

stance, contained in Genesis, the account of the Flood, the calling of Abraham, and the touching history of Joseph which follow:—to the history of Moses contained in Exodus—Moses dividing the sea, leading the hosts of Israel through the wilderness climbing up the sides of a quaking Sinai to talk with Jehovah, and dying finally, and being buried in a secret vale by the hand of the Eternal;—nor less to the Psalms—called by Calvin the Anatomy of the soul, because probably, they so admirably open, and give expressions to those experiences which are peculiar to believers of all times; nor less again to the Gospels, each presenting a beautiful picture of the life and character of our Lord;—the whole preparing for the first chapter of genuine Ecclesiastical History contained in the Acts, and this again for those broader, loftier expositions of truth which are furnished in the epistles of Paul.

It appears moreover that these books of scripture in their translated forms, have been circulated among the Indians, and that considerable time has been devoted to the Missionary to the work of teaching and preaching among them;—yes, preaching; we affirm, for although he has not been able to gather them together in large numbers, and in structures like that in which we are met to night, yet to groups of two, or four, or half a dozen, and beneath the canopy of the sky, and from a stump or cradle hill for pulpit, he has spoken the "things concerning the kingdom" and declared how "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have eternal life"—a style of preaching approaching, perhaps, more nearly than any other, to the primitive mode, and reminding of the great Teacher who, upwards of eighteen centuries ago, on the way side, or hill side, or shore of Genesaret, in most simple and familiar discourse, addressed the people who gathered about him the words of eternal life.

And more than this, twenty of the Micmacs have been taught to read, and some of them, well—a circumstance in which, if I mistake not, we may discover the hinge on which is to turn the future success of the Mission. From the history of modern Missionary effort it is now pretty clear, that while Anglo Saxons must mainly accomplish the work of initiating Christian Missions among the various unevangelized tribes and nations of the earth, it must be mainly carried on by converted native. A Mission goes out to India and translates the Bible into the Karen language and establishes mission Schools. He thus does for the Karens what they could not do for themselves. But when the Bible has once been translated, native preachers raised up by the Master, in scores and hundreds may carry its message of life over the mountains and plains, and among the millions of that country, and with an address and power which it is almost impossible for missionaries who are obliged to acquire the language, to attain to.

Thus we learn that Sau Quala, a native preacher among the Karens has baptized, in the space of 21 months 1860 converts, and organized some 20 churches, while hundreds of others, in the same time, professed to have been converted through his instrumentality.

So we trust it will be though not to so large an extent, with the Micmac Mission. We hope that Bro. Rand will be spared to complete the translation of the entire Bible into the Micmac tongue; and that from among those who have learned to read, God will raise up teachers and preachers to carry forward the work of evangelizing the entire tribe.

But the resolution speaks, in the second place, of difficulties, which the Mission has had to encounter. Among these difficulties are the influence of the priests over the Indians, their own prejudices, and lukewarmness and indifference of those who should be numbered among its warmest friends. But these difficulties have been, in some measure overcome. The Micmac will listen to the priest, and to Mr. Rand also. His prejudices are vanishing like morning mists, and it is hoped that the success hitherto achieved by the Mission will have the effect of multiplying its friends, and eliciting from them yet larger contributions.

We are not unaware that objections are sometimes raised against the missions. Some tell us that "Charity begins at home," and that we had better give our attention first of all to the work of saving our unconverted friends and acquaintances. But this last work, instead of incapacitating for the other, would rather fit and prepare us for it. As attention to Home Missions, instead of crippling, rather qualifies for responding to the claims of Foreign Missions, so prayer and effort to bring our unconverted neighbors to Christ, will prove the best means of preparing us to look after the spiritual welfare of the Indians.

Some again ask, why should we spend so much time and money to accomplish so little? But suppose as the result of the Micmac Mission under God, only one Indian shall be converted. Can we think of that one Indian passing from earth to heaven, and singing and shining and adoring throughout the eternal ages, without concluding that all the time and money the Mission has lost is infinitely insignificant and paltry as compared with such result. But we have reason to believe that not one only, but several have already received the grace that saves the soul, through the word of life brought to them through the instrumentality of the Micmac Mission.

