quarter of a century among the Cornish boors."

"Captain Trevylyan could not fail to look like a gentleman and a soldier," said his father, Sir John Beauchamp.

I like Sir John's manners far better than Cousin Harry's. He is so grave and courteous, and attends to all I say as if I were a princess, in the old cavalier manner father speaks of; and never swears unless he is very angry with the groom, or the coachman. But Harry spices his conversation with all kinds of scarcely disguised oaths, and interrupts not me only, but his mother and Cousin Evelyn, and is as free and easy as if he had known me all my life.

Yet I think he is good-natured, for once when I coloured at some words he used, he was quite careful for an hour or two. Cousin Evelyn and he had most of the conversation to themselves, although Evelyn was not very talkative. Frequently when I looked at her I found her large dark eyes resting on me, as if she were reading me like a book. Aunt Beauchamp was busied among her furs and perfumes, and seemed every now and then on the point of going into hysterics when the horses dashed round a corner into a village, or the carriage jolted on the rutty road.

In one place, not far from Bristol, she was very much frightened. We had to stop while way was made for us through the outskirts of a large mob who were collected to hear a great preacher called Whitefield. Uncle Beauchamp says he is a wild fanatic, and that the magistrates were not worth their salt if they could not put such fellows down. Aunt Beauchamp said we might as well travel through some barbarous country as be stopped in the King's highroad by a number of dirty colliers, who made the air not fit to breathe.

But as we waited, I could not help noticing how very orderly the people were. Thousands and thousands all hanging on the words of one man, and so quiet you could hear your own breathing! All quite quiet, except that, as I listened, I could hear repressed sobs from some, both men and women, and I saw tears making white channels down many of the sooty faces

And the preacher had such a clear, wonderful voice. He seemed to speak without effort. His whole body, indeed, not only his tongue, seemed moved by the passion in him, but the mighty, musical voice itself flowed easily as if in familiar conversation, and the fine, deep tones were as distinct on the outskirts of the crowd where we stood as if he had been whispering in one's ear. He looked like a clergyman, and the words I heard were very good. He was speaking of the great love of God to us all, and of the great sufferings of our Lord for us all.

I should have liked to stay and listen with the colliers. I never heard music like that voice; yet the words were more than the voice; and oh, the reality is more than the words! It made me feel more at home than any words since mother's last prayer with me; and I should like Hugh Spencer to have been there.

Uncle Beauchamp asked me soon after we had gone on, what made me look so thoughtful.

I said I was wondering if these were like the people they called Methodists in Cornwall, who come together in thousands to hear a clergyman called Wesley preach.

"Are they there, too?" said Uncle Beauchamp. "Confound the fellows, they are like locusts. The land is full of them, but if ever they set their feet near Beauchamp Manor, I shall know how to give them their deserts?"

"They have met their deserts in more places than one, sir," said Harry; and he proceeded to relate a number of anecdotes of Methodist preachers being mobbed, and beaten, and dragged through horse-ponds; which seemed to amuse him very much.

But they made me think again of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."

Suddenly Cousin Harry paused, and said,—

"Cousin Kitty looks as grave as if she were a Methodist herself; and as fierce as if she could imitate the Methodist woman who once knocked down three men in defence of a preacher they were beating."

"I cannot see any fun in hundreds of men setting on one and ill-using him," I said.

"Well said, little Englishwoman," interposed Uncle Beauchamp. "I have no doubt if she did not knock the assailants down, she would have picked the preacher up and dressed his wounds, in face of any mob."

"I hope I should, Uncle," I said.

And since that, Uncle Beauchamp generally calls me his little Samaritan.

But Aunt Beauchamp checked the further progress of the conversation by languidly observing that she thought we had been occupied long enough with colliers, and mobs, and Methodists, and all kinds of unwashed people.

"John Wesley is certainly not that," said Harry. "He looks as neat and prim as a court chaplain."

"Is the fellow a dandy, too?" exclaimed Uncle Beauchamp,—" more contemptible even than I thought."

"Dandy or not," said Harry, combatively, "I have heard he is a gentleman."

It was three days before we reached London. And then I was not so much surprised with it as my cousins wished.

The streets were certainly wider, and the houses higher, and the shops grander, and I saw more sedan chairs, coaches, and magnificent footmen in an hour than I had seen in all my life before. But that seemed to me all the difference. The things man makes seem to me, after all, so very much alike, only a little larger or smaller, or a little richer or poorer.

The great wonder is the people, and that is quite bewildering. Because the stream never ceases flowing, any more than the river or the sea at home.

And so many of the faces look so white and wan and defeated, as if the people had been tossed and broken and beaten back so very often. Only God will not let his human creatures struggle and be tossed about and baffled for nothing. I am quite sure of that.

I wish the preacher I heard near Bristol, Mr. Whitefield, could speak to these poor London crowds. I think he might comfort them. Perhaps he *has* spoken to them, and has helped those who would listen.

The place Aunt and Uncle Henderson live in is called Hackney. I had no idea a merchant's house could be as pretty as this is. Father always spoke of his sister Henderson as "poor Patience," implying that she had lowered herself irremediably by marrying a "tradesman." But I find that Aunt Henderson as commonly speaks of father as "my poor brother," apparently regarding Cornwall as a kind of vault above ground, in which we led a ghostly existence, not strictly to be called life.

