "printed book," whether in the hands of an Italian beggar, a lecturer on slavery or temperance, or any other straggler, is, for a recommendation, just about worse than nothing. Our friend possibly took us for "Border Ruffians," or wolves in sheep's clothing. But as all we wanted was a night's lodging, and permission to look over the premises it was of comparatively little consequence

who or what we were, so that we were kept out of mischief. I must confess, too, that our good brother, of whom Mr. Gilmore afterwards spoke in the highest terms, did improve very fast. I imagined he felt more confidence in us after having heard us pray.

We met there the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Wm. Bartlett, Esq., of Toronto. He was just going his rounds, paying the Indians their Government annuities. The claims of the Indians to their own lands have very properly been allowed in Canada, as they should be here and in all places. These lands have been purchased by the government. They are sold out, and the money is funded, and the interest is paid in regular instalments to the Indians, each individual receiving a share. We were much pleased with Mr. Bartlett. He entered at once into the spirit of our enquiries, with great affability, and gave us a great deal of important information respecting the progress of civilization among the Indians. He has twelve "Bands," as he terms them, under his charge, and he visits and pays them twice a year. He was going to Tyendenago the next day, near Coburg. He considered that the Indians at that place were still in advance of those at Alwrick. They are Episcopalians. We regretted that our limited time would not admit our visiting them.

He invited us to call at his office in Toronto, where we would find, in the person of his head clerk, an educated Indian, who would be able to give us any information we might desire respecting the language, the history, and the habits, &c., of the Tribe. We gladly availed ourselves of this kind invitation, and forthwith, on taking up our quarters in that city, made for the "corner of Jordan and King Streets," and introduced ourselves to Mr. Blackbird; or, as it reads most euphoniously in Odahwah, Mr. Assikinack; and we were soon "all one brother." He is none of your "half breeds." The fine Indian countenance; the pure native tinge; the piercing black eye, the shining raven locks, combined with his manly bearing, his intelligence, his gentlemanly deportment, in connection with the responsible situation he has filled for the last ten years, and the good report we had heard of him, rendered him, in my estimation, one of the most interesting personages I had seen for a long time. He is, we had been informed, a Catholic. He gave me a vocabulary of the Odahwah and Ojibway, and shewed me an article on these dialects, one of a series he himself had published in the Canadian Journal. The Odahwahs, the Ojibways, and several other tribes, I learned from him, speak the same language, with some slight difference of dialect. We could trace in these a very close resemblance to the Micmac. Many words are the same: many nearly so: many of the peculiarities of inflection are alike.

My Micmac brother was also wonderfully delighted to meet an Indian who had been at college, and who was capable of being a clerk in a government office. Often and often had he wondered within himself why this could not be the case. What a story he got one day to tell the Micmacs, when a gentleman called at Mr. Bartlett's office, paid down a

sum of money for land he had purchased, which the Indian clerk took care of, the principal being absent, unfolding the huge book, and making out all the necessary papers, and giving the receipt! What hinders that we should not see the same thing some day in Halifax?

But to return to Alwick. Our Methodist brethren have had here for several years, as already stated, an Indian Institute—a large and commodious brick building, with a boarding house of the same material. Children from all parts of the country are gathered within its walls and taught, with varying success, the rudiments of Christianity and civilization. The boarding house is also the residence of the Missionary of the Circuit, and he is also superintendant of the School. Sometimes the attendance is large, and then there is a sudden falling off as in all other benevolent Institutions. The school was small when we visited it; but to us it was a novel and affecting sight, and what we sincerely hope and pray may yet be seen in Nova Scotia—to see a class of Indian boys and girls stand up to be examined in their Reading, Spelling, Geography, Arithmetic, &c. They acquitted themselves admirably, and their answers were correct, prompt, and “all together.” I cannot soon forget the boy who stood at the head of the class. He was I should think, about fourteen years of age. He was part Mohawk. Never was humanity moulded into finer form and features. I could not but think of the lofty and dignified bearing of “Osceola” the “Seminole Chief,” or of some of those “Thunderers of the Forest,” painted by Catlin, as he drew himself up to a posture more than erect, his head up, his dark flashing eye looking as though it would pierce the teacher thro’ and thro’, as he stood there with a smile playing over his face, ready to catch the question and give the answer, the moment it was uttered.

We called on brother John Sunday. He is an ordained Wesleyan preacher, and has been a laborious and successful labourer in the Master’s vineyard for many years. He was more than thirty years old when first he heard the Gospel, and he affirms—and the statement is deserving of deep and careful attention—that the first time he heard it he believed it. And not only so, but he began immediately to publish the marvellous news, and has continued to do so ever since. We listened with great satisfaction to the account he gave of his views and feelings prior to his knowledge of Christianity; the traditions handed down from the Fathers, many of them resembling the stories of the Old Testament, such for instance as the flood, Elijah fed by Ravens, Jonah swallowed by the Whale, and cast forth again after three days upon the dry land, &c. Some of these tales I wrote down as he told them.