And we may expect yet greater results to be accomplished. Some christians in their zeal would have the world converted in a single week. But this is not according to the divine plan. God whose field of working is infinity, need not be cramped or contracted in his operations, and as He has a whole Eternity to work in, he need not be in a hurry. It is ours to sow be-

side all waters, to be instant in and out of season, and God in his own time and way will give the blessing.

Judson laboured long in Burmah, and Hunt spent a life-time in the Fiji Islands, before any fruit was seen to follow their labors. So let us labor in faith, assured as we may be that

"Duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length."

Dr. A. Gesner seconded the resolution, and in doing so, stated that some years ago, and previous to his leaving Nova Scotia, we had the honor to be a Commissioner of Indian affairs, in this Province, and he took a census of the Micmac-tribe of Indians in 1847. He was also elected a Chief of the Nation and in the ceremony he made a promise that he would defend the rights and maintain the cause of that people, as being one of themselves. He therefore requested to be viewed as a Micmac, during the evening. Dr. G. then spoke as a Micmac and said:—

Our people are descendants of the Algonkians. The early French settlers in this country called us Iriquois. According to the map of L'Escarbot made in 1609, we held possession of a large country on the south side of the St. Lawrence, and a part of what was since called Acadia. Baron La Houan has stated that no less than seven tribes of the Aborigines called *Abenckies* (men of the east) occupied Acadia. Remnants of some of those tribes still live in what you call the Eastern States, and among them are the Quoddies, Penobscotts and the Amalacites of the river St. John in New Brunswick. We the Micmacs were a powerful people. We once had 20,000 warriors and before you came among us we were contented and happy. First the French came and their Priests lived among us and taught us good things. Then the English came and we tried hard to drive them away. When we both got tired of war, we made peace. On the first day of July 1761, we made that peace. Back of the fine Citadel that overlooks the city of Halifax, your Commander-in-Chief took our Chief, Argimeau by the hand, "in token that His Majesty received us into his favor and protection." That favor and protection is what we now claim. There we buried the hatchet, and into the grave, as my friend has reminded me, you first threw in the sword and then we threw in our tomahawk and scalping knife, signifying that you were the first to ask for peace. Then we smoked the calumet, or pipe of peace, and we have been faithful and loyal ever since. We are not a conquered people, and behold in peace you have taken from us our country, you have shut our salmon and other fishes out of our rivers and lakes, by mill dams and destroyed our fisheries on the seashores. You wantonly kill our Moose and Cariboo and other game. You have driven us back from our old places, and burying grounds and the dust of our forefathers' bones is mingled with the soil of your corn-fields. You have brought among us small pox, measles and other diseases, and still continue to poison us with drinks that make our people crazy and they die. You have taken our trees and when we want a few to make baskets you drive us away. We are often told that God, the Great Spirit, has permitted all these things for the extension of the Gospel, His church, civilization and the arts and industry of life, all this we are willing to believe, but it seems to us that He would be pleased if you gave us a share of those blessings in return for what you have taken from us.

Where is the Micmac tribe now? Some of them are left in Nova Scotia, some live in New Brunswick, scattered along the south side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. There is a settlement at Mission Point at the mouth of the Resigouche. Micmacs are also found on the Gaspé shore, Prince Edward Island has a number and so has Cape Breton. The Doctor was surprised a few years ago to find a handful of these people on the Islands of St. Piers and Miquelon and a few in Newfoundland. It is true that the inhabitants of the once United States have driven the Indians back; yet they gave them lands, and in very many instances they bought and paid for the territories occupied by the natives.

The Camanches on the Rio Grande, Texas, fought the pale-faces for years, until the white people attacked them on the Prairies with a cannon mounted on wheels and fired grape-shot among them until they were defeated. The Indians then sued for peace and gave it as their reason, that they could fight but "the pale faces fired a cart at them," and that was more than they could withstand. Some of these Camanches, in Texas, are now so far civilized (uncivilized) and so much like the descendants of Europeans, that they own slaves, and trade in them.

But it is often said, that you cannot tame an Indian. It is not so, see what the Indian Missionary Society of New York has done, and also the New England Society. Along the borders of the great Canadian Lakes, there are Indian towns and villages with houses of christian worship, schools, stores and manufactories, with all the comforts and many of the luxuries of civilized life. And our people the Micmacs are capable of reaching similar attainments. Men of our tribe have been carried to England and France; but what for? Was it to instruct and civilize? No, they were carried about like monkeys and elephants as shows, and then sent back with European vices.

