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THE
NINTH ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
COMMITTEE
OF THE
MICMAC MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

FROM SEPTEMBER 30, 1857, TO SEPTEMBER 30, 1858.

WITH AN ORIGINAL POEM BY REV. S. T. RAND.

HALIFAX, N. S.:

PRINTED AT THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE STEAM PRESS.
1858.

CONSTITUTION

Article I

Section 1

All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

COMMITTEE

Section 2

Section 3

ARTICLE II

Section 1

Section 2

Section 3

Section 4

Section 5

Section 6

Section 7

Section 8

Section 9

Section 10

Section 11

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 NOV., 16, 1858.

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. J. T. TWINING, D.D.,
" CHAS. CHURCHILL, A. M.,
" JOHN HUNTER,
" S. N. BENTLEY,
" GEORGE BOYD,
" THOS. JARDINE,
" THOS. CRISP,
" A. M'KNIGHT,
" ROLAND MORTON,
" S. W. SPRAGUE,

REV. MR. HUMPHREY,
COMMANDER ORLEBAR, R. N.
WM. HARE, ESQ.
P. C. HILL, ESQ.
JOHN BURTON, ESQ.
CHAS. ROBSON, ESQ.
ALEXR. JAMES, ESQ.
S. L. SHANNON, ESQ.
GEO. H. STARR, ESQ.

AT THE
NINTH ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
MICMAC MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

HELD IN TEMPERANCE HALL, NOV., 16TH, 1858.

Rev. J. T. TWINING, D. D., President, in the Chair.

The Meeting was opened by singing a hymn, and the Rev. Thos. Jardine offered prayer.

The Rev. Chairman briefly addressed the meeting, and expressed his intention of retiring from the office of President.

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

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

Resolved Unanimously—"That the Report now read be adopted, and printed under the direction of the Committee."

Ben. Christmas, a converted Micmac, and assistant to Rev. Mr. Rand, then addressed the meeting.

Rev. S. T. Rand, the Missionary, addressed the Meeting and then read a poem, written by himself, on the death of John Paul, (Micmac), see Appendix.

On motion of Rev. G. Boyd, seconded by John Burton, 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).

On motion of the Rev. Mr. Rand, a vote of thanks was unanimously passed to the Rev. Dr. Twining for his valuable services as President of the Society for the last seven years; and also to Rev. D. Freeman, for his services as Secretary since October, 1855.

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

REPORT.

THE Committee of the Micmac Mission are happy to be able to Report that, amidst the commercial depression and political agitation of the past year, the operations of the Society have been permitted to continue undisturbed; and, slowly indeed, to advance. Our Missionary has been assiduous in his diversified labours,—travelling, preaching, lecturing, collecting subscriptions, translating, correcting, copying, reading the Scriptures to the Indians, and instructing enquirers and such as were willing to listen to the doctrines of the Bible. We think we are fully justified in stating that the interest of the public in the Mission increases rather than otherwise. The large gathering in this Hall at our last Anniversary, notwithstanding a previous unfortunate disappointment, and the sum of about £70 collected in Halifax, despite the financial panic, and the additional fact that, notwithstanding the scarcity of money every where, and our increasing liabilities, we have come out clear of debt, may be mentioned as proof that there is certainly no diminution of the interest taken in the Mission. Letters containing contributions, have been received by Mr. Rand from Europe, from the United States, from P. E. Island, and this Province. One from Lieut. Forbes, R. N., late of the Surveying Schooner *Gulnare*, contained the sum of £10 16s. 5d., principally collected by Mrs. Millar, of Caithness, Scotland, whose name has already appeared several times in our list of patrons. To her and to all such volunteer fellow-labourers our warmest thanks are hereby tendered.

Mr. Rand reports also an increasing number of Indian enquirers, calling upon him to hear the Scriptures read, and to be informed respecting the points of difference between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants. One or two cases of special interest the Committee would gladly make public did prudence permit. But were the names or the stations of the parties to be made known, they might be subjected to annoyance and persecution before being fully prepared for it. The great Teacher cheerfully received the timid enquirer who “came to him by night,” and instructed

him, notwithstanding his fears. He would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. The proper time for publishing the happy event would arrive, and he who was so weak and trembling in the incipient stages of his discipleship would afterwards boldly avow his attachment to his Lord, and stand up in His defence when all others had forsaken Him.

During the past winter Mr. Rand was principally occupied upon the translation of the Book of Psalms. The manuscript had been previously forwarded to the Publishing Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society. But enquiries were forwarded by that Committee respecting the translation. None of them, of course, could examine it; and they wished to know whether it had been made direct from the original Hebrew, or from the English,—what helps had been used in its preparation,—in what cases it differed from the English authorized version, and wherefore. It was intimated that a satisfactory reply to these latter questions would be indispensable to the ensuring of its publication. This involved a large amount of labour. The translation had been made directly from the Hebrew, and the original, and not the English authorized version, nor any other version had been considered the standard. In order to ascertain the instances in which the Micmac version varied from the English, it was necessary to compare the two very carefully together, and to mark the passages. Then all the versions, Lexicons and Commentaries used in the preparation of the work, had to be examined, that the translator's reasons for differing from the authorized English version might, as requested, be "briefly given." While all this required time and careful research, it was work very suitable to a translator and expounder of the Scriptures; and, if satisfactorily performed, could not fail to promote confidence in the translation, not only of that particular book, but of all that has been or that may be translated by our Missionary.