From the first he appeared very much pleased with our visit; but when we struck off into the languages, and he perceived the striking affinity between his and the Micmac—that the pronouns are nearly the same, as also the words for *mouth* and *teeth*, a *son*, and *walking*, for *paddling* a canoe, and *journeying by water*, and many others—that each language has

a *dual* number, and two words for *we*, one signifying *he and I*, the other, *you and I*,—the old man rose up and, with flashing eyes, seized his brother Christmas by the hand, and exclaimed “Oh, we are all brothers.”

He said they call all the eastern tribes *Wob'nakie*—*Wob'n* in both Micmac and Ojibway, meaning “the dawn”—“Aurora”—*l'aube*, in French,—and hence “the East.” *Wobnakie* means “the people of the east.” I think it probable that this is the same word as *Abenakie*, the name of a tribe closely allied to the Micmacs, among whom the celebrated Jesuit priest, Father Rasle, who fell at the head of his Indian troops, in an encounter with the British soldiers—and thence obtained the honors of Martyrdom!!—lived and died; whose Dictionary of the language of that tribe, published by the Smithsonian Institution, we have in the Library of Acadia College.

We held a meeting in their chapel at Alnwick, and, stormy as was the morning, had the pleasure of speaking on the common salvation to quite a large congregation of Indian brethren.

We were much pleased with the appearance of the settlement. Indian farming, the test of civilization, had come up before us in the ratio of *good, better, best*. The fields were here large, well laid out, and—what pleased us much, giving the settlement quite an *un-Indian* look—well fenced. Some of them, we were told, grew this year as much as two hundred bushels of wheat. Some of our Cornwallis and Annapolis farmers would be pleased to count so many.

I obtained two Indian relics from good brother Sunday. I value them all the more highly for the value he set upon them, and because he gave them to me. A stone pipe from the shores of lake Huron, and a curiously carved ladle, given him in the far West, as a memento by some Christian Indian friends. The bowl of the ladle is in the form of a *heart*. It has two handles, one carved into the shape of a horse's neck and head, and the other, of a deer's foot and leg, emblematical, perhaps, of the present transition state of the tribe, the fleetfooted Indian—“light of foot as a wild roe,”—contrasted and united with the “horse and his rider,” with hearts beating in common, and feeding after the same fashion.

But we had to tear ourselves away. Taking passage in young brother Sunday's two horse waggon, we were driven rapidly over a part of our route. We then had to walk, and since the wind would not allow us to return by water, in our little eggshell of a canoe, we had to go round by land till we should reach the station, and the railroad bridge. The road was bad and the distance long. We arrived just in time to be too late for the cars, and we found to our dismay that the bridge, two miles long, had not been prepared for foot passengers. Unless we could walk the rail, or at least the narrow plank on which it lay, we could not get over. This was a dilemma. We had an appointment at Peterboro in the evening, with a waggon at the Rice Lake Settlement, but how was the lake to be crossed? Had it been calm we might have attempted the perilous task

of walking the plank. But as the wind was blowing a perfect gale, such an attempt would have been madness. There was, however, a 'hand car' at hand, with a man standing near it, who appeared to be connected with the station. We enquired if we could not be rolled over on that. He questioned it; but by dint of persuasion and a potent application of that motive power, which time out of mind has "made the mare go," the machine was at last got in motion, and with great difficulty we reached the farther shore in time to get on to our appointment at Peterboro.

We were sorry we could not see more of the Indian Settlements and Missions; but winter was at hand, we were anxious about home, and our furlow about out.

We had a very pleasant visit to Toronto. My worthy brother, our former Secretary, Rev. J. G. Geikee, to whom I had written, had kindly made preparation for a meeting for us in Knox's Church the day after we arrived. They came out nobly to hear our story, gave us a handsome collection, and cheerfully added to it by generous subscriptions, and gave us promise of more in years to come. We went up by the cars and snatched a hasty glance at the Niagara Falls and the Suspension Bridge, just sufficient to say we have seen them, returned and spent the Sabbath at Toronto, and then came home, literally flying—passing over the whole distance, nearly twelve hundred miles, in less than four days of travel, and paying out little more than two dollars for expenses, in addition to the fares in cars and boats. We travelled "Indian fashion." A part of the loaf of "Graham bread," put up for us by good sister Girven at Toronto, was quite fresh when I reached home, and was passed round among the family, furnishing an interesting item of our evening repast. We met with no accident, nor had an hour's sickness while we were gone. "Thanks be to the Lord for all his mercies." "I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord."

REMARKS.

From what we saw and heard, we have been confirmed in our theory that Indians are, after all, like other people—not a different species, scarcely a variety; and that the Missions among them, comparing the success of the Gospel in other places, have been far from a failure. It is freely confessed that the native Americans, with all the labor and pains which have been bestowed upon them, have not yet, as a people, attained to that high state of refinement to which the Anglo-Saxons and others of the Caucasian nations have risen. But are there not to be found, it may be asked, even among the most refined nations of the earth, many communities, as well as families and individuals, who are still very low in the scale of civilization? yea, lower, so far as intellectual development is concerned, than our wandering Micmacs? Compare these with the "unedu-

cated" among the French, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, or any others you please, in this country, and you will be struck with their manifest superiority. And pray what nation ever rose at once, and in one generation, to a high state of civilization? Did ancient Greece? Did the Romans? Did modern France and Britain? No, indeed! *Our* boasted civilization has been the slow growth of centuries, and there is still vast room for improvement. Then why require of the Indians in one generation what it has taken us many ages to accomplish?

