

that were hurled down by the winter's storm, partaking of the coarse fare and imperfect shelter of the peasant's hut, and never allowing himself any repose or relaxation, because the ignorance of the poor people who were intrusted to his charge was so great, that nothing but incessant activity on his part could surmount the evils. Mr. Gilly has justly observed, speaking in his character of an English clergyman, "It is well that we should see how hard some of our brethren work, and how hard they live; and that we should discover, to our humiliation, that it is not always where there is the greatest number of preachers that the word takes deepest root."

When his arrival was expected in certain hamlets, whose rotation to be visited was supposed to be coming round, it was delightful to see the cottages send forth their inhabitants, to watch the coming of the beloved minister. "Come take your dinner with us." "Let me prepare your supper." "Permit me to give up my bed to you," were re-echoed from many a voice; and though there was nothing in the repast which denoted a feast-day, yet never was festival observed with greater rejoicing than by those who shared their rye-bread and pottage with the pastor Neff. It was on these occasions that he obtained a perfect knowledge of the people; questioning them about such of their domestic concerns as he might be supposed to take an interest in, as well as about their spiritual condition, and finding where he could be useful both as a secular adviser and a religious counsellor. "Could all their children read? Had they any wants that he could relieve? Any doubts that he could remove? Any afflictions where-in he could be a comforter?"

It was thus that he was the father of his flock, and master of their affections and their opinions; and when the seniors asked for his blessing, and

the children took hold of his hands or his knees, he felt all the fatigue of his long journeys pass away, and became recruited with fresh strength. But for the high and holy feelings which sustained him, it is impossible that he could have borne up against his numerous toils and exposures even for the few months in which he thus put his constitution to the trial.—Neither rugged paths, nor the inclement weather of these Alps, which would change sometimes from sunshine to rain, and from rain to sleet, and from sleet to snow; nor snow deep under foot, and obscuring the view when dangers lay thick on his road; nothing of this sort deterred him from setting out, with his staff in his hands, and his wallet on his back, when he imagined that his duty summoned him. I have been assured by those who have received him in their houses at such times, that he has come in chilly, wet, and fatigued, or exhausted by sudden transitions from excessive heat to piercing cold; and that after sitting down a few minutes, his elastic spirits would seem to renovate his sinking frame, and he would enter into discourse with all the mental vigour of one who was neither wearied nor languid. When he was not resident at the presbytery, he was the guest of some peasant, who found him willing to live as he lived, and to make a scanty meal of soup-meagre, often without salt or bread, and to retire to rest in the same apartment, where a numerous family were crowded together, amidst all the inconveniencies of a dirty and smoky hovel.

But the benevolent pastor of the High Alps was intent upon improving the condition of his people as to physical comfort, at the same time he proclaimed to them the hopes and consolations of religion. His first attempt was to impart to them an idea of domestic convenience. Chimneys and windows to their hovels were