Mr. Rand accordingly drew up a document in which he pointed out nearly a hundred passages in which his version varied, sometimes slightly, often essentially, from the authorized English version. Arranged one under the other were in each case to be seen at a glance, the English, the Micmac with a translation into English, the Hebrew, the Septuagint, the Latin Vulgate, and the Latin versions of Junius and Tremellius, and Castillio,—the German of Luther, and of De Wette, with an English translation of Hengstenburg's German version,—the French versions of Martin and Ostervald,—the Spanish of Scio, and the Italian of Diodati, with a brief remark following, giving the translator's reasons for adopting the translation given in the Micmac.

On the receipt of this document a sub-committee, consisting of three gentlemen, viz.: Rev. P. G. McGregor, Minister of the Poplar Grove

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Church, (Presbyterian), Rev. A. McKnight, Professor of Hebrew in the Free Church College, Halifax, and Rev. Mr. Jardine, (Church of Scotland), was appointed to examine and report upon it. In presenting their Report to the general Committee, they stated that they had carefully examined the document, having met twice a week for the purpose, and having devoted two hours at each meeting, for six weeks.—That they unhesitatingly agreed with Mr. Rand's translation in all but twenty of the cases,—that in many of those they admitted that his version was equally as literal as that of the authorized English version,—that in some cases they would prefer a rendering differing from both. The Committee also expressed their conviction that Mr. Rand had discharged his duties as a translator with great fidelity, and had displayed a most intimate and scholastic acquaintance with the original language. Their Report, together with their remarks upon each passage, was transmitted to Mr. Rand, who, in accordance with their suggestions, made several further corrections of his translation, reducing the instances in which they would still differ from him to about ten. The documents were then all transmitted to the Publishing Committee in London. The following extracts from two letters received by the Secretary of the Halifax Bible Society, S. L. Shannon, Esq., through whom they were forwarded, will show how they were received:—

London, 10, East Street, Blackfriars,

September 10th, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have safely received your esteemed communication, bearing date the 12th of August, accompanied by the documents relating to Mr. Rand's translation of the Book of Psalms into Micmac, all which were submitted to our Committee on Monday last, and by them referred to our Editorial sub-Committee, from whom they will receive every consideration. Those of us who have already examined Mr. Rand's lucid paper, have been much struck with the care and attention and thought which he has bestowed on his work, and the whole reflects great credit on him. In due time the decision of our Editorial Committee will be communicated to you.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

HENRY KNOLLEKE,

Assistant For. Secretary.

S. L. Shannon, Esq., Halifax.

October, 22nd, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have now the pleasure to inform you that these documents having been submitted to our Editorial Sub-Committee, they have passed a Resolution ordering that the printing of the work shall be proceeded with at once at the Society's expense. From this you will gather that Mr. Rand's explanations have been found generally satisfactory.

Yours very truly,

HENRY KNOLLEKE,

Assistant For. Sec'y.

S. L. Shannon, Esq.

In the course of a few months, therefore, we may hope that this important portion of the Scriptures may be placed in the hands of those Indians who can already read, and be listened to by hundreds who cannot read. The Book of Genesis has been published, and several copies are in the hands of those who can read and understand them.

Another circumstance deserves to be mentioned. We have other Scripture readers among the Indians besides Mr Rand and his fellow-labourer, Benjamin Christmas. It has been stated in previous Reports that the Phonetic Alphabet, in which the Micmac is printed, can be readily mastered, so that one who knows nothing of the meaning of the words can pronounce them with sufficient correctness to be understood by the Indians. Several persons have done this. Mr. George Creed, of South Rawdon, in particular, forwarded last winter to Mr. Rand, who sent it to the Committee, a most deeply interesting letter detailing the results of his efforts in reading Micmac to the Indians. Mr. Creed seems to have become quite enthusiastic in the work, and his hearers greatly interested: for he tells of visiting them Sabbath after Sabbath, and of their urging him to continue his reading, and of their listening to him for hours in succession.

Mention was made in our last year's Report of two Indian boys attending school under Protestant instruction. Efforts were afterwards made, with too much success, to get them away. But they soon returned again from the woods of their own accord, and resumed the places they had so unwisely left.

Benjamin Christmas has attended the Normal School at Truro both terms since our last Annual Meeting. During the vacations he has laboured as a Colporteur among his people. He was with Mr. Rand in the spring, but Mr. Rand having been detained at home in the autumn vacation, by sickness in his family, Benjamin went to Cape Breton without him. In the month of May they visited together and laboured among the Indians at Hanstport, Cornwallis, and thence on to Granville. They were with scarcely an

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exception favourably received; and had many opportunities to read, sing, converse, and pray with these people.

On one occasion they held a more formal service than usual. Somewhere about thirty Indians were assembled on the banks of the beautiful Tawoaspick, the Annapolis river, under the broad spreading elms. A chapter was read, and prayer offered by Mr. Rand; and the "Red Brother," addressed the listening company in their own tongue, from John 1, xxix,—“Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.” Mr. Rand, in noticing the event, says:—“I shall never forget the scene. Seven years ago I first heard an Indian reading the Scriptures in his own tongue. It was the story of the Prodigal son. A thrill of joy came over me, and I thought I should not die until I heard something resembling a sermon from an Indian. I ventured to say so at the next annual meeting. My hopes had now been more than realized. I could scarcely sleep that night. The sight of my eyes had indeed affected my heart. I looked forward to the future full of hope and faith.”

The following Sabbath, in another place, Mr. Rand says:—“Several families assembled in one wigwam. There, with full permission, we sang Psalms, read the Scriptures, prayed, and addressed them on the Great Salvation. *We* called it a meeting: what others called it was of no consequence. At the close we were cordially invited to repeat our visit.”

