

RAND

AND THE

MICMACS

CLARK

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Title: Rand and the Micmacs

Date of first publication: 1899

Author: Jeremiah S. (Simpson) Clark (1872-1950)

Date first posted: Nov. 13, 2015

Date last updated: Nov. 13, 2015

Faded Page eBook #20151105

This ebook was produced by: Larry Harrison, Cindy Beyer & the online Distributed Proofreaders Canada team at <http://www.pgdpCanada.net>

RAND

AND

THE MICMACS.

BY

JEREMIAH S. CLARK, B. A.



CHARLOTTETOWN:

PRINTED AT THE EXAMINER OFFICE, QUEEN STREET.

1899

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, by JEREMIAH S. CLARK, at the Department of Agriculture.

SILAS TERTIUS RAND.

BY

THEODORE H. RAND, D. C. L.

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Of't did thy spell enthral me, spite the cost!
Thou brought'st a charmed and fadeless holiday—
Stories and songs of Indian Epic lay—
When'er thy eager step the threshold crost,
Imagination all its plumes uptost
To follow where thy spirit led the way!—
(The sense that thou saw'st God when thou didst pray
I never through the dimming years have lost.)

Fair Minas' shores thy step did gladden, too!
Thou charm'dst great Glooscap from the unlettered past,
And told'st his story to the listener nigh't;
Ay, lover of song, of learned lore and vast,
Thou lov'dst the Indian with a love so true,
In his sweet tongue thou gavest him the Christ.

SILAS TERTIUS RAND.

D. D., L.L. D., D. C. L.

Stand thou a hero! brave, strong, sweet-souled Rand,
Firm on thy high pedestal through all time.
Thy God who cheered thee on, and held thy hand,
Preserves from dread oblivion thy memory sublime.

What, though no sculptured block adorned the spot
Where they had laid thy worn-out shroud away,
Until a daughter's toil memorial brought!
Within a thousand strengthened hearts thy visage beams to-day.

Mild was thy manly spirit! as a child
Among his playmates thou couldst laugh and sing;
Yet, through the greatest hardships on the wild,
Thou didst the cheering Gospel to the Micmac wigwam bring.

Peace when the gloaming settled, sweet release
From thy long day of labor, for as He
Pleased not himself, thyself thou didst not please;
Thou too wert meek and lowly, yet a prince of high degree.

Now, to thy memory, learned *Sakumow*,^[1]
Prince in the realm of mind, few were thy peers!
Soon fades this wreath we bring, as low we bow,
But in the richer lives of men thy life lives through the years.

J. S. C.

Wolfville, 20th May, 1899.

[1] *Sakumow* (Micmac for Prince or Sage.)

INTRODUCTION.

BY REV. ROBERT MURRAY, D.D.

(Editor of Presbyterian Witness.)

Dr. Rand was a man of rare genius and high attainments. It would be a wrong to him, to the country, and to the Church of Christ to allow his name to pass into oblivion. I am grateful to Mr. Clark for his highly creditable effort to do some justice to the character and work of a truly good, devoted, brilliant and scholarly Christian man.

My own acquaintance with Silas Tertius Rand extended over a period of more than thirty years. He attracted my attention and admiration when I came to this city long ago, an eager student of books and men. Rand was then in his early prime, tall, erect, lithe; never well-dressed; always notable. His features were regular; his forehead was lofty; his eyes were steel-grey and keen, and his look very kindly. He had abundance of dark wavy hair. While speaking, his gestures were perfectly natural and graceful. He had a melodious voice, clear, easily modulated to any key, and easily reaching any audience. His sentences were rhythmic, and rose and fell on the delighted ear with fitting cadence. He was a born orator, though utterly unconscious of the fact. Indeed his unconsciousness was one of the charms of his praying, his preaching and his speaking. His mind was full of his subject and in complete sympathy with his audience, whom he usually held spell-bound.

I never thought of Dr. Rand as growing old, though the last time he spent half an hour with me his locks were thin and grey, his eyes were dim, his forehead deeply furrowed, and his speech less clear than of old, because the "grinders were few," and he had reached or passed beyond his fourscore years. He was wont to tell of his work among the Indians and for them, and it was my pleasant duty to repeat the story as best I could to my readers.

He was a poet; and he was wont to honor me with the perusal of his poems, Latin as well as English, before they were in type; and I liked them well, and like them still. His Latin translations show marvellous aptitude and resource. Some are worthy of the poet-saints of the Middle Ages who breathed their fears, their faith, and their sorrows into lyrics that cannot die.

His life-work was to master the Micmac language, to find his way to the hearts of the poor children of the forest, and to tell them the story of the Gospel in its

simplicity. He made the language his own; he gathered the traditions of the Indians and learned their ways; and in many instances found his way to their hearts. He not only translated portions of the New Testament and Psalms into Micmac, but prepared a complete vocabulary of the language. This work and his Bible translations are in print, and may yet be found useful.

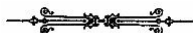
As to his success as a missionary among the Indians, it is not for me to speak. This I may say: Dr. Rand was wont to go among the Indians from camp to camp, telling them the story of redeeming love and pointing them to the "Lamb of God." He had won the confidence of many. He had access to their minds and hearts, and he was fully convinced that not a few had become sincere Christians. He did not ask them to sever their connection with the Church of Rome; he asked them simply to follow Christ. One brilliant convert he had—a very able man, Ben Christmas. But strong drink ruined this poor Indian so far as this life was concerned. I believe he died a humble penitent.

The Micmac Mission is now seemingly forgotten. It was never well organized, never adequately supported. Can it be revived? Where is Dr. Rand's successor? Should the Lord call any of our young earnest and devoted Baptist brethren to this work the new missionary ought to have at his back the whole influence, the spiritual and material resources, of the denomination. The work could now be conducted much more advantageously than when Dr. Rand grappled with it. I am sure the Christian community would hail with pleasure a revival of the Indian wigwam enterprise.

I may add that Dr. Rand was one of the few men I have known who seemed to be on terms of reverential intimacy with the blessed Lord and Master of us all. When praying he knew and felt that the Lord was listening. To him there was reality in all acts of worship, and he helped others to realize the presence of God. There was no hard, high, dead wall between him and the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. As he advanced in years he dropped the censoriousness in which he sometimes indulged in earlier years. A man like Dr. Rand is a gift from God, for which any community ought to be grateful; and the remembrance of him ought to be lovingly cherished.

ROBERT MURRAY.

Halifax, Nov. 1, 1899.



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yours very truly
Silas T. Rand

“yours very truly
Silas T. Rand”

ACROSTIC BY DR. S. T. RAND

S-tanding to-day still in the "way",
I-n health and strength almost beyond compeers,
L-ife's beaten road, I too have trod,
A-nd borne the load by the grace of God
S-afely thus far for three and seventy years.

T-he way has not been wholly through a vale of tears;

R-ich floods of light have cheered my sight
A-nd visions bright have banished doubts and fears.
N-or will I cease God's name to bless,
D-ependent still through coming days and years.

—*In Christian Messenger, 18th July, 1883.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

This opportunity is taken to express my indebtedness to Miss Hattie B. Rand for the privilege of using and possessing her father's private Diary; and, with her, to Miss Helen L. Webster, Miss Cornelia Horsford, Mrs. Irene Fitch, Mr. George V. Rand, Rev. Robert Murray, D.D., T. H. Rand, D.C.L., Rev. E. M. Saunders, D.D., and others, whose sympathy and encouragement induced me to go on with the task of publication, after most of the work had been done and the first project abandoned.

J. S. C.

FOREWORD.

This little book brings again into the sunlight some few records of the life and work of a very remarkable man. It seems fitting at this time to present in a popular form a glance at the life and work of Dr. Rand, as it will be fifty years on the twelfth of next November, since the work was organized, and Silas T. Rand appointed by the Commissioners at Halifax to his chosen field of labour among the Micmacs of the Maritime Provinces.

Many of the victories and defeats connected with this mission in which our fathers shared (or might have shared) have been forgotten; and, as we now gather what there is for us of encouragement and enjoyment in the records of that noble undertaking, we cannot but find stimulation and satisfaction in living over again, however imperfectly, the struggles and triumphs of one of our own heroes,—one who is certainly worthy of our highest appreciation. Only a small part of the available material will be used, as nobody is prepared to write a biography at present; and, even if someone could spend months among the Rand Manuscripts in the Libraries at Wellesley and Acadia, the occasion that calls this forth would have passed away before the work could be ready for the public.

This booklet does not pretend to be a biography; you may call it a Memorial, or even a Jubilee Souvenir, if you wish; but, kindly do not overlook the purpose for which it is issued:—In all seriousness allow it to call your attention to the stern fact that the Micmac Mission, while in progress was very much hindered by lack of Christian sympathy, and, since the faithful laborer was removed to his reward, no attempt has been made to carry on the work which was so manfully undertaken fifty years ago. And then, with these considerations, and the parting words of our Best Friend, fresh in your memory, ask yourself whether we to-day are any longer justified in repeating Cain's impertinent question, or answering it in his own self-complacent way. Surely we know a better way to keep the jubilee of Dr. Rand's splendid endeavour than either altogether to ignore the man and his work, or merely to feast our fancy upon the beautiful mythology of the Micmacs which he has given us as one of the incidents of his work. It is ours to build, if we will, on the broad foundation which he has laid; shall we not take advantage of this opportunity, and to do our share towards giving the people life. Let us realize the fact that until Silas T. Rand aroused our people fifty years ago, no Christian teaching had been attempted among the Micmacs except by Roman Catholic missionaries; and it is not enough that they had *modified the mythology* of the Micmacs,—in no other terms could the work be described which had been done before Dr. Rand began his campaign

based upon an open Bible for every man, and a full and free salvation procured for us all through the atonement made by Jesus Christ. The Roman Catholic missionaries are to be honoured for their self-sacrificing work,—Dr. Rand and his supporters are to be highly honoured for their splendid endeavour,—but, while we honour those who so richly deserve this tardy tribute from us, let us remember that our duty to our fellowmen is not done by simply making additions to our stock of heroes and hero-worship. The hero is, after all, the conscientious toiler; he makes mistakes like other men; he may even err to a greater degree because he lives at higher pressure, but he is filled with his mission, and, whether he “succeed” or not, no moment of his life is lost.

After Dr. Rand had with great difficulty learned the Micmac language, and reduced it to written form, he translated for the people the New Testament, and Genesis, and the Psalms; and as he went about his work day by day, he kept adding to his literary labours, until he had at last completed a Grammar and a Dictionary, the latter of which is now published by the Canadian Government. He tramped ceaselessly from settlement to settlement, sharing to the fullest extent the wretchedness of the degenerate descendants of that once lordly race, as he laboured to make the Gospel Message plain to the sons of the forest. He met discouragement in every form; he received scant sympathy from his fellow-Christians, every step he took was most bitterly opposed by the Roman Catholic clergy, but he lived to rejoice in the work that brought fulness of life to a number of the people, and laid a broad foundation for future work, before he answered the summons that called him home to his reward.

J. S. C.

Kirkclawn, P. E. I., October, 1899.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

DR. RAND AT HIS LIFE-WORK

IT has been the writer's privilege to gain possession of Dr. Rand's private diary, through the kindness of his daughter Hattie; and, after a great deal of labour, the rare privilege is ours of being able to see the struggles and successes of this great undertaking from the standpoint of the one upon whose shoulders the full weight of the burden always pressed,—the one, too, who had the first and fullest share in the rewards that ever follow faithful service for mankind.

The diary was hastily written—often with a poor pen and poorer ink, besides other inconveniences, as he moved from place to place, carrying on the work of the Mission, but the difficulties one meets in reading the volumes are banished by the pleasure of learning, as fully as may be, the details and the leading events in that remarkable work. But there are difficulties which are not at all due to the condition of the manuscript; and the student, if he be in any way ambitious to test his powers as a linguist, is here presented with perhaps the best opportunity that man ever had,—for here are whole volumes written in Latin and French, with pages of Micmac and Maliseet, and Greek, interspersed amongst the more solid matter; while Hebrew words occur occasionally, and prove very “shibboleths” to one who has become assured that the Maritime Provinces, like *Omnia Gallia*, are still divided into three parts. There are, perhaps a thousand pages written in Pitman's method of shorthand, and Dr. Rand also used and published in a phonetic method which necessitated the mastery of another alphabet of which the translator may have no further use after the present undertaking is completed. Writing in his Diary on March 16th, 1884, he tells how he had been for two weeks reading a copy of the Scriptures in Eskimo, kindly loaned by Dr. Sawyer, of Acadia; and that portion of his Diary written while on his tour through what was then called “Western Canada,” abounds with Indian words used by the different tribes in that section. There are complete lists of the first decade of numerals in the languages of the Mohawks, Onedias, Senecas, Ceyugas, Onondagas, and Tuscaroros, and such words as “bread,” “milk,” etc., are traced through all the different dialects. Nor was Dr. Rand satisfied with gathering what he could from the languages used in the schools and forests of Canada; he became more or less familiar with German, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese; and, to cap the climax, the page of the Diary which relates a conversation with a returned Burman Missionary is adorned with a number of Burmese words.