And, indeed, as to what are called riches, handsome furniture, and costly clothes, Aunt Henderson is certainly right.

It is very strange to me the idea some of the people in London seem to have, as if the rest of the world were a kind of obscure outskirts of this great town.

Uncle Henderson is a Dissenter.

Mother warned me a little against this. But I find they have their own good books, just as we have, although they are not the same.

Quite a different set of names there are on the book-shelves in the best parlour; Baxter and Howe, and Owen, and a number of tall, old books, bound in calf, which do not look much read, and which seemed to me to go on very much from page to page, with very long paragraphs.

Some of the books, however, seem to me as good as Bishop Taylor, and easier to understand, especially "The Saint's Rest," by Mr. Baxter, and a small book called "The Redeemer's Tears over Lost Souls," by Mr. Howe.

There are also some new hymns, some of which are delightful, composed by Dr. Watts and by Dr. Doddridge.

I do not think mother knows anything of all these good people. She will be pleased when I tell her. It is so pleasant to think how many more good books and men there are and have been in the world than we knew of.

Uncle Henderson, however, does not seem at all pleased with mother's good books. When he asked me one day what we read at home on the Sabbath, and I told him (although mother does not read her religious books only on Sunday), he shook his head very gravely at Bishop Taylor, and said he was very much in the dark, quite an Arminian, indeed, if not a Pelagian, besides his natural shortcomings in common with all Prelatists.

Then I said that mother's principal good book was the Bible, and that I liked it much the best of all.

And Uncle and Aunt Henderson both said,—

"Of course, my dear, no one disputes that."

Neither do I like the service in Uncle Henderson's chapel very much.

At home the sermon was very often beyond my understanding, but then there were always the prayers, and the psalms, and the lessons. But here the prayer seems as difficult as the sermon, and is nearly as long, and all in one piece without break. And when it is done I feel as if I had been only hearing about sacred things instead of speaking to God (although, of course, that is my own fault). The minister does not preach about Socrates and St. Jerome, like our vicar; but somehow or other, when he speaks about God and the Lord Jesus Christ, it seems just the same *as if they had lived in the past*, and made decrees and done great things a long time ago.

And the people do not look interested. They are all, however, handsomely dressed. Aunt Henderson says she has counted five coaches at the door; almost as many, she says, as there are at the church Lady Beauchamp attends at the West End.

I suppose the poor go somewhere else. I should like to know where.

Uncle Henderson says this was quite a celebrated chapel in the days of the old Puritans. The minister used to preach in it, and the people to come to it, at the risk of their lives, or, at the least, of having their ears slit, and being beggared by fines.

I should like to have seen the congregation then. Probably none of them went to sleep. I suppose the poor came there then; and the coaches went somewhere else.

On our way home from the chapel to-day I saw where the poor people go.

It was in a great open space called Moorfields. Thousands of dirty, ragged men and women were standing listening to a preacher in a clergyman's gown. We were obliged to stop while the crowd made way for us. At first I thought it must be the same I heard near Bristol, but when we came nearer I saw it was quite a different-looking man; a small man, rather thin, with the neatest wig, fine, sharply cut features, a mouth firm enough for a general, and a bright, steady eye which seemed to command the crowd. Uncle Henderson said,—

"It is John Wesley."

His manner was very calm, not impassioned like Mr. Whitefield's; but the people seemed quite as much moved.

Mr. Whitefield looked as if he were pleading with the people to escape from a danger he saw, but they could not, and would draw them to heaven in spite of themselves. Mr. Wesley did not appear so much to plead as to speak with authority. Mr. Whitefield seemed to throw his whole soul into the peril of his hearers. Mr. Wesley seemed to rest with his whole soul on the truth he spoke, and, by the force of his own calm conviction, to make every one feel that what he said was true. If his hearers were moved, it was not with the passion of the preacher; it was with the bare reality of the things he said.

But they were moved, indeed. No wandering eye was there. Many were weeping, some were sobbing as if their hearts would break, and many more were gazing as if they would not weep, stir, nor breathe, lest they should lose a word.

I wanted so much to stay and listen. But Uncle Henderson insisted on driving on.

"The good man means well, no doubt," he said, "but he is an Arminian. He has even published most dangerous, not to say blasphemous, things against the immutable divine decrees."

And Aunt Henderson said,—

"It might be all very well for wretched outcasts such as those who were listening, but we, she trusted, who attended all the means of grace, had no need of such wild preaching."

But he was not speaking of the immutable decrees to-day, nor of anything else that happened long ago. He was speaking of the living God, and of the living and the dying soul, of the Saviour dying for lost sinners, of the Shepherd seeking the lost sheep.

And I am so glad, so very glad, the lost sheep were there to hear.

Because in Uncle Henderson's chapel it seems to me there are only the *found* sheep, or those who think they are found; and they do not, of course, want the good news nearly so much, nor, perhaps, on that account, do they seem to care so much about it.

(To be continued.)