But it is argued that the hopes of the Missionaries are often doomed to disappointment. Those fine Ojibway pupils of my friend Mr. Scofield at Shemong, for instance, and other cases too numerous to mention. True, we may answer, but Indians are not alone in this. "Ye did run well, who did hinder you that you should not obey the truth?" "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." "I looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes." These complaints are of very ancient date, and they apply to every nation, tribe, and people. Alas! for our Churches, our Sabbath Schools, our Educational Institutions, and every department of Christian benevolence and effort, if they must be abandoned on account of great and manifold failures!

But, again, it is gravely objected, that "Indian preachers," even those in whom great confidence has been placed, sometimes fail in the hour of trial, and turn out miserable, wandering vagabonds. I am happy to say that I have not heard of many such cases; and if I had, what would it prove? that the Indian possesses a different nature from the white man? It will not be denied, I presume, that there have been a few cases among the latter of the same kind. Some white ministers have fallen, and those too who had been highly honored, and in whom great confidence had been placed. That the blessed Redeemer should be betrayed by one, denied by another, and forsaken by all, is, alas! not the history of one age only, nor of one place, nor of one little band of followers.

But it is still urged that the Indians will *hunt*; even those good people at Mud Lake, Rice Lake, and Alnwick, continue to go forth into the woods with trap and gun, at certain seasons of the year. Many of them were in the woods when we were there. And "more's the pity," I would say. It destroys them. Enjoying the luxury of a comfortable house for ten months in the year, the cold, wet, and exposure of the woods for two months, kills them off. When they return about the last of November, scarcely one of them can speak above his breath. Colds, coughs, consumption and death, are the penalty which follows. Hence, as I inferred, the far greater proportion of aged women than of aged men, that we every where noticed. The women remain at home.

But white people hunt too; and what would our governors, military officers, judges, lawyers, nay, some of our ministers, say to the doctrine, that an uncontrollable propensity to scour the woods, to shoot moose, to

“rise”] salmon, and “kill” trout is a proof of semibarbarism, and of a disposition that cannot be moulded into harmony with civilization, and refinement? Why Capt. Hardy of this city can “call” a moose almost equal to an Indian; and Earl Mulgrave boasts that he can beat the Indians, for he can start three moose at one time, and shoot them all three down without moving from the place where he stands. And, soberly, I know of no precept, either in the Bible or out of it, which says “Thou shalt not hunt.” Oh no! the propensity to *hunt*, is not the trouble, either with reference to the white man or the Indian. But *ignorance and neglect of the laws of health*; and *forgetting that God seeth in the wilderness*, as well as in the crowded city, and “that he will surely bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing,”—these, these, are the evils, against which the friendly voice of warning should be raised! These are, alas! too often forgotten by kings and nobles, as well as by the poor Indian. The twin misdemeanors by which the Indian professor of religion most usually brings dishonor upon his profession are “drunkenness,” and *neglecting to pay his debts*. How greatly I wish that here at least our comparisons would fail! But these are alas! every where “*THE SINS WHICH EASILY BESET US.*” How seldom has church discipline to be exercised upon the strictly temperate man; and the man who lives up to the spirit of the Precept, “owe no man anything.” When we condemn the Indian for getting in debt, and getting drunk, we may well remember the heart-searching rebuke, “Let him that is without sin among you, cast the first stone.”

In Canada the Legislature have passed a law to prevent both these evils, so far as the Indian is concerned. They have decreed that he shall neither drink intoxicating liquors, nor go in debt: and the penalty for transgression is in each case very properly laid upon the white people. He who sells or gives an Indian rum, subjects himself to fine and imprisonment: he who “trusts” him, forfeits the debt. No man in that country can sue an Indian. The wisdom of these enactments I shall not question. There are those, however, who think it a pity that they don’t—to use an Americanism—put it straight through while they are about it, and serve all alike, as they cannot see the propriety of this “making fish of one and flesh of another.” Oh! how many hearts would rejoice among all classes this evening, were the jubilee to be sounded in Nova Scotia, or even in this city of Halifax, and every debtor to be set free! Banish intoxicating liquors, and you remove at one sweep more than half the evils under which our land groans.

