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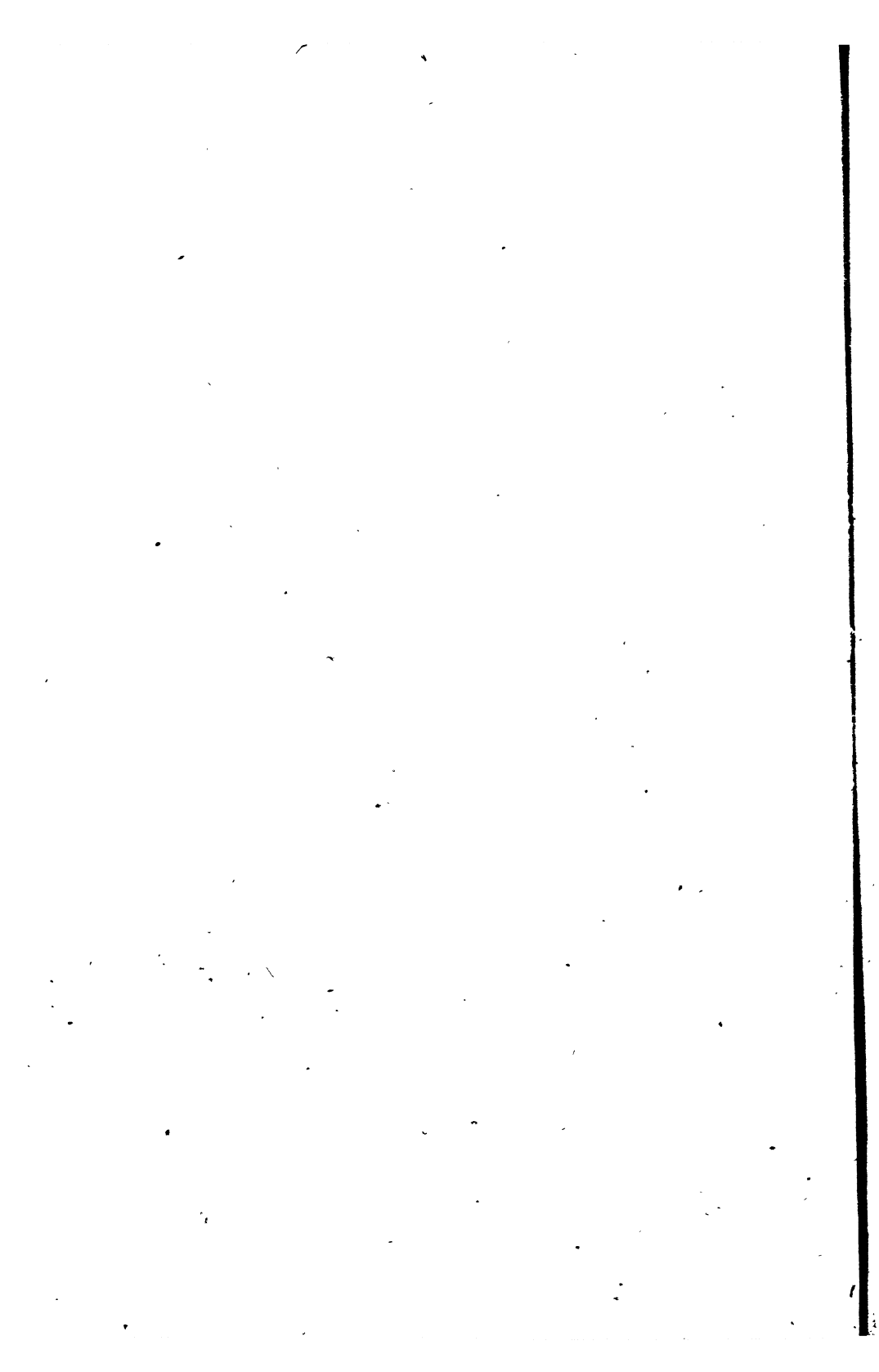
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## THE MICMAC MISSION.

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(N. B.—I was on the point of drawing up a history of the Micmac Mission, in which I have been engaged for the last thirty years and more, having been urged by several friends to do so, when the article in the *Christian Messenger*, alluded to, seemed to forbid any further delay. This accounts for the communication being addressed to the Editor of that paper. It is proper to add that on being shown the mistakes into which he had fallen, he generously and at once corrected them. As there are, however, multitudes of our friends who need information on the subject, it has been thought best to allow it to stand as at first, but not to be published in a newspaper.)

S. T. R.

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To the Editor of the *Christian Messenger* :

DEAR SIR,—

Your reference to the Micmac Mission in your last number seems to require a few remarks from me by way of explanation and correction.

**MISTAKES CORRECTED.**

The only statements really calling for remark, are, however, first, that the valuable property situated near Hantsport, and held in trust for the Micmac Mission, cost about three thousand dollars! Is it possible, thought I, when I read that statement, that I had to collect that huge sum for about four hundred acres of wild lands? I had forgotten what the exact sum was, but I well remembered that when Mr. G. Morton and I walked up to Mr. Sutherland's office to "tender"

the payment, we had it *all in gold*, divided in equal portions in the two ends of a bag, and that as it was tugged along, shifted occasionally from one hand to the other, it did seem a pretty heavy load. But my impression was that there was a little over *one hundred sovereigns* in each end. But, dear, dear, I seemed to exclaim to myself, had there been *seven hundred*, we would surely have had to string the bag across a pole, as the Spies did their bunch of grapes from Eshcol, or to have taken a wheelbarrow, or something of the kind. So I turned to the "Deed" for light, and sure enough, there I found that "all men are bound to know" that it "was for and in consideration of the sum of *two hundred and seventy-five pounds*, lawful money of Nova Scotia, to us in hand paid," that the said valuable property was purchased. Evidently, therefore, the editor of the *Christian Messenger* has fallen in this matter into a pretty large error. The statement might be said to be, like the picture of Barnum's giant, *slightly exaggerated*,—overstated by *nineteen hundred dollars*! Would that all our blunders in figuring up our own affairs, or those of the public, would lead to so little trouble, and be so easily corrected!

