

of the Society; and for this and other objects comprehended in its plan, the sum of nearly £36,000 is annually expended. Suppose that the ministrations of these three hundred had never furnished to their flocks, the consolations of the truth in Christ, had never proclaimed to them the knowledge of their God—what a painful thought! The number and magnitude of the evils which thus would have been added to the troubles and trials of their laborious life, who can estimate? Few enough at the best are the comforts and joys of a family—the lonely dwellers of the woods, cut off, we may say, from the living world of men, with its innumerable sympathies and enlivening motives, and doomed to the hard service of a prolonged contention for subsistence with a stubborn though not perhaps an ungrateful soil. How many hundreds of families, but for the voice of those crying in the wilderness, and the ministration of the heavenly things which belong to their office, would have faltered in their faith, and sunk from their hopes, and swerved from the ways of God! What prospect could have remained to the pious father of a family, of concluding his days in peace, where there was no church for his children to receive a blessing from the hand of Christ, and give them holy counsel, and lead them as it were, by the hand, through this vale of tears to their last repose in hope that Christ shall come again. How much heavier had been the weight of their chains, how much more melancholy the weariness of their days, and the darkness of their nights, more especially, as year after