

woven into the coarse stuff of every-day life—a religion to be girt 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 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 Math, 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