The sum of all is, that since the Indians are like other men, we must in our dealings with them, treat them as we would wish to be ourselves treated. Let the gospel remedy be applied in their case, as in ours, in all its extent, and fear not for the ultimate results. What has been accomplished among other nations, and among other tribes of Indians, may be surely accomplished among the Micmaes of Nova Scotia. What has been

done at the Grande Ligne, at Point aux Trembles, in Illinois, in Ireland, in France, in Germany, in England, and in a hundred other places, proves that Roman Catholics can be converted. "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth," says the risen, ascending Redeemer. "Go ye therefore and teach all nations.—And lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

And I now beg to submit whether the time has not come for the erection of our Indian Institute, and the opening of our Indian Boarding School. Such institutions are not to be relied on as the principal means of evangelization; but they are every where found to be indispensable auxiliaries. The desire among the Indians for instruction is increasing. Many of them wish to send their children to school, but they have no opportunity. There must be a home provided for those children, where they can reside permanently for several years, and where food and clothing can be provided for them free of expense; where a parental superintendance can be exercised over them, and where they can be trained to obedience, to habits of industry, economy and self-control. We need just such an establishment as they have at Grande Ligne, at Point aux Trembles, at Alnwick, at Mud Lake. Our site is already selected, subject of course to reconsideration: our land is paid for. Excellent quarries of freestone in the neighbourhood await our bidding to leap forth from their long resting places into form, and become the imperishable walls of our building. Hands are ready to do the work. Nor do I believe that the means would be wanting. If the New England Company cannot or will not grant it, other companies will. Never since our work commenced has there been a greater pecuniary pressure throughout the country than during the past two years: never has the support of our Mission been more easily raised. True, we have had to work—to *dig* and to *BEG*—and we *can* do the one, and are *not ashamed* to do the other, in so good a cause. We are becoming adepts at both.

But I forbear. I shall leave it to the friends of the Mission, the friends of the Indian, the friends of Christ, to say whether we shall go on, and how.

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Fitch, Dr. J. E.	5 0
Hamilton, Minetta	2 6
Harris, B. H.	2 6
Harris, John J.	2 6
Hea, Dr.	5 0
Harris, Rachael	5 0
Holmes, Mrs. P.	2 6
Harris, Mrs. James	5 0
Hennigar, W. & F.	2 6
Harris, D. J.	2 6
Harris, Wm.	5 0
Harris, Chas. W.	10 0
Harris, Mrs. James D.	7 6
Harris, J. W.	5 0
Johnson, Wm.	5 0
Johnson, John	5 0
Lydiard, Thomas	2 6
Lockhart, Nathan A.	5 0
Lockhart, Andrew	5 0
Lockhart, Mrs. A.	5 0
Lockhart, Nathan	5 0
Lockhart, Ephraim	3 1½
Neary, Henry	5 0
Payzant, James	2 6
Rathbun, John	5 0
Reid, Joseph	5 0
Randell, L.	5 0
Shaw, Emeline	2 6
Seaman, W. H.	3 1½
Shaw, Dr.	5 0
Sawyer, Professor	5 0
Webster, Dr. W. B.	5 0
Wallace, W. J.	1 3

£11 5 0

KINGSTON, N. B.

Kidston, Jennett	5 0
Law, Mrs.	5 0
Main, James	5 0
Wry, George	5 0

£1 0 0

LIVERPOOL.

Allen, S. J. M.	2 6
Annis, Stephen	2 6
Appleton, Calvin	2 6
Bartling, Capt.	2 6
Barss, James	5 0
Brydon, Wm.	3 1½
Barnaby, Joseph	10 0
Barnaby, Mrs. J.	2 6
Brother Jonathan	2 6
Bill, Chas.	5 0
Calkin, T. P.	5 0
Cobb, Olivia	5 0
Cobb, Wm.	2 6
Crowell, Jonathan	2 6
Cook, J. H.	2 6
Cowie & Sons.	5 0
Campbell, John	5 0

5 0
5 0
5 0
2 6
5 0
5 0
5 0
2 6
2 6
2 6
5 0
5 0
2 6
2 6
2 6
10 0
7 6
5 0
5 0
5 0
2 6
5 0
5 0
5 0
5 0
3 1 1/2
5 0
5 0
2 6
3 1 1/2
5 0
5 0
1 3
5 0
B.
5 0
5 0
5 0
5 0
0 0
2 6
2 6
2 6
2 6
5 0
5 0
3 1 1/2
10 0
2 6
2 6
5 0
5 0
2 6
2 6
2 6
2 6
5 0
5 0
5 0
5 0

