

Mrs. Laughlin have been eminently successful, if we may judge by the value which the poor set upon their visits, and the longing anxiety with which they look forward to them. Notwithstanding their frequency, the constant cry is: "When will you come again?" "Oh, it seems so long, I don't know what we would do without you, it is such a comfort to have you to read to us when we are in trouble and affliction." Several instances might be enumerated in which they have been instrumental in bringing within the sound of the Gospel, persons who for years before had not set foot in a place of worship; while in others, where, on their first appearance, Bible in hand, they were received coldly and suspiciously, and regarded as intruders, they are now welcomed as long expected visitors, and their Bible readings listened to with reverence and attention.

The journals kept by the Bible Women are now lying before us, containing a faithful record of each day's work. To attempt to do justice to them by *extracts* would be impossible, and yet we feel it due to those who supply the means for carrying on the work, to insert here a few of the entries made in their diaries, not so much for the purpose of showing the success that has attended their efforts (for that, we believe, eternity alone will adequately reveal,) as of giving an idea of the nature of their labors, and of the obstacles with which they have to contend.

One case we think we may mention: she was apparently lost under the influence of drink—where last winter, Eliza found her, and gained such influence, as to persuade her to sign the pledge, and come to the Mothers' Meeting.¹ Our hopes were raised, and we looked upon her as a wonderful case of reform, and so she continued, till the summer, when fewer influences surrounded her; and temptation came in the form of illness, and a remedy offered "*steeped in Gin*," then followed by evil companions, &c., &c., she fell—it was indeed a fall that made our hearts ache. But Eliza was at hand, and true to her post, sought out the "fallen one." We give an extract from her journal dated August 13th, "from Mrs. A——: 'Still following the evil course,' I said; 'it is painful to see you always in this state, I would rather not see you, than see you, and get the stench of liquor on you every time I call.' She rose, and went to another room, saying 'I will not disgust you again.' 'If you knew the regard I have for you, and the love I have for your soul, and how happy I would be, to see you living a sober life, and a religious one