For many years after the war with the American States which commenced in 1812, the Mohawks, Hurons, and other native tribes of the Canadas, received from the British Government no less than £25,000 annually. They now receive £15,000 sterling per annum. The chief

parts of those sums have been successfully applied to their christianization and consequent civilization. Many of the Micmacs have told him that they believed that the Queen had a large sum of money in store for them. Britain conquers not to despoil; but to save.

He rejoiced to learn from the indefatigable missionary Mr. Rand, and the extremely interesting and encouraging report which has been read, that the numbers of the Micmacs are not now on the decline, as they were formerly. He observed also that some of those unfortunate people, absolutely live in houses and that some of the wigwags have windows and stoves in them. Most heartily did he rejoice and take courage with the Society at these things and it must be cheering to every christian and philanthropist that in this early stage of the Society's enterprise their labors have been attended with success. He remarked in the presence of the Missionary, that even to the present day many of the Micmac tribe worship only "Kesoult" the Great Spirit, in fact they are Unitarians. Now what has the Society done already? They have sent a Missionary among our people, who has acquired a difficult language, translated a part of the Bible and who preaches to the Micmac in his own tongue and supplies him with written books. Here then is every encouragement for you all to pursue this humane and christian-like enterprise, which will have for its reward more than you can now feel or realize.

Dr. Gesner then addressed the Chairman and the audience in the Micmac language, which was immediately interpreted by Mr. Rand, thus:—"We like what has been said. We thank our mother the Queen. We thank those who speak her thoughts, and we rejoice that God has put it into the hearts of good men to come and help us."

At the close of these remarks the chairman put the Resolution to the meeting, which was carried unanimously.

At the close of Dr. Gesner's address, the collection was taken up and Mr. Rand the missionary was called upon for an address.

He said he was glad of the arrangement which placed him last, as he had been precluded by that means from encroaching upon the time of the others. He had been cheered and encouraged by the addresses which had been delivered. He was personally acquainted with good old John Sunday, of whom Mr. Lathern had spoken. He had dined with him at his house, heard him tell how he was converted, and had preached to his people in his own chapel.

Reference had been made to some of the difficulties that we had to encounter. These had indeed been many and great. Some of them had been met and overcome but others of a formidable nature remained. Some of these it is in the power of the friends of the mission to remove. For instance, throwing the burden of collecting his own salary and all the other expenses of the mission, upon the Missionary, was simply an absurdity, and a very mortifying one too, to say nothing of the cost. He had submitted to it simply because it seemed essential to the continuance of the work and he had indulged the hope and still indulged it, that it would only be temporary. And in reality he had now become so accustomed to it that he rather enjoyed it than otherwise, as it formed a very agreeable variety in enabling him to visit his white friends occasionally and address them, as well as the Indians; among whom he felt bound in candor to say he had occasionally some rather "sorry times." One thing, however, the friends of the mission must not forget. The means of carrying forward this mission are as essential as straw was to the Israelites in making brick. For his own part he did not object to be "scattered all over the land of Egypt," to gather "stubble," but he would not like to be "beaten," because there must necessarily be a curtailing of the "tale," in consequence.

There was another difficulty and a very serious one. He really had never yet had a suitable room for missionary operations. The houses he had rented from time to time, had been constructed without any reference to Indian visitors. To see him at all they must throng the kitchen, ascend the stairs, go through the parlor, and other apartments, to reach the "study," and it would require more forbearance than falls to the lot of most mortals, for the family not to be annoyed at times beyond all endurance. But every thing of this kind may operate fearfully against us. No good can be done to the Indians unless they believe us to be their friends. They cannot be made to believe this if we are unwilling they should come to the house, and come at any hour they please and stay as long as they like. But for this purpose there must be provided a "reception room," out of the way. Having at last purchased a house where he hoped to reside and labor for the good of the Indians, for many years, he desired that the means might be furnished for building a "Zayat." He had got an estimate from a carpenter, and ascertained that a suitable apartment can be built, with some other conveniences, for about 40 or 50 pounds. This sum he wished to be allowed to add to the other items when informing the friends how much is needed.