When we realize the marvellous progress he made as a linguist, we can, only

after an effort, believe the well authenticated statement that this man was a plain farmer and stone-mason, with a most meagre education, when, at twenty-three years of age, he presented himself at the Academy in connection with Acadia College, at Wolfville, Nova Scotia. To him, "learning" had never been a task, and he seized upon each opportunity with all the enthusiasm of his buoyant nature. He says:—"My first lesson in Latin was taken the first night of the four weeks I spent in Horton Academy. I heard a fellow-student, the late Wellington Jackson, repeat over and over again: 'The words *opus* and *usus* signifying "need," require the ablative, as, *Est opus pecunia*, "There is need of money."' That rule, and the truth it contained, was so impressed upon my memory, and was such a perfect illustration of my own circumstances that I never forgot it."

His stay at the Academy was brief, but he had made good use of his opportunities, and from that time on he was, in the fullest sense of the word, a student. He says that in the spring of 1833 he returned to the work of a stone-mason and the study of Latin. In the following year his ability as a student and a Christian teacher was recognized, and responding to the urgent call for such men, he laid down his trowel to be ordained and chosen pastor of the Baptist Church at Parrsboro. From this time on, besides continuing his Latin studies, he began to work on Greek and Hebrew in order that he might be better able to understand and teach the Sacred Scriptures. After two years in the pastorate, he again studied at Acadia for a time, but as Pegasus may boldly deviate from the common track, so we find the young man, Silas Rand, in his literary studies following the light of his own erratic genius, as he laboured on for ten years in the regular work of the ministry. During these years he was pastor successively at Horton, Liverpool, Windsor, and Charlottetown; and in Charlottetown he began his work as the missionary to the Micmacs. It was while pastor at Liverpool, on the 10th of May, 1838, that he was united to the companion of his life, Jane McNutt, whose home was at that place.

The year 1846 may well be remembered as one of great missionary interest in the Maritime Provinces. Christian men and women began to realize that a larger privilege and responsibility was theirs than they before had dreamed of. That year Maritime Presbyterians became represented abroad by John Geddie and Isaac Archibald in the South Sea Islands, and Maritime Baptists sent Mr. and Mrs. Burpee to Burma. During the year Professor Isaac Chipman, of Acadia, suggested to Mr. Rand that, as there were heathen in our own country, he, who had made such rapid progress in learning languages, should learn the Indian language, and give the Gospel to them. As he looks back to that occasion, the Micmac Missionary says: "I took hold of the idea, and determined thenceforth to devote my life to the work of

civilizing, educating and Christianizing the semi-savage Indians of the Maritime Provinces.”

During the next two and a half years he laboured incessantly, trying to faithfully discharge his duties as a pastor, yet bending every energy to master the Micmac language. Dr. Rand has been abundantly censured for “wasting his time over a vanishing language.” He did not. Would that more of us might waste our time to such advantage. Here a quotation from the fourteenth annual report of the Mission may be considered: “The language of the Micmacs *must decay*. If they are brought under the influence of instruction they will desire to learn English, and yet we do not observe much progress made even in that. Among themselves they converse in their own language, and every effort to make ourselves understood among them must be in a simple conversational style. They often cannot understand our generally uttered Saxon words, far less our theological phrases. Let the minister of the Gospel or Sabbath-school teacher who can, with but little difficulty, make himself understood to the generality of our white population, endeavor to make even an ordinarily intelligent Indian acquainted with the doctrines of the atonement or substitution of Christ in the room of sinners, and faith in His work, and he will at once see the necessity for diligent efforts to acquire a knowledge of that peculiar language. We repeat, the language may be fast disappearing; but it has been by the exertions of your missionary, reduced to a grammar, and a dictionary of it is in course of construction: will men of science fail to acknowledge their obligation to your missionary’s efforts? To the antiquarian and philologist the cause in which we are engaged has claims. But, above all, it has been made the vehicle of conveying the story of the Cross to a portion of our fallen race.”

Dr. Rand’s work, when studying the language, was made less difficult by securing the assistance of Joe Brooks, an intelligent Frenchman, whose father was a sailor in the French navy, captured by the British during the last war, and brought with other prisoners to Halifax. When liberated, instead of returning to France he settled at Digby; and his son Joseph, led on by a spirit of adventure, went into the forest and made his home among the Micmacs, marrying one of their women. Following the Indian custom, he gave prominence to the meaning of his name, *Ruisseau*, and gave it in English as Brooks. He had become thoroughly “civilized” according to the Micmac standard, and, as he was an intelligent man, proved a great help to the busy minister who was so anxious to learn Micmac that he would ply him with questions by the hour, noting down most carefully every answer, until, instead of learning, he could teach.

Before we go on following Dr. Rand in his life-work, many readers would like to

know more about those pages in his Diary which are of so much interest to the linguist and the antiquary. Here let Dr. Rand speak for himself, so that now, as years ago, his personality may explain his position, and disarm all criticism.

“May 6th, 1877.—I do not think I am ambitious of fame, but I think it meet that friends should know that, proposing to translate the Scriptures into the languages of the Indians, I can furnish them with some confidence of my ability in foreign languages and dead languages. But I fear to spend too much time over it. . . . I have received a letter from Jacob Martin stating that his brother Moses will be willing to assist in translating the Scriptures into Mohawk, but would prefer coming down to N. S. I am quite taken with the idea. It would obviate one objection to the work, as I need not then wholly neglect the Micmacs.

“10th. . . . Have studied Mohawk to-day; and corrected Latin hymns and studied Latin versification by way of relaxation.”

Here it may not be out of place to insert one stanza of the Latin hymn upon which he was working “by way of relaxation.” The final form of the stanza will be inserted also, to show his freedom of expression in Latin. He is translating the hymn, “Just as I am.”

(As written 10th May, 1877.)

Prorsus ut sum—nec ulla spe,
Nisi Tu mortuus sis pro me,
Et jubes ire me ad Te,
O, Agnus Dei, sum, (adsum).

(As published in 1881.)

Sicuti sum—nec sine spe,
Quia Tu mortuus es pro me,
Et jubes ire me ad Te—
O Agnus Dei, venio.

(A page from one of the Latin Sections of the Diary.)

“17th May, 1872.—Hic est dies meus natalis. Sum hodie annos natus sexaginta et duo. Gratias ago multum Domino Deo meo pro omni sua beneficia. Hodie de nova me ipsum consecro ejus gloriæ et operi. Multa et magnæ fuerunt meæ difficultates, tentationes, angustiae et labores, sed ad hoc tempus Dominus mihi

adjustit, et in eo confido hodie, et spero et credo firmiter ut me tulerit ad gloriam æternam.

“Designo ire ad vallum hodie, et concionare illic cum—Acolm hac vespera; quia oportet me ire ad Cornwallis. . . . (*Private reference to his son*) . . . Laboro, lego, studeo, fodio, et scribo, et transcribo; tranquillus et inturbidus. Confido in Deum.”

(*Page from a French section.*)

“Janvier, le 30, (1834.)—Il fit beau hier. Ma fille Sarah fut employée en finissant ses arrangemens autour nos apartments, et en faisant les affaires d’être correctes generalment autour de la maison. Notre ami Mme. Masters vint de l’assister, et toutes choses s’exhibent à la present en bel ordre. Il faut que je commence mon ouvrage en finissant ma Dictionaire Micmac.

“Fevrie, le 4, *eme.* . . . Depuis mon dernier enregistrement j’ai traduit et corrigé une translation en Francais de cet beau hymne-là qui commence avec cettes paroles-ci:—“J’étais fatigué et vagant.” J’ai reçu une lettre de Mlle Saunders, en qu’elle loue ma traduction Latin de le même hymne, et me remerciant beaucoup pour le nom Indien que lui á donne. Travaillais aujourd’hui à ma Dictionaire.”

(Possibly Dr. R. may not be the author of the first of these, but they occur in the body of the Diary.—J. S. C.)

Sept 28, 1871.

O Domine Deus!
Speravi in Te;
O care mi Jesus
Nunc libera me!
 In dura catena,
 In misera poena,
Desidero Te.
 Sanguendo, gemendo,
 Et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro,
Ut liberares me.

Trans. into French.

O Seigneur, O Dieu!
Toujour mon espoir.
Mon adoré Jésus
Je Te prie libère moi.
 La duresse de mes chains,
 La tristesse de mes peines,
Me tournent envers toi,
 Souffrant, et soupirant,
 A terre genoux pliant,
Adorant, implorant,
Je te prie libère moi.

Trans. into Greek.

σχυριε Θεος
ελπιζω εν σοι.
Ιησου 'ο Φίλος
αρηξειν εμοι.
εν σειραις σκληραις
εν ποιναις λυπηραις
επιποθεω σε:
αλγούσα, στενουσα,
και γονυπετουσα,
ευχαισι λιτουσι
σωσειν εμε.

Another digression might be made here, to show the difficulties previously overcome by the man who was to undertake “impossibilities” in Micmac Mission Work.

“Dec. 19th, 1864.—I am deeply impressed this morning with the grievous backsliding of the times. Surely there are no churches that at all come up to the requirements of the New Testament, nor to the description there given of the churches of those early times. Now, surely this cannot be the way, and there must be a *reform*. I saw and felt this when, in 1842, I was awakened—I may say renewed. I remember going to Halifax; I addressed the church one evening, and the next morning just after one of the most heavenly seasons of communion with God that was ever granted me, good brother Nutting called, deputed, I presume by (——), advising me that it would be much better for me to go up into the country, and giving

me to understand that I was excited. So when I addressed the people at the Association at Wilmot that summer on the reality of the Gospel and the importance of giving it full credence, and became very earnest in my appeals, I was immediately put under medical treatment. Dr. Sawyers was advised to speak to me and advise me to abstain from every exciting scene and subject, as I was over-excited, that is, I was bordering on insanity. "So they wrap it up." In all ages, those who follow the Lord fully are denounced as madmen. But shall I be cheated out of heavenly-mindedness and heaven by such puerilities?

"I am determined to embrace the Gospel with all my heart, and act upon it. I feel my strength renewed in so doing. I have devoted my time during the past year, as I never did before since I commenced the work of this Mission, in seeking first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. This last month in the year, which I might have devoted to the collecting of subscriptions, I have devoted to the work of the Mission. I have done it deliberately, and in order to glorify God. I have prayed, and laboured, and looked up to Him for help. He has already interposed in a most striking manner to supply present necessities. . . . I now feel satisfied that the course I am pursuing is right. I can look confidently up to my Father, and to the Lord Jesus Christ. To Him alone I make known my wants,—to Him alone I tell my plans. My creditors know nothing of it; my friends know nothing of my necessities. I purposely refrain from publishing them, because this would be an appeal to man after all, and not to God alone. I will let the people know when the time comes. I now feel, not willing to be deceived, not willing to find out that all my hopes, my peace, my confidence, has been delusion; no! I am not willing to find out that; that would be a most fearful calamity; but I am willing to find out that I have not learned the whole will of God. I am willing to be made wiser and better. I am perfectly willing to have my faith and patience tried, and I am willing to be disappointed in my expectations, provided this disappointment be sent to teach me wisdom, and show me a more excellent way."

Perhaps it is the greatest grief that can come to an earnest, enthusiastic soul to be so grossly misunderstood by his co-labourers; and it is a melancholy case when worldly men and women take it upon themselves to explain the difference between being filled with the Holy Spirit, and being a prey to the vagaries of a crazed imagination.

And now we turn eagerly to that section of the Diary where he speaks of the beginning of the Mission.

"January 6th, 1849.—For the last two and a half years my Journal has been

pretty much neglected. It is now resumed. Since July, 1846, I, with my family have been residing in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. The church here is small. I have been labouring chiefly at Charlottetown. . . . The principal thing which has absorbed my attention during the past two years and a half is the learning of the Micmac language. I have made some progress. I can converse with them to some extent, read the Scriptures to them,—having translated about a dozen chapters—and am compiling quite a full vocabulary of their words. I have met with some assistance, especially in the officers of H. M. Brig “Gulnare,” employed in surveying the coast.

“Feb. 3rd. . . . Last evening I spent an hour with Captain Orlebar, at his house. He is interested in the Indians. He has contributed towards assisting me during the last three years the sum of about twenty pounds. I have made a good deal of progress in their language. I am compiling a Dictionary and a Grammar, and have brought the former down to P. I had an interesting excursion among the Indians of Nova Scotia when I attended the Association at Liverpool. I found them friendly and interested. I visited the Indian settlement at Shubenacadie and spent all night in a camp. I am now attending a poor sick fellow named Jacob Mitchell. He is going with the Consumption. Sometimes I hope light is beaming upon his darkened mind, at others I am discouraged. One thing is comforting; the work is the *Lord’s*. Oh that I could feel more deeply, and that I could converse with them in their own tongue. I hope yet to accomplish this.

“March 28th, 1849.—Yesterday Dr. Tremain drove me over to Brother Bain’s. I made a visit to the Indians. Poor Saku Mesal (Jacob Mitchell) is somewhat better, but I think he cannot live long. By the aid of his wife I succeeded in going on with my vocabulary, and worked at it for about four hours. On my return, to my surprise, I observed a new camp by the roadside, and, naturally enough called in. Just as I drew aside the *kakun*, I heard the old lady say: “*Jigulase*” (be off with you.) “Do you tell me *jigulase*?” says I. “*Mogwa*,” said she, “*Piskwa, Piskwa*,” (come in, come in.) I accordingly entered, and found them pleased enough to see me. The *jigulase* was said to be a poor creature who had been drinking, I imagine.

