

"*Mr. Alexander* has occupied this District with great faithfulness for five years, and as might be expected, is now beginning to reap large fruit of his labors. The general tone of society is stated by impartial witnesses to be greatly improved; and in not a few instances it has been evident that the Spirit of God has made the exertions of your Catechist the means of converting sinners, reclaiming back-sliders, and stirring up the languishing zeal of real believers. His time is divided between holding services on the Sunday, and on the week day evenings, in school-rooms or cottages; visiting the people at their own homes; superintending Sunday-schools, circulating bibles and tracts, and the other multiplied duties of a catechist."

Since the publication of the Report of this Association for last year, *Mr. Alexander* in his journal forwarded to the Corresponding Committee, thus reviews his labors for the year:

"*Dec. 31st 1849.*—Since last January I have, taking the lowest calculation, travelled 1600 miles, the greater part on foot. The roads of this part of the country I need not again describe. I have had to carry my own wardrobe, and perhaps twenty pounds weight of bibles, testaments, and prayer-books with me. By the blessing of God I have been enabled to hold *eighty-four* public services, besides giving Sunday-school addresses, which, added to those given by *Mr. Payne* and *Mr. Villiers* at my stations, exceeds the number of any previous year. If large congregations and pressing invitations to make more frequent visits, are good grounds for judging, the cause of our Society, and of our Church, is advancing, with very few exceptions, wherever our agents are located.

"At the close of another year, I desire with humility and self-abasement, to acknowledge the tender mercies of Almighty God, and, though unworthy myself to labor in His vineyard, yet as there were of old 'hewers of wood and drawers of water to the congregation,' so in that capacity would I labor, according to the ability which God giveth me. Though not blessed with the tongue of the eloquent, or the pen of the learned, yet if the Lord should permit me to hew a few splinters of wood which may kindle the fire of love in the hearts of some of his followers, and to draw a few drops of water from the rock Christ, wherewith to refresh their spirits—if he make me the happy instrument of turning one poor sinner from the error of his ways—then will my soul rejoice, and I will sing praises to the God of my salvation."