

happy to tell you that you have been instrumental in leading me, a poor, heavy laden sinner, to Jesus, the Saviour of sinners.' "

" *May 15th and 20th.* With five dollars, which Mr. Leslie, of Dundas, very kindly gave me for the poor, I afforded relief to two destitute families near the Don. It came in a good time, and was very thankfully received."

" *July 15th.* In several houses near the Don, fathers and mothers told me that they were glad to see me to thank me for the good and heavenly instructions I was imparting to them through their children who attend our Sabbath School and Sabbath-day Meeting. 'I am too old and feeble,' said one woman, 'to go to any place of worship; and I cannot tell you how refreshing and comforting it is when my little grand-daughter returns from Sabbath School or Meeting, to have her sit down by my side, as she does, and tell me what she has there heard of Jesus and heaven.' 'I did not know,' said another woman, 'that your Sabbath School and Meeting were such a blessing to the neighbourhood until last winter, when we were visited with severe affliction, and expected to lose our little boy. As we drew near his bedside,' she said, 'and manifested our unutterable grief, he calmly looked up and said, 'Do not cry, for in my Sabbath School I have been told to look to Jesus, and am happy, whether I live or die.' "

" *July 27th.* As I was crossing the Don Bridge on my way to the Sabbath School, a respectably dressed young man met me, and taking my hand said, 'I suppose you have forgotten me.' 'No,' said I, 'you caused me too much trouble in my Sabbath School and Meeting several years ago for me to forget you so easily.' 'Well,' he replied, 'I did cause you much trouble, and even went so far as to say I would shoot you because you put me out of the Meeting. Nevertheless, what I heard from you one night respecting the wonderful sufferings of the Son of God for us poor sinners made such an impression upon my mind and heart, that I could find no peace until, about three years after, when tossed upon the waves of the restless ocean, and tossed upon a sick-bed too, I found peace in the precious blood of Jesus.' He gave me his address, and said he was doing a good business in Montreal as a grocer, where—as I had been the means of all