I am not so sure about another of your statements. I hope you are right,—it would give me great joy to know that you are so. But I have not the means of deciding, so I can only wish and hope that your statement may be somewhat nearer the truth than your figures. You say: "But compared with other missions, instituted about the same time, this one has had a very discouraging history." This from the editor's standpoint. Were I to make the comparison from the present aspect of affairs, which, of course, without all the facts of the case before me, would be rash, and most probably unjust, I should have to exactly reverse the above decision, and say: "But this (the Micmac) mission, compared with *some* others, instituted about the same time, has had a very *encouraging* history." But then, as just hinted, I may not be, and certainly am not, in a position to make a careful and candid comparison. I might judge as rashly and as falsely concerning these *other* missions, from not knowing any better, and not much caring to know any better, as a certain learned doctor of Halifax, in an article published in a scientific journal a few years ago, wrote and decided respecting the Micmac Mission. Thus he wrote: "A few years ago many most sincere persons gave large sums of money to civilize them. Their money and work were all wasted, if not injuring the race they sincerely sought to benefit. By a most fatal mistake in natural laws, and by teaching them their own language, by printing

what were called, but really were not, Micmac books and gospels, they meddled with their faith, and sought to carry them back to their old worn-out life and language, now sadly disjointed from the present times." "We can only lament so much money and so much hard work sincerely wasted, in harrassing their untutored minds with another language and another faith, before they had taught them to wear shoes and stockings, or to eat from tables." "INDIANS OF NOVA SCOTIA. By J. BERNARD GILPIN, B.A., M.D., M.R.C.S." (Read 12th March, 1877. Transactions of the Natural History Society, page 260.) Perhaps it was this able (!) document that my worthy friend, the editor of the *Christian Messenger*, had before him when he deemed our history so dolorous as "compared with some others, instituted about the same time." Why Dr. G. would have told you the history was sufficiently discouraging without instituting any comparisons. Only think of it. A few weak-headed visionaries, such as the late Dr. Twining, Dr. Forrester, and Dr. Crawley, Dr. P. G. McGregor, and more or less of the other leading ministers, merchants and lawyers of Halifax at the time, actually undertaking to *civilize* the Indians by such a huge *mistake in natural laws* as they made, like trying to make water run up hill, and by *seeking to carry them back to their old worn-out life and language*, now sadly disjointed from the present times. Surely that *was one way* to try to *civilize* them! And to add to the absurdity, they *aimed to teach them their own language!*—sending poor Rand round among the alders and bramble bushes to teach the Indians their own old worn-out and all-but-forgotten Micmac!! And worse than all,—but what will not such simpletons do? They actually printed and taught the Indians to read what *were called, but really were not, Micmac books and gospels!!* The books really, of course, were in Sanscrit, Chinese, Greek, or some other language, but they *were not, as pretended, in Micmac!!* Why really, like the little boy who broke his father's axe, I must exclaim, "I did not know I was so strong." Not much credit can accrue from the *morality* of the transaction, certainly, but what marvellous powers of *intellect* must have been required to make such men as the gentlemen really were, whose names I have mentioned, believe, and to make the Indians everywhere believe, that the books referred to really were printed in *bona fide* Micmac, when all the time this was not so!

Well, doctor, no wonder *such* a mission as you have so graphically described in your paper, had it ever existed, came so speedily to

grief. It is some relief, certainly, to be able to reply in the words of Nehemiah to Sanballat: "There are no such things done as thou sayest, but thou feignest them out of thine own heart."—*Neh. 6: 8.*

And yet that is about as near the truth as many people seem to have attained, respecting the Micmac Mission. It has in their estimation accomplished nothing. All the money—that *three thousand dollars* for land,—the large sums for publishing the Scriptures,—all lost, thrown away, and the years of labor and toil and vexation in mastering the language, translating and preaching and teaching, all wasted!

Said one of the merchants of Truro to me lately: "A gentleman was in here just now, and he said how singular it is that after all Mr. Rand's labors for so many years, he has never succeeded in making but *one* convert, and he is one of the greatest scoundrels out." He did not tell me the gentleman's name. But I had been invited to address a public meeting the next day, and had been told that some remarks in connection with the Micmac Mission would be appropriate. So I took the above piece of information for my text, and some gentleman had the candor to tell me the following day that he thought he was the individual referred to, and freely owned that the charge I had brought against him, and all others, who should make such a statement, of disgraceful ignorance, was just, and richly deserved.

#### MISSION, TROUBLES.

To use a slang phrase, I feel no disposition to *blow* on myself or on the Micmac Mission. I will institute no disparaging comparisons with other missionaries or other missions. Troubles enough and trials enough we have had all of us in our work, no doubt, both from friends and foes. Perhaps I can sympathise with our foreign missionaries in their toils and sorrows, aye, and in their joys too, as few who have never left their native land can do. Yes, our history, more especially when written by those who know little or nothing about it, and who judge from a few unfavorable *surface* specimens, is discouraging enough. And without having attended the latest "Conventions," and only having listened at a safe distance to the thunder that has been rumbling in *some* religious papers of late years, and merely having watched a portentous cloud just now looming up in the *WESTERN horizon*, I cannot help seeing that "some other missions" have had, and still have, some very discouraging and trying "portions" of "history," from which the Micmac Mission has been happily free. And there are facts for all to mourn over still more discouraging, from our one-sided view. "What has your Christianity ever done for the

world?" the infidel and skeptic ask with an air of triumph. "Your Christians are the worst of people, judging from the specimens we see around us." In Tuscarora, Ontario, where there are a few excellent Christians, and many professors, and many Pagans, it was freely admitted by the former that the latter are the best people taken as a whole. And after all the labors of missionaries in Burmah and India, by the candid acknowledgment of those best qualified to judge, heathenism and not christianity is proportionably on the increase, so that at the present day the former is much further in advance of the latter than it was when Carey and Judson rejoiced over their first converts. And what then? Will the songs of the thousands who have been saved be less loud and sweet, or *Krishnoo Paul's* hymn (No. 844 in the *Psalmist*) less cheering to the hearts of thousands? No indeed. Our efforts have been amply rewarded.

