

have reason to hope, ascended to take possession of "*that house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.*"

On one occasion, in prayer with and for a dying woman, I had spoken of Christ, by His dying and rising a gain, as having triumphed over death and the grave—inspiring the triumphant song,—“O, grave where is thy victory; O, death where is thy sting.” Under strong excitement, she exclaimed,—“*O, what a precious prayer.*”

A— Street, visited eleven families. In conversation with Mr. — on the subject of salvation, the shortness of life, and the loud call which the Gospel addressed to all, who knew it, to glorify God,—when we were about to part, he said,—“There is no man in a country like this, who is trying to provide for a small family in the midst of strangers, that has not at times to contend with little trials, and a small sum of money at such a time might be of much service.—Now, you will not be offended with me in regard to what I am going to say: I have two dollars in my pocket, and four at home,—now, if it is of any service to you, I want you to use it—I will not need it for a month or two. I feel indebted to you, for before you visited me, my money was gone; my trade was gone; my character was gone; my health was gone; the peace of my family broken up; and only darkness and despair around my path.” This was a gratifying testimony, but I did not accept of his kind offer. This person appears, so far as man can judge, to have found peace with God; he reads his Bible attentively, and is a regular attender on the means of Grace.

OCTOBER 7.—N— Street. Visited Mrs. M. G. L. Still very poorly; to all appearance stretched on the bed of death; was glad to see me; greedily devouring the Word of Truth. After bringing to her view soul-cheering texts, reading and prayer, fervently recommending this dying yet immortal creature to the sympathy of the Shepherd and Bishop of Souls, I withdrew. She seemed so weak, that I said, when about to leave, “I fear I fatigue you.” “O, no,” she responded, “speak on, I like to hear you in such exercises.” I have reason to hope this daughter of Adam is a child of God.

13th. Visited her again, and found her no better, but visibly approaching the gates of death; but the soul giving symptoms of health—hungering and thirsting after righteousness. When I expressed my fears that I might fatigue her if I continued,—“O no,” she replied, “I could wish you to visit me every day.” Taking leave, I promised soon to see her again; she said, “The Lord be with you.”

26th.—Visited her again; found her fast sinking, but if possible more and more ardent in spirit, drinking in greedily the word of life. When turning to leave, she held up both her hands, and fervently said, “God bless you.” This woman died in November, giving evidence that, so far as man could judge, “she fell asleep in Jesus.”

Visited nineteen families in two small streets near the Don. I was kindly received, but was sorry to find several families, who leave their houses on the Sabbath, and trifle away the hours of that blessed day at the Cemetery or on the Island. I reprov'd them sharply for this sin, and told them that they were expressly commanded by God to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. One man said, “I am convinced that what you say is correct; I am ashamed of my conduct, and am determined to do better.” A woman, professing to belong to the Methodist body, but who had not been to any place of worship for some time said, “I do not wish to spend my Sabbaths at the Island, but I cannot possibly find any other time to go.” “Well,” said her husband, “I think that I can manage after this to take you on a week day, and we will go to our meeting and try to spend our Sabbaths as we used to do.”

P— Street. Visited nine families, and conducted a Prayer Meeting. I met with a very poor woman who was reading one of our Sabbath School Library books. I was surprised to hear her address me by name, as I was not conscious of ever having seen her before. “Well, said she, “although you do not remember me, I remember you; I do not forget your visit to my poor house last summer, for what you said did me good. I sent my little boy to your Sabbath School, where he learned to read the Bible, and there is nothing gives me greater pleasure than to sit down and hear him read it, more especially as I believe his love to it to be increasing.