“April 1st, 1849.—By the “Messenger” I learn that poor Burpee (Missionary to Burma) is far gone with the consumption. He must return if he is able. Who will take his place? I have been (or rather *was*) requested to go, and partially consented. Mrs. Rand objected, and I gave it up; and am reconciled to it with the hope that I may be able to do something for the poor Indians.

“April 8th, 1849.—An Indian woman called to-day to inform me that my poor *Nigumach*, Saku Mesal, was supposed to be dying. The Lord knows what is best. I

am glad the poor fellow has heard in his own tongue the wonderful works of God, and that he used to pay attention. I am, in short, not without hope that his heart had been changed. “*Kesalt Sasus*,” I lately asked him, (Do you love Jesus?) To which he replied: “*Ah, Kesalt Sasus*” (Indeed, I love Jesus.).

“May 21st, 1849. . . . I go a great part of my time into the country. My own wish is to devote myself wholly to the Indians. . . . I must draw up a report of my Micmac Mission.

“June 7th, 1849.—I have written my report on the Micmac Mission, and one part has been published in the “*Messenger*.” I have requested to be employed wholly in this work.

“July 4th.—(At the Association.) . . . There seemed at one time no chance for the Micmac Mission. I felt gloomy, but found comfort casting my care upon the Lord. The cloud burst. I found that most of the ministers and people were interested in the matter. One brother—Whitman Freeman—sent me a letter written in part in Micmac, enclosing 20/. Several other donations were received, and, at the Home Mission meeting, after I had made an address of half an hour, the Moderator proposed a collection and subscription for the Mission. It was acceded to, and, with what was received before and after the meeting, £20, 18/4 were received. The Missionary Board gave me an appointment as their missionary among the Indians for the ensuing year, with the prospect of obtaining £50 from Nova Scotia; and I am to continue my labours in connection with the church at Charlottetown if they choose. Hoping to receive as much as last year, besides what my “*Gulhare*” friends may obtain for me. This, I trust, will enable me to live and meet the expenses of the mission. I am in hopes of making a trip to Cape Breton in the “*Gulhare*,” to remain at least two months, to mingle among the Indians there, to make further progress in the language, and to do what I can for them.”

Thus he laboured, from the inception of the work, never knowing when or whence money would come to bear the necessary expenses. The idea of giving a portion of his income back to the Lord would have been ridiculous. He gave everything, and every power he possessed; and Christian people allowed him and his family to live as best they might on hopes and promises, while he laboured on as their representative among the Micmacs and Maliseets of the Maritime Provinces.

There has been, and perhaps yet is a common impression that the Micmacs are dying out. But anyone who is enough interested to consult the census reports will see that in spite of disease, and what we call *civilization*, they have been steadily increasing. During the twenty years, from 1851 to 1871, they increased from 1,056 to 1,666 in Nova Scotia, from 1,116 to 1,403 in New Brunswick, and from [?] to

323 in Prince Edward Island. Twenty years later they numbered 2,150 in N. S., 4,511 in N. B., and 321 in P. E. I. People are deceived by the fact that they are not found in large encampments now as formerly. Many of them are building houses, and in other ways adapting themselves to their changed surroundings. When Dr. Rand took up the work, he felt that even if the common impression were correct with regard to the language and people dying out, yet we were none the less under obligation to give them the Gospel. He felt a glow of enthusiasm, as he realized that the privilege was his of carrying the Good News in their own tongue to those who have called our land Magamagee, and Acadie, who have named our rivers and bays, and in so many places the land from which an advancing civilization has gradually ejected them that we may build our homes. Our fathers carried messages of good will to them from European sovereigns, and made the treaties very plain to them. The privilege was his and it is ours to do our share towards making the greatest of all messages plain to every man, woman and child among them, as among ourselves, for we are all brothers, with a common hunger for the world's great need.

Dr. Rand now had been formally appointed to the work among the Micmacs by the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces. But the thought of teaching denominationalism was farthest from his purposes. He wished to have every Christian in fullest accord with him, as he went from place to place in the prosecution of his work. He felt that, in order to get this common sympathy enlisted, a common responsibility would be an advantage. It was not his purpose to organize "such as were being saved" into separate churches, but to confine himself to leading them into the Gospel light, and then they might unite with whatever churches they wished, or, if they preferred, remain where they were. His support, too, was coming from many who were not Baptists, chief among these were Orlebar and Bayfield of H. M. Brig "Gulnare," who had collected some money for him among Episcopalians in England. Everything considered, it was decided to organize a Micmac Mission irrespective of denominational lines. Correspondence was opened up, visits were made, and a representative meeting was arranged for in Halifax, before which Dr. Rand presented very fully the condition and claims of the Mission. So great was the enthusiasm of the missionary as he stood before them, filled with a burning desire to give his life to the work, and already acquainted with the language, as a result of more than two and a half years of constant study, that they were all agreed to go on together with the work, and the Micmac Mission was organized on the 12th of November, 1849.

The first missionaries among the Micmacs, as is well known, were Roman Catholics, who had begun work almost as soon as the French first visited Acadian shores. These faithful workers learned the language and reduced it to writing, using

for this purpose however, not *letters* but *characters*. The characters used were partly such as were found in use among the Indians, and partly invented at the time. In this manner a prayer-book was constructed for their use, which was almost their only literature for two hundred years. The book had never been printed, but copied by hand with immense labour, and committed to memory; the characters, each of which represented a word, serving as little more than aids to the memory. As soon as a rival missionary organization appeared in the form of the Micmac Mission, with Dr. Rand translating the Scriptures into Micmac, the Roman Catholic authorities hastened to improve their methods, and, as an offset, had this prayer-book printed at immense labour and cost, as several dies had to be cut, and types formed to represent all the words used. It is the work of a clever German priest, and is a marvel of literary skill and perseverance. I have almost quoted Dr. Rand here, and he adds: "But so far as *use* is concerned, to say nothing of its theological errors, it is one of the grossest literary blunders that was ever perpetrated." Dr. Rand did not realize then that some of his own translations into Micmac which were published in Isaac Pitman's phonetic method might be regarded very much in the same light by many critics of the following generation, critics who also say that as the Indians could not read, it seems absurd to have prepared books for them, especially the Scriptures, since they were all nominally Roman Catholics, and would not be allowed to receive them, much less to learn to read them.

The labour of the next fifteen years was so exacting that few entries were made in the Diary, and these few were noted down hastily in Shorthand. If you, my reader, would know of the weary hours of toil, and of the victories won, you must kindly wait until a biography has been written. Dr. Rand was guaranteed a salary, but the collecting of that salary was left for him to do. Who ever heard of such a paradox? Meetings must be held far removed from the scenes of his labours, and people must be entertained and "moved" before the contribution box was passed. It was during these years too, that Ben Christmas gave him so much trouble and disappointment, and on this account many people refused to further aid the undertaking. Do you wonder that Dr. Rand wearied of collecting from those who simply contributed to the work in order to smother down the qualms of conscience? Do you wonder that he found it difficult to co-operate with people who would leave him to carry the whole load, while they calmly calculated his progress, or entirely forgot about the work?

Having read the life of David Brainerd, and learning now of what was called the Muller method of trusting, Dr. Rand was encouraged to shake himself free from the work of raising funds for the Mission; and from that time on he looked to God alone

for his support, asking no man for a single cent. How God accepted and blessed him we shall see.

“April 9th, 1865.—(Hantsport.) . . . Had a good mission visit to old Brooks’ family. Found the old man very tender. I took him into the waggon and gave him a drive, and he told me his experience,—quite satisfactory. He has been in great distress about his soul, but he has come into liberty. He can rejoice in the Lord; the Bible is precious to him; he is affected with the love and mercy of Christ, he is not afraid to die and he wants to be baptized. I have agreed to drive him through to Hantsport and keep him for a week, when, if I am satisfied still, I will baptize him.

“11th.—I visited Newel yesterday afternoon. He seems to be sinking rapidly. Read two chapters to him. He listened attentively, and, when his wife interrupted, he asked her to be quiet, as he wished to hear. He said he liked to have me come and read to him. I intend to go often.

“13th. . . . News has just been received that General Lee has surrendered to General Grant, which virtually ends the war. . . . Staid all night at Bro. W. Church’s; rose early and had a quiet time reading and praying in secret. About nine o’clock I went on to see the Indians. Mrs. Church expressed a desire to go with me, so I drove her out to the Forks of the Avon. We had a pleasant visit. I read several chapters; the story of the crucifixion in Matthew. They were attentive. I prayed and sang. Mrs. Brooks appeared pleasant. I remember very well when she used to seem frightened as though a bear were prowling around.

“Sept. 25th, 1867.—(Charlottetown.) I went to Rosebank, praying that I might have some success, and expecting some opposition. Just before arriving at the encampment I turned into the woods and spent a little time in prayer. I walked up to the first wigwam, found the man outside pounding splits. He seemed friendly; conversed freely; when his wife came out and invited me in. I entered, and soon produced my book and read Genesis 1-2-3. After conversing a while I bid them good-bye, and walked on. Stopped to converse a little with Peter Mitchell, who was building a canoe. He was short and crusty; I walked on, and found a good-looking fellow outdoors at his work. I sat down on the shavings and entered into conversation with him. “Old Jim” Mitchell soon made his appearance, and pretty soon, in a loud excited voice enquired what the Lord required of us; but he gave me but little chance to answer his question. I said “I’ll read you the question and the answer,” so I turned to John VI., 28-29, and read. I continued reading until he interrupted me; and soon Peter made his appearance, and a woman who chimed in with “Old Jim.” Peter seemed quite zealous, ordered me to decamp, flourished his crooked knife at me, and talked big. I quietly kept my reclining posture, telling him

that I should attend to my business, and he must attend to his, that he was under no obligation to hear me, and might go away if he chose. . . . I felt a little thrill of holy delight at this little specimen of persecution, it seemed to draw me nearer to the Apostles, and to our blessed Lord. Met an intelligent Indian at the market-house from Malpec with whom I conversed for some time.”

During his visit to Cavendish on October 27th, 1864, he spoke of visiting at the home of David McNeill. While there he preached in the Presbyterian Church. He mentions that no collection was asked for or taken, but some small sums of money were handed to him; then, giving this as a sample of many entries, to quote his own words: “Next morning Mrs. Murray, wife of the minister, called on us before breakfast, and brought us a donation of ten shillings. Soon after another friend called and handed me two pairs of socks and a five shilling bill. Soon, another five shilling bill was given me by the young man at whose house we had been lodged. The evening before, Mrs. John McNeill had asked us to call and see her husband who is troubled with asthma. We called and had a good visit. I read the 21st of Revelation, and commented on the glorious city. As we came away Mrs. McN. put a pound note into my hand. This made, presents and all, three pounds, two and sixpence, and they may take a collection besides.

“These donations, given and received in this way, make, I must say, a sweet impression upon my heart. I take them as coming more immediately from my Heavenly Father than if they had been solicited personally by me.

“Monday, 15th Feb., 1869.—(Halifax.)—I have only six cents. I wish much to obtain some things for my wife. I think I will purchase them. I thought of going home to-day; I think now that I will wait till morning. I have been constantly praying for mercy and grace to help in time of need.

“16th.—Called at Avery and Brown’s Drug Store and obtained a piece of “diacoln (?) plaster!” Mr. Brown, to whom I had given a report, and then afterwards on Sunday had met at our meeting at the Poor House, came out of the office and slipped a half-sovereign into my hand. I called on Dr. Hattie; found him sick and confined to his house. We had a sweet long talk on the best of themes. We prayed together. He handed me two and a half dollars. The evening was stormy; I slept comfortably; this morning the rain was pouring down; I had some misgivings about plunging out into it, but rose, took some bread and butter and watched for the cars. I considered that I could ride inside to Windsor, and should the rain continue I could remain there until it ceased. It held up about ten o’clock. I reached home about one. Found all well; two letters had been received and four dollars. A letter from Tom Brooks, and one from Matilda Condon. Found the boys better. Willie seems still

quite ill, but we have all been attacking the wood-pile lustily. I see that during the week I have received in all \$52.52. Thanks be to Him who has heard my prayers. On Feb. 9th I wrote thus:—"Could I say to my friends that I need ten pounds by Saturday night, how many would assist me? I shall tell them no such thing, but I will tell my Lord and my God, and He will help me; I feel a sweet assurance which I here record. I now look up to Him."

"That was six days ago. I can now record the answer to my prayers. Bless the Lord: O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name.

"Feb. 21st. . . . I went out to see the Indians at "Micmac Corner" last evening; I must say I was shocked at the filth and degradation witnessed. I am determined to take up my cross and go out to-day, and read the word of the Lord to them. I do deeply feel my impotency, my utter helplessness in this great matter, but I am consoled with the thought that the "cause is the Lord's," and the kingdom is His. I am required "to be found faithful," this is a great matter; but I am not required to be found "successful!" . . . I prayed earnestly this morning for grace to overcome all reluctance to labour among the Indians. Went out at eleven o'clock, and read several Psalms and chapters. After dinner went out again. Found two or three anxious to learn to read, and who are making good progress. Invited them to come in and see me during the evenings of this week and I would instruct them. Called on several families, and read, explained and prayed."

Often when Dr. Rand was sick, or jaded with excessive work, the stinging lash of unfriendly criticism seemed to immediately benefit him.