Then the Maliseet Tract referred to in the report, can be printed for about ten or twelve pounds sterling probably. About £25 or so would be needed to pay his Indian assistants, and whose aid is indispensable to translating &c. Then there is the charity fund limited usually to £10, but which might very profitably be increased. All these and other sums he would like to be permitted to ask for, if he must ask at all, as it was far easier in reality to collect a moderately large sum for several important objects, and infinitely less mortifying than to be confined to the salary, important an item as that confessedly is. He gave several facts illus-

trative of this point, and described one of his adventures in former years, when he was put upon the puzzling point of proving that he was not the devil, as the priest had affirmed he was.

Mr. Rand then moved the resolution appointing the Officers and Committee for the ensuing year, which was seconded and passed. An opportunity having then been giving for any one present to make any remarks or ask any questions: Rev. Mr. McGregor briefly stated that he had been greatly gratified with the addresses, and thought it was the most interesting meeting of the kind he ever attended. The benediction was then pronounced, and the meeting closed.

For the Christian Messenger.

"Fear not."

These words are repeated many times in the sacred scriptures. At one time when the children of Israel were murmuring at Moses, for bringing them out of Egypt, they cried out "because there were no graves in the city, you have brought us here to die in the wilderness, then Moses said "Fear not, stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." And it occurs again in the 28th chapter of Matthew, and the 5th verse, "Fear not for I know ye seek Jesus which was crucified."

And again Christ says; "Fear not, thou worm Jacob for I am with thee, be not discouraged, for I am thy God. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee." And if God has said his we should be satisfied.

If we are Christ's and he is ours, we should fear nothing, No! not even death, for he has said "though ye walk through the valley and shadow of death ye shall fear no evil; for I am with thee; my rod and my staff shall comfort thee."

What blessed promises are those, and we feel assured they are true, for we know his promises are all *yea* and *amen*, in Christ Jesus.

Yes! what a happy state the christian's is, he can at night peacefully lay his body down to rest, knowing that though sudden death should come upon him, or though he had seen his last setting sun, yet he can joyfully give up every tie that binds him here to earth.

He need not fear that dark valley for he can look beyond to Canaan's happy shore, and see his Saviour, there upon the throne of glory, with outstretched arms to receive him; surrounded by myriads of the ransomed host who have gained the victory, and are now before him giving ceaseless praises.

And he rejoices that he will soon be there, and can cry out, O! death where is thy sting? O! grave where is thy victory?

And when the final hour shall come,  
That calls thee to thy rest;  
To dwell within thy heavenly home,  
A welcome, joyful guest.  
Be calm! though Jordan's waves may rule,  
No ill shall meet thee there;  
Angels shall whisper to thy soul,  
"Fear not," thy God is near.

For the Christian Messenger.

The flower in Winter.

It bloomed and died—but died to bloom again, and live. The opening bud met the chilling frosts of Winter, and fell beneath the withering power, but fell to rise again, above the reach of Winter.

"Died,"—did we say? Nay; it died not. The flower lives, and still it lives; and will live forever in the beautiful garden of God. They were but the *outside* leaves that died and fell. They added not to its beauty. They were corruptible and mortal. The flower needed to be trimmed and borne to the upper world and transplanted in Paradise.

God sent this angel and kindly aided the work. Let the parents' hearts rejoice when Jesus speaks and calls their infants to Himself. They rest sweeter on the "bosom of Jesus" than they could in the embrace of the kindest earthly parent.

"O, what is life?—'tis like a flower,  
That blossoms and is gone;  
It flourishes its little brow,  
With all its beauty on,  
Death comes; like a wintry day,  
It cuts the lovely flower away."

I was led to these thoughts by beholding, last evening, the body of a dear little infant laid in the tomb. She was the daughter of brother and sister Tooker, at North Sydney. She tarried with her parents but a few weeks, and then, on the 2nd inst., went to be with Jesus.

A large number of friends joined with us in sympathizing with the bereaved—it was "the hand of God" that "touched"—and the grace of God will sustain, heal and comfort.

J. F. K.

Sydney, Feb. 5th 1863.