

infidel principles in life and death. But, oh, *Eternity* ! I reserve general remarks on the book itself to a future time.

" *Dec. 11th.*—Saturday night. I have preached *eight* times this week, with a good degree of satisfaction to myself ; and, I trust, with some profit to the people. I saw Br. H., the young preacher on the next circuit, at Mr. F's, last Monday, but fear I did not leave that savor of grace behind me that I would have done had my heart been more under the influence of divine love. When shall I become more useful ? * * * I feel much distressed for want of a secret place to pour out my soul to God in prayer. May God keep me from falling ! Also prepare me for the solemn duties of *to-morrow* ! I met with a great curiosity this evening—an *old Bible*, printed about 200 years ago, in the old orthography, ornamented with old-fashioned plates, and the text not arranged in *two* columns, as is the case with our present bibles, but *one*.

" *December 17th.*—I have not written since this day week. It is with difficulty I redeem time for this work, or that of retirement and self-examination, amidst a multiplicity of engagements. Still, I might have more time if I were more careful to redeem it from sleep and unprofitable conversation, and did I live more by rule. My enjoyments, in public and private, have been somewhat on the increase for a few days. May God help me to hold fast whereunto I have attained, and to press forward to the mark of the prize ! In company, this week, I was inadvertently betrayed into a mistake which wounded the feelings of some to whom I am much indebted, but for which I have felt worse than any one else. 'It is impossible but that offences will come, but woe to that man by whom they come.' May I be more careful in future ! I have given 'Beecher's Sermons on Temperance' a *second* perusal this week. Truly his description of the road to intemperance is most just ; his exhibition of its facts most appalling ; and his arguments for *total abstinence* quite unanswerable.

" *December 19th.*—A very cold day. This is the most remarkably cold weather I recollect to have experienced at this season of the year. The oldest settlers say the same. It has lasted now *three weeks*. The sleighing is tolerable, and the ground and rivers frozen as hard as a rock. *Yesterday* was a time of comfort and power to my soul. Good liberty, both morning and evening. Sinners wept and trembled. I lost my strength while praying with a mourner. My soul is full of Glory ! Glory ! Glory ! "

Thus ends the chronicle of three months labor and study. Should this insight into the struggles of heart, and the toils of a very young, inexperienced man—placed in the responsible position of 'preacher in charge' of a circuit—such as this Journal reveals, be found to answer any valuable end, these extracts will be "CONTINUED."

O.