On Oct. 9th, 1875, at a time when he was laid aside by fever, he writes:—

". . . There was an article in the "Messenger" yesterday in reply to my notice that appeared some time ago with reference to the Micmac Mission, full of banter and ridicule. I have some idea of replying.

"Oct. 10th.—Sent a reply yesterday to the "Messenger" to the man who bantered me. I have rested well, I rose early and feel well. Ate a hearty breakfast. Read 1st and 2nd Timothy nearly all.

"Oct. 11th.—I feel a shrinking from attacking the Micmac. My head was so whirled about with that language when the fever came on that I seem to want to rest from it for awhile.

"Oct. 12th.—Rursus scribendum est mihi Latine. Valetudo mea crescit in dies, et hodie valeo. Versum tempestas est pluvialis, et frigida. Igitur debet me in domo quiescere donec sol splenderet, et ser dilucidus esset et calidus.

"Lord's Day, Aug. 6th, 1874.—Came to Bear River (Elsetkook) day before yesterday. Found letters from home. Yesterday forenoon it rained heavily, cleared off

in afternoon. I went up to Cakwogook and had an interesting time. Met Joseph Salome and found him at the house of a Frenchman named Cumean whose wife is part Indian. He lives in quite a respectable looking house. He invited me in. I found Salome more kind than ever before. Toosei has been down, and I find that he has been reading the Scriptures and talking with Salome. I spoke to the Frenchman, and sang a hymn in French; quite a company gathered around before we ended our conversation. I read several chapters in Exodus. To-day I am to preach to the white people.

“Sept. 3rd. . . . In the afternoon went to see Ben Brooks. Found quite a number there. Read chapters 13-17 of John’s Gospel. Had quite a little meeting. Read the story of Tobit in Castelio’s Latin translation. What a ridiculous story mixed with many pious meditations and prayers and sayings. How different it is after all from real Scripture! I think there is internal evidence that it was composed before the destruction of the second Temple, and after the destruction of the first.

“I spent the forenoon at home reading and studying the Bible, chiefly in Castelio’s Latin version. In the afternoon I went to see Ben Brooks. Read from my Revised Version in Micmac the 14th and on to the 19th inclusive. I had him, his daughter, and son and daughter-in-law for very attentive auditors. He told me that the priests tried to get them to burn our books.”

Writing of his work after almost twenty-five years’ labour, Dr. Rand says: “But a small number have openly renounced their connection with the Romish Church; but I have reason to know that a widespread enquiry has been awakened among them. Of several I have good reason to hope. But I have never made it a special and direct object to induce them to “change their religion,” as it is called, and especially during the past few years, I have been so dissatisfied with the Protestant churches generally, that I have had no heart to urge the Indians, even if I believed them converted, to leave their church and join ours.”

At another time, writing of particular cases of blessing among the Micmacs, he says:—“Yes, indeed, I mind me of Joe Brooks, my first Indian teacher, for whose conversion I long waited and prayed, and the tears and the sobs came well nigh choking me with joy, not grief, as I remember I found him once in the neighborhood of Wolfville, ill in body, and still more so in mind, under a deep sense of his sins. And then how his eyes sparkled when, about a fortnight after, he told me he had found peace—living 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 *Mose*, 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 Joe, two of the finest young men I ever knew, residing formerly in Annapolis County, but living at the end of their earthly career at 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 most satisfactory account. And I must not pass over another Joe Glode who closed his career in Kentville a year or two ago. Yes, and there had been another Joe, Joe 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 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," for which I have received so many thanks.

"These, and they are not all, of those who have gone, and who in life and 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 Joe 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 shall not 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 hand 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 white man once consented to carry me to an Indian's hut, which we reached in a boat. . . . I never learned what the effect was on them, but the gentleman who was with me assured me afterwards that it was the means of his own conversion."

One more extract written two years before his death, which leaves the robe of responsibility resting upon all Christians, and we are done for the present.

"May 26th, 1888. . . . They (the Micmacs) have equal access to the free schools with all others, and are extensively taking advantage of the privilege. Let them mingle with their white brothers, learn the arts of civilization as they are doing, and become useful citizens. Let the white people abandon their abominable and unreasonable ideas of caste. Let the ministers, everywhere, each look upon the Indians in his neighborhood as a part of his charge like all other poor sinners—then there will be no need of a separate Mission and a separate establishment for them."

Here one can almost see the aged warrior,—for his incessant labour, and his malady which made it necessary for him to carry a surgical instrument with him for years, had at last weakened his wonderful vitality—like the venerable Apostle Paul whom he resembled in so many respects, at last saying: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course." And the burden passes from his shoulders, not to those of one other, but to many others, as he cheerfully goes on to walk with God in that larger and fuller life. Let it be said to our shame that we, who were entrusted with that burden, have not discharged our trust as faithfully as it was our privilege to have done.

Thus did the venerable Dr. Rand labour on incessantly day after day, a faithful representative of the meek and lowly Jesus. I might give you page after page from his Diary which records his heart-searching questionings, and his exuberant exclamations of joy over victories of which God alone knew the magnitude. Page after page might be transcribed until the volume would be as large as that which records the labours of David Brainerd, which this in character so much resembles; but my present purpose is accomplished; a glimpse has been given of Dr. Rand, the Micmac Missionary, at his life-work; and, *Kespeadooksit*,—the story is ended.

It may be that at some future time a life of the remarkable man may be written, narrating in order all the incidents from his birth at Brooklyn Street, Cornwallis, N.

S.; his lessons respecting truth and righteousness learned when ten years old at his grandmother Tupper's knee; his experiences on the farm, at his trade, in school, and in the work of the pastorate; his unremitting toil as Missionary to the Micmacs; and all the rewards that came to him, encouraging him to press on in spite of every discouragement. Mention might here be made, however, of the letter from Gladstone, saying: "I at once admit that your version of the 'Rock of Ages' is more exact than mine;" and of his having received the degree of L.L.D. from Queen's College, that of D.D. from Acadia, and that of D. C. L. from Kings,—fitting acknowledgments of his remarkable achievements and contributions towards the progress of mankind.

But, come with me, and let us rest for a moment where I sat last June in the Cemetery at Hantsport. There stands a neat red granite monument, erected by his daughter, bearing this inscription:

DR. RAND,

MICMAC MISSIONARY,

Fell asleep Oct. 4, 1890.

Aged 80 years.

"There shall I wear a starry crown
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise."

MICMAC MISSION

MICMAC MISSION.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REPORT, 1865.

(Re-printed verbatim from old leaflet.)

To the Patrons and Friends of the Micmac Missionary Society:

Christian Friends,—It may be remembered that at the Annual Meeting of the Micmac Missionary Society held in January last year, it was agreed that the Rev. Mr. Rand, the Missionary, should furnish the Committee a Quarterly Report, to be published in the newspapers, if they saw fit. The Committee have carried out this arrangement up to the present, and the fourth quarterly report, which was read and adopted at the meeting on Monday last, is herewith presented to you. It speaks for itself.

I remain, Christian friends,

Yours sincerely,

JAS. FARQUHAR, *Sec.*

THE FOURTH QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE MICMAC MISSION, FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31ST, 1865.

1. MISSIONARY LABOR.

This has been continued as usual. Indians have been visited at Hantsport, Cornwallis, Mount Uniacke, Londonderry, Amherst, Shediac and St. John, N. B. My reception has been uniformly kind, and without an exception good attention has been given to the Word of God, and to religious instruction. My aim has been to explain the way of salvation, and to direct them to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. White friends have occasionally accompanied me on these visits. Invariably the solemn attention witnessed has surprised, impressed and pleased them. They have owned that, had they been unacquainted with the facts of the case, they could never have imagined these people to be other than Protestants and devout Christians. For the sake of brevity I will omit details except in two cases. In one place in New Brunswick, I visited within a radius of about seven or eight miles, four small encampments, and some of them twice. The chief resided there and

I called on him twice. I have known him for years. He treated me very courteously and at our last interview asked me to tell him more particularly what my object is in going round among the Indians. I told him. I said, I am a minister of the Gospel. My sole business as such is to read, and expound the Word of God, both publicly and privately, both among the white people and among the Indians, to teach the way of salvation and to urge people to love and serve our Lord Jesus Christ. I told him further that since I could speak Micmac, and read the Scriptures in their language, that I took special delight in going among them, to lead and sing and pray, and talk with them of their soul's salvation. He enquired how the Indians around in that place received me. I hesitated for a moment whether I ought to tell him, as it might possibly be the means of bringing some of them into trouble. But after a little reflection and silent prayer, I resolved to conceal nothing. They receive me kindly, said I, as they now do everywhere in Nova Scotia—they listen attentively and invite me to repeat my visits. "Well," he answered, "that is just what I was going to say to you. But you don't come often enough, nor early enough in the day. We have been looking for you ever since your last visit, when you promised to come again, and now it is so near night and you are in such a hurry that we have not time to ask you half the questions we wish to ask, nor to learn half the things we wish to learn. We want you to come in the morning and stay with us all day." Such in substance was the statement of this worthy chief. Surely no one can reasonably blame me for wishing to continue steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, while even such evidence is afforded that our labors are not in vain in the Lord.

The second incident has reference to the Maliseets, near St. John. They speak a dialect differing materially from Micmac—and usually live in houses or small huts. I can speak but a few words or sentences in their tongue—but we have published a tract in it which I can read, as can also many of themselves—I can also sing Psalms and Hymns in Maliseet, and as most of them speak Micmac and English tolerably well, we get on sometimes very bravely together. One evening I had entered a hut, as the sun was setting, had received a cordial welcome, had sung in Maliseet,

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;"

had spoken of Christ and his readiness to save, and now, said I, if you have no objections, I wish to kneel down in your hut and pray. "Certainly," replied the man, "certainly," and he and I bowed down together, though his wife, the only other person present, did not kneel, and I prayed. "Thank you, thank you," said he as we arose—"that's good, that's very nice. It isn't often we gets the likes o' that here. It's

cus and swear and get drunk—that's what we usually gets." The words of the poor fellow and his earnest manner touched my heart. I could not but bless God that I am permitted by his grace—to visit the Indian's lowly dwelling, to talk and sing and read of a Saviour's love, and pray, where so many go merely for pastime—to curse and swear, and drink; but where few, alas, go to pray. People sometimes express astonishment that I can persevere and not get discouraged in the cultivation of so stubborn a soil, where so much labor and toil require to be expended, and so little fruit is seen. And I am sometimes amazed at it myself. But there is in my soul a deep-seated feeling that I am called to the work in which I am engaged, and incidents like the above wring tears from my eyes, bring me to my knees, and send me on in my work refreshed, and strengthened, with loins fresh-girded to the conflict, and full of joy and hope.

2. PECUNIARY SUPPORT.

Since Jan. 1st, 1865, up to the present time, Jan. 5th, 1866, I have received in aid no less than one thousand and sixty-five dollars and eighty-one cents. Thirty-seven dollars, twenty-one and a half cents have reached me since the present year commenced, though most of it was mailed sometime before. During the year my former allowance of two hundred pounds, with forty pounds for travelling expenses, has been received, and seventy-five dollars, nine cents and a half, over and above. Last spring, after listening to a charity sermon by Rev. D. Freeman of Canning, Cornwallis, I determined to lay by in store every Lord's day, one tenth of all receipts during the previous week, to be expended in charity; to be laid up in heaven at a hundred fold interest against the time to come, and having followed up this plan, I have been enabled to devote not only the former allowance of forty dollars to charity; but more than double that sum, and have been prospered in proportion. By far the largest amount received during any period of three months, was received during the quarter just closed, the amount for the quarter being three hundred and eighty-six dollars, thirty-three and a half cents. And the most of it came in since the 26th day of October. That day must ever be a memorable one to me. In order to encourage my Christian brethren in the ministry and out of it, to pray more, and to believe more firmly, and to wait on the Lord for temporal blessings as well as spiritual, always remembering to put the spiritual far in advance of the temporal,—I will relate the events of that day.

Under ordinary circumstances, I must have been anxious and troubled. I had no money, no salary, almost no food for a large family, and winter with all its peculiar wants was at hand. Besides all this I was in debt. When I struck a balance with the

society on the old plan last year, my salary was three hundred dollars in arrears, and I needed all that money to meet demands against me. It seemed a strange way to get out of debt, to forgive all one's debtors. But so I read, as applicable to myself under the circumstances, the sweet petition taught me in my infancy, and repeated ever since; but never half believed or understood. I had determined to look to my Father in Heaven for the means of paying my honest debts, as well as for the support of my family, and to ensure his blessing I meant to do everything he required of me, to please Him in all things. By His grace I determined that no bills for 1865 should be sent in at the year's end, and that as many as possible of the former ones should be paid. But on the day mentioned, Oct. 26th, with all our other wants, there were debts to be paid. No one was pushing us, but the honor of God was concerned and our own credit, and the people we owed ought to have their money. So I entered into my closet, and shut the door, and prayed to my Father who is in secret, and my Father who seeth in secret has according to His promise rewarded me openly. For several hours He seemed to hold me at a distance, but, as in the beautiful example held up for imitation of the Syro-Phœnician woman, I was enabled to struggle on and get nearer and nearer to His blessed feet. Then came triumph, peace, thanksgiving and joy. All the evening the language of my heart could be best expressed in Psalm 103. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name!" I awoke the next morning in the same tranquil thankful frame of mind. My plans for the future all opened out distinctly before me while on my knees. Then came deliverance. The mail that day brought me a letter containing twelve dollars, greatly needed that very day, and mailed to me the day before, while I was fasting and praying. In three days after that I had received money enough to meet all the pressing necessities of the family, and since that memorable day, without the slightest trouble or anxiety on my part, without having given even a hint of my necessities to any mortal, and without having asked even for a public collection, I have received—nearly all in money—no less than four hundred and three dollars and eighty-seven cents. I have not been able to pay all old bills, and meet daily wants. But the amount of debt has been greatly reduced, and all fear for the future has been removed. Thanks be to God who heareth prayer, and thanks to the friends who have been prompted to aid us.

