

immortal clusters ; and the friends that meet, will meet for ever.

Little then did I think that I should have to pass through so many afflictions, and so many hardships. O my mother, I am still in a *cold, uncharitable miserable world!* But the thought that thou art happy and blessed, is truly sweet and encouraging! It is this fact, and my own hopes of future bliss, that buoys me up, and sustains me in the hours of conflict and despondency. Although many years have elapsed, since her death, still, I often weep with mingled joy and grief when I think of my dear mother. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The gospel is the only remedy for the miseries and sins of the world.

My mother and sister's cases are not the only ones that I could relate concerning the happy lives and deaths of those once degraded and benighted Indians. Many have already reached heaven ; and many more are now rejoicing on their road thither. Who will now say that the poor Indians cannot be converted? The least that Christians could have done, was to send the gospel among them, after having dispossessed them of their lands ; thus preparing them for usefulness here, and happiness hereafter. Let no one say that I am ungrateful in speaking thus. It was the *duty* of Christians to send us missionaries ; and it is *now* their duty to send *more* of them. There are still 25,000 of my poor brethren in darkness, and without the gospel. Let the prayers of all the churches ascend to the Most High, in