

of your Aunt Maud who died, and she was a good woman, if ever there was one.'

"So you see, Cousin Kitty, I have little chance of martyrdom.

"My difficulties are from the religious people themselves. There seems to me so much fashion, so much phraseology, so much cutting and shaping, as if the fruits of the Spirit were to be artificial wax fruits, instead of real, living, natural fruits.

"I find it difficult to explain myself. What I feel is, that religious people, no doubt from really high motives, are apt to become unnatural—to lose spontaneousness.

"I do not see this in Mr. Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon, or in Aunt Jeanie, nor, my sweet cousin, in you. Lady Huntingdon is a queen, no doubt; but we must have kings and queens. But it is the *followers* of Mr. Whitefield, the ladies who form Lady Huntingdon's court, that trouble me in this way.

"I feel sometimes in those circles as if I were being put in a mortar and pestled into a sweetmeat; as if all the natural colour in me were being insensibly toned down to the uniform gray; as if all the natural tones of my voice were being in spite of me pitched to a chant, like the intoning of the Roman Catholic priests. It is very strange this tendency all religious schools seem to have towards monotone and uniform, from the Papists to the Quakers. And in the Bible it seems to me, there is as little of it as in nature.

"The following of Christ is freedom, expansion, and growth. The following of his followers is copying, imitation, contraction. And it is to the following of Christ, close, *always*, with nothing and no person between, that we are called, all of us, the youngest, the weakest, and meanest. You and I, Kitty! as well as Lady Huntingdon, and Mr. Whitefield, and Wesley, and St. Paul.

"And Christ our Lord, if we yield ourselves honestly, wholly to Him, will develop our hearts and souls from within, *outward* and upward from the root, which is *growing*; instead of our having to trim and clip them from outside inward, which is *stunting*. He will give to each seed 'His own body.' Is it not true, Kitty? I want very much to have a talk with you, for I cannot find other people's thoughts and ways fit me, any more than their