But to return. I am not in a position to compare the two cases. I have not all the facts of the *other* side. Then I may be carried away by my feelings and wishes to judge the one side too favorably, and not to be sufficiently candid and careful in hearing the other side. I might be somewhat like the merchant who undertook to exchange commodities, as the story goes, with his Indian customer, by using his fist for a pound weight. Could the heavy fist have been dissevered from the muscles and mind to which it was attached, a fair trade could have been made. But it was clear to the untutored Indian that the fist weighed much heavier when the feathers and furs were in the scale than when the powder and shot and tobacco, &c., were put in. To measure or weigh correctly, whether feathers, or shot, or missions, we must, to begin with, *have a correct standard* as a guide, and then this standard must be impartially applied. Now I do not know what *standard* Mr. Selden used when he came to the foregoing conclusion. Was it one duly "authorized" and "stamped?" or was it something like the variable pound weight of the dealer in Indian commodities referred to? And to be fair, I would have to ask myself the same question. For myself I would much prefer acting on Paul's advice in 1 Corinthians: "Therefore judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts: and then *shall every man have praise of God.*" The "standard" in that day will be a just one. For each and every one of us then there will be no comparisons with others,—no reference to what others did, but what each individual *I* did.

Let the reader then watch me as I load the scales. Let him pardon me if my feelings will add somewhat to the weight of the evidence I am about to produce; but do not shut your eyes to the evidence.

#### GENERAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE MICMACS.

Take account then of the condition of the Micmac Indians generally, as it is to-day, and compare it with what it was thirty years ago, "when these missions commenced." Then they were, so far as civilization was concerned, about in the same condition that they were in for the previous one hundred years. Dr. Gilpin tells us as much in the article referred to, in which, I am happy to say, while there are some serious mistakes, there is much that is true, and for which he deserves much credit for his industry in collecting and recording. But he truthfully tells us we began our work "before they had been taught to wear shoes and stockings or to eat from tables," (page 276.) Well, *we have taught them* to wear shoes and stockings, and to eat from tables, and to dress like their white brothers and sisters. I cannot remember when I have seen the old peaked cap on an Indian woman's head, or the old blanket around their shoulders. And *we have taught them* to live in houses, and to send their children to school, and in a goodly number of cases, to be steady, sober, industrious and comfortable. I say *we have taught them this*, for no credit can be truthfully given to the Roman Catholic Church for any of those improvements, which have been so marked among the Micmacs of late years. The Indians know well, and there are others who know well, that all the power and influence of their bishops and priests have been exerted to keep them as they were, in ignorance and darkness and dependence. Then those "terrible gospels" printed in 'suppositious' Micmac, according to friend G.'s theory, and which it was feared would shake their faith—have indeed, in a goodly number of instances done so, have produced under God wonders. Name after name comes up before me, as I write, and run my eye back over the past, of those whose days ended in brightness, a bright Christian walk and life, and whose sun went down without a cloud, as they peacefully rested on the great Atonement, without needing or wanting any help from man.

#### PARTICULAR CASES OF BLESSING.

Yes, indeed, I mind me of Jo Brooks, my first Indian teacher, for whose conversion I long waited and prayed, and the tears and sobs come well nigh choking me with joy, not grief, as I remember I found



him once in the neighbourhood of Wolfville, ill in body, and still more so in mind, under a deep sense of the weight and burden of his sins. And then how his eyes sparkled when, about a fortnight after, he told me he had found peace—living for about a year after, a consistent, devoted life, and dying full of joy and peace, in the neighbourhood of St. John, N. B. And little *Moser*, his son, went about the same time in peace. Then I think of Lewie Brooks, another son, with whom I often took sweet counsel, and who assured me those precious books, those gospels and psalms sustained him through the hours of agony he had often to endure from that terrible disease, the asthma, and from whom the priest laboured in vain to wrest and burn the books he so highly prized. In relating the story he said: "They cannot get the books away from us." And then follows his daughter, Mrs. Paul, who died here at Hantsport, some years later, who gave us the most satisfactory evidence that living and dying she was the Lord's. Then I think of Newton Glode, (*Claude*) and his brother Jo, two of the finest young men I ever knew, residing formerly in Annapolis County, but living at the end of their earthly career in Cornwallis, who for industry, honesty, and everything good, would have adorned any rank or condition of life. What joyful times we had together over the Word, and were not the Christian friends who often visited them in their last sickness, delighted to tell me of the proofs they gave of their firm, unshaken trust in the Lord Jesus. And then I think of little Harriet Christmas, (daughter of poor Ben, and his excellent, amiable Christian wife,) whose remarkable death and angelic faith Rev. Mr. Dimock of Truro, her minister, described so beautifully in the *Christian Messenger* at the time. And Newel also, her eldest brother, who lingered in peace and hope for months, and died in Yarmouth some years ago, of whom from his mother and others I heard a satisfactory account. And I must not pass over another *Jo Glode*, who closed his career at Kentville a year or two ago. Yes, a dear, afflicted sister, Matilda Condon of Cornwallis, so many years tortured with acute rheumatism, was interested in poor Jo, years before he had learned to put letters together into words, or understood as he afterwards did understand, and rejoice in, the great Salvation. Brother G. E. Tufts, then preaching at Kentville, now in the States, will not soon forget the visit he and I made together to Jo's hut a few months before he died; nor will some of his friends be likely to forget how earnestly and thankfully brother Tufts described the scene at the prayer-meeting in the Baptist Vestry a night or two afterwards, what

