

completing this to waste his energies in calling upon people in a scattered and indefinite manner, here and there and everywhere. Let him have a district allotted of, say, five hundred or one thousand people, of whom he is to take oversight. Let his neighbor minister be invited to take charge of another part of the same town or country. Let the plan be urged and insisted on till every district has its superintending minister. The minister should not attempt to do the whole work himself; he should call on his congregational agency, male and female, to work with him, in setting up Sunday-schools and prayer-meetings, in visiting among the sick and dying.

When the minister knows of a certain family, that they go to a church where the Gospel is preached, he may not interfere with them except to secure their good wishes, and, if possible, their coöperation. But he and his coöperating people should so permeate the parish allotted to him as to know as to every family whether it is attending to the ordinances of religion. On calling at a dwelling, if he is received, he will speak specially to the parents and children plainly and familiarly, but very briefly, and so as to show that he is interested in their welfare. When he is evidently not welcome, let him retire without complaint, and wait for some better opportunity, which in all probability will present itself sooner or later. A member of the family, perhaps a servant, becomes sick and the minister is welcome, is perhaps sent for. A son or daughter of the family goes to his Sunday-school, which he takes care to have well taught, and he may follow the child to his or her home, which by this means is thrown open to him.

I was sixteen years a parish minister in my first charge, with seven hundred members; in my second charge, where I had a colleague, with upwards of fourteen hundred communicants; and I am able to testify how powerful is a parish machinery. In visiting from house to house, I seldom met with a declinature. On one occasion I did; in my rounds I came to a butcher who was cutting up a huge ox. I asked him to give me a few minutes to speak to him, his wife and family. His wife earnestly entreated him to do so. But he answered roughly that he did not wish for such visits; so I had to pass on, but whispered in his ear as I passed, that if ever he was on a bed of sickness he should send for me at any hour of the night or day. A few weeks after, I had a loud knock at my door about two in the morning, and on attending to it I found a young woman who told me that her father (this same butcher) was dying, and wished to see me immediately. In a few minutes I was at his bedside. He apologized for his previous rudeness, adding that I was the only one who ever seemed to care for his soul. I addressed him earnestly, and he listened keenly. He died a few hours after. The news of the incident spread over the whole district, and I never afterwards had a refusal.