Collins, Stephen £0 3 1 1/2
Friend, 3 1 1/2
Collins, Deborah 5 0
Dewolf, B. O. 5 0
Dewolf, Mrs. Jane 5 0
Dunlap, Capt. 2 6
Drew, M. 1 3
Dightman, Mrs. 1 3
Dexter, Wm. 3 1 1/2
Dexter, Isaac 3 1 1/2
Dewolf, James 5 0
Dewolf, Mrs. James 2 6
Darrow, John 5 0
Day, Capt. 5 0
Eaton, Joseph 5 0
Freeman, J. N. 5 0
Farish, Dr. 5 0
Ford, James 3 9
Ford, Chas. 5 0
Freeman, Mehitabel 2 6
Freeman, James 5 7 1/2
Ford, Wm. 5 0
Freeman, Mary 1 3
Freeman, Edward 2 6
Freeman, Whitman 5 0
Freeman, Joseph P. 5 0
Freeman, John T. 1 10 1/2
Freeman, Reuben 5 0
Ford, Joseph 2 6
Goosely, Wm. 1 3
Gildert, Sarah 3 1 1/2
Gould, Wm. 2 6
Gardner, Wm. H. 1 3
Gates, Joseph 1 3
Higgins, Rev. T. A. 5 0
Hayden, Jedidiah B. 2 6
Hemco, James 2 6
Henderson, Susan 3 1 1/2
Haslow, Rebecca 3 1 1/2
Jacobs, W. S. & Mrs. 10 0
Jackson, Wm. 5 0
Jackson, Olevia C. 1 3
Johnson, Wm. 2 6
Knowles, Thomas 5 2 1/2
Kempton, Allen 5 0
Kempton, Mary L. 2 6
Kempton, Edwd. 2 6
Kempton, Joseph 5 0
Kempton, Simeon 2 6
Morse, Charles 4 4 1/2
Morton, Malinda 1 3
Morton, Elkanah 2 6
Moody, Mrs. 5 0
McLean, Matthew 5 0
McNutt, Andrew 1 3
McNutt, Martin 5 0
Pattillo, T. R. & Mrs. 10 0
Parker, G. S. 5 0
Payzant, Nathan 3 1 1/2
Richan, Wm. 5 7 1/2
Roberts, Ann 3 1 1/2
Rees, Capt. 2 6
Sterns, Wm. 2 6
Snow, Chas. E. D. 2 6
Sterns, Mrs. 2 6
Sterns, Margaret 2 6
Snow, Jane H. 5 0
Snow, Jabesh 5 0
Sellon, S. 2 6
Sponagle, Mrs. M. 2 6

Starrat, E. E. £0 2 6
Scott, Wm. 2 6
Sponagle, Lewis A. 5 0
Saunders, E. C. 2 6
Scott, J. W. 1 3
Tupper, Freeman 2 6
Tupper, Experience 2 6
Tupper, S. C. 6 3
VanBuskirk, J. 2 6
Widow's Mite, 1 3
West, Bethiah 1 3
£17 11 5 1/2

LOCKE'S ISLAND.

Chipman, X. Z. 5 0
Chipman, X. A. 5 0
Friend, 1 0 0
Friend, 1 3
Locke, John 5 0
Shaw, John 5 0
Todd, Mrs. 5 2 1/2

MONTREAL.

A. F. H. 10 0
A. M. 10 0
Alexander, Chas. 1 5 0
Coll. in Zion's Chapel 8 5 0
Cash, 5 0
Paid do., 10 0
Cash, 5 0
Cash, 1 0 0
Cash, 5 0
Coarse & May, 7 6
Crane, T. A. 10 0
Two Cashes, 10 0
Dawson, J. W. 1 0 0
Dawson, James 10 0
Friend, 2 6
Frothingham, J. 1 5 0
Friend, 2 6
Friend, 2 0
Green, E. K. 1 0 0
Grafton, T. G. 5 0
Gilmore & Thomson, 15 0
Holton, W. T. 1 0 0
Harrington, W. 5 0
Holland, Richard 10 0
Hagar Chas. 5 0
Kemp, A. F. 5 0
Lyman, Benjamin 1 0 0
Lyman, Henry 1 0 0
Lewis, D. 1 5 0
Leeming, Jno. 10 0
Mochree, G. 10 0
Millene, James 5 0
Millog, A. 5 0
McKay, James 15 0
McKay, Edward 10 0
Muir, Robert 5 0
Muir, James 5 0
Mitchell, J. & J. 1 0 0
Muir, Wm. 10 0
McDunnough, Wm. 5 0
O., R. 2 6
Plimssoll, Dr. 5 0
Plimssoll, John 15 0
Rathay, J. 15 0

Redpath, T. £1 0 0
Robertson & Co., 10 0
Reid, M. 5 0
Savage, Alfred 1 0 0
Scott, S. B. 5 0
Starr, J. L. 5 0
Tiffin, Joseph 10 0
Taylor, T. M. 10 0
Torrence, David 1 5 0
Th., 5 0
T. Cxtu & Co., 1 0 0
Taylor, R. 5 0
Un Ami, 5 0
Unc Amie, 1 3
Venor, Henry 1 0 0
Woodbury, T. E. 5 0
Whitney, N. S. 5 0
Wood, John & Son 5 0
Wright, E. 5 0
Zion Chapel, 5 0
£41 3 3

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Allen, H. 5 0
Collection, 2 6 3
Call, Robert 2 6
Davidson, Richard 5 0
Fish, James 2 6
Haws, John 5 0
Haws, Mrs. J. 5 0
Hardy, John 5 0
Friend, (Douglass't'n,) 12 6
Joudier, Jacob 1 3
Johnstone, James 5 0
Muir, A. M. (Doug'l'stn.) 5 0
Park, Wm. 5 0
Robinson, John 5 0
Friend, (Rn.) 5 0
Sargeant, Moses M. 5 0
Thomson, Saml. 5 0
Tozer, Mrs. H. 3 9
Thomson, W. A. 5 0
Templeton, Caleb B. 5 0
Williston, Edward 5 0
Watt, Patrick 5 0
£7 8 9

NICTAUX.