Mr. Rand was anxious that Benjamin should accompany him during the whole summer, but the Committee deemed it advisable for him to pursue his studies at the Normal School, especially as he appeared to be making creditable proficiency, and was very desirous to prosecute his studies further.

Mr. Rand thus relates the incidents of a subsequent tour through Wilmot and St. John, N. B., and as far as Fredericton:

“I do not remember whether I reported the results of a tour to Wilmot, previously to my going to St. John. I had a good opportunity on that occasion to visit the Indians. Those that I met were, for the most part, the same that I had seen last May in company with my friend Ben. Our first encounter was on the high road, near Gibbons'. About a dozen were returning from a funeral. They halted as soon as they saw who it was, and one of them greeted me with demonstrations of joy in regular wild Indian style; enquiring how I was, and whence I came, and whither I was going,—questions, by the way, which are in Micmac as polite and proper as they are on board ship. I shook hands with them all, and began to answer their numerous questions, when another party came up, and I noticed that one of them was giving me a “wide berth,” and pushing ahead with great zeal. Some one called out “Come back and shake hands with Mr. Rand.” Whereupon I heard a furious muttering, and distinctly understood the word

Mundoo, (devil), strongly emphasized. This called forth a burst of laughter from the rest. We conversed a while: I learned where they were encamped, and we separated with the expectation of seeing each other again soon. My course lay in a different direction from theirs; but I soon overtook another of the party and offered him a ride. He declined to accept my offer, and said he was afraid of me. He walked along by the side of the waggon, however, and we were soon engaged in an animated discussion. I found him well posted up in the Catholic doctrine, clever, capable of appreciating the force of an argument, but fully persuaded that a priest can work miracles, turn meat into fish, and men into pigs, and do anything he chooses. I assured him that was all a mistake, that they are nothing more than other men. I endeavored to show him a more excellent way. After a while he so far got the better of his fears and his prejudices as to take a seat in my waggon, and listened attentively to a chapter at parting.

I went on to Port George where they were encamped. There were no white Romanists there to interfere with us, and I had many opportunities of reading the Scriptures to them. They all treated me kindly. I had just obtained a few copies of the Book of Genesis in Micmac, and I used to read of the Creation, of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the history of Abraham and Joseph. I was able to distribute a number of copies to Indians who can read.

I found at St. John my old friend Brooks, my first Micmac teacher, and to whom, under God, I owe everything, so far as the language is concerned. He showed me the identical Testament which was the means of breaking the shackles of Popery and setting him free. The name of the little girl who gave it to him thirty ago at Douglas, N. S.—“Jane Smith Bates”—was still on the cover; and I saw also the Bible which Rev. Mr. Brown, of “Old Barns,” afterwards gave him, and which the Priest strove in vain to take from him. The old man is still hale and strong, very industrious, has a large number of very fine smart looking boys, whose appearance and bearing are quite above the “savage.”

And I met a number of Indians at Indian town. They did not give me a very warm reception, but there were no hostile demonstrations, and that itself was no small matter to one who *has* had to flee for his life before now. I read to them, and we got up quite a discussion on one occasion. Now and then a stern voice would order me to decamp, but others would come to the rescue. They requested me to sing, and I sang of course. During the heat of debate on one occasion a short frowning little form, who stammered fearfully, came up with a knock-down argument, which he appeared to think would settle up the matter at once and forever. The Priest he affirmed could “call up the devil” and a Minister could not. Come on, said

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I, let us go to the Priest forthwith and get him to do it. This was a *poser*. He looked embarrassed. I appealed to the company. They admitted that the proposal was fair, but smiled incredulously. "Have you ever seen the Priest call up the Devil?" I asked. He looked thoughtful for a moment, and then replied hesitatingly, "No; but *Nikskamitch*, my grand-father, saw it done." Very likely (?)

In the same letter Mr. Rand relates his adventures among the Malliseets near Fredericton. They treated him kindly, aided him in correcting his tract written in their language, and also in translating a hymn from the Micmac, and listened to the Word of God. Many of this tribe can read their prayer-book being written in the French alphabet, and not like that of the Micmacs, in characters.

In the Steamboat coming down the river from Fredericton Mr. Rand had an opportunity to read the Scriptures to a party of Micmacs. He was interrupted and assailed with coarse obscene language by sundry white men in the garb of gentlemen. A gentleman on board, Mr. Calvin Baker, of Aylesford, hearing them make statements to some of the passengers derogatory to the character of the Missionary called upon the Indians themselves to give testimony in the case. The story was that Mr. R. had been on one occasion assailed by a party of Indian women near Charlottetown, who, with clubs and axes drove him, (and the gentlemen and ladies who were with him) from the encampment; and that it was for his improper conduct. The Indian's version of the cause of the hostile attack was, "'Cause Priest him tell 'em drive him away." Mr. Rand remarks: I knew nothing of this until Mr. Baker afterwards related it to me. Such incidents tend to diversify Missionary life, and lead one to rejoice that God watches over the character as well as over the lives of his servants.

Having given extracts from Mr. Rand's letters, we proceed to present one or two from those of his coadjutor—Benjamin Christmas. The contributors and friends of the Mission cannot fail to be interested in the statements made by our *native Missionary* respecting his reception among his relatives and former acquaintances on the Island of Cape Breton, after the changes which had taken place in his circumstances during the three years which had elapsed since he had seen them. The first, addressed to Mr. Rand, is dated

Plaister Cove,

Sept. 31st, 1858.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I arrived here last evening, and made a visit to my people to-day. I have told them what Christ has done for my soul, and how the Holy Spirit comforts me. Dear Brother I could not describe to you how I felt; all I can say is, I rejoice exceedingly this day. My heart wondered

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

The next is dated

Truro, Oct. 28th, 1858.

