

not that we loved him, but that he loved us, and manifested it to us that when we were sinners Christ died for the ungodly. And in conclusion exhorts them that having confidence in their Saviour they would shew their faith in Him by keeping His commandments from a spirit of love, not fear, for perfect love casteth out all fear, being fervent in spirit, diligent in business, serving the Lord, doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God.

The sermon ended, a lame old man takes his battered hat, into which is thrown the cent or three cent pieces of the people, amounting all told to fifty or sixty cents, which is to go towards the salary of the minister, which they call the minister's wages.

But service is over, and the minister is invited to dine. He walks with his host, enters his log shanty, the table is spread; two piles of nice white steaming potatoes, and one pile which from its savory smell proves to be the disjointed limbs and morsels of two or three geese, smoke on the uncovered board. The family is seated, the blessing invoked, and the minister with politeness asked to partake and make free, "Help yersel or I'll be hanged if anybody else will."

The minister sticks his fork into the most inviting portion nearest—two huge potatoes in like manner are next secured, and so the minister dines, concluding his repast with a cup of strong hot green tea without milk or sugar. Dinner is ended. The horse is in waiting; no time to lose. The next station is ten miles distant, and service commences at half-past two. Away the minister goes—the horse

tries a trot and the mud flies, well bespattering the rider.

The next station is reached; there is no church, but some more aspiring denomination has erected a handsome building which is kindly lent. The congregation is more aristocratic, the air of the city swell is assumed by the youth, and the village girl puts on the dress and air of the city belle—and is fonder of show. She has been to school, can sneer at things for which she has no taste, ridicule things which she cannot comprehend, and talk against things which she cannot understand. The service is solemnly read, four or five stand or kneel and join in the responses, the rest of the congregation, from twenty to a hundred, sit still and stare with vacant looks at the preacher as they call him.

An extemporaneous sermon is delivered—Faith, Hope and Charity are described—evidences of true Christian life. In walking home, free talk, plenty of criticism—very liberal views, good discourse,—almost as simple and intelligible as our own minister. But what was the meaning of those four people bobbing up and down? I thought people are commanded in the Bible to stand whilst they pray and sit whilst they sing.

The minister is invited to tea—a little toast and the last village scandal introduced. He eats, wonders and judges. But he must away; nine weary miles, partly in the dark, have to be ridden to a village of wooden huts or log shanties. The inhabitants of that desolate looking, dreary like place are, at least in their own estimation, awfully smart, but they have, too, the character of being desperate-