

There is, however, one bright shade in the picture ; it reconciles us to much of it that is dark. Theft is not popular there, there is no winking at even the stealing of a boy's knife ; pity it is that this feeling pays no regard to law and order ; shame on it that it should trample under foot the ordinary laws of evidence.

I deemed it right to send a detailed account of the incident to the *Grant's County Herald*. This led to a reply from the leader of the mob, not in the way of apology for the wrong done—the tender mercies of infidels are cruel—no, but in the way of abuse of ministers of the Gospel, and insinuations that I must have thrown down the knife on seeing the appearance of danger. I certainly will not soon forget the generous sympathy on the one hand, and the earnest denunciation on the other, which the incident called forth from fellow christians of all names. I am especially indebted to my Baptist brother, the Rev. Mr. Lewis, for his hearty and generous defence through the press of the county, a defence I have since learned, which has brought him into conflict with the numerous and violent infidel parties in that neighborhood. I shall leave those generous friends, breathing for them the prayer that they may never be placed in the position I there found myself, and should they be so, that next to a conscience void of offence, and the smile of a heart-searching God, they may find as generous and sympathizing friends as I found in them.

I will now briefly state the nature and extent of my labors in connection with the congregation of Blake's Prairie. I preached in six different places within a circle of twenty miles in diameter from Cassville on the Mississippi, to Bertown towards the centre of the county. I had one service every Sabbath in a school house, known as Oliver's School House, situate in the immediate neighborhood of the members of the congregation. My audiences were good, and marked by a constant increase. The absence of Bibles from the hands of the greater part of our hearers, the practice of sitting during prayer, reminded me that I was no longer in the midst of my Canadian fellow-worshippers. The attention to the truth preached was good, and in the case of individuals was marked by an earnestness and depth of feeling to which in our usual audiences we are strangers ; so much was this the case, that notwithstanding prevailing indifference and infidelity, I had a strong impression that here the " field is white unto the harvest."—I may pause to notice one interesting example of this in the case of a young lad, left an orphan in early childhood. Without friends or home, he had been drifting like the foam on the water, till in this neighborhood he had been engaged to one of the adherents of our congregation. Prior to our arrival he had profited from the labors of our efficient Sabbath School teacher here—he was found a regular worshipper with us—made application for admission to the church—in my intercourse with him. I felt greatly pleased with, and interested in this young friend, and could we have had timely information regarding the certainty of his baptism, we would have had pleasure in receiving him into Christian fellowship. We left him under the christian care of the Session.

The visitation of members and adherents in their respective homes, formed also a part of my labors, and like my predecessor, the Rev. Mr. Skinner, I ventured to visit a few families in the "region beyond." A single extract from notes taken at the time of these visitations, will best furnish a view of