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

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

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

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

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

Yours truly,

BENJAMIN CHRISTMAS.

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

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

have aimed as far as possible at economy. The salary of the Missionary and his assistant has been kept quite within the limits of extravagance, and no wish is entertained in any quarter to give any just cause of complaint on this score to those who sustain the Mission. It must not be forgotten, however, that the Mission in all its departments cannot be otherwise than expensive. It cannot be compared either with a Mission in India where food and clothing cost comparatively nothing; nor to a Mission among the wild Indians of the West, whose habits of life have been left undisturbed, and who draw from their hunting-ground, their lakes, and their rivers, a bounteous supply for all their natural wants. We send our Missionaries among a people degraded by the vices of civilization and unblest by its advantages; a people whose confidence we have forfeited, whose means of living we have destroyed,—a “people scattered and peeled,” and down-trodden, and continually oppressed by the clamorous demands of hunger, cold, and nakedness. We send our Missionaries to conciliate them, to overcome their prejudices, to prove to them that we are their friends, to help and instrumentally to save them. Now it must be evident to every reflecting person that unless the Missionaries can exercise the rights of hospitality, and that too on a pretty large scale—a scale which under any other circumstances would be both extravagant and unreasonable—he cannot hope for success. Certainly anything approaching, in the most distant manner, to *bribery*, should be sedulously avoided. But the Great Missionary Himself could feed the hungry, could heal the sick, and sympathize with the afflicted, and thus give them tangible proof of his friendship: and who dare charge him with bribery?

We are happy to know that our Missionaries are frequently called upon by the people for whose interests they labor, and that it is quite an understood thing among them that the house of the Missionary is the Indian's home. Rev. Mr. Dimock of Truro testifies that as many as twenty at one time have taxed the hospitality of our native assistant, and they are frequently there. But the Missionaries testify to the interesting opportunities such visits afford for reading the Scriptures and imparting religious instruction, and how it paves the way for a kindly reception of themselves by the Indians in return at their hospitable homes. We are convinced that no friend of piety and humanity would have it otherwise. But at the same time it must be evident to all that unless the pecuniary means are liberally furnished the families of the Missionaries must seriously suffer, themselves be oppressed with debt and embarrassment, their minds depressed, their hands tied, the Mission dishonored, and failure and ruin be the result.

We must then appeal to the good sense, the Christian feeling, and the generosity of the public, to warrant the Committee in making such provision for supporting the Mission as the exigencies of the case demand.

APPENDIX.

THE DYING INDIAN'S DREAM.

BY SILAS TERTIUS RAND.

[The "Wigwam Scene" referred to in the following descriptive piece occurred in the spring of 1855, at Hantsport, Nova Scotia. It is related in full in the Sixth Annual Report of the Micmac Mission—p. 7.

JOHN PAUL was a pious Indian. He died rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God. The night before he died he related a remarkable dream, which had filled him with joy and peace. He knew nothing of the "Pilgrim's Progress"—the work of "The Immortal Dreamer," as Bunyan has been termed—nor of the "Revelation of John the Divine,"—but his vision of heaven could scarcely have been more striking had he been conversant with these books. He dreamed that he was in heaven. That heaven was an immense golden palace, as large as this world. That the first object which met his gaze on entering was the throne of the Lamb, surrounded by happy spirits, all robed in white—that they immediately gathered around him and raised the triumphant shout:—"John Paul has come! John Paul has come!" He earnestly exhorted his friends to seek an interest in the Saviour—told them how easy it was to be saved. Then, raising his eyes upward, he declared that he saw heaven opened, and the glory of God; and with earnest prayers that his wife, his children, and his people, might be saved, he expired.]

Upon his bed of clay,
Day after day, wasting away,
The sick and suffering Indian lay.
No lordly Chieftain he,
Of boasted pedigree,
Or famed for bravery
In battle, or for cruelty;
He was of "low degree,"
The child of poverty,
And from his infancy
Inured to hardships, toil and pains:
He was a hunter, bold and free,
Of famed ACADIA'S plains.
He'd roam'd at will,
O'er rock and hill,

And every spot he knew,—
 Of forest wide,
 Of mountain side,
 Of stream and lake,
 Of bush and brake,
 Of sunny pool and alder shade—
 Where the trout and the salmon played,
 Where the weeping willow wept,
 Where the whistling wood-cock kept,
 Where the mink and the martin crept,
 Where the bear and the beaver slept,
 Where the wolf and the wild-cat stepped,
 Where the laughing cascades leap,
 Dancing from steep to steep,
 Where the ash and the maple grew,
 Where the hawk and the eagle flew,
 Sailing in the azure blue.
 With matchless skill he could take or kill
 The moose and the cariboo,
 And smoothly ride on the rolling tide,
 In the light and the frail canoe—
 Tho' in angry gusts the tempest blew,
 Tho' the thunders roar'd
 And the torrents poured,
 And the vivid lightnings flew,
 With a noble pride, which fear defied,
 With steady hand and true,
 The fragile skiff,
 By the frowning cliff,
 He could guide, and glide
 Triumphantly, the roaring surges through.
 And many a weary day
 He had toiled away
 In his own humble home,
 At basket, bark and broom,
 To gain the scanty fare
 Doled out to him grudgingly, where
 His ancient sires
 Kindled their fires,
 And roamed, without control,
 Over their own domains—
 Lakes, rivers, hills, and plains,—
 In undisputed right, lords of the whole.
 But ah! these days were gone!
 And weeks and months had flown,

