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a rough road, that it was with difficulty I sat in my carriage. The cold reception I met with was still more discouraging. But thanks be to God I have met with one cheering scene in the midst of my difficulties and discouragements. I hope the Lord has led at least one to the foot of the Cross, through the Society's instrumentality.

I have met with a great deal of ignorance in this county. The people seem to think but little about God and their duty to him. They are shrouded in Spiritual darkness. My limited knowledge is not sufficient to meet their ignorance. I gave a Tract on prayer to a young man about twenty-five years of age. He asked me to read it for him as he could not do so himself. Having read it, I asked him 'Do you pray?' He answered, 'I pray every day.' 'Do you pray more than once a day?' I asked, He replied, 'I pray three times a day, in the morning and evening and at my meals.' I enquired, 'Do you think God is pleased with you for this?' His answer was, 'I am sure He ought to be pleased with that?' By his mode of expression, he seemed to think that God was indebted to him.

In the sections that I have visited this appears to be the opinion of three-fourths of the inhabitants. I find it very difficult to deal with them.

In conducting family worship with those where I lodged over night, they do not often know how to act. In one instance while I was thus engaged those present were smoking, talking, &c.

I asked a man if he had a Bible in the house. He said, 'Yes, a large one, I bought from Mr. K. I will bring it down stairs and you can see it.' What he thought was a large, beautiful Bible proved to be a bound volume of the 'Chatterbox,' a beautifully illustrated periodical for children.

Another writes:—In ——— County there are only five or six Protestant ministers, while in the adjoining one there are thirty or forty. In not a few places in this county the people hear a sermon only once in three weeks or a month. True, the people are poor, but one of the blessings that was to flow from our Saviour's mission is, that the gospel shall be preached to the poor. A large part of the people are poor fishermen, yet they are kind-hearted, and have precious immortal souls. And, moreover, our Saviour did not neglect nor despise them, but from this class chose the men who were his nearest and dearest friends, and to whom he first gave the noble mission to preach the gospel to every creature.

A preached gospel being lacking, there is more urgent necessity for scattering gods books and encouraging a taste for reading them, This I have kept steadily in view. And I feel very sure that God is in this way making up, in some measure, to the people here for the lack of a preached gospel, by sending silent preachers which will be ready at any time to comfort the mourner, convict the sinner, or counsel the dying.