he had seen and heard that day. "The pile of books that lay by the Indian's side, and when Mr. Rand mentioned a particular chapter which he wished to read to the dying father who lay on one side of the room, and the dying daughter who lay on the other, Jo caught up the Gospel of John and found the chapter, said Mr. T., more quickly than I could have found it." Yes, and there had been another Jo, Jo Michael, who will be remembered possibly, as having been sick all one winter near Upper Dyke Village, who, with very little help, had learned to read those wonderful books, so dreaded by the agents of Romanism, and the contents of which had cheered him as he walked through the dark valley, some twenty years ago. Nor may I forget to mention my friend John Paul, whose happy death inspired me at the time not only to continue in my work, but to write the verses on the "Dying Indian's Dream," just republished with revision, for which I have received so many thanks. I read those verses the other day to the son-in-law of John Paul, and a cheery looking little group of his grand-children, in a very respectable looking house of their own, with a comfortable barn attached. A christian lady wrote me lately from Halifax, "I hope they will be introduced into the Sunday Schools," and intimated that she read them every Sunday to her own little flock, with great satisfaction to herself and to them.

Jo Michael had breathed his last in the wigwam of the last mentioned Jo Glode, and had left his books to his friend, and this it was that had inspired the latter to attempt to master the mystery of reading, which he accomplished in a few weeks, and with very little assistance.

#### OTHER CASES.

These, and they are not all, of those who have gone, and who in life and in death have cheered the heart of the writer, amidst all the "discouraging history" of the Micmac Mission. And perhaps I could name as many or more among the living were it proper to do so, of whom I have good hope. The Lord be praised!

And names and numbers aside, can we doubt that the Word of God may have been blessed to many souls, of whom we know nothing. It was only by an apparent accident that I learned Jo Michael could read the Scriptures. "How did you learn?" I inquired of him. "Ben Brooks taught me the sounds of the letters, and I drilled out the rest by myself," he replied. I saw him but a few times. One day I passed the encampment, and all the rest were away, and he was alone. As I

went up to his wigwam I stood and listened with great interest for a while before I went in. He was reading the Scriptures in Micmac, and the interview that followed I cannot soon forget. And I heard of a case at Shubenacadie where a priest went to see a young Indian who was dying of consumption. He found him reading the Gospel. He snatched the book out of the poor fellow's hands and committed it to the flames. But he soon found out, and had to confess to the boy, that he had been rash, and difficult was it to obtain a hearing from the indignant and outraged "untutored Indian." A little wisdom was, we may hope, learned. It would be a dangerous experiment for them to repeat very often. And I have been well informed of a sufficient number of cases bearing upon this point to afford me and others much satisfaction, but they need not be repeated here. But see Isaiah 55 : 8-11.

I must mention another incident. A white man once consented to carry me to an Indian's hut, which we reached in a boat. We were kindly received. The Indian had a hut, a garden, had raised vegetables, and as it was fall, he had an abundant supply of venison. We were abundantly supplied with food, and I was listened to as I read Micmac, and prayed, and sung, with glistening eyes by the Indians. I never learned what the effect was on them, but the gentleman who was with me, to my surprise and great pleasure, assured me afterwards that it was the means of his own conversion.

#### ADVANTAGES WE HAVE DERIVED FROM THE MISSION.

And I might mention the great comfort I have had from time to time, up to the present, in proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ to the Indians in their own tongue, in which alone can they understand a sermon, or make any sense of it whatever,—that "old worn-out tongue" of theirs has great freshness and life in it still. For "know all men by these presents" that the Micmac Mission is neither dead nor dying, but going on still with increasing encouragement and success. Nor will it be out of place to mention some of the benefits that have by the grace of God resulted, as is always the case when we attempt to do good to others, to ourselves. I mean to the white people of these Provinces, from the Micmac Mission. A heavy and unpleasant burden upon our charity and patience has been in some measure lessened by their improvement, if not yet wholly removed. And we have gotten some *light* too as well as some *liberty*. For instance, instead of being a question to be gravely debated in these

days, whether the Indians as the Aborigines of the country, had any right or any claim to the lands they had inherited from their forefathers, as it was affirmed thirty years ago by grave lawyers and politicians, no one now thinks of questioning so manifest a fact. Christian people, too, are not now afraid to visit clean and well-dressed Indians in their own dwellings, and do not raise a storm if Indian children attend the same schools with their own, sit with them on the same seats, and romp and play together with them at "noontime" and "recess." This state of things was not reached at a bound, but by slow degrees. Even not many years ago, not far from my own dwelling, and taught by a dear daughter, a Sunday-School was kept during the summer by the roadside, and as autumn came on, in an unoccupied building, where some of the more poorly clad white children were gathered, among whom were three little Indians, all orderly and quiet, and not the least so the Indian children, and apparently greatly interested in their lessons. The President of Acadia College would not in these days hesitate to allow me the use of an *unfinished* and *unoccupied* room in the College building, were such to be found, for the use of the Micmac Mission a few days, to be occupied by myself and a decent Indian, in preparing the Word of God for the Indians. But "about the time these missions commenced," such were the prejudices of *Caste* among the white people, that when I applied to him for a like privilege, poor, dear, excellent Prof. Isaac Chipman, after gravely weighing the matter, concluded, reluctantly I doubt not, that such an unheard-of transaction would operate to the prejudice of the Institution upon whose prosperity his heart was set, and in whose interests he lived and suffered and died—all honor to him! And so Paul and I had to part company, and I was deprived of his services, for I could obtain a room no where else then in *that* enlightened, christian land. Furthermore, no leading magistrate and commercial man at Kentville would in these days face me down and persist in maintaining that an Indian can never be persuaded to *occupy a house*—as was done at *that* time, *then* and *there*. And it has been many years since I overheard two Indian women arguing upon that same matter, one insisting that she was always nervous and frightened, and could never sleep, when compelled to abide under the covert of a cottage roof for a night, and the other telling her that it was once so with herself, but that a little use had overcome the difficulty, and how much more healthy and pleasant every way it was to have a floor under them, than to be lying on the