Since dire disease had laid him low :
 Nor huntsman's skill,
 Nor workman's will,
 Could nerve his powerless arm, or bend his useless bow.
 But God was there,
 And fervent prayer
 To Heaven ascended,
 And sweetly blended
 With angel's song
 From Seraph's tongue.
 And joy was there, and hope, and faith,
 Triumphant over pain and death.
 The light of truth around him shone,
 Auspicious of the brighter dawn :
 He trusted in the living God :
 No dread of death, nor priestly power,
 Could shake him in that fearful hour,
 Nor tyrant's rod.
 The fluttering breath from his palsied lung,
 No utterance gave to his quivering tongue,
 But still his ear
 Was bent to hear
 The words of Truth and Love ;
 His flashing eye
 Glanced toward the sky,
 And he whispered, "Rest above."

He slept ! the dying Indian slept !
 A balmy peace had o'er him crept,
 And, for the moment, kept
 His senses steeped
 In calm and sweet repose—
 Such as the dying Christian only knows.
 Consumption's work was done,
 His flesh was gone ;
 Nought save the breathing skeleton
 Remained to him ;—No sound,
 Save the light rustling of the leaves around,
 Scattered upon the ground,
 Was in the wigwam heard ;
 The voice of man, and beast, and bird,
 Were hushed—save the deep-drawn sigh,
 And the feeble wail of the infant's cry,
 Soothed by the mother's sobbing "lullaby,"
 And bursts of grief from children seated nigh,

THE DYING INDIAN'S DREAM.

Waiting to see their father die.
 Kindred and friends were there,
 Gathered for prayer ;
 And Angel bands were near,
 Waiting to bear
 His ransomed soul away,
 To the bright regions of eternal day.

He dreamed ! the dying Indian dreamed !
 Flashes of glory round him gleamed !

A bright effulgence beamed
 From on high, and streamed
 Far upward and around. It seemed
 That sickness and pain were gone,
 That his work on earth was done,

That he stood alone,
 Happy, light, and free,
 Listening to sweetest melody

And softest harmony,
 From the ethereal plains ;

In loud extatic strains ;

Such as no mortal ear

Could bear

To hear.

When suddenly to his wondering eyes,

Upstarting to the skies,

A glorious palace stood ;

All formed of burnished gold :

Solid—of massive mould,

The bright abode

Of the Creator—God :

Ample, vast, and high,

Like earth, and sea, and sky :

The palace of the King of kings,

Where the flaming seraph sings,

Waving his golden wings ;

Where the ransomed sinner brings

Honor and glory to the Eternal Son,

Casting his crown

In lowly adoration down

Before the Throne

Of the Anointed One.

But, Oh ! what wondrous sounds !

A shout through Heaven resounds !

Myriads of happy spirits, robed in white,
 More pure and bright
 Than the noon-day light,
 Are standing round the Throne
 Of the Eternal One.
 Every eye upon him turns,
 Every breast with rapture burns,
 And trembles the lofty dome,
 As they shout him welcome home—

"John Paul has come! John Paul has come!"

"Bear the glad tidings far"

"As the remotest star!"

"Let every tongue"

"The shout prolong!"

"Sound the Redeemer's praise,"

"In loudest lays,"

"To endless days;"

"Who bought him with his precious blood,"

"And brought him to this bright abode"

"Of blessedness—the bosom of our God."

He woke! the dying Indian woke!
 Opened his eyes and spoke:
 A heavenly radiance broke
 From his bright beaming eye,
 And with a loud exultant cry,
 And clear ringing voice,
 In the soft accents of his native tongue,
 He told the visions of his head
 Upon his bed;
 And in glowing imagery,
 Suited to the theme—
 Like that of the "Immortal Dreamer's" dream,
 Or the sublimer song
 To him of old in Patmos' prison sung
 By the celestial throng,
 He spoke of those unutterable joys
 Prepared on high
 For sinners saved in Jesus when they die.

With earnest gaze,
 And mute amaze,
 Seated around his cot,
 Entranced, and to the spot
 Enchained, we listened to the story,

Catching glimpses of the glory ;—
 As tho' the echo from the eternal hill,
 In soft vibrations broke
 Upon our senses while he spoke,
 Sending thro' every soul, a deep unutterable thrill !

“ Oh ! I have been in heaven ! ”
 “ To me it has been given ”
 “ To see the throne of God—the angels clothed in light, ”
 “ And ransomed spirits in the purest white. ”
 “ They knew my name ! ”
 “ And who I am ! ”
 “ And whence I came ! ”
 “ I heard them loud through heaven proclaim ! ”
 “ Make room ! make room ! ”
 “ John Paul has come ! John Paul has come ! ”

“ Oh ! I shall surely reach that place, ”
 “ Thro' matchless grace. ”
 “ One moment more below ”
 “ I linger, then I go ”
 “ From this dark vale of woe, ”
 “ To be in heaven forever ; ”
 “ Where I shall never, never, ”
 “ Sin again, nor sigh, ”—
 “ In that bright world on high, ”
 “ Where my Redeemer reigns, ”
 “ There are no stains ”
 “ Of sin, and no remains ”
 “ Of sorrow, sighs and pains. ”
 “ But harmony and peace ”
 “ Never to cease ”
 “ But ever to increase ”
 “ Are there ; and happiness, pure unbounded happiness, ”
 “ Forever and forever reigns ”
 “ In that eternal world of bliss. ”

“ Oh ! I must meet *you* there, ”
 “ My brothers ! you must share ”
 “ That blessedness with me, ”
 “ So wonderful—so free ”—
 “ That mansion in the skies ”
 “ Not bought with gold or price, ”
 “ But with the precious blood, ”

Of Christ, the Lamb of God ;”
 “ And then by grace bestowed ”
 “ On sinners of the deepest hue,”
 “ Wretched, and vile, like *me*, like *you* !”
 “ Oh ! listen to the Savior's voice,”
 “ And in his love rejoice,”
 “ And you shall know,”
 “ His matchless power below,”
 “ To sanctify and save,—and go”
 “ At death to that bright world above,”
 “ Where all is purity, and peace, and love.”
 “ Oh ! let the Savior's love your hearts inflame,”
 “ Trust in his mighty name :”
 “ Forsake all sin, repent, and be forgiven ;”
 “ Then I shall meet you all again in heaven.”

