

by experience. Among the announcements of the Sabbath would come something like the following: "I shall visit on Tuesday in the townland of Ballymore, and preach in the evening, at seven, at the house of Mrs. Greer." Ballymore contains, say, a dozen families and the neighboring townlands other dozens. A "townland" there would be a district of less than 1,000 acres, divided up among farmers, more or less large and comfortable. The minister on the Tuesday goes from house to house of his families, talking with the parents, catechising, informally and gently, the young ones, praying with the family, and showing a *human* interest in the affairs, labors, and hopes of the household. By six o'clock in the evening he reaches Mrs. Greer's, where "the tea" is ready in *the* room—at least, nearly ready, for the big, burly, solid loaf it is the correct thing to keep entire till the minister cuts it. A pleasant, homely tea over, in which Mrs. Greer and her family find out that the minister is not a bit formidable or terrific, the people begin to come in. The chairs are all arranged; some are borrowed, probably, from the neighbors. The kitchen in Mrs. Greer's one-story, three-roomed house is soon filled, then "the room," then the other room, and the minister stands where most can see and hear, and preaches, talks—for MS., dignified as it is, would be out of place there—explains, advises, exhorts, prays. He has something to say which he had thought out. He is trying to make it plain to the plainest people. The service over, and the minister leaving nearly the last and after much hand-shaking, a couple of young men say, "Are you walking to town, Mr. Hall?" (There, now! I have let out the name; it had no capital D's after it then.) "Yes, of course." "May we go a bit with you?" "Certainly." It was two or three miles, but they had often to be turned back. They learned to know the minister, and he to know them. Old Mrs. Boyd, as she feels her way home, says, "Well, he must be concerned about us to come out this way and preach to us," and she would be in the church the next Lord's day. "Yes," says Farmer Williams, "I think when he takes this trouble on a week-day, it's little enough we should go to him on the Sunday." And he did, and vacant seats were filled up, and country life got the benefit of it, and this particular preacher (and he only did as his brethren did), could solemnly say to-day that never has there been more real enjoyment than in such services.

"Ah! but all this was in old-fashioned Ulster in Ireland," says some American brother. We are different." Well, some conditions are changed; but, my dear Sir, human nature and the blessed truth have not changed, and, adapting yourself to the conditions, you can with the gospel reach hearts and homes in this way not otherwise accessible.

"But we have enough to do otherwise." Well, the congregations referred to were average congregations, with, say, two to four hundred