damp ground. And so I might go on to show that the interest which was awakened in behalf of those long-neglected people, led to a more kind and friendly intercourse with them, and that it has awakened a generous and commendable ambition to cleanliness and comfort on the part of the Indian women, so that instead of being able to distinguish them by their garb as far off as you can see them, you now have to look them in the face pretty carefully before you address them in Micmac, both the men and the women, lest you fall into the error which has caused me and others no little embarrassment, by mistaking a rather dark-complexioned young gentleman or lady, for Seemoo Paul or Molly Catlin.

But I must draw in the reins. This dolorous business, this sad waste of money and energy, this sorrowful and mournful failure, this very "*discouraging history*, in comparison with other missions instituted about the same time," has for one at least, and one too who is as much interested in the matter as any other can be personally, some redeeming traits—it has not been all gloom—bright coruscations of glory have ever and anon flashed forth from the dark cloud, growing more and more frequent and more and more brilliant and beautiful as the "dolorous" cortege has moved on—and never were the prospects more encouraging than at the present time.

#### AID AND OPPOSITION.

The friends of the Micmac Mission may well rejoice in all the agencies they have been the means of calling into operation. Despite the deadly hostility we have had to encounter from the first, despite all the discouragements, disappointments and failures, both in ourselves and others, which we are free to confess and mourn over, we are enabled to rejoice in the Lord and praise him for all his goodness. Truly "there is no might nor counsel nor wisdom against the Lord." "Who is he that saith and it cometh to pass, when the Lord commandeth it not"? Can any candid christian man who contrasts the condition of the Indians thirty years ago with their condition to-day, doubt for a moment that some wonderful movement in the right direction must have taken place? How happened this movement to begin shortly after "this mission was instituted," whose history has been so "discouraging"? For two hundred years the Roman Catholics had had them under their undisturbed control. What have they done for them? They were ready to do the long, heavy penances imposed on them, as Lewie Brooks well remembered

in the case of his old grand-father and others. They would never have dreamed of disobeying their "ghostly" guides. Why then did the bishop not tell them "to wear shoes and stockings, to eat from tables," to settle in villages, send their children to school, till the ground, and live like their white neighbours? Go ask *them* why? Ask the Indians why they lived so long in terror of adopting the white man's costume and customs, and cling to the dress, the customs and manners of their forefathers ~~to that~~ "old, worn-out life and language," ~~back to~~ which, according to the learned Dr. G., it was the foolish design of the simple-minded founders of the Micmac Mission "to lead *them*." Why did they cling to all this misery and folly as though their eternal salvation depended upon it? They will soon give you the reason why. They were taught to believe that their eternal salvation *did* depend on it. "*Don't change your customs,*" was the solemn charge from a bishop to the Indians of Fredericton, in a letter I was asked some years ago to read and interpret to them. As to the Bible the Indians knew not that there was such a book. Not one in five hundred, I am bold to affirm, could read an English book intelligibly, and there were none in their own tongue, except their prayer-book, in Hieroglyphics or something similar, which they could learn to repeat, but which was of no use whatever in promoting their civilization. It gave them some truth, mingled with deadly error, and was well adapted to keep them in ignorance and darkness and dependence upon the priest. Nor is there the slightest ground for supposing that this self-styled, infallible church, whose boast it is that she never changes, ever would have changed her tactics in her dealing with these her children up to the present time, if (to refer again to the curious record in the scientific work referred to several times already, but slightly changing the expressions to bring them somewhat nearer to the facts of the case,) a few years ago many most sincere, benevolent and wise persons had not given not very large sums of money to civilize them. Their money and work were not expended in vain, but have proved an inestimable boon to the race they sincerely sought to benefit. By following the dictates of Scripture, sound sense and the "natural laws," and by teaching them in their own language, instead of the idle attempt to teach them through the medium of a language which they could not comprehend, and by giving them books and precious gospels translated into Micmac, they have induced many of them to learn to read, and hundreds of them to hear the words of truth and love, and not a few of them to see the errors in

which they had been trained, and to *know* the Truth, and the Truth has set them free,—what Rome did *not* do for two hundred years. Reserves of excellent land the Indians had in different places. The Legislature built them houses, and they had *tables* in them, from which I used in those days to which Dr. G. refers, often to eat with the *men*, while the women and children, without shoes and stockings, took their meals on the floor. And *chapels* too they had, at St. Peter's, at Shubenacadie, at Bear River, and other places, where they were taught to assemble with great regularity, zeal and devotion, to mumble their prayers, count their beads, bow down to stocks and stones, and “adore” *little pieces of dried dough*! But where were the *schools* and *schoolhouses* at that time? The Legislature of P. E. Island once voted a sum sufficient to pay a school-teacher among the Indians, and sent a committee to break the joyful tidings to their bishop. But his lordship coolly informed them they had simply made a mistake—that the Indians were already educated, *with the very best education*, and needed none of their interference. And afterwards, after they had found out that Indians could learn to read very easily, and that there were “wonderful things” in the books they had read and heard read, poor old Paul of Shubenacadie waited on the bishop at Halifax and requested that they might have a school as well as a chapel, that their children might learn to read and write and cipher, &c. “Oh,” said the bishop—I simply state what the Indians told me—“you don't need schools. Why, you have got no ploughs, no cattle, no donkeys, no shovels, &c. Wait till you get all these, and then it will be time enough to think about schools.” But, “lo! the poor Indian”—took it as an insult. “If we had learning,” he argued, “like the white people, this would aid us, may-hap, somewhat in rising to the dignity of ploughs and shovels, cows and horses, and other conveniences possessed by our white neighbours.”