“ I see ! I see the place !”
 “ I see my Savior's face !”
 “ Oh ! raise your eyes !”
 “ Look toward the skies !”
 “ Bright beams of glory,”
 “ Come heaving o'er me.”
 “ See ! see ! they're opening wide”
 “ The flaming gates of Paradise !”
 “ Bright Angels downward glide,”
 “ And standing near my side,”
 “ They smile and bid me come,”
 “ To my eternal home !”

“ God of eternal love !”
 “ Look from above !”
 “ And hear thy dying servant's prayer !”
 “ Oh ! save my children ! save my wife !”
 “ My people save ! God of eternal life !”—
 “ Give them to know thy name, and share,”
 “ Thy saving truth below :”
 “ And when their race is run,”
 “ And their work on earth is done,”
 “ Oh ! let them go,”
 “ Where the rivers of eternal goodness flow,”
 “ That they may shine,”
 “ In love divine,”
 “ And with Thee rest”
 “ Forever blest.”

He dies! the happy Indian dies!
 Closes his eyes to earth, and flies
 Up to the regions of the skies.
 Angelic legions lead the way,
 To the portals of celestial day!
 Wide spreads the news—all heaven rings!
 Angels and ransomed spirits wave their wings,
 All lowly bending to the King of kings;
 Mingling their loftiest melodies,
 And softest harmonies,
 With harp and voice, and choral symphonies,
 Loud as the sounding of ten thousand seas!
 They shout him welcome to his heavenly home,
 "John Paul has come! John Paul has come!"
 There, robed in peerless white,
 Among those Sons of Light,
 And seated on the throne,
 Of the Eternal Son,
 He waves in triumph high
 The palm of victory,
 And swells the ceaseless song
 Of that unnumbered throng,
 From every nation, kindred, tribe and tongue,
 And wears the crown
 Bestowed upon
 The Indian, as upon the king,
 By grace alone.—
 There they with equal rapture sing,
 Blending, in sweet accord, their voices all in one.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

COLLECTED BY REV. S. T. RAND.

HALIFAX.					
		Collins, Mrs. E. (don.)	£1 10	Jost, Eliza	£0 6 3
		do. (sub)	10 0	Kaye, Joseph	1 0 0
Aikins, Wm.	£0 5 0	Cunningham, H. R.	3 9	Knight, T. F.	3 1½
Allison, F. D.	2 6	Coll. Granville St.	2 2 6	Keith, Alexr.	5 0
Ackhurst, Wm.	1 5 0	Creed, George	5 0	Kuhn, P. J.	5 0
Allen, Charles	3 9	Clarke, N.	5 0	King, James	10 0
Adams, Mrs. Sarah	5 0	Doul & Miller	1 0 0	Kerr, H. R.	3 9
Adams, James	5 0	Downie, Charles	1 3	Longard, J. and E.	5 0
Anderson, J. H.	1 0 0	Dugwell, Henry	2 6	Lawson, Edwd.	2 6
Archibald, Saml.	2 6	Dickson, C. W.	2 6	Langley, Wm.	5 0
Archibald, Thomas	2 6	Dewolfe, Edwin	1 3	Loveland Mary	1 3
Avery, Dr. J. F.	1 0 0	Evans, W. L.	5 0	Liddell, J. H.	5 0
Albro, Edward	5 0	E., A. S.	5 0	Lemont, John	1 3
Bell, Joseph	10 0	Elliott, J. B.	2 6	Murdoch, Charles	1 0 0
Bowes, J. & Sons	5 0	England, Rev. J.	5 0	Murdoch, Wm.	1 0 0
Beckwith, Robt.	5 0	Ellis, Wm.	2 6	Miller, Robert	5 0
Burton, John	1 0 0	Esson, George	5 0	Mitchell, G. & A.	5 0
Brown, T. A.	10 0	Fraser, Wm.	3 1½	Murray, D.	2 6
Blackadar, H. W.	2 6	Friends,	3 9	Mignowitz, Henry	5 0
Bennett, J. B.	5 0	Forman, James	10 0	Murison, W. L.	5 0
Bell, J. A.	5 0	Frost, H. D.	5 0	Murray, Hugh	1 3
Black, M. G., Jr.	5 0	Fenerty, Thomas	10 0	Martin, G. D.	1 3
Binney, Edwd.	10 0	Fay, J. B.	2 6	Murray, Robt.	5 0
Binney, S. N.	10 0	Farquhar, J.	5 0	Murgatroyd, Friar	2 6
Black, M. G., Senr.	1 0 0	Foster, Henry	2 6	Morton, Archibald	2 6
Brown, C. E.	5 0	Freeman, Rev. D.	5 0	Malcom, James	5 0
Black, M. P.	5 0	Grant, Wm. F.	3 9	Malcom, Robert	5 0
Barnstead, Edwd.	2 6	Gorham, James	2 6	McKinlay, A. K.	2 6
Bauld and Gibson	5 0	Gammell & Tupper	5 0	McKinlay, A.	7 6
Brown, Hon. Stayley	10 0	Gorham, Edwd.	3 9	McIntosh, Mrs.	5 0
Burns, Adam	5 0	Greenwood, James T.	5 0	McKnight, Rev. A.	10 0
Burnham, James	2 6	Gray, G. G.	5 0	McCulloch, John	3 1½
Bentley, Rev. S. N.	5 0	Greig, James	2 6	McLean & Campbell	2 6
Boyd, Rev. G.	2 6	Grant, Mrs.	2 6	McVain, John	3 9
Bigby, Robert F.	2 6	Hoyt, Jesse	5 0	McInnis, Angus	7½
Barstead, Jeremiah	1 3	Hagarty, Wm.	1 3	Morton, G. E.	5 0
Binney, Susan	5 0	Harrington, Wm. M.	5 0	Nutting, J. W.	5 2½
Churchill, Rev. C.	5 0	Hendry, W. A.	3 1½	Nutting, Miss.	5 0
Crisp, Rev. Thomas	5 0	Halliburton, Chief Jus-		Northup, James	5 0
Grosskill, J.	5 0	tice Brenton	1 0 0	Neal, W. H.	5 0
Chipman, Edwd.	5 0	Hart, Mrs. Reuben	5 0	Nisbet, Sarah (Chil-	
Clarke, D. H.	5 0	Hardy, Capt., E. Art.	10 0	dren's Bazaar)	10 0
Cogswell, Miss	1 0 0	Haliburton, John	1 0 0	Parker, Dr. McN.	1 0 0
Crawford, Wm.	5 0	Herbert, Otway C.	2 6	L. E.	2 6
Carter, John W.	1 3	Howe, Wm.	5 0	Proudfoot, A.	2 6
Cornelius, J.	2 6	Hume, Dr. James	5 0	Parker, John, Junr.	2 6
Creighton, J. G. A.	10 0	Irvin, George	5 0	Punchard, James	12 6
Creighton, C. A.	5 0	James, Alexr.	1 0 0	Parks, J. H.	2 6
Cunard, Wm.	10 0	Jost, Edwd.	10 0	Robson, Charles	10 0
Candick, Wm.	1 3	Johnston, Hon. J. W.	10 0	Robinson, Joseph	5 0
Collins, Brenton	10 0	Johnstone, Mrs. J.	2 6	Ritchie, Geo. E.	5 0