Falcom & Bent 2 6
Chipman, Saml. 5 0
Chipman, T. H. 1 3
Landers, D. C. 5 0
Randall, W. 5 0
Randall, J. 2 6
Shafner, Caleb 2 6
Shafner, W. 3 1 1/2
Shatner, Edward M. 2 6

PORTLAND, U. S.

Col. Free St. Church 3 5 0
Claridges, W. H. S. 10 0
Cobb, L. 5 0
Cash, 10 0
Drake, Davis, & Co. 5 0
Edmond, E. 5 0

Fernald, E.	£0 2 6	McLeod, Alexr.	£0 1 3	Lynds, Dorrath	£0 3 1½
Greenough, B.	15 0	Tupper & Brother,	7 6	King, Robert	1 3
Grisvold, V.	2 6	Rutherford,	1 3	Blair, S. H.	4 4½
Lemont, E. K.	5 0	Cralman, Matthew	1 3	McNutt, James	2 6
Merse, J. K.	5 0	Sutherland, David	1 6	Crowe, John	2 6
Robinson, R. S.	5 0	Wilson, Wm.	2 6	McCurdy, Isaac	2 6
Wing, Eli L.	5 0	Christie, Richard	2 6	McCurdy, D. & Mrs.	3 9
Waterhouse, J. W.	5 0	Killer, James W.	2 6	Clarke, Silas	5 0
		Facket, Michael	2 6	Smith, Mrs. B.	2 6
		Zouill, Wm. G.	1 3	Cutten, John W.	1 3
	£7 10 0	Archibald, Robert	1 3	Bishop, John	2 6
		Dunlop, Thomas	5 0	Dickson, Mrs. W.	1 3
		Chambers, Robert	5 0	Logan, Isaac	2 6
		Doggett and Murray,	5 0	Cutten, David E.	2 6
		Crowe, Joseph	5 0	Barnhill, Isaac	1 3
		Hall, George	2 6	Blair, Oliver	2 6
		Campbell, Kenneth	2 6	Blair, Danie. M.	1 3
		Kent, James	1 3	Gregor, Wm.	3 9
		Barnhill, Robert	1 3	Blair, Robert D.	5 0
		Layton, Francis	5 0	Lorrain, James	1 3
		Hunt, John	1 3	Hoar, James	1 3
		McCully, J. B.	5 0	Johnson, Mrs. T.	1 3
		Grant, Mrs.	2 6	Crowe, Charles	1 10½
		Walker, A. G.	5 0	McNutt, A. W.	2 6
		Crowe, Sydney J.	3 1½	Stevens, J. C.	3 9
		Cummings, William	2 6	Robertson, Alexr.	2 6
		Blair, J. K.	5 0	Robertson, Miss Sarah	1 3
		Prince, A. B.	1 3	Robertson, James	1 3
		Nelson, Samuel	5 0	Faulkner, John E.	1 3
		McCabe, James W.	1 3	Soley, Miss I.	4 0
		Croker, Wm.	1 3	Soley, Mrs.	1 3
		Christie, Joseph	2 6	Little, Mrs.	1 3
		Williams, L. W.	2 6	Beard, Mrs.	1 3
		Breeding, George	5 0	Little, Wm.	2 6
		Zuill, John	2 6	Stevens, Sarah	1 3
		Wilson, George	1 3	Stevens, James	1 3
		Sandrews, John	2 6	Downing, Mrs. E.	1 3
		Zouill, G.	3 1	Rude, Mrs. L.	1 3
		Smith, Wm. G.	2 6	Barnhill, Mrs.	1 3
		Smith, Daniel	3 1½	Rude, Solomon	1 3
		Archibald, John M.	1 3	Rude, James	1 3
		Mayo, John	2 6	Wilson, James	1 3
		McCully, Wm.	5 0	Crowe, James	2 6
		Mulholland, W. R.	2 6	King, John	5 0
		Blair, Chas. H.	2 6	King, Mrs.	2 6
		Nelson, Wm.	1 3		
		Farnham, Jas.	5 0		
		Blair, James D.	5 0		
		Archibald, Isaac	2 6		
		Ross, Rev. James	2 6		
		Moore, Hugh	2 0		
		Nelson, Robert	5 0		
		McCurdy, Robt.	5 0		
		Uphim, Chas. D.	2 6		
		Miller, Wm.	2 6		
		Page, Dr. A. C.	13 0		
		Archibald, Mrs. T.	1 3		
		Wright, Jas.	1 3		
		Tynes, Mary	1 3		
		McLeod, John	5 0		
		McLeod, Wm.	5 0		
		Lynds, Wilson	2 6		
		McNutt, Abner	2 6		
		Blair, Daniel	5 0		
		Blair, E. H.	1 3		
		Marsh, Chas. L.	2 6		
		Blair, Mrs.	5 0		
		Experimental,	1 3		
		Dickson, Mrs.	1 3		
		Lynds, Thomas	5 0		

NEWPORT.