People have often wondered how it has happened that, surrounded so long by all the advantages of civilization, the Indians remained for so many generations without adopting any of them. Here is the reason. All the light they have received, and liberty too, during the few past years, has been, not by the efforts of their priests, but in spite of them, as some of us well know. Nominal Roman Catholics, multitudes of them still are no doubt—a matter which gives me comparatively very little concern—but I could give many striking facts, did I choose to do so, to prove that they cannot *now* be controlled and befooled and domineered over, as they were “when these missions commenced.” We bless the Lord for that.

## THE LABOURS OF THE LAST TWO YEARS.

During the past two years I have seen hundreds of Indians in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. I saw on one occasion last summer, about four hundred assembled at one place, and met at the time many an old friend, and warm and earnest were the greetings that passed between us. I have addressed many of them, and read the Scriptures to them, and heard them read, and laid before them the Scripture scheme of Redemption, in private interviews with individuals, to assembled companies, in their wigwams, in their houses, in their huts, in the houses of the white people, and in the open air, in my own study, in Digby, in Annapolis, in Cornwallis, in Hants County, in Halifax. Bedford, Dartmouth, Truro, Amherst, Sussex, St. John, Fredericton, Summerside, Charlottetown, by the wayside, riding in the cars, and in other places. I have distributed among them many copies of those wondrous books and gospels, *not* written in an "old, worn-out, forgotten tongue," but in *real living Micmac*, so comprehensive, so expressive, so musical, so sweet, that while listening to the wondrous story of the Cross, all hostility and prejudice goes down before it, and after reading and praying and singing sweet hymns to listening groups, I have been covered with thanks and kindness, and have, during the past two years, scarcely met with any thing that deserved the name of opposition from any quarter.

On one occasion on arriving at an Indian settlement, I not only had collected quite a hut-full of interested hearers, but one of the women left immediately and went five miles on foot to tell her father I was there; and he dropped everything and came with his family to meet me. On another occasion I met with a poor fellow dying of consumption whom I had known from a boy, but had not seen him for a long time. How delighted he seemed to see me! What comfort I had in reading the gospel and telling him of the marvellous love of Christ to sinners. How intensely he listened! Great freedom I had in prayer by his side, and comfort. I felt sure the Lord was there. Next day I started to see him again, but he had passed away.

I have to think at such times how it was "when these missions commenced." Now whenever I meet an Indian I seem to have found a friend. They smile upon me, they listen with deep attention to what I have to say, they thank me for my visits, and they invite me to come again and come oftener. Then it was not so. Then I was



often met with angry frowns and fierce denunciations, the brandishing of clubs and *hoves* and axes. The children at their play shouted the alarm when they saw me coming,—“*Mundoo' wech-kooe-et.*”—“The devil is coming.” The woman stood in the door-way brandishing her axe, or holding back the growling dogs, and threatening to let them loose upon me if I dared to come any nearer.

#### A SATANIC INCIDENT.

Once I and Rev. J. Spenser, now of St. John, N. B., walked out from Sydney, C. B., about seven miles to see the Indians. We were kindly received and had a very interesting visit. We had started early, had had a long walk, and when about three or four o'clock, the eel-pie that was stewing over the fire and stimulating our appetites by its hissing and sputtering and savory perfume, came to be divided round, we cheerfully shared the meal and made a bountiful dinner, and returned home well pleased with our missionary excursion. But alas for my next visit! The priest had heard of the encroachment, and had made an effort by one crushing blow from *infallibility* to put a stop to it forever. He had made them a visit. He had assured them that I was “the devil.” Not one of his *imps* merely, nor one of his servants, but the great Beelzebub, the real old Satan himself, “horns and hoofs and tail and all,” (allowing a little play to the imagination). O dear, didn't my second visit produce a commotion! They gathered round and stared wildly at me for a few moments, and then turned and ran like a herd of frightened cariboo. One old man stood his ground and explained to me the cause of the change in their conduct and of the sudden exodus. He very civilly requested me to take myself away, and I did so, of course, after a little remonstrance. That was about thirty years ago, “about the time these missions were instituted.” And those and similar scenes were nothing to what I had to endure sometimes from Indians and white people, from priests and their adherents, from some Protestants, from friends and from foes, but out of them all the Lord delivered me.

#### CASE OF JO BROOKS.

And when in that “pleasant valley” to the west of Wolfville, I sat by the side of the poor old Frenchman, a descendant of the persecuted Huguenots,\* who had lived nearly all his life among the Indians, who had

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\* I am on reflection, not quite sure of this.

turned Catholic when he turned Indian, and whose seems to have been raised up in Providence for the special benefit of this Mission,—for without him I could not have mastered the language,—and when he told me with eyes brimming over with joy, how he had found the Lord, and his soul was resting in peace on Christ as his Saviour, and thanked me so feelingly for all the interest I had taken in him, and all the kindness I had shown him, and all the truth I had taught him, I was, I can assure you, more than repaid for all the toil and labor, persecution and trial, I had endured in the work. “I owe it all to you,” he said, “others despised us and passed us by; you came among us and taught us.” Poor Jo! He had been by his own account a sad dog in his youthful days, and had sorely suffered for his sins. He had run away from his master in Annapolis County, and gone to sea. Then, a wild, drinking, thoughtless sailor, of about twenty years of age, he had changed his name and taken up his abode among the Indians. Of course his relatives disowned him, and the white people despised him more than they did the real Indians. If it was bad enough, and disgraceful, to be an Indian, even when the poor fellows were not to blame for it, but were exactly where God made them and put them, if that itself was deemed “a crime to be punished by the judges,” how much greater was the disgrace and sin when it had been his own voluntary act. “The priest and the Levite had passed poor Jo by on the other side,” as a hopeless case. But the blessed Lord had in grace made me to act the part of the “good Samaritan,” to bind up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and take him to the Inn where he would be cared for; and by and by up there in the glory, standing by his side, nor his alone, I expect to hear from the once despised and crucified, now exalted Lord and Redeemer, “Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye did it unto me.” I have referred to several of his descendants. Another of his sons has been my most efficient assistant in learning the language, forming a grammar and dictionary, and in translating the Scriptures. And there and then there will be no disparaging comparisons among us, no jealousies, and no taunts. And, be assured, *then* the rewards will not be dealt out according to the popularity enjoyed on earth, and the number of sermons we preached, and the number of converts we made and “baptized into the fellowship of the Church,” but according to our faithfulness and diligence in His service in the station where the Master had appointed. No doubt it is encouraging to be *successful*, but it is more blessed to be *faithful*. (See 1 Cor., 4:2.)