Romans, Martha	£0	5	0
Rhind, J.		1	3
Robie, Hon. S. B.	1	0	0
Ritchie, J. W.	1	0	0
Robinson, Alexr.		10	0
Rogers, Joseph		2	6
Richey, M. H.		5	0
Starr, David Henry		2	6
Shannon, S. L.		10	0
Seldon, S.		5	0
Sandford, G. A.		2	6
Sutcliffe, E. W.		5	0
Strong, Samuel		7	6
Scott, James		2	6
Stairs, J.		10	0
Starr, G. H.	1	0	0
Scott, Rev. John		10	0
Salter & Twining		5	0
Seeton, R. B.		2	6
Stothard, Col., <i>Rl. Eng.</i>		5	0
Silver, W. N.		5	0
Smith, Mrs. S. S. B.	1	0	0
Starr, Mrs. G. H.		10	0
Symonds, Thos.		1	3
Symonds, W. S.		2	6
Small, W.		3	1½
Shields, E.		2	6
Sanderson, M. A. W.		5	0
Thomas, J. T.		5	0
Thompson, James		2	6
Tupper, Hon. Dr. C.		10	0
Twining Rev. Dr.	1	0	0
Twining, C.		5	0
Taylor, H. A.		2	6
Troop, George, J.		2	6
Twining, Mrs. C.		5	0
Tupper, Susan		5	0
Turner, James		2	6
Twining, Mrs. J. T.		5	0
Tremain, Richard		3	1½
Tremain, Stewart		3	9
Uhlman, John		2	6
VanBuskirk, Dr.		5	0
Veith, W. J.		2	6
Wombolt, M. J.		3	9
Wesley, Thomas		2	6
White, S. A.		5	0
Woodill, James L.		2	6
Wilson, Rev. Jas.		2	6
Wilson, Wm.		2	6
Woodgate, A.		3	9
West, Saml. C.		2	6
Wiswell, W. H.		5	0
Woodill, John		5	0
Wilson, Capt. N.		5	0
Wier, Henry		2	6
Wier, Benjamin		5	0
Wainwright, J. T.		7	6
Wilson, Mrs. and fam.		5	7½
Wier, James A. R.		2	6
Yates, George		5	0
Young, Hon. Wm.		10	0
Young, J. W.		5	0
—			
AYLESFORD.			
Baker, Calvin		5	0
Ban s, Olden		1	3
Baker, Eunice,		1	3
Baker, Henry	£0	2	6
Baker, Henry L.		2	6
Banks, Jacob		2	6
Baker, Samuel,		5	0
Bartheaux, Ezekiel		1	3
Baker, Wm. A.		2	6
Banks, Joseph		1	3
Bowlby, Thomas T.		2	6
Chute, Gilbert R.		2	6
Clarke, J. S.		2	6
Clarke, J.		1	3
Fitch, George		5	0
Friends		3	0
Foster, Willis		2	6
Fowler, Gilbert		3	9
King, F. G.		2	6
Messenger, David		3	9
Widow's Mite		2	6
Neily, Zebulon		2	6
Neilly, Jacob		3	1½
Omitted last year,		5	0
Neily, Cephas		2	0
Neily, Ingles		1	3
Palmer, Edmund		2	6
Neily, Lucy W.		2	6
Palmer, Benjamin		5	0
Parsons, Henry		2	6
Pearson, J. E.		5	0
Rhodes, Wm.		5	0
Roach, George M.		1	3
Roach, Zebina		5	0
Robinson, Andrew		1	3
Robinson, John		2	6
Randell, Robert		5	0
Saunders, Whitfield		2	6
Spinny, Samuel		2	6
Spinney, Charles		1	3
Saunders, T. H.		2	6
Tuppar, Rev. Dr. C.		5	0
Tuppar, Mrs. C.		2	6
Tuppar, Handley,		2	6
Tufts, Gardener		5	0
Welton, Sydney		5	0
Wheelock, John		5	0
Wiswell, James		1	3
Woodbury, Wm.		2	6
—			
BERWICK.			
Banks, Joanna		1	3
Davidson, Wm.		2	6
Freeman, M.		2	6
Kellum, Benjamin		5	0
Lyons, John		5	0
Lyons, Robt.		2	6
Lyons, Robt. Junr.		2	6
Marsters, Dr. Holmes		5	0
Margison, R. C.		1	9
Morse, James C.		2	6
Morse Beniah		5	0
Norwood, Charles		5	0
Pineo, Isaiah		3	1½
Parker, D. O.		5	0
Randell, Aurauna		2	6
Shaw, John		3	1½
Shaw, Permella		2	6
Shaw, W. C.		2	6
Shaw, Isaiah		5	0
Webster, Joseph		3	9
White, Henry V.		5	0

