

and then were cast down, and she only said very gently,—

"I know such assured peace and such joys have been given to some, Betty, but they were great saints, and I think it was generally just before their death."

"Well, Missis," said Betty, simply, "I am sure I am no great saint, and I don't know that I am like to die, but I know that none but the Lord could give me joy like that, and if it's for me, surely it's for all. And John Nelson says our parsons say so every Sunday."

"The parsons say every Sunday, every one may know their sins are forgiven!" exclaimed mother.

"Every one who repents and believes," said Betty. "Mr. John Nelson made me see how it says in the Prayer Book, 'He pardoneth and absolveth all those who truly repent and unfeignedly believe his Holy Gospel. And if I ever felt anything truly in my life, Missis, I've felt sorry for my sins, and hated them, and they say that is repentance. And if I believe anything in this world, it is that the blessed Lord on the Cross for sinners, and John Nelson says that is the Holy Gospel."

"Now, if the Prayer Book makes you so content, Betty," said mother, shifting her attack, "what do you want with those new-fangled meetings?"

"It's the meetings that make me understand the prayers, Missis," said Betty, persisting.

"I hope you do understand them, Betty, and are not deluding yourself," said mother, and having thus reserved her rights to the last word, she abandoned the contest, and Betty retired.

In the course of the evening, as we were all gathered round the fire, father said,—

"My dear, I would advise you to have no more theological discussions with Betty. She turned your position neatly with her quotations from the Prayer-Book."

Mother coloured a little.

"You know, my dear, we pray every Sunday against schism as well as against heresy, and I am very much afraid of people deluding themselves into a kind of religious insanity with this new religion."

"My dear," said father, "I have seen a good many religions, and not too much religion in the world with all of them together. I am not much afraid of a schism which sends people to church, nor of an insanity which makes them good servants. These are strange times. The Squire told me to-day that they have sent poor John Greenfield to prison, and when I asked him why (for though the poor fellow was a sad drunkard and ill liver in years past, since he has taken up with the Methodists he has been as steady as Old Time), he said, 'Why, the man is well enough in other things, but his impudence is not to be borne. Why, sir, he says he knows his sins are forgiven.' But," continued father, gravely, "there are some old soldiers who might think poor John Greenfield's penalty worth bearing, if they could share his crime."

When father and I were left alone, he said,—

"Kitty, it is a strange world. Here are men who set the whole ten commandments at defiance—imprisoning a good man for confessing his sins and believing they are forgiven. This

morning, when I was out before dawn looking for a stray sheep, I heard a sound of grave, sweet singing; and I found it was a company of poor tinkers, waiting around John Wesley's lodging to get a sermon before they went to their work, and singing hymns till he came out. And here's Betty, with a temper like the Fury, turned saint, and your mother, with a life like an angel's, bemoaning her sins. It's a very strange world, Kitty; but if John Nelson came this way again, I would go and hear him. I'm not clear the stout Yorkshireman mightn't preach as good a sermon as some other people we know."

"Hugh says John Nelson is a wonderful preacher, father," I said; "and some people think Hugh's own sermons are beautiful."

"So, ho! Hugh a Methodist, too!" said father, patting my cheek. "But who said that Hugh's sermons were not beautiful?"

The Hall Farm is honoured at present by a most distinguished guest.

A few days since, Cousin Evelyn announced that it was her royal pleasure to pay us a visit.

"I shall come without a maid," she wrote, "for Stubbs is persuaded that the Cornish people are heathens, who never offer a prayer except that ships may be wrecked on their coasts; that they tie lanterns to mare's tails, to bring about the same result, the poor sailors mistaking them for guiding lights; that when ships are thus wrecked, they murder the crew."

Father shook his head, and said there was too much truth in what the maid said about the Cornish wreckers, to make it a matter for a jest.

And now, Cousin Evelyn has been here only a week, and has conquered every heart in the house.

In the evening we had a long talk, Evelyn and I, in my chamber, before we went to bed.

Evelyn said, "I like you all very much, Kitty, but I am not sure that Betty is not the best and wisest among you, and the greatest friend to me. Aunt Trevelyan spoils me by her tenderness, and Uncle Trevelyan by his courteous deference, and you by your humility. But Betty knows better, and she has given me a bit of her mind, and I have given her a bit of mine. This morning I asked her to teach me to make butter, and she said, 'Mrs. Evelyn, my dear, I'll teach you what I can, although I half think you are after nothing but a bit of play. But before we begin, I must tell you what's been on my mind for some time. You may play, my dear, with Master about his battles, and with Missis at learning to sew, and with me at making butter, if you like, but I can't abide play about religion, and I can't think it's anything else when you talk about Parson Wesley and his wonderful words, with those lappets and feathers, and lace and curls flying about your face, and tripping on your high-heeled red shoes. The Bible's plain; and I marked a text which you'll be pleased to read.'"

"She gave me her great Bible, and I read: 'In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments,' etc. 'But, Betty,' I said, 'I don't wear any tinkling ornaments, nor nose jewels, nor round tires like the moon, nor bells on my toes.'"