Cochran, Mrs. D.	2 6
Cochran, Mrs. J.	1 3
Cochran, Daniel	5 0
Creed, George	5 0
Chisholm, J.	5 0
Cochran, Wm.	3 1½
Cochran, B. W.	1 3
Cochran, J.	5 0
Dennison, Dr. James	3 1½
Dennison, Dr. Wm.	3 1½
Fish, Elizabeth	1 3
Lockhart, Levi R.	2 6
Masters, Abraham	5 0
McDonald, J.	1 3
Nelson, John	1 3
Nelson, Louisa	1 3
Wier, Rachel C.	1 3
	£2 6 10½

ONSLOW & TRURO.

McCulloch, Rev. Mr.	5 0
McCulloch, William	5 0
Smith, Robert	5 0
Blackmoore, Charlotte	1 3
Taylor, Mrs. C.	1 3
Dickson, John	2 6
Carlyle, Miss	5 0
Blanchard, Charles	3 9
Fraser, Mrs. Elizabeth	1 3
Frame, Wm. R.	1 3
Nelson, John	1 3
Falkner, Wm.	5 0
Benjamin, Thomas	2 6
Thompson, John	1 3
McDonald, G. W.	1 3
Dickson, L.	1 3
Archibald, A. G.	10 0
Campbell, George	5 0
Blair, Isaac	5 0
Johnson, Mrs. Rebecca	2 6
Whidden, Charles	5 0
Faulkner, Mrs. N.	1 3
Walker, L. J.	7 6
Walker, Mrs. Rosanna	1 3
Brettee, Samuel	2 6
Crow, Wm. C.	2 6
Muttart, E. B.	2 6
Archibald, Chas. B.	10 0
Archibald, Mrs. S.	2 6
Forrester, Dr.	10 0
Bent, Dr. C. B.	5 0
Muir, Dr. S.	10 0
Lynds, Dr. D. B.	2 6
Blanchard, J. F.	5 0
Crowe, W.	2 6

PETERBORO'. C. W.

Collection,	15 0
Gilmore, Rev. J.	5 0
Rogers, Rev. J.	5 0
	£1 5 0

RICHIBUCTO.

Friend,	12 6
Hon. David Work,	1 0 0
Alex. Roxburgh,	10 0
	£2 2 6

S
Borden
Beech
Bamb
Collee
Dakin
Davis,
Ellis,
Ellis,
Harve
Hutto
Hamil
Hefler
Hamil
Hiltz,
Hiltz,
SA
Allison
Collee
McKe
Purri
Narra
S
Almor
Alwar
Chaloi
2 cash
Durla
Davis,
Demil
Eve e
Easter
Evere
Fairw
f lagle
Fisher
Fiske,
Gilmo
Hanco
Harpe
Kinne
Lockh
Lawto
McGra
McHe
McRob
Page,
Pettin
Poor C
Parke
Peters
Perley
Ring,
Reid,
Read,
Stavel
Smith
Skinn
Spurr
O

SACKVILLE, N. S.

Borden, Judah	£0 3 6
Beecher, Mrs. Anna	1 10½
Bambrick, Mrs.	2 6
Collection, Bedford,	13 2
Dakin, J.	5 0
Davis, Jno. jr.	1 10½
Ellis, Lister	1 3
Ellis, David junr.	5 0
Harvey, Dennison	2 6
Hutton, James	2 6
Hamilton, Chas.	5 0
Hefter, Charles	2 6
Hamilton, Stewart	5 0
Hiltz, Thos.	2 6
Hamilton, Mrs. John	2 6
Hiltz, Philip	5 0
<hr/>	
	£2 15 8

SACKVILLE, N. B.

Allison, Joseph	5 0
Collection,	1 9 0
McKeen, Rev. David	5 0
Purrrington, David	2 0 0
Narraway, Rev. J.	5 0
<hr/>	
	£4 4 0

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Almon, L. J.	5 0
Alward, Dr.	2 6
Chaloner, John	5 0
2 cashes,	10 0
Durland, J. N.	5 0
Davis, S. N.	5 0
Demill, N. S.	5 0
Evelett, C. D.	5 0
Easterbrooks, C. H.	5 0
Everett, Charles A.	5 0
Fairweather, J.	2 6
Maglor, E. W.	1 3
Fisher, John	5 0
Fiske, Dr. C. K.	5 0
Gilmore, A. & T.	5 0
Hancock, Charles	10 0
Harper, Joseph	5 0
Kinnear, W. B.	1 0 0
Lockhart, G. A.	5 0
Lawton, Wm. H.	5 0
Lawton, Wm. G.	1 0 0
McGrath, John	5 0
McHenry, Thomas	5 0
McRoberts, Alex.	2 6
Page, R. R.	2 6
Pettingill, Mrs.	5 0
Poor Cedar Pedler,	5 0
Parker, Judge	1 0 0
Peters, H.	5 0
Perley, M. H.	1 0 0
Ring, Z.	5 0
Reid, J.	5 0
Read, T. S.	5 0
Stavelly, Rev. A. McL.	5 0
Smith, John	5 0
Skinner, Dr. John	5 0
Spurr, James DeW.	5 0
Omitted last year,	5 0

Saunders, Abner	£0 2 6
Smith, John	1 3
Sparrow, Cornelius	5 0
Secley, A. McL.	5 0
Savary, A. W.	2 6
Thomas, Benjamin	5 0
Turnbull, C. G.	2 6
Titus, Richard	5 0
Trueman, James	5 0
Tisdale, John	2 6
Tuttle, C. L.	2 6
Tilley, Hon. S. L.	10 0
Vaughan, Henry	12 6
Wright, J. J.	5 0
<hr/>	
	£15 15 0

SHUBENACADIE.