BRIDGETOWN.

Bonnette, J. B.	£0	2	6
Crabe, W. and others		2	6
Clark, Joseph		1	3
Dewolf, John M.		3	1½
Dewolf, F.		1	3
Friend		10	
Fellows, Benjamin		2	6
Fox, C. J.		1	3
Friend		2	6
Foster, David		2	6
Hamilton, Samuel		2	6
Knowdell, G. A.		2	6
Lewis Wm.		1	9
Palfrey, Daniel		2	6
Palfrey, Lydia		2	6
Poyntz, Colonel		2	6
Wheelock, Joseph		2	6
Sibley, Wm. J.		1	3

CARLTON, N. B.

James, Wm.		2	6
Stockhouse, Mrs. J.		2	6
Ward, Dr.		5	0

CORNWALLIS.

Burbidge, Mrs. M.		1	3
Bently, R. Jane		2	6
Beckwith, James E.		5	0
Beckwith, Rebecca		5	0
Beckwith, Mahew		5	0
Bell, C. R.		5	0
Brown, J.		2	6
Bell, Wm.		5	0
Burbidge, Wm.		5	0
Burbidge, Jane		1	3
Borden, J. W.		2	6
Blenkhorn, James		5	0
Bigelow, Abraham		2	6
Barker, Abijah		5	0
Bacon, Charles		2	6
Buckley, T.		1	3
Beckwith, R. S.		5	0
Bill, G. H.		3	1½
Bent, A. S.		5	0
Buckley, T.		1	3
Bligh, Asae		3	1½
Craig, James		3	1½
Condon, Matilda		5	0
Condon, Ruth		5	0
Calkins, Elias		5	0
Calkins, Rebecca		1	3
Calkin, Edmund		5	0
Calkin, Gordon A.		5	0
Craig, Wm.		5	0
Cox, James		2	6
Caldwell, E. K.		5	0
Christie, Lavenia		2	6
Clarke, E. M.		3	1½
Chipman, David		3	1½
Chipman, J. A.		3	1½
Campbell, Thomas B.		12	9
Chase, Albert		5	0

The Treasurer's Account with the Micmac Missionary Society.

1858.		DR.	
Oct. 1.	To amt. paid Missionary for 3 qrs. salary to date.....	£150	0 0
	Paid do. for extra expenses last year.....	35	0 0
	Paid Benjamin Christmas.....	78	0 0
	Paid do. for Books.....	4	1 3
	do. for aid to Peter Thomas.....	7	10 0
	do. for travelling expenses.....	5	0 0
	do. for clothing Peter Thomas.....	3	10 8
	Paid J. P. Doane for schooling James Meuse,.....	5	0 0
	Paid for Printing, Books & Stationary.....	4	8 6
	Paid for Reports and Circulars, (2000).....	16	7 6
	Paid Secretary sundry expenses,.....	1	13 2
	Balance in hands.....	14	0 1
		<hr/>	
		£324	11 2
<hr/>			
1857.		CR.	
Oct. 1	By Balance from previous acct. in hand at this date.....	£71	11 0
	Collection at Temperance Hall.....	4	13 9
1858.			
Oct. 1	Collections from all sources by Missionary to this date....	244	14 9½
	Collections and contributions sent Treasurer.....	4	1 8½
		<hr/>	
		£324	11 2
		<hr/>	
	By Balance in hands.....	£14	0 1

E. E.

GEORGE E. MORTON,

Treasurer.

NOTE.

Collections taken at Kentville, Liverpool, Nictaux, Bridgewater, and other places, since Sept. 30,—*the close of the Financial year*,—will appear in the next Report, when any errors which we discovered in the preceding list will be rectified.

S. T. RAND.

ERRATA.

- Page 9, line 12, for Scholastic read Scholarlike.
Page 11, line 4, for Tawoaspick read Taywoapskick.
Page 12, for Jane Smith Bates read Jane Bates Smith.