

wear out their strength in work, Hugh says ; and if the parson's calling were to be without its perils and toils, it would be less manly than the sailor's, or the shepherd's, or the miner's, or any other workingman's, and therefore less Christian.

Easy things for me to intend ; but not so easy to do, when the peril or the trial comes ! Yet if we are to have the true blessing of our calling, we must go forth to it, Hugh says, not as a paradise, but as a campaign. And then it will be *we*, always *we* ! and that makes all the difference.

Yet how could I bear to take all this happiness if it were to bring loss to mother, if I caught her tender eyes every now and then watching me wistfully, and filling with tears,—and she still so feeble. But this will scarcely take me from her,—not at all at first, for we are to have our home under this dear old roof,—so that it will be all gain to mother and to father, too. And then I have some one to consult about everything. Because (and that is another especial blessing) Hugh knows already all about us all. He has watched mother as anxiously as I have ; and we can plan together about the best way of helping Jack.

Hugh said the other day there is no doubt Mr. John Wesley would recognize mother to be a most saintly woman, if he knew her ; and that he feels sure, if mother knew Mr. John Wesley, his life of labour, his entire devotion to God, his unlimited benevolence and beneficence to man, his attachment to the Church services, she would revere him as next to the Apostles. It is the greatest trial of Reformers, he thinks, that they have often to be blamed and misunderstood by the *good* men and women of their times.

He says if mother had lived in Martin Luther's time she might probably have prayed for him in her convent as a prodigal, whilst living by the very faith he spent his life to proclaim.

One evening, about a fortnight since, Betty, after removing the supper, announced her intention of joining the Methodist Society which met in the village.

Mother said gravely,—

“ You can do as you like, Betty ; indeed, I suppose you *will* do as you like. This new kind of religion seems to make that a necessity for every one.”