A Friend,	2 6
Boggs, Charles	5 0
Collection,	5 0
Friend,	2 6
Kirkpatrick, J.	5 0
Nelson, Archibald	5 0
Nelson, James M.	5 0
Pitblado, Chas. Bruce	2 6
Sanders, J.	2 6
<hr/>	
	£1 15 0

TORONTO.

Anderson, Miss	1 0 0
Brown, P.	10 0
Beattie, Miss	1 2
Bremner, R.	1 2
Burns, Mrs.	5 0
Collection in Knox's Church,	5 0 0
Fyfe, Rebecca	10 0
2 Friends,	10 0
Friend,	2 0
Geikie, John C.	5 0
Gunn, Saml.	5 0
Girvin, Elizabeth Love	5 0
Home, Misses	1 5 0
Kennedy, Capt. Wm.	2 6
Lyon, J. F.	10 0
Lorimor, Alex.	5 0
Latch, Wm.	5 0
McMasters, A. K. jr.	10 0
Parsons, F. T.	10 0
Robertson, John	5 0
Stark, John	5 0
<hr/>	
	£12 11 10

WINDSOR.

Allison, D. P.	5 0
Allison, J.	2 6
Butler, Mrs. Colonel	6 3
Burgess, James	5 0
Burnham, P. S.	2 6
Blanchard, N. H.	1 3
Brown, Ann	12 6
Brown, Sarah	12 6
Cunningham, Wm.	10 0
Ells, Eleazar	2 6

Fletcher, Cochran	£0 1 10½
Flowers, J. B.	2 6
Friend,	1 3
Franklin, John	2 6
Grant, M. B.	5 0
Goudge, Monson	5 0
Geldert, James	2 6
Godfrey, John	2 6
Herbin, Jno.	5 0
Harris, Elijah	5 0
King, Harry	10 0
King, Mrs.	2 6
King, James	10 0
Mosher, Daniel	5 0
Murdoch, Rev. J.	5 0
McLatchey, John	5 0
McKay, Mrs.	3 1½
O'Brien, James	5 0
Payzant, Godfrey	5 0
Pellow, J. P.	5 0
Parker, Dr. T. J.	5 0
<hr/>	
	£7 13 9

WILMOT.

Bancroft, Miss	3 9
Bohaker, Edwin	2 6
Daniels, Jeremiah	2 6
Dodge, Ambrose	5 0
Dodge, J. & C.	2 6
Finney, Elias	3 9
Gates, Enoch	3 1½
Goucher, Joseph	2 6
Longley, Avar	5 0
Margison, C.	5 0
Margison, Bayard	2 6
Nevermind Thename,	1 0
Nichols, Wm.	2 6
Nichols, Daniel	5 0
Parker, Nathaniel	5 0
Stronach, Major	2 6
Starrat, Peter	5 0
Friend,	2 6
Starrat, Samuel	15 0
Wiswell, Miriam	5 0
<hr/>	
	£3 16 7½

YARMOUTH.

Crosby, Wm.	1 3
Cahan, C.	1 10½
Doty, Chipman	1 3
Darkey, Capt.	2 6
Friend,	10 0
Huntington, R.	5 0
Rogers, Joseph	5 0
Sanders, Henry	5 0
Steele, John	2 6
Sanders, D. J.	2 6
Shaw, Mrs.	5 0
Witter, Mary L.	5 0
White, A. L.	1 0 0
<hr/>	
	£3 6 10½

The Micmac Missionary Society in Account with G. E. MORTON, Treasurer, for the year ending September 30th, 1859.

DR.

To amount paid Missionary, salary, including travelling expences,...	£240	0	0
Paid do. extra to pay for horse, waggon, &c.,.....	58	0	5
Paid Assistant Missionary salary	125	0	0
do. do. extra grant for previous year,.....	27	0	0
do. do. travelling expences.....	10	0	0
do. Charity Fund.....	10	0	0
do. Postages, &c. per Secretary.....	0	5	0
do. Printing Reports	20	12	3
Balance.....	2	16	8
			<u>£493 14 4</u>

CR.

By balance from last year	£14	0	1
Subscriptions by Missionary,.....	311	11	9
do. by Assistant Missionary.....	46	14	2
do. by Treasurer.....	12	3	3
Proceeds of Lectures.....	109	5	1
			<u>£493 14 4</u>

1859.			
Octr. 1.—By Balance brought down	£2	16	8

G. E. MORTON, *Treasurer.*

Examined and found to be correct.

CHARLES ROBSON, } *Auditors.*
J. S. BURTON, }