

year. At Haldimand we had a fierce storm, and such piles of snow that very few could get out. Things at Colborne did not look very promising. The meeting was small, and but little had been done. They promised, however, to take hold of the work with vigor, and I hope you may hear a good account of them in the future. There seems to be little interest felt in Brighton in the Bible Society, though we have a few good warm friends here. From here I went north to Hastings, a very romantic place, where the Scugog pours its waters into the Trent. It is a place of some manufacturing interest, of fine water power, and must be very pretty in the summer. They gave us a good meeting, and are doing well. I stopped over Sabbath, and preached here. On Monday I went through deep snow into Asphodel, and had a good meeting, though not large. They had not yet got in their subscriptions. The next evening we had a fine meeting at Otonabee, though I had a severe time in getting to it through the deep snow. They are doing well. The next night I should have gone to South Monaghan, but fearing there would be no agent in their part of the field, they had held their meeting, so I went on to Manvers, but the roads were so bad that only a few could get out. We had, however, a very good meeting. We had a nice meeting in Cavanville. In consequence of the severe illness of their excellent President, their collecting was not yet done. From here I went to Mount Pleasant, where we had a good meeting, though their cash is too small for the place. In Emily, we had a good meeting, and though their cash is not large, there is no falling off. At Peterboro' the meeting was not large, though it was one of spirit. This branch has long been among the most active of the Society, and does an important work of colportage among the lumbermen in the north. Lakefield is a vigorous branch; meeting not large, but one of interest. Here I stopped over Sabbath, and preached to a good congregation, though it was in the midst of a furious storm. The next day I found the roads drifted full by the storm of the previous day. I managed, however, to get through to Lindsay, where I found almost no meeting, no cash, no officers nor committee except the Secretary, no report, and no lodgings, except at a tavern, and at my own charges! The next day I drove into Mariposa, and had a small but pleasant meeting. In cash matters, they are doing pretty well. This night commenced a terrible snow storm, that lasted all the next day, filling up the roads over the tops of the fences. I managed to get to Manilla, but such was the storm and the roads, that only one, besides myself, ventured out to the church. The next day a few teams turned out to break the roads for the stage, and I started for Uxbridge, but I found all the roads running west so full that it was impossible to get through; so I had to drive to Port Perry, and stop all night. The next day I started again, and got to Uxbridge at the rate of from two to three miles per hour. I saw the officers of the branch, and they promised to collect and send on their money. From here to Yonge Street, the roads were fearful—the snow from five to six feet in the woods. I managed at last, with severe injuries to my cutter, as broken shafts, &c., to reach Yonge Street, my horse in no mood for running away. At Richmond Hill we had, for the state of the roads, a very good meeting. In addition to the resident clergy of the place, we were favoured with the presence and able assistance of the Rev. Mr. McCollum, of Aurora. They are doing well. Thornhill is doing very well, though a large number of the old warm friends of the Society here have been removed by death during the year. York branch, at Eglington, is defunct. They report that they have had no meeting since I visited them before, now four years ago. My next engagement was for Puslinch. On Friday, March 29th, I started by mail coach, and got about three miles from Dundas, when we found the roads full of snow to the depth of from five to six feet; the stage had to return. No one had been through since the storm of the previous Sabbath. My last engagement was for Bartonville. I drove there over fearful roads, all afloat, so that not one came out.

Here ended my labors for the year. I have traced the record with a grate-