

*April 14.*—Met Sunday School at Covey Hill as usual—fifty children present.

*April 16.*—Left for West side of Covey Hill—a newly formed settlement of Irish Protestant Church families—nearly all “shanties” yet—no school—at five o’clock had Service. One old lady, who said she had been bred in the Church of England, had but once or twice within twenty years had an opportunity of hearing a Church Minister—thanked God for this opportunity.

*April 19.*—Left for Sherrington—nineteen miles.

*April 22.*—An old countryman, who expressed the intensest gratification at once again being able to attend the Services of his Church, wished me much to stop the night at his house, which I accordingly did. They seem feelingly alive to the charms of the village Church at home, and to the loss they sustain at not hearing the sound of the Church-going bell, when the Sabbath appears. Oh! that this land were dotted with village steeples.

*April 24.*—Left for Norton Creek—the roads were so bad, and the rain so heavily falling, that I was three hours in going five miles—at seven, P. M. in a low School-house, there met as many as could enter it—many brought their prayer-books.

*April 30.*—Left for West Hemmingford, where had appointed Divine Service at a private house—being my first visit in this part, I explained the character of the Liturgy.

*May 1.*—After morning prayer, catechised the children of the family where I stopped, which is my usual practice—went on to Sherrington. Divine Service at half past three—about forty present.

*May 2.*—Left through a bad road for Bogtown—at half past three held Divine Service as appointed.

*May 3.*—To Bang-All; and, at seven P. M. Divine Service in a private house.

*May 17.*—Went twenty three miles to Sherrington—on road, called on a family from Yorkshire, lately settled here from the States. They attended Service on Sunday, and expressed their thanks to God for that opportunity, the first afforded them since landing, (eight or nine years ago), in America—they had reserved four children, born in this country, to be baptised by their own Minister. In the evening walked to a back settlement about three miles distant, over logs, to visit a poor sick family. One old man who walked up with me, said, coming to this country was like being transported—in sickness or in trouble, no one to visit them with words of comfort and encouragement.

*June 17.*—To Beaver Meadow, where in evening we had Divine Service—after Sermon, the congregation remaining, I baptised five children of one family, whom I had often previously seen to instruct,