

During the year, I have held a morning Service at Malbaie, and at an outpost of the Mission when a second service was not held in the afternoon.

I have also kept my monthly appointment at the corner of the Beach when the roads were practicable. There are only a few Protestant families who are willing to have Sunday wholly given to them, and they all help to support the Church.

I hope during this winter to go among the scattered families, for the purpose of holding services, &c., if only means for travelling can be obtained. Many seldom come to church who would otherwise attend a service in their neighborhood, and although the Church is the proper place to preach the Word in, and all meet there when the private services of the Church are needed by them, yet the scattered families of my Mission would seldom hear the Word of God unless it were carried into their midst.

I have often visited the sick and the dying. These visits have raised my desponding spirits, at a time when so much levity existed among us, and a total unconcern about divine things was apparent in many. Some good may thus be accomplished in visiting the house of affliction. Not that I attach much importance to that outward repentance which the fear of the moment calls into existence in those who were all their life-time enemies to piety and to the Church. But these visits are otherwise useful to the bystanders who are then easily impressed by those scenes of death, and of the importance of being ready when their time comes.

Another means of doing good is the distribution of tracts in both languages. They are returned when read and distributed in other families. A small supply of Danish tracts was sent to me for distribution among the Norwegians.