## JOURNAL OF MISSION WORK IN DYSART. &c.

Concluded from our last.

Aug. 15.—Tuesday I had promised to meet a parent from the back of the Bobengeon Road at a house named to baptize her child, and requested that she invite her neighbours and friends to make it public baptism. I went and was agreeably surprised to find 37 persons present; held Evening Service and baptized three children. The season was quite refreshing. Down here at 20 miles from my home no minister had been for many a long day, and children are awaiting my visits farther back in threes, fours and sixes. No means of grace; no sacrament to aid.

Aug 20.—Head winds. Our first communion Sunday in Dysart, the very first. The minister's Warden congratulated me on the happy occurrence after the administration; 13 tarried to partake. This too was the first Sunday I could conveniently name for the July collection. Amount \$6.80 for Haliburton, at p. m. service at boundary.

Aug. 27 .- Service at Minden. Drove 8 miles north to the junction; held service, sail to be the first proclamation of the Gospel by our Church in that locality.

Baptized two children, rode 2 miles farther to stay for the night.

Aug. 28.—Drove 5 miles down such hills, visited each side of road, and returned the 8 miles, and visited as I went. One poor aged woman, with tears in her eyes, welcomed me as her own clergyman; the first that had crossed her threshold for the five years of her desolote life here—her eyes were dim—she was so blind that when I told her to sit down and listen to a partion of Holy Scripture, she had to grope for one of two stools (no chairs) in her room. We knelt in prayer also, and I must call soon again. Another harder natured woman I called on, and she was much pleased. Her husband came in with two or three sons. As I left he told me "the wife would think this a high day for her own minister to come and pray with her;" they promised to attend the nearest service to them, about 4½ miles. I find that people live far back on each side of the Bohenygeon Road, with no leading road, just an ox path used sometimes, here and there a large tree obstructing passage.

Sept. 7.—16 miles rowing and bush walking. For miles on these bush ronds no house is to be seen, there has been no time to clear, and the dwellings are hidden; you only guess a house must be near when the cow bell is to be heard, then you

must watch for the path.