"You may smile, Mrs. Evelyn,"

said Betty, very gravely, "but I think it's no laughing matter. If that had been written in our days, my dear, your lappets, and furbelows, and hoop petticoats would have come in, sure enough. And it was written for you and me as sure as if had been written yesterday, so we've got to understand it. But Parson Wesley's sermons are no child's play, my dear," she concluded, "and if you'd felt them tearing at your heart as I have, you'd know it; and till you do, I'd rather not talk about them."

"And what did you say, Cousin Evelyn?" I asked.

"I was angry," said Evelyn, "for I thought Betty harsh and uncharitable, and I said:—"

"I have felt Parson Wesley's words, Betty, and I have learned from him that pride and vanity can hide in other places besides lappets and furbelows. It's a great warfare we're in, and the enemy has wiles as well as fiery darts; and it is not always so sure when we have driven the enemy out of sight that we have defeated him. We may have driven him further in; into the citadel of our hearts, Betty," I said; "and one foe in the citadel is worse than an enemy in the field."

"And what did Betty answer?" I asked.

"She answered nothing," said Evelyn. "She said: 'Young folks were very wise in these days,' and then she began to give me my lesson in making butter. But as I was leaving the dairy afterwards, she said, 'Mrs. Evelyn, my dear, I'm not going to say I've no pride or conceit of my own. Maybe we'd better each look to ourselves.' I gave her hand a hearty shake, and I know we shall be good friends."

(Marginal note.—I noticed after this that throughout her visit Cousin Evelyn wore the soberest and plainest dresses she had.)

Then, after a pause, Cousin Evelyn continued, in a soft and deep tone:

"Cousin Kitty, I no longer wonder at your being the dear little creature you are. I do not see how you could help growing up so good and sweet here, in such a home. I love you all so much! Aunt Trevelyan has just such a sweet, choice aromatic 'odour of sanctity' about her as old George Herbert would have delighted to enshrine in one of his quaint vases of perfume—those dear old hymns of his; a kind of fragrance of fresh rose leaves and Oriental spices, all blended into a sacred incense. And dear Uncle Trevelyan and I, Kitty, have talks I am afraid your mother would think rather dangerous, during those long walks of ours over the cliffs and through the fields. He likes to hear about John Nelson and the Wesleys, and their strong, homely sayings, and their brave daring of mobs, and their patient endurance of toil and weariness. He said one day he had been used to think of religion as a fair robe to make women such as your mother (how he loves her, Kitty!) even lovelier than they were by nature, to be reverently put on on Sundays and holy days and, it was to be hoped, hereafter in Heaven. But of a religion for every day and all day, here and now, to be worn by all and worn into the coarse stuff of every-day life—a religion to be got about a man on the battle-field, and at the mine, and in the fishing boat, he had scarcely thought till he met John Nelson."

We have had a charming little excursion round-part of the coast, father, and Evelyn, and I; and on our way home we were present at one of Mr. Wesley's great field-preachings at Gwennap Pit; and as it came in our way, so that mother could not be grieved, I am so glad that we were there. Because I would not go for the world anywhere to grieve mother, for a religious pleasure, more than for any other pleasure. And although Mr. Wesley's field-preachings are infinitely more than a religious pleasure to Betty and thousands of others, I do not see that they would be so to Cousin Evelyn and me."

We started on two horses, I on a pillion behind father; Evelyn dressed in as sober attire as she could find in her wardrobe, not to attract too much attention. This, as it happened, was a great comfort, as I should not at all have enjoyed her appearing in any dainty attire under Mr. Wesley's penetrating eyes at Gwennap.

How little the ancient miners thought, as they cut deep and wide into the lonely-hillside of Carn Alath, how they were excavating a church for tens of thousands! When we arrived at the place, thousands of people were there already, standing about in groups conversing eagerly, or sitting on the rocks and turf in silence, waiting the arrival of the preacher. Still, more and more continued to stream in—whole families from lonely cottages—on the moors, the mother carrying the baby, and the father leading the little ones, leaving the home empty; companies of miners, with grim faces and clothes, from the mines, fishermen, with rough, weather-beaten faces from the shores. Few of the countenances were dull; many of them were wild, with dark, dishevelled hair; eager, dark eyes; and rugged, expressive features. Evelyn whispered,—

"If I were Mr. Wesley, I would infinitely rather preach to this wild-looking congregation than to a collection of the stony, stolid faces of the midland counties, or to a smooth-faced London audience. There is some fire to be struck out of these eyes. How historical the rugged faces are, Cousin Kitty! Dark stones, I think, written on some of them; but some story written on all. I should have thought John Nelson would have done better than Mr. John Wesley here."

He appeared in his blameless clerical black, with the large silver buckles on his shoes—the little, compact man, with the placid, benevolent face. As he stood, the object of the eager gaze of those untaught thousands, so self-possessed, and clerical, and calm, I almost agreed with Evelyn, and longed for the sturdy Yorkshireman, with his sturvy frame, his ready wit, his plain, pointed sense, his rugged eloquence.

But when he began to speak that wish immediately ceased. The calm, gentlemanly voice; the self-possessed demeanor, made every word come with the force of a word of command. In a few moments every stir was hushed throughout that great assembly. Before the prayer and preaching began, I had been thinking how small a space even these thousands of human beings occupied in the great sweep of hilly moorland! But when the sermon began, and I looked round on the amphitheatre of earnest, intent faces, not the great hills only, but the