With great reluctance I refrain at present from publishing extracts from many of the letters which I have received during the year, containing contributions to the mission, and breathing encouragement to myself, kindness to the Indians, and love to the precious Redeemer. Suffice it to say that the hand of God has been strikingly manifest in many of the contributions received throughout, and particularly during the

last quarter. I cannot withhold the following letter received from a poor orphan girl, a school-teacher in New Brunswick, enclosing as a “birthday offering,” a piece of gold, value \$2.50. “Rev. Sir, when two weeks ago the enclosed piece of gold was handed me, I was immediately impressed with a desire to send it to you for your great mission. Not knowing the best manner of doing so, I made it a subject of prayer. Your own acquaintance with the willingness of the precious Redeemer to hear and answer prayer, will reveal to you my joy at hearing you were actually in the place. I will add no more, except, ‘The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.’ Such a contribution and letter require no comment. In ways as unlooked for, have five cent pieces, five dollar pieces, five pound pieces, with sums of intermediate value, been received, and the gold and silver have seemed to sparkle with a celestial lustre as they have been dropped as if by angel fingers into my hands. Even the love of money may be lawful when it is inspired by the love of Christ, when the money is consecrated to Him, and used for His glory and the best interests of man. Surely under such circumstances it is neither filthy lucre nor the Mammon of unrighteousness.”

Another friend writes: “I am much pleased with the stand you have taken. Since I saw you I have had about eighteen hundred pounds removed from under my stewardship, making, with other losses, more than four thousand pounds. But as my Heavenly Father has done it, it is all right.” The brother goes on to speak of his tranquility of mind in submitting to privation and suffering, and sends the handsome sum of four dollars, evidently a thank-offering to the Lord.

I know not who the author of the following is: “Dear Brother, I herewith enclose to you four dollars, to be appropriated either for your own immediate requirements, or for the prosecution of the Micmac Mission as you may deem best.”

“I have every confidence in your work of faith, and would say persevere. I fully believe that the prayer of faith is answered by the Almighty. Pray, brother Rand, for my dear wife, who is yet, I fear, without Christ. My heart would rejoice in her conversion. I long for it. Yours, &c., A Sincere Friend.”

3. CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS.

Thus has closed what has been in some respects one of the most eventful years of the Mission. The plan of “Trusting in the Lord” for support—“Muller’s plan,” as it is called, but which, in reality, dates much further back—found at first but little favor in the eyes of our friends. It might do, they said, for England, but not for Nova Scotia,—as though the Lord were not the same everywhere. It was looked upon as an experiment, and one that would probably fail. But a plan upon which scores of

ministers and missionaries both at home and in heathen lands have acted for years, and acted successfully, can hardly be regarded as an experiment. I cannot but hope that not only my own faith, but that of many others has been somewhat strengthened already. My desire to continue in the same course has been increased. The Lord can and will give us more grace, and we will go forward in His strength, giving to Him all the glory, and making mention of His righteousness, even of His only.

OUR SUCCESS IN DISTRIBUTING THE SCRIPTURES AMONG THE INDIANS.

In order to have before us distinctly the subject, we must take into account the condition of the Micmacs when we began our labours, the obstacles we have had to encounter, and then the achievements that have been made. The whole can be summed up very briefly.

I began my labours in the year 1840—nearly forty years ago. I was thirty-six years old. The Indians, so far as civilization was concerned, with very few exceptions, were in the same condition that they had been for two hundred years before. Nominally they were Roman Catholics; they had great confidence in their priests, but as to the Bible they did not know there was such a book, and had they known there was such a book, there was no possibility of their knowing what was in it. Not more than one in a thousand could read English, even imperfectly, and that one—and others to my certain knowledge—could not understand what he read, even in the plainest spelling-book. Most carefully had they been guarded against attending the Protestant schools, and adopting the habits of the white people, and their priests carefully abstained from teaching them to read, lest—as we have their own statements to prove—they might read books that would undermine their faith. They have not only not given the Indians the Holy Scriptures, but have used all sorts of means, foul and fair, to prevent them from receiving them and learning to read them. Such was the condition of things forty years ago.

This shows of itself what were some of the chief obstacles we had to meet and overcome. But there were others, and these were formidable. To have attempted to instruct them through the medium of the English language would at the time have

been simple folly. To have attempted to teach them our language without understanding theirs, and while they had no wish to learn ours, and no possible means of learning it, even had they wished it, would have been simply the scheming of insanity. The task of learning the Micmac language under the circumstances, without books, without a competent teacher, and with all the zeal and ardor of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and the prejudices and the suspicions of the tribe aroused against us to prevent it needs only to be mentioned to be appreciated. With all the natural talent with which God had endowed me for the work, for which I am amply credited, if any one imagines the task was easily accomplished, I can only say he is *very much mistaken*. If the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ had not been with me, encouraging and aiding me in a most marvellous manner, it never would or could have been done. *But it was done*, blessed be His name forever!

And now what is the condition of things at the present day? Why the whole New Testament, with several books of the old, viz., Genesis, Exodus, Psalms,—in Micmac, and the Gospel of John in Maliseet, the language of the St. John Indians, as they are sometimes called, have been published. Scores of the Indians have learned to read them, hundreds have heard them read; they know everywhere now that there is such a book as the Bible. Scores of copies have been distributed among them, and the priests are powerless to prevent it. Furthermore, numbers have given evidence of having received the truth of the Gospel in the love of it, and by their consistent lives and triumphant deaths, have given proof of the reality of the grace they professed to have received. And mark the change which has taken place in the condition of the tribe in respect to *civilization* since we began our labours, and as the direct result of our labours. To what else is all this to be ascribed? Certainly it has not been achieved by the Roman Catholic Church, because it has been achieved *in spite of* that church. The old dress both of men and women has been discarded, and that of the white people adopted very generally; you can no longer tell an Indian by his dress. Comfortable houses and all the appearance of civilization, are continually to be met with. Everywhere there is a determination to obtain learning, and to learn the English language. Indian children to some extent attend the English schools which are now open to all, and many adults have mastered the mysteries of reading Micmac, one at least now living, after forty years of age who never went to school at all. I have, within the last three or four years, seen Indians all the way from Topique, Fredericton, St. John, The Restigouche, Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton; in all these places I have distributed copies of the Scriptures and of a small volume entitled “A First Reading Book in Micmac and English;” and in all these places I have found intelligent Indians who could read them, and have been most kindly and

cordially received and listened to by them, as I read and preached and prayed and sang hymns to them in their own tongue; and I have scarcely met with what deserved the name of opposition.

I have never taken a particular account of books distributed, and I have never charged the Indians anything for copies of the Scriptures. I could never make up my mind to that. We have treated the Indians in this Province with such outrageous wrong, that I would gladly undo that had I the power. We have seized upon their lands, destroyed their means of living, destroyed *them*, corrupted their morals in every way,—and for Christian men, after all this, to say to them: “We will not *give* you the Word of God unless you *pay* for it,” it seems to me would be the wildest wickedness, from which all those who have any regard for God or conscience, should devoutly pray: “*Good Lord deliver us!*”

The B. & F. Bible Society furnished the means of printing Genesis, Exodus, Psalms and three of the Gospels and Acts in Micmac, and the Gospel of John in Maliseet. The rest of the New Testament was published—one thousand copies, by private subscriptions for that very purpose, chiefly in England, but some of it came from France and other places.

There are now in Halifax unbound about nine hundred copies. All that were bound, about eight or nine years ago, have been distributed. What I now ask is, that money may be furnished for binding a portion at least of the rest. They can be bound for ——

I may add that I have in manuscript a translation of the Books of Job and of Jonah, and some of the other narratives of the Old Testament. Genesis is out of print, and so is the Gospel of John in Maliseet, the greater portion of these having been destroyed by fire, the former in a great conflagration in Halifax many years ago, and the latter in the recent great fire in St. John.

I enclose herewith a few letters that have [been] received from different places requesting books for the Indians, the most of them written by Indians themselves. In very many cases I have taken down their names, as I have been on my missionary excursions, at their request, and sent them books by mail. These letters speak for themselves. They prove two things; that there are Indians that can read and write, and that they receive and value the books that are printed in their own tongue.

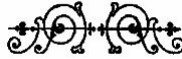
The following extract from a letter dated Dublin, Feb. 28, 1880, from His Grace Archbishop Trench, to myself, must surely find a response in every true Christian’s heart:

“I thank you much for the two little books which you have been good

enough to send me. Let me congratulate you very heartily on having been permitted to help so many to hear or read in their own tongue the wonderful works of God.”

Surely we have no cause to *boast* of our doings, but if there is one thing the advocates of the Bible in Nova Scotia have reason to be glad of,—not *proud* of—it surely is that under God they have been permitted to unfold their priceless volume to the long-neglected Indians.

SILAS T. RAND.



FIRST VERSE OF SCRIPTURE TRANSLATED
INTO MICMAC BY DR. RAND.

*Mudu Nikskam teliksatus oositcumoo wedjeigunumooedogub-unn
neooktoo-bistadjul oocwisul, coolaman m'sit wen tan kedlamsitc ootenincu,
ma oonma-djinpooc, cadoo ooscoto apskooawe memadjooocun.*—JOHN III: 16.

“I can never forget the thrill of emotion that filled my soul and body at the completion of this task—for *task* it was, taxing all my powers of mind and body.”—Extract from Dr. Rand’s private diary written during the summer of 1849.

J. S. C.

MICMAC MYTHOLOGY

MICMAC MYTHOLOGY.^[2]

“Weegegijik. Kessegook, wigwamk;
Meskeek oodun Ulnoo, kes saak.”

[May you be happy. The old people are encamped;
There was once, long ago, a large Indian village.]

With this suggestive couplet the Legends, or Ahtookwokun of the Micmacs, in their original form, almost invariably commence. The inseparable introduction shows us how the literature of the people had long ago taken on a settled form, even though there were no written records; it confirms to a considerable degree the common impression that they had a ballad arrangement, and were chanted to weird music in that ancient time; and also indicates how carefully the old men cherish the memory of their former greatness.

These people look upon their folk-lore as a sacred treasure to be carefully preserved by their holy men; and, as in our Saxon traditions the dying Bleys relates the story of Arthur's birth, so an aged Sakumow may be heard repeating the immortal legends to faithful witnesses, just before he passes on to the regions of the far West, where Glooscap dwells in the presence of the Great Spirit, and where the golden sunsets give us foregleams of that beautiful abode, the happy hunting-ground of the faithful.

Let us approach the study of Micmac Mythology with a becoming reverence, for we are dealing with sacred things; and, as we learn what little we can about a vanishing religion, may we not join with the great American poet in the hope

“That the feeble hands and helpless
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened.”

Dr. Silas T. Rand, to whom we are indebted for all we know about the ancient religion of the people, thought that a number of the Micmac Legends might be Bible narratives, not any more changed than one would expect after centuries of transmission by word of mouth alone. Professor E. N. Horsford, through whose foresight and generosity the legends were published, and Mr. Charles G. Leland,

who has a very interesting collection of Algonquin Legends, were both persuaded that several of the stories must have come either direct from hardy Norsemen, or from the Norsemen through the Eskimo. The two legends that perhaps most closely resemble traditions found in Iceland are "The Adventures of Kaktoogwasees" and "The Beautiful Bride," the former the thirteenth and the latter the twenty-fourth in Dr. Rand's collection; they relate almost identical incidents, in the same order, and must have started from the same original, whether Norse or not. The variations which led Dr. Rand to consider them separate stories are probably due to some narrators having confined their attention chiefly to the attractive bride, while others had taken more delight in picturing the rugged qualities of the young Thunderer and his companions. Carefully comparing the two stories, we see that Glooscap acts a prominent part in each, always proving himself a faithful friend. He allows the travellers the use of his *kweedun*, or canoe, which is a small rocky island covered with a low growth of trees, and, more wonderful still! the *kweedun* travels without the use of paddles wherever the owner may wish. In both tales we find a man so swift of foot that it is necessary for him to keep one leg tied up firmly to his body, except on great occasions, for when both legs are free, he cannot by any means control his actions; and, when the great occasion comes for an exhibition of his magic, he makes a complete circle around the earth, carrying a brimming goblet of water, in somewhat less than thirty minutes, thus winning the laurels for his party. In both tales, too, we find a magician who keeps the hurricane securely fastened within his nostrils, and it is very interesting when he removes the stoppages and breathes freely, raising a tempestuous sea, and laying waste whole areas of forest. Kaktoogwasees, the young Thunderer, has better magic in his party than all his enemies combined, and we do not hesitate to congratulate him as he leads home his beautiful bride, the daughter of the Earthquake, who, as described in Legend XXIV., has hair as glossy black as the wing of the raven, cheeks of crimson, and a brow as white as January snow.