And it may be found at last that Noah, and Elijah, and Jeremiah, and others, who had the grace and the courage to maintain their stand "upon the burning deck, whence all but themselves had fled," and who were left to toil on and to labor with no encouragement but the Everlasting Arms under them, while the flames crackled and roared and rushed over them, till came the "thunderburst," and they went up in a chariot of fire by a whirlwind into heaven, may have after all more sparkling gems in the "crowns of their rejoicing" than some of your Spurgeons, Whitfields, Wesleys, Moodys and Sankeys, your Judsons, Careys, Peters and Pauls, without instituting any disparaging comparisons, or wishing for a moment to detract one iota from all the glory the latter worthies, and others more wonderfully blest in their labors than they, will have achieved.

#### COMFORT IN OUR WORK.

Passing over many incidents of great interest, I have one point more to touch upon, or my task would not seem to be fully accomplished. How have the missionaries succeeded so far as *support*, and their own personal comforts, their temporal wants are concerned? It may be all well to talk of the hardships and trials and labors we have gone through, and of our wonderful success, fostering not a little pride and vanity all the time, and hardly suppressing our expectation to be applauded for our wonderful firmness and forbearance and perseverance. &c., &c. But we ought to have a little sunshine as we go along. We are human beings; we have bodily necessities and family necessities, children to care for, &c., &c., and the Lord never meant that we should be so entirely absorbed, even in his work, as to forget that "we have this treasure in earthen vessels," and must take care that these are not unnecessarily broken or injured. If we cannot get bread to eat, and water to drink, and something to shelter us from cold, we must be poor "labourers" even in the best of "vineyards." "He that provides not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, would make but a sorry christian minister or missionary, for he would have 'denied' the faith and would be worse than an infidel." Now I hope those missions to which reference has been made, have not been left to suffer unduly in these respects. Their work has doubtless too, been congenial, and in addition to the good they have done, be it less or be it more,—(a matter about which we poor, erring mortals are happily neither competent to judge nor called to judge—the blessed Lord will take all that business and responsi-

bility upon himself,)—but in addition to this we may trust they have had in their work a large measure of real solid comfort. I am happy to say that this has been emphatically true of myself. If I occasionally contrast my privileges with those who are toiling among the heathen on “Greenland’s icy mountains, and on India’s burning plains,” or even in Roman Catholic countries, and think of the hardships they have to endure, I must say I am glad my lot was not cast there, and I sometimes utter the words of the Psalmist, even with respect to this: “Truly the lines have fallen to me *in pleasant places*, yea, I have a goodly heritage.” No hot seasons, no blasting winds or burning sands, no rainy seasons, no lions, tigers, panthers, crocodiles, serpents, scorpions, nor men more cruel and fierce than they, to encounter. Kind friends wherever I go, houses and hearts open to receive me, and glorious opportunities for proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ to crowded audiences of white people from time to time, and of enjoying christian fellowship and converse with the Lord’s people. The literary work, too, of the Mission, has had surpassing charms for me. Our Heavenly Father knows how to fit the instruments for the peculiar work to which he calls them. He gives a passion for the work itself, an intense interest in it, that makes the labour its own blessed reward, aside and apart from all other considerations. The farmer, the mechanic, the preacher, the teacher, the historian, the poet, the musician; the geologist, as well as the minister or the missionary, or the followers of any other calling, who should be merely driven on by a sense of duty or interest, or driven by the lash of necessity, like a galley-slave, and who should be always asking the question, “*Cui bono*,” “what good is it,” would make sorry uphill work in his journey across this waste howling wilderness. But labour itself is a blessing, and a rich reward to him who can follow the calling he loves. Pity indeed it would be were it not so. If the musician could not enjoy his own sweet melodies, nor the poet the rich creations of his own fancy, but must be like the mill-stone that prepares pabulum for others, but cannot eat thereof itself. Nay, verily, the poet scaling the heights of Parnassus, on the “winged horse,” and soaring beyond the clouds and the stars, and along the Milky Way, enjoys the ride, and watches with unbounded delight the blaze of braided rainbows, and showers of shining pearls, and living sapphires, that go streaming down behind him, to comfort and cheer “ye dwellers in ye vales below.” Foreign languages, ancient and modern, have always had special charms for me, and I always, from

a boy, was fond of doing some few things that *no one else could do*.

