

says he knows his sins are forgiven.' But," continued father, gravely, "there are some old soldiers who might think poor John Greenfield's penalty worth bearing, if they could share his crime."

When father and I were left alone, he said,—

"Kitty, it is a strange world. Here are men who set the whole ten commandments at defiance—imprisoning a good man for confessing his sins and believing they are forgiven. This morning, when I was out before dawn looking for a stray sheep, I heard a sound of grave, sweet singing; and I found it was a company of poor tanners, waiting around John Wesley's lodging to get a sermon before they went to their work, and singing hymns till he came out. And here's Betty, with a temper like the Furies, turned saint; and your mother, with a life like an angel's, bemoaning her sins. It's a very strange world, Kitty; but if John Nelson came this way again, I would go and hear him. I'm not clear the stout Yorkshireman mightn't preach as good a sermon as some other people we know."

"Hugh says John Nelson is a wonderful preacher, father," I said; "and some people think Hugh's own sermons are beautiful."

"So, ho! Hugh a Methodist, too!" said father, patting my cheek. "But who said that Hugh's sermons were *not* beautiful?"

The Hall Farm is honoured at present by a most distinguished guest.

A few days since, Cousin Evelyn announced that it was her royal pleasure to pay us a visit.

"I shall come without a maid," she wrote; "for Stubbs is persuaded that the Cornish people are heathens, who never offer a prayer except that ships may be wrecked on their coasts; that they tie lanterns to mare's tails, to bring about the same result, the poor sailors mistaking them for guiding lights; that when ships are thus wrecked, they murder the crew."

Father shook his head, and said there was too much truth in what the maid said about the Cornish wreckers, to make it a matter for a jest.

And now, Cousin Evelyn has been here only a week, and has conquered every heart in the house.