Dr. Rand says: "I have not found more than five or six Indians who could relate these queer stories, and most, if not all of these, have now gone. Who the original author was, or how old they are we have no means of knowing." It is evident that several have been borrowed from the Russians and the Eskimo; such, for example, as relate to characters having flinty hearts, or who keep their hearts hidden away within some half-dozen concentric coatings, living or dead and perhaps all hidden away in the bottom of the sea. Also, if we compare Legend III. in Dr. Rand's collection with the one entitled "The Weaver's Son" in Jeremiah Curtin's "Folklore of Ireland," we must be convinced that the Micmac Legend is an incomplete version of

the Irish story. Some of the Legends may have been borrowed from every people with whom the Micmacs came in contact since their ancestors first began to wander from the highlands of Asia; but, granting that all tales bearing such resemblances have been borrowed, it may still be reasonably supposed that most of the Legends of the Micmacs are simply the crystalized thought of a people who had a keen appreciation of the beautiful, living as they did season after season in the most intimate contact with the varied manifestations of nature,—a people whose restless minds were ever on the alert to find some explanation of the workings of that

“Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.”

Many people cannot think of mythology without seeing confused apparitions of Zeus with his family of gods and goddesses on old Olympus, but here, among the earliest Acadians, we find traditions which, when organized into a system will be worthy of the most careful study. Dr. Rand, who translated the legends and recorded them for us, did not make any attempt to classify the characters, and for that very reason his work is of the greater value to science, since he was not hunting up a basis for any theory of his own. Mr. Leland has made a beginning, in the way of grouping related stories; but someone might well spend half a life-time in opening up this promising mine, and placing Micmac Mythology, as it surely deserves to be placed, on an equality with our accepted Classics.

It may seem a rash statement, and evince a poor appreciation for the classic authors we have read, but there are those who are persuaded that in the Mythology of the Americans, as in that of our fathers, the Norsemen, we find a rugged strength and a manly purity which is very obscure if not altogether unknown among those imaginary characters which grew up in the minds of the ancient Greeks, and later became the property of Rome and the world. True, the tales of the northern nations are not so gracefully told, and themselves lack the perfect etiquette we find among the Greeks; but for strength, and brilliancy of conception, surely those great characters rudely sketched in black and white have a stimulating suggestiveness that is altogether obscure amid the milder tones and softly blending harmonies of the polished ideals of the East. Philosophers, who know, tell us that we of Northern climes cannot worship, or love, or even hate with that refinement of cruelty which those experience who bask in brighter sunshine beneath a milder sky. Suppose we yield them the palm in this respect, are we not more than repaid by the dignity and majesty that comes with the consciousness of being master of the fury of the elements! Such dignity did the Micmac heroes have; and the ideals of the people left

its impress upon the character of the nation, until the necessity of self-preservation, and the slip-shod policy of their conquerors, destroyed every noble ambition.

In Micmac Mythology we have a plant of native growth which bids fair to be as beautiful and profitable as any of the famous exotics; shall we not cultivate it with some of the attention we now bestow upon Greek Mythology? and as we study the story of Acadian heroes,—rugged, strong, and beautiful in their primeval simplicity, may we not hope to hear a deep voice speaking to us through the shady vistas of the past, and saying:—

“Be thou a hero, let thy might
Tramp on the eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon walls of night,
Carve out a passage unto day.”

Of the eighty-seven stories in Dr. Rand’s collection many are pure and simple myths; some are mythical with an evident purpose to teach some practical lesson, and so may be considered fables or parables; while still others are merely records of history, somewhat mythical, perhaps, and yet no doubt largely the record of facts.

Perhaps the feature that most impresses itself upon the careful reader is the number of instances in which weakness overcomes all obstacles. Frail children and dwarfs are able by the use of magic to overcome fabulous monsters, and destroy whole families of giants with such weapons as a spear made from a splinter, or a supple bow whose string is a single hair. A small canoe which a weak old woman can sew up in a single evening, is found sufficient to carry two men over a stormy sea in the teeth of a raging hurricane, while in the quiet of Glooscap’s tent old Noogomich, the grandmother, chips a piece of beaver bone into the pot when preparing a meal for visitors, and in a few moments the pot is seen to be full of the finest moose-meat.

The Micmacs did not worship images. They believed in a Great Spirit whom they called *Niskam*, which means Father-of-us-all, and compares with the Norse All-fadir; to him they also gave the name *Nesulk*, meaning Maker, and *Ukchesakumow*, the Great Chief. They seem to have had that mute reverence for the Great Spirit which kept the children of Israel from lightly uttering the sacred name “Jehovah,” for we find no mention anywhere in the Legends of *Nesulk* the Maker or *Niskam* the All-father. They have the name *Mundu* which sounds like “Manitou” of the neighboring tribes, or as the poet has it: “Gitche Manito the mighty;” but they give the name to the spirit of evil. Perhaps they borrowed it from enemies, and naturally supposed that the god of their enemies must be the devil. Notice in this connection

the place called "Main-de-Dieu" in Cape Breton, which, someone has said, is *Mundu* or *devil* for the Micmac, and *hand of God* for the Frenchman.

We find records of horrible man-eating giants called Kookwesijik; and another family of enormous beings called Ooskoon Kookwesijik,—the liver-coloured giants, who return from their hunting expeditions carrying at their belts a string of caribou as easily as a Micmac could carry a string of rabbits. These tawny giants are friendly, as is shown by their dealings with a party of Micmacs recorded in Legend XVII.; the party had been lost in a fog for several days in or near St. John harbour, and ever afterwards held their powerful deliverers in grateful remembrance, although the Ooskoon Kookwesijik amused themselves for a time at the expense of the pigmy Uloo. We might find entertainment for hours with the *Megumoowesoo*, which is like a fawn or satyr of Greek mythology; or the *Culloo*, an enormous bird, of human intelligence, and strength sufficient to carry a whole war-party on its back; or indeed with the dread *Chenoo*, or Northman, a sort of were-wolf, believed to be a transformed lunatic who had been maddened by disappointment in love, and whose icy heart now finds no pleasure save when feasting on human flesh and blood.

All the famous warriors are *booowins*, or *pow-wows*; they have supernatural powers, and when wide awake and in full presence of mind cannot be killed except by other braves possessing like powers. It is remarkable that these braves, or as they say, *kenaps*, even though mortally wounded, would immediately be in perfect health and strength if by any chance they could succeed in taking the life of a warrior; it was also believed that while a *kenap* was dancing the magic dance, his body could not be pierced by the swiftest arrow. A *booowin* could assume not only the character but also the form of whatever animal might be the totem of the clan to which he belonged, but he was restricted to his own totem, whether fox or wolf, or wild-goose, or loon, and so when two were fighting, each generally knew what he might expect of his opponent in the event of defeat in fair battle.

The last fight between the Kennebecs and the Micmacs occurred at the mouth of Pictou harbour, and was an instance in which one hero, or as they say, *kenap*, succeeded in destroying, single-handed, a whole war-party of the enemy. The incident is worthy of mention in this connection, for the hero of this closing scene of inter-tribal warfare was a booowin or pow-wow, who might well be compared, if we consider what he accomplished, with Samson, the strong man of Israel, or perhaps, even more properly with Heracles and the other demigods of ancient Grecian story. Our hero's name is *Kaktoogo*, or Old Thunder, but he also had a second name given by the French, for the French had arrived on Acadia's shores before this final defeat of the invading Kennebecks; the dignified name was *Toonale*,

an attempt to pronounce *Tonnere*, the French translation of his sonorous name. You will notice that “r” was replaced by “r” in all words borrowed from the French and English, for neither the “r” nor “j” sound was formerly heard in the language of the Micmacs.

Let us picture two war-parties of the Kennebecs intrenched within blockhouses from which they make repeated sallies upon the wary natives of *Megamaage*^[3]. The forts are constructed by first digging a cellar, and then felling and arranging great trees, so that not only a barricade is formed, but a heavily roofed fort. The Micmacs are intrenched in a somewhat similar manner on their camping-ground at Merrigomish. It was quite evident to the Micmacs that their ancestral foes were not on a mere scalping expedition but had designed a war of extermination. Kaktoogo the Thunderer must make good use of all his magic, or he and his people will certainly be destroyed. First and last of the American Red-men, he took command of a navy; for in order to avoid ambuscades, he took possession of a French trading ship, and came around by sea from Merrigomish to Pictou. Soon he bore down upon the hostile fort with all sails set, and in true Indian fashion, as if his gallant craft were a bark canoe, ran hard aground as near as possible to his deadly foe; but before the French timbers quiver from that disastrous shock; Kaktoogo has leaped into the water, as Cæsar’s standard-bearer did on the coast of savage Britain a few centuries ago, and makes his way with all speed toward the land. Kaktoogo has every faculty alert, and, since he is a mighty pow-wow, no one but another demigod can kill him outright. He reached the shore and rushed upon the fort before either friends or foes had recovered from their astonishment, and,

“Like valor’s minion carved out his passage”

as nobly as ever did Macbeth, or Samson, or any other warrior, nor did he pause till every man of them had paid the forfeit of his life.

So complete was the victory that their ancestral foes never sent another war-party into *Megamaage* the Acadie, or Wholesome Place of the Micmacs. The bold Kaktoogo had at last “made a realm,” but it cannot be said of him that he “reigned,” for more insidious foes than the Kennebecs or the more dreaded Mohawks were among them, and were gradually conquering them by blandishments that stole away the manhood of the nation. *Coueurs-du-bois* were roaming everywhere throughout the forest, bringing dangerous thunder-weapons and more dangerous fire-water; and Glooscap, the Magnificent One, was grieved as he marked the steady approach of what the pale-face calls “Civilization.” The daring intruders soon visited the Son of

Heaven at his home on that giant rock, Blomidon, around whose amethystine base "The tides of Minas swirl," and several attempts were made to capture the mighty Sakumow, that he too might be caged and sent home to France.

At last Glooscap was disgusted with the treachery of the foreigners, and saddened by the weakness of his own people; so, by way of giving vent to his righteous indignation, he turned his kettle upside down, and transformed his two dogs into rocks, where they stand to-day, the guardians of Blomidon, still looking westward awaiting his return. Then the Great Snowy Owl retreated into the depths of the forest, where his mournful cry is often heard as he wails again and again: "Koo-koo-skoe,—I am so sorry." The lordly Glooscap sailed away to the land of the setting sun on Fundy's ebbing tide as it returned again to the ocean; there he makes his home in the Acadie of the blessed, until the faithless interlopers have either changed their barbarian habits, or gone to their own place. When all men shall have learned to honour Truth he will return and usher in the millennium amidst the wildest rejoicing of the elements.

But oh, the people are weary of waiting for his return, the stoutest hearts are failing; for search-party after search-party has come back, bringing only ample proofs of his unceasing love; Glooscap will never return to beautiful *Megamaage* the Acadie, or Wholesome Place of the Micmacs; Kenap and Sakumow now drown the memory of the former times by destroying body and soul with the withering curse of the pale-face, or take up the wail of the old women and re-echo the mournful cry of the Wobekookoogwes, the great Snowy Owl, which comes again with startling clearness from the depth of the forest: "I am so sorry,—Koo-koo-skoo." And now as the camp-fire has burned low, and the melancholy cry of the owl resounds through the lonely archways of the forest, let us repeat the final word of the *Booske-atookwa*, the sage story teller, and reverently say *Kespeadooksit*,—the story is ended.

We have spent a few moments, idly perhaps, in hastily reviewing some features of the Mythology of the Micmacs, and we have found a weird delight in studying what was to them most sacred. But the mythology of the people, beautiful as it is, is not by any means the life-giving Truth; the outgrowth of the human mind, this rugged faith must fail to lead that mind to anything outside of itself; for the most magnificent statue on which man ever worked is still at heart a stone. Like Tennyson's Prophet, the Mythology of the Micmacs is dead:

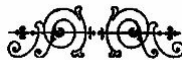
“Dead!
And the people cried with a stormy cry;
‘Send them no more for evermore,
Let the people die.’

Dead!
‘Is he then brought so low?’
And a careless people came from the fields
With a purse to pay for the show.”

Is it fair for us to infer that the Christians of the Maritime Provinces are content to let the Micmacs grope on in their gloom, ignorantly lifting their hearts in adoration to an unknown God! Can we be so base as to join the rabble “With a purse to pay for the show,”—we who have been given the true Mythology and commanded to carry the news to every creature?

Though Silas T. Rand was a man with the usual desires for visible results in his missionary work, he restrained these desires, and laboured to supplement rather than to supplant the work which had been so faithfully done by the Roman Catholic missionaries. He labored to present the Gospel message in its fullness as related to the unobserved duties of everyday life; and to instil into the minds of the Micmac Christians a clearer understanding of that perfect love which casts out fear. He did not work for a reward; he found his reward in his work, and any one may find it too by speaking of good Mr. Land (Rand) when in conversation with those for whom he gave his life.

It will be fifty years on the twelfth of this present month of November since Dr. Rand began the work which has incidentally given us this glimpse of the rich Mythology of the Micmacs. Shall we not on this jubilee occasion revive in some way the work so faithfully carried on, and all unite to realize the fullness of the Gospel message ourselves, as we attempt to give it in its fullness to every man for whom our Father meant it?



[2] The substance of this chapter was delivered as a graduating essay before the Faculty of Acadia University last June, and it appeared in its present form in the October and November

numbers of the Prince Edward Island Magazine.—J. S. C.

