

which he mounts and rides away. Many a strained look goes after him, many a prayer breathed for his safety by the partner of his earthly sorrows and heavenly joys till his form is lost in the woods.

Let us follow. It is nine o'clock—the sky is murky, the wind fitful, and drizzling rains descend; the clay roads are saturated with moisture, and are of doughy consistency, into which the beast, at a smart walk, plunges at each step up to the knees. The animal has instinct, and by experience knows that his tread will find bottom somewhere, and so is fearless, though plunging up to the middle of her sides, whilst the rider, ever aron, according to the depth of the clay mud, raises his feet even with the animal's neck, in order to keep his legs from ploughing through the mire.

The man of God is thoughtful. He is analyzing the text he has chosen, arraying it in logical form, and thinking on the practical application which he intends for the peroration. His musings end, and to beguile his weary ride he breaks forth into some pious chant or holy hymn. "I was glad when they said unto me we will go up to the house of the Lord," or "Thine earthly sabbaths Lord we love," and time and fatigue are beguiled; and after a ride of six or seven miles a neat white painted frame church at the edge of a village lately sprung up in the backwoods meets the eye.

Leaving his horse to the care of a rough but clean looking man, dressed in a garb of gray homespun, he proceeds to the church door. Two or three men worn with labor and age are standing at the entrance. After

greeting and shaking hands they enter the little, modest, yet sacred edifice.

The members of the congregation, consisting of some twenty or thirty men and women and half a dozen little children, all turn round to look at the minister when he enters. There is no assuming look of dignity, but on each brow is stamped in characters stubborn, stern, severe, and true, "I own a hundred acre farm, it is paid for, and I owe no man a red cent, and I wont take off my hat to anybody. I am as good as my neighbor, and in many respects ten times better."

And the female worshippers put on an air as if they had taste in dress as well as their city cousins—were much handsomer, more knowing, and could teach them a thing or two.

But all is hushed—the minister has entered the desk, silently prayed, and invited to the solemn worship of God in The Hundredth Psalm, old version. There is no organ, no trained singers, so he has to pitch and start and keep up the tune and singing by himself till the end of the first line, by which time the tune has been caught, and with the absence of all time and tune some dozen voices conclude the Psalm of praise.

Simply, unaffectedly, and yet beautifully, the service is read, responses are echoed back, with genuine though rustic expression, "Graciously hear us oh Christ, Favorably with mercy hear our prayers." The little assembly joining in to the end.

But the minister takes his text, "Love is the fulfilling of the Law." Without effort he speaks of the love of God the Father, the love of God the Son, of the love of Man to God,