

clothes; and I want to know how much of this is wrong, and how much is right.

"An opportunity occurred the other day of going to hear Mr. John Wesley preach at the Foundery. The sermon seemed made for me. It was on evil-speaking; and very pungent and useful I found it I assure you.

"Such an angelic face, Kitty!—the expression so calm and lofty, the features so refined and defined, regular and delicate, just the face that makes you sure his mother was a beautiful woman. Yet there is nothing feminine about it, unless as far as an angel's face may or must be partly feminine. Eyes not appealing but commanding; the delicate mouth firm as a Roman general's; self-control, as the secret of all other control, stamped on every feature. If anything is wanting in the face and manner, it seemed to me just that nothing was wanting—that it was too angelic. You could not detect the weak, soft place, where he would need to lean instead of to support. He seemed to speak almost too much from heaven; not, indeed, as one that had not known the experiences of earth (there was the keenest penetration and deepest sympathy in his words), but as one who had surmounted them all. The glow on his countenance was the steady sunlight of benevolence, rather than the tearful, trembling, intermittent sunshine of affection, with its hopes and fears. The few lines on his brow were the lines of effective thought not of anxious solicitude. If I were on a sick-bed in the ward of an hospital, I should bask in the holy benevolent look as in the smiles of an angel; but I do not know that he would (perhaps could) be tenderer if I were his sister at home.

"I should like to hear Mr. Wesley preach every Sunday; he would send me home detected in my inmost infirmities, unmasked to myself, humbled with the conviction of sin, and inspired with the assurance of victory.

"And yet if on Monday I came to ask his advice in a difficulty, I am not quite sure he would understand me. I am not sure that he would not come nearer my heart in the pulpit than in the house; that while he makes me feel singled out and found out, as if I were his only hearer in the crowd, if I were really alone with him I should not feel that he regarded me rather as a unit