[3] *Megamaage* or *Megumagee*, Micmac name for Maritime Provinces.

THE
DYING INDIAN'S
DREAM.

A POEM.

BY SILAS TERTIUS RAND,
Of Hantsport, Nova Scotia,
MISSIONARY TO THE MICMAC INDIANS.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED.

WITH SOME ADDITIONAL LATIN POEMS.

WINDSOR, N. S.:
C. W. KNOWLES,

1881.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

The Wigwam Scene described in the following pages, occurred at Hantsport, Nova Scotia, in March, 1855. In the Sixth Annual Report of the Micmac Mission, in a letter written immediately after the event, I find it thus inscribed:

“An event of some interest has just occurred here. One of our sick Indians, named John Paul, has just died and was buried to-day. I have taken from my first acquaintance with him, a great liking to him. I have spent many an hour with him in his wigwam. He always listened attentively to the Scriptures, and engaged readily in religious conversation, and I have not been without hope. Efforts were made to deter him from allowing my visits, but they were unavailing. I never aimed so much to attack his Romish errors directly, as to dwell upon the free salvation of the Gospel—without money and without price. About last New Year’s day, while I was in Halifax, I was informed that the Romish priest had sent orders to him to leave Hantsport, and had threatened him with all the curses of the Church if he remained. His statement to me when I returned, was: “I won’t leave this place till I choose. It is not in the power of any man to keep me out of Heaven. That is a matter between God and my own soul.” He said in Indian: “*Neit alsoomse.*” “I am my own master.” He remained. He continued to listen to the Bible with attention, and to receive my visits with kindness and respect till he died. I now recollect that when I came to read to him, he would send the small children away that we might not be disturbed. The last time I saw him was a precious season to my own soul. It seemed easy to speak of the Great Redeemer, and of the way of Salvation. I may say that special prayer was made for him in the Meeting House, where a number of Christian friends were assembled on the day before he died, holding a special prayer-meeting on our own account. More than one fervent prayer was offered up for the dying Indian. After the meeting I returned to my own house, where I met an Indian from John Paul’s wigwam, who informed me that the poor fellow was very near his end. “But oh,” said he, “he is wonderfully happy! He says he is going right to heaven, and that he has already had a glimpse of that bright happy world. He has been exhorting us all, and telling how easy it is to be saved. He dreamed last night that he was in heaven. Heaven seemed to him to be an immense great palace, as large as this world, all formed of gold. He saw there the glorious Redeemer, surrounded by an immense host of Saints and Angels, all drest in white. As he entered he thought they gathered round him and shouted: John Paul has come! John Paul has come!” The poor fellow did not die until the following morning, and just before he died he looked up towards Heaven, and

declared that he saw the angels and the Glory of God. He was astonished that the others could not see what he saw. He wanted them to hold up his children that they might see the wonders that he himself saw. He then sank back on his pillow and quietly expired.

It will be seen that the following Poem is not a work of *fiction*. It aims to relate—with some license of imagination, of course, else it would not be poetry—a plain historical fact. The description of Paul's skill and knowledge as a hunter, and in managing their frail little water-crafts in a sea, is literally true of many of the Indians, and was true of him. His peace of mind in committing his family into the hands of God, after he found himself disabled, having burst a blood-vessel by carrying a large load, from which he never recovered—he related to me: and this is expressed in the prayer put into his mouth at the close, "which we did not fully *hear* or *share*."

It may be added that after the Poem was written, I read it to the Indian who gave me the account of John Paul's death, and as he spoke the English language well, he had no trouble in understanding it. And he assured me that it described the scene correctly.

I may add that the *measure*—or rather the utter disregard of all regular measure—was suggested by an old poem I saw somewhere, describing a very different scene, and the "wildness" of it appeared, to me to be just suited to a scene of the *Wilderness* and the *wigwam*.

It will not surely be deemed a very great stretch of "poetic license" to represent oneself as an eye and ear-witness of a scene, with the surroundings of which he was so familiar, and which had been so vividly described by those who really were present.

Nor need we speculate about the cause of dreams or their significance. No one will deny that that may be a very exact index of the state of mind at the time, of the one who dreams. And the earnest prayer of the writer is, that the reader of these verses, and himself, may be, at the time of our departure, so full of joy and peace in believing, that whether waking or dreaming, we may rejoice with that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory, receiving the end of our faith, even the salvation of our souls."

SILAS T. RAND.

Hantsport, N. S.



THE DYING INDIAN'S DREAM.

“Jesus, the vision of thy face,
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel Death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
Then when you hear my heartstrings break,
How sweet my minutes roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.”—*Watts*.

I.

Upon his bed of clay,
Wasting away,
Day after day,
A 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 hardship, toil and pains;
He was a hunter, bold and free,
Of famed Acadia's plains.
He'd roamed at will,
O'er rock and hill,
And every spot he knew,
Of forest wide,
Of mountain side,
Of bush and brake,
Of stream and lake,
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 wolf and the wild-cat stept,
Where the bear and the beaver slept,
Where the roaring torrent swept,
Where the wandering woodman strayed,
Where the hunter's lodge was made,
Where his weary form was laid;
Where the fish and the game abound,
Where the various kinds are found,
Every month the Seasons round:
Where beetling bluffs o'erhang the deep,
Where laughing cascades foam and leap,
Dancing away 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 hunt and kill,
The moose and the cariboo,
And smoothly ride
On the rolling tide,
In the light and frail canoe;
Though in angry gusts the tempests blew,
Though the thunders roared,
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 steadily guide,
And safely glide,
In joyful glee,

Triumphantly,
The roaring surges through.

II.

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 those wide domains,
Rocks, rivers, hills and plains,
In undisputed right, lords of the whole.
But ah! those days were gone,
And weeks and months had flown,
Since dire disease had laid him low;
Nor huntsman's skill,
Nor workman's will,
In want, in danger, or alarm,
Could nerve his powerless, palsied 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,
Triumphing over pain and death;
The Light of Truth around him shone,
Auspicious of the brighter dawn;
He trusted in the living God,
As washed in Jesu's precious blood;

No dread of death or 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, "I shall die;
But God is Love; There's rest above."

III.

He slept! the dying Indian slept!
A balmy peace had o'er him crept,
And for the moment kept
His senses steeped
In calm repose,—
Such as the dying Christian only knows.
Consumption's work was done;
Its racking course was run;
His flesh was wasted, gone;
He seemed but skin and bone,
A breathing skeleton—
Deep silence reigned—no sound,
Save the light fluttering round
Of scattered leaflets, found
Upon the frozen ground,
And the gently whispering breeze,
Soft sighing through the trees,
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,
Waiting to see their father die.
Kindred and friends were there,
Gathered for prayer,
To soothe the suffering and the grief to share;
And Angel Bands were near,
Waiting with joy to bear
A ransomed spirit to that World on high,
That "Heaven of joy and love, beyond the Sky."

IV.

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 his work on earth was done,
That his mortal course was run,
Life's battle fought and won;
That he stood alone,
Happy, light and free,
Listening to sweetest melody,
And softest harmony,
From the etherial plains,
In loud extatic strains,
Such as no mortal ear
Could bear, or be allowed 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 dazzling crown,
In lowly adoration down,
Before the blazing 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!”

V.

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,
And in glowing imagery,
Suited to the theme,
Like that of the Immortal Dreamer's Dream,
In Bedford's mystic “Den,” whose fame,
He'd never heard, nor knew the “Pilgrim's” name—
Or that Sublimar Song,
By John of old, in Patmos' Prison sung,
To the Celestial Throng;—
Whose dazzling visions of the Throne,
He'd never read, or heard, or known;
He told the visions of his head,
While slumbering upon his bed;
And spoke of those unutterable joys

Prepared on high,
Beyond the sky,
For sinners saved in Jesus when they die.

VI.

With mute amaze,
And earnest gaze,
Seated round his cot
Entranced, and to the spot
Enchained, we listen to the story.
Catching glimpses of the glory;
As though the echoing roll
From the Eternal Hill,
In soft vibrations broke,
Upon our senses while he spoke,
Sending through every soul,
A deep unutterable thrill!

“Oh! I have been in Heaven!”

To me it has been given
To see the Throne of Light,
And Hosts of Angels bright,
And Ransomed Spirits robed in 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!
Bear the glad tidings far
As the remotest star!
Let every tongue
The shout prolong!
Sound the Redeemer’s praise,
In loudest, loftiest lays!
To Him who bought him
With His precious blood;

To Him who brought him
To this bright Abode
Of perfect blessedness,
And everlasting peace,
‘The Bosom of his Father and his God.’”

VII.

“Oh, I shall surely reach that place,
Through matchless grace!
One moment more below
I linger, then I go,
From this dark world of woe,
Where floods of sorrow overflow,
To those bright beauteous Plains,
Where Glory everlasting reigns;
That Land of heavenly Rest,
Among the Pure and Blest,
Where Jesus is—where I
Shall never sin again or sigh;—
In that bright world on high,
There are no stains
Of sin, and no remains
Of sorrow, sighs, and pains;
But pure and perfect happiness,
And royal robes of heavenly dress,
I shall eternally possess;
Where holiness and peace
Never to cease,
But ever to increase,
Abound—ah yes! this Bliss,
Which I shall there possess,
In all its glorious blessedness,
Forever and forever reigns,
“O’er all those wide extended plains.”

“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,
Who died on Calvary's bloody tree,
In pain, and bitterest agony,
To set us guilty sinners free,
From all our sin and misery.
Oh! wondrous love! that we, even we,
Despised, degraded, though we be,
In wretchedness and poverty,
May find Redemption in His Name,
That rich Inheritance to claim,
With yonder blood-washed company,
All robed in spotless purity,
And Joy, to all eternity."

"Oh! listen to the Great Redeemer's voice,
Receive His Word, make Him your choice,
Trust in His Name, and in His Love rejoice,
Forsake all sin, repent and be forgiven,
Then I shall meet you all again in Heaven."

VIII.

He ceased—his word, no longer heard,
Through every chord, our souls had stirred.
The glistening eye, gave back reply,
Then rose on high, the heart-felt cry:
Lord grant that I, when called to die,
May thus be blessed, from pain released,
As Heavenly Guest, with Thee to feast:
Oh! be Thou near, my soul to cheer,
That doubt and fear may disappear,
That joy and rest may fill my breast,
That visions bright, of heavenly light,

Like his to-night, may cheer my sight.
Should quiet sleep my senses keep,
And Fancy leap the pathless steep,
Where, whirl the streams of airy dreams,
With glittering gleams of heavenly beams,—
Oh! may I in fit frame be found,
To dream of “Angels hovering round,”
And “leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear.”
Or should fierce pains forbid to sleep,
May I amid the anguish deep,
When shuddering death-chills o’er me creep,
And friends around me mourn and weep,
Be buoyed above the waves’ wild sweep,
Where bursting billows roar and leap;
And hear the ‘whispering angels’ say
“Sister Spirit, come away;”
And borne on Faith and Fancy’s wing,
Still hear them as they shout, and sing,
“My ears with sounds seraphic ring,”
My soul through all its mystic springs,
Thrills like a harp’s harmonious strings,
Defiance at the foe to fling;
That I may shout, exult and cry:
“Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!”
“Oh! Death, where is thy victory?
Oh! Death, where is thy sting?”
My faith has triumphed over thee,
A conquered *captive*, not a *king*;
“Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
Here on His breast I lean my head.
And breathe my life out sweetly there.”

IX.

We watch the dying man meanwhile,

His face all radiant with a smile;
His lips still move as if in prayer,
A prayer we may not fully share;
But One is near whose gracious ear,
The deep, unuttered groan can hear.
Nor need we doubt or judge amiss,
What the heart's inmost yearning is.
The quivering lip, the tearful eye,
Can well attest the earnest cry,
Of the stirred soul's deep agony;
And taught of God, we join the prayer,
We may not fully hear or share.
Our eyes and hearts to Heaven we raise,
While thus the dying Indian prays:—

“God of eternal Love,
Look from Thy throne above,
Bow down Thy gracious ear,
My dying prayer to hear;
Fulfil Thy promises,
Thy promises to bless
The widow and the fatherless.
Grant this last boon I crave!
May they have bread when I am dead,
And by Thy bounty still be fed
When I am in my grave.
Better than earthly father's care,
Oh! may they in Thy goodness share!
Grant them all needed good;
For soul and body, food;
And may Thy mighty arm,
Protect them from all harm.
I leave them at Thy call,
Mother and children all;
Oh! let no fears appal!
And let them never fear nor fall!
I trust them Lord, to Thee,
Thou wilt their Father be,

For time and for eternity.
Thy promises are sure,
The needy, helpless poor,
Though crushed to death and dust,
May in Thy goodness trust,
And rest upon Thy Word,
Thou ever blessed Lord!”

“Oh, bless my people! bless
Them in their helplessness!
Their poverty and wretchedness,
Their misery and distress.
Bless the whole Indian race!
That they may know Thy grace!
Do thou their hearts prepare,
That they may freely share,
Those blessings rich and rare,
That from the Gospel flow,—
Salvation here below,
At all times trusting Thee, and go
To that bright world on high,
Of Glory when they die;
That they may shine,
In Love divine,
And with Thee rest
Forever blest!”

X.

