

unmade streets, make me tired enough at night, but every week seems to lighten the labor.

I anticipated unkind treatment, and no welcome to people's houses, but find no such thing. The Lord opens my way constantly, and people throng around me, saying, "When will you call at my house?" Some who cannot read listen earnestly, while I read a tract for them. Monday last I was going to see a dying man, and passing by a cottage door, heard some one within speaking in an angry tone. I went in; there were a colored man, his wife, and a boy; all was quiet immediately. I asked, "Can any of you read?" "No, Sir." Sitting down, I showed the boy a tract, and asked him if he would like me to read it, and to let him hear what it said. I read page after page. The parents listened eagerly until I turned to the husband, and said, "What do you think of these things?" He said, he knew he had not been born again, and that he was not fit to die. They entreated me to call as often as possible.

*May 5, 1855.*—A gentleman who arrived here from the States this morning told me that 400 colored persons have come into Canada the last fortnight, and not less than forty have come around London, since my last Report was written. It is grievous, however, to discover the cold, dead state of their minds, and their utter indifference to instruction. When distressed with the sight of these things, I often take down the "Life of Henry Martyn," or that of "David Brainerd," and am sure to gain wisdom and courage by so doing. Yesterday I went out visiting; rather cast down, with a feeling of insufficiency for the work before me, but intending to find a newly arrived family about two miles from town, when the Lord was pleased to show me, in an unexpected manner, that He had some work for me to do. Seeing two log huts a little distance from the road, I turned aside to them, left a tract at the first, and proceeded to the second with another. When the mistress of the house saw me, she burst into tears, and said, "I don't know you, but you are some one the Lord has sent to comfort me in my distress. I prayed just now that He would send me some comfort, and He has heard my prayer." I found the woman, as far as man could judge, a decided Christian, and the cause of her trouble a drunken husband. I sat and conversed with her a long time, earnestly exhorting her, that, as she knew for herself the comfort of God's Word, so she would constantly call upon God for the conversion of her husband. After prayer I left her, fully persuaded that the Lord had directed my steps to her house.

*July 11, 1855.*—This week I have had an opportunity of speaking to 150 colored people in one of their own chapels, and when it was proposed that the place should be thrown open to me next Monday evening to address them at greater length, the whole body responded, "Aye." I shall, therefore (D.V.), be able to effect an entrance amongst them, which may lead to happy results. On the whole, the prospects of the Mission appear to be encouraging, and so long as we can labor in simple dependence on God, the Author and Giver of every good gift, we have the comforting assurance, contained in Isaiah lv. 11, that the word of the Lord shall not return unto Him void.