Then, as just stated, I have always had abundant opportunities of preaching to the white people as well as to the Indians, and I do love to sound the gospel trumpet. And I have enjoyed much spiritual consolation, not only in the society of the godly wherever I have been, but often alone with my Bible and my God. Two special seasons of enjoyment I cannot soon forget. I spent about a month once at Indian Town, New Brunswick, translating the gospel of John into Maliseet. I enjoyed the kind hospitality of a christian family in the neighbourhood, and went every day to my work, where a wounded Indian, compelled to lie upon a couch of plank, in his own hut, with a broken thigh, assisted me in the work. What a month of refreshing enjoyment was that! One night at Mr. Estabrook's during that time, and the following day, seated at a table by the side of my wounded brother, I had such an overpowering sense of the presence of Christ, and seemed to be so pervaded with his love, that occasionally I had to lay down my pen and cease from my work, and tell poor *Jems* how happy I was, and that I could hardly go on with my writing. And I often think, too, of an afternoon I once spent in the woods at the mouth of Pictou Harbor. It was not many years ago. I had been looking after the "wandering sheep," till wearied and overcome by the heat of the day, I wandered away from the wigwams and went into the woods. I found a place where the spruces and firs had been recently cut down and trimmed, and there were piles of the fresh boughs strewed around. I heaped them up in the shade, threw myself down upon the elastic aromatic couch and rested my weary limbs. I was soon in a sound, peaceful sleep. I awoke refreshed in body and mind, and then I knelt and prayed. Oh, how near heaven seemed! How my poor heart was stirred with a sense of the everlasting love of God! I could never forget that season of enjoyment. I could not help longing, during the following winter, for the season to come round, that some bright summer's day I might go up again to that little "Bethel" where "I had anointed the pillar," and where I had "vowed the vow." But I could never, strange to say, find the spot again, though I have searched for it more than a little.

I may not omit to say that I have enjoyed remarkable health all my life long. I am now within a month or so of being 72 years old. I have no remembrance of ever having been confined to my bed a whole day with sickness in my life. True, I have been ill sometimes,

and dangerously so, and twice within the last seven years, from the effects of which I shall probably never wholly recover. But I did not suffer much pain after all, and these seasons were greatly blessed to me, and I trust were made a blessing also to others, in much spiritual consolation—"joy in the Lord."

#### PECUNIARY SUPPORT.

Nor have I ever been allowed to suffer much inconvenience for lack of temporal supplies. I have experienced many remarkable answers to prayer during the last seventeen years, which I desire to acknowledge to the glory of His grace "who giveth us richly all things to enjoy." In the year 1865 I was led to lay aside all reliance upon subscriptions, annual donations, &c., and to discard the advice or assistance of all "Committees" or "Boards." I saw no authority for such in the Word. I have had no formal fixed salary since then, and it is only just to say that I had no guarantee for my salary *before* that. Had this been the case I should probably have been contented therewith. But at the time referred to, I was led to adopt what I believed then, and believe more firmly now, was the original apostolic plan, of taking just what the Lord should be pleased to put it into the hearts of the people to give, when they should be disposed to do so, and in their own way, saying nothing to any one of my wants, however pressing, and never asking aid of man, but in "everything by prayer and supplication" making my requests to "our Father who is in heaven." I see no precept or example for refusing aid from any person, whether saint or sinner, when voluntarily proffered. In no instance on record did our Lord or his inspired servants when they were in want ever refuse assistance on any ground, when offered. They were ready to waive their claim to a support even from christians and christian churches, when the exaction would be misconstrued. See 1 Cor., chap. ix., and 2 Cor., xi. : 12 ; Acts 20 : 33-35.) In 3 John we read, "for his name sake they went forth taking nothing of the gentiles. But in none of these Scriptures, nor any other that I have ever seen, is there any hint that we are under obligation to refuse assistance when we have been praying for it in our necessities, when freely tendered by any person. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof,—*the world and they that dwell in it,*" and all hearts are in his hands, and the gold and silver are his. This is a reason why we should never have recourse to any questionable methods of replenishing His treasury, and at the same time if He chooses to send

us a little of *His* gold or silver, or impart to us in our need a little of the "fullness" which is His, we are not surely called to dictate to Him how He shall do it, and so refuse a draught of cold water when suffering from thirst, or a piece of bread when hungry, because the party who proffers it may neither be of *our party*, nor even a christian at all. There is such a thing as having a zeal even for God which is not according to knowledge. (Rom. x. :2.) But see also Rom. xiv. :1-10.

I have kept for the last seventeen years a list of all donations received to assist me in this work, and after deducting what was paid for printing and binding Micmac books, and paid to my Indian assistant, leaving out all paid for this purpose by the B. & F. Bible Society, I find on summing up the whole, that for our own personal expenses, I have received on an average, over seven hundred dollars per year. This will not be deemed, on comparison, to have been an extravagantly large amount, nor an extravagantly *small* one. It is about what I actually obtained before that, but I have received it with very much less annoyance and trouble to myself and to others. I very much fear that were *some* of the missions "instituted about the same time with this," to be compared in this respect, it would be found that those, not *this*, would exhibit a "discouraging history."

#### CONCLUDING REMARKS.

But enough of this. God alone be praised for all the good that has been done either *by* us, or *in spite* of us. I have never regretted that I was led to engage in this blessed work. I look forward with no forebodings and no fears. I see all failure on the part of *man*, myself and others, all *faithfulness* on the part of the Blessed One "who is over all, God blessed forevermore." I am admonished that my active labours must soon cease. But God can plan and execute his own business much better than we. Here is an ample field for labourers, all "white to the harvest." Why may not some of those who have gained experience in Burmah, and have been driven from that inhospitable clime by impaired health, when they have recruited, go into this field and reap. Some of them began their missionary career in the wilds and wigwams of Nova Scotia. Let others take their places in that distant land, if God calls, as these come trooping home, and these when rested and recruited may find fresh strength, physically and spiritually, in going forth in answer to the Macedonian cry that comes from hill and dale, from forest and plain, in Nova

Scotia, New Brunswick, Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, "Come over and help us." The coast is all clear to what it was when these missions commenced.

"Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make us perfect in every good work to do His will, working in us that which is well pleasing in His sight through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen."

SILAS T. RAND.

*Hantsport, N. S., April 25th, 1882.*