Now droops his weary head
Exhausted on his bed.
His dying prayer has ceased;
Convulsive heaves his breast;
We deem him sunk to rest,
Breathing his *last* and *best*;
When suddenly his eyes
He opens on the skies,
And startling us with surprise,

He waves his hand and cries:
‘I see, I see the place!
I see my Savior’s face!
Look, children look! your eyes
Raise, and look toward the skies!
Bright beams of Glory
Come hovering 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.’”

XI.

He dies, the happy Indian dies,
Closes his eyes to earth, and flies
Up to the region 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 harmonies,
Their sweetest, softest melodies,
High Heaven’s eternal minstrelsies,
With heart 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!
Bear the glad tidings far
As the remotest star!
Let every tongue,
The shout prolong!
Sound the Redeemer’s praise,
In loudest, loftiest lays!

Your noblest anthems raise
To everlasting days,
To Him who brought him
To this bright abode
Of perfect blessedness,
And Everlasting Peace,
‘The bosom of his Father and his God!’”

XII.

Oh! Bliss Immortal! hail! all hail!
All glory, honour to the Lamb who died!
Now seated glorious at His Father side.
Sound through the Universe his Name!
His matchless Love his Fame proclaim!
Till all His foes are put to shame.
And let the story of the cross prevail
O’er every mountain, island, hill, and dale,
Of the wide world, and Satan’s power destroy,—
The wondrous news thrills every heart with joy—
Wafted on every breeze, by every swelling gale,
Till sin and suffering, shame and sorrows fail;
’Gainst Love Omnipotent no force prevail;
Till all His foes subdued shall bow the knee
To Him who died on Calvary’s bloody tree,
For lost and guilty men, of every race,
Of every nation, station, time and place.
Oh swell the joyful notes of Jubilee!
The year of Grace! the year of Liberty!
Burst! burst! ye prison bars! let man be free!
He died for all, of every tribe and hue,
Anglican, Indian, Ethiop, Greek and Jew.
All, all are welcome! wide heaven’s gates expand;
There every name is known from every land,
There burst hosannas, Heaven’s loud acclaim,
O’er every new-arrived, his name they name.
While all the blood-washed throng,

In accents loud and long,
Their rapturous joy proclaim,
Shouting and singing, Glory to the Lamb!
All praise to Him who sits upon the Throne,
Who rules the universe, the Lord alone!
Jehovah, Jesus, Savior, Great I AM!
To Him who bought us
With His precious blood;
To Him who brought us
To this Bright Abode,
Of perfect blessedness,
And Everlasting Peace,
“The Bosom of Our Father and our God!”

LINES

SUGGESTED ON HEARING REV. MR. RAND’S DESCRIPTION OF THE LAST HOURS OF
JOHN PAUL, A CONVERTED MICMAC.

On the floor of his wigwam an Indian lay,
And his spirit was rapidly passing away;
On his brow stood the dewdrop of death, thick and chill,
And the life-pulse once bounding was fast growing still;
He spoke to his friends as they gathered around,
All eager to list to the last fainting sound
Of the voice that had cheered them in council or fight.
Mid the fires of the wigwam or shadows of night,
He told them his prospects, but oh, what were these
To guide his frail bark o’er the transparent seas
Whose ripple waters no storm surge ere swells,
In the far distant land where the “Great Spirit” dwells.
Or fearless and free through the hunting grounds roam,
Where death as a visitor shall never more come?
Ah, no—but the fulness and greenness of grace,
The power of Jesus to save their lost race;
This, this was the theme—for to him had been given

A vision of glory, of God, and of Heaven!
He saw the paved streets which like burnished gold shone,
And highly exalted sat Christ on His throne;
While the angels were circling within their bright home,
And shouting triumphantly "John Paul has come!"
The Indian fell back on his skin-covered bed,
And soon he was one of earth's numberless dead;
But his spirit had passed to its home in the sky,
To enjoy the full vision of glory on high.

Oh servant of Christ, speed thee on in thy work!
Thy mission of love—and though dangers should lurk
In each step of thy pathway—yet onward still move
Rejoicing to know that thy God doth approve—
And oh, if e'er weary or faint by the way,
Thy footsteps from duty are tempted to stray,
Remember one Micmac looks down from above,
The fruit of thy labour, the fruit of thy love;
The pledge which to thee by thy God hath been given,
That the seed sown on earth shall be garnered in Heaven.

* * * * *

Chatham, October, 1856.

These lines were given to me by Senator Ferguson, who thinks they must have been written by Rev. Mr. Knight, Sr., who retired from the Methodist ministry and lived in Chatham. Dr. Rand had never seen them, but the Senator remembers having repeated most of the little poem to him on the occasion of a visit from the Doctor at Tulloch.—(J. S. C.)

THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.

Have you heard, have you heard of that sun-bright clime,
Undimmed by tears and uncursed by crime,
 There death hath the power no more to reign,
 For they live forever, and they know no pain,—
Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?

There's a city fair, 'tis the saint's sweet home,
There they ne'er shall know night's gathering gloom,
 With its gates of pearl, and its streets of gold,
 It shines in the glory of God untold,
Over there in that sun-bright clime.

A river of water gushes there
Midst flowers of beauty strangely rare,
 And rich-plumed songsters flit through the bowers
 Of the tree of life on those golden shores,
Over there in that sun-bright clime.

Soon the ransomed host, all robed in white,
Will reach those fields of pure delight,
 And pluck rich-fruit from the life-tree bowers
 Mid a thousand hues of those fadeless flowers,
Over there in that sun-bright clime.

Not far far away is that sun-bright clime,
For now we are nearing the promised time
 When the Lord will come for his bride in white,
 Then we'll bid adieu to those scenes of night,
And go home to that sun-bright clime.

LATIN TRANSLATIONS.

[The following attempts at a translation of a couple of Psalms, and some of our beautiful Evangelical Hymns into Latin, will interest those who are acquainted with that noble old tongue; more especially if they are at all conversant with the Latin Hymnology and methods of versification of what are designated the *Middle Ages*.]

PSALMUS XXIII.

1. Est Jehova Pastor meus,
Meus Dominus et Deus,—
Ego impotens et reus—
Ergo non carebo.
Suam ovem stabulatque,
Prata graminosa datque.
Rivis placidis lavatque,
Illuc ducit, propinatque;
Itaque valebo.
2. Animamque reportavit
Meam, saepe recreavit;
Me quaesivit et servavit,
Optimus Curator.
Vus rectis, praeparatis,
Aequitati consecratis,
Ducit Deus bonitatis,
Propter suum nomen gratis,
Ductor et Salvator.
3. Transeam caliginosa
Loca, et calamitosa,
Dura, dira, luctuosa,

Hostes et obstantes;
Non formido aerumnosa
Mala, tetra, dolorosa;
Gaudens fero lacrimosa,
Inter Te amantes.
Confidenter ibo Tecum;
Nam Tu semper eris mecum;
Tua virga, tuum pedum,
Ample consolantes.

4. Mensam mihi preparasque,
Coram hostes, panem dasque;
In clementia prope stasque:
Mea pax abundat:
Sanctum oleum benignum,
Super caput tam indignum
Meum fundis, clarum signum:
Meum vast redundat.
5. Immo bonitas divina,
Valetudo genuina,
Cum clementia superna,
Et benignitas aeterna,
Semper me sequentur.
Dum in vita remanebo,
Dei gratia gaudebo:
Ejus domum habitabo,
Ejus nomen collaudabo,
Et indesinenter.

PSALMUS C.

1. In Jehovam vos ovate,
Et gaudete, et cantate,
 Omnes terram habitantes.
Laeti Dominum, servite,
Et cum gaudio gestite,
 Coram Illum triumphantes.
2. Nostrum Deus est Creator,
Dominator et Salvator,
 Deus unus, Auctor rerum:
Fecit nos, et nos nutrit,
Regit, tutat, repetivit,
 Oves perditos ad Herum.
3. Ejus portas introite;
Claris laudibus adite;
 Illum Dominum clamantes:
Illum bonum, semper verum,
Fidelissimumque Herum,
 In eternum adorantes.

“NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.”

1. Propius, O Deus mi, propius ad Te,
Etiamsi crux erit quae tollat me:
Canam continue—
Mi Deus, prope Te;
Propius, O Deus mi, propius ad Te.

2. Erroni noctu quamvis similis,
Quiescam super stratum lapidis,—
Delectat esse me
In somnis prope Te;
Propius, O Deus mi, propius ad Te.

3. Ut scalae tunc ad coelos via sit;
Quaecunque mihi des, clementia fit:
Sunto coelicolae;
Nutantes vocent me,
Propius, O Deus mi, propius ad Te.

4. Tum experrecta laude fulget mens,
Petrosis malis “Bethel” extruens:
Sic moeror urget me,
Mi Deus, prope Te,
Propius, O Deus mi, propius ad Te.

5. Si laetis pennis findens aera.
Relictis stellis, petam supera—
Quam jucundissime,
Cantabo—Prope Te,
Propius, O Deus mi, propius ad Te.

“ROCK OF AGES CLEFT FOR ME.”

Rupes Sacculorum, Te
Pro me fissa, condam me!
Aquae Fons et sanguinis,
Duplex tui lateris,
Scelerum purgatio
Sit, et expiatio.

Nunquam possim exsequi,
Tua lex quae mandet mi;
Quamvis strenuus semper sim.
Atque semper fleverim,
Hoc nil expiaverit;
In Te solo salus sit.

Nil in manu tulero;
Tuae cruci hæreo;
Vestes mihi nudo des,
Inopemque subleves;
Fonti foedus advolo;
Nisi laves pereo.

Dum vitalem haurio vim,
Cumque moribundus sim,
Quum per Stellas evolem,—
Ante tuum thronum stem,
Rupes Saeculorum, Te,
Pro me fissa, condam me.

“JESUS, REFUGE OF MY SOUL!”

O Præsidium, Jesus mi,
Fugiam tuo pectori,
Torrens propius æstuet,
Dum procella fureret;
Hoc in vitæ turbine,
O Salvator, tege me!
Fac ut tutus, integer,
Tecum semper commorer.

Soli es Refugio:
Tibi lassus hæreo:
Ne relinque solum me;
Sit solatium per Te.
Tibi dum confisus sim,
Plenas opes tulerim:
Me defende, debilem,
Me tutator, inopem.

Tu, O Jesu, mihi es
Omnes res optabiles:
Agerum, lapsum, sublevas,
Opem fesso, coeco, das:
Facile es sanctissimus;
Ego sum perimprobus,
Fœdus, plenus scelerum—
Tu, bonorum omnium.

Gratia satis est in Te.
Sontem perabsolvere.
Fluat flumen affatim,
Purus ut ex toto sim.
Jesus, Fons vitalis es:
Sumam quæ benigne des:
Vive mi in pectore,
Fons Aterna! Domine!

“ABIDE WITH ME, FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE.”

Mecum habita, Domine! ultima labitur hora diei;
Quam tenebrae condensantur! Tu mecum habitato!
Deficiunt adjutores, atque omnia grata;
Tu qui non spernes, inopes, O mecum habitato!

Ad metam tenuis vitae, properant rapidae horae;
Blanditiae pereunt, et transit gloria mundi:
Omnia mutaria, corrumpique, undique vidi;
Tu qui immutatus remanes, O mecum habitato.

Te, Domine, est mihi vincere, saevos:
Tu solus valeas hostes mihi vincere saevos;
Tu solus firmum me, et salvum ducere possis;
In tranquillo, in turbinibus, Tu, O mecum habitato.

Hostes non timeo, quum Tu stas praesto beare;
Adversi casus faciles sunt absque dolore;
Terrores mortis, stimuli, et, victoria, desunt;
Laetatusque exultabo, nam mecum habitabis.

Mi juvenescenti, blandus Tu nempe favisti;
Ah me! quam brutus! quam perversusque remansi!
Non discessisti a me, saepe ut deserui Te:
O Domine, usque et ad extremum, Tu mecum habitato.

Ad oculos crucem dormitanti miei monstra:
Illustra tenebras, et me erige visere coelos:
En, umbrae fugiunt! et mane rubescere coepit!
In vita, in morte, O Domine, O Tu mecum habitato!

“JUST AS I AM WITHOUT ONE PLEA.”

Sicuti sum—nec sine spe,
Quia Tu mortuus es pro me,
Et jubes ire me ad Te—
O Agnus Dei, venio.

Sicuti sum—nec haesitem,
Ut maculas abluerem;
Mundus per tuum sanguinem,
O Agnus Dei, venio.

Sicuti sum—jactatus sim,
Et dubitans dum conflixerim,
Certansque, timens, perdo vim,
O Agnus Dei, venio.

Sicuti sum—miserrime
Cæcus, nudusque omni re,
Ut omnia capiam in Te,
O Agnus Dei, venio.

Sicuti sum—recipies,
Purgabis, solves, eximes;
Nam credo quod promitteres:
O Agnus Dei, venio.

Sicuti sum—agnosco Te,
Salvasse per amorem me,
Ut tuus sim assidue:
O Agnus Dei, venio.

TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Misspelled words and printer errors have been corrected where obvious errors occur. Diary spellings have been maintained as written in all languages, including French, Greek and Latin.

Inconsistencies in punctuation have been maintained. Missing quotes have been added to the diary entries in order to distinguish Silas Rand's diary entries from the author's comments and observations.

[The end of *Rand and the Micmacs* by Jeremiah S. (Simpson) Clark]