

township. We went with our landlord first to one, and then, in the afternoon, to the other. Each service lasted about seventy minutes, and they were so arranged that the first began at half-past ten, and the second ended at two o'clock, for the convenience of the country people, who came in vehicles of all kinds, many of them from great distances. The reading, singing, and preaching would certainly not suffer by comparison with the average service in rural districts in churches of the Establishment in England. The discourse of the Methodist, delivered fluently without notes, and with much earnestness, kept his hearers awake; and once, when my own thoughts were wandering, they were suddenly recalled to the pulpit by the startling question—whether, if some intimate friend, whom we had lost, should return to us from the world of spirits, his message would produce more effect on our minds than did the raising of Lazarus on the Jews of old? He boldly affirmed that it would not. I began to think how small would be the sensation created by a miracle performed in the present day in Syria and many Eastern countries, especially in Persia, where they believe in the power of their own holy men occasionally to raise persons from the dead, in comparison to its effect in New England; and how readily the Jews of old believed in departures from the ordinary course of nature, by the intervention of evil spirits or the power of magic. But I presume the preacher merely meant to say, and no doubt his doctrine was true, that a voice or sign from Heaven would no more deter men from sinning, than do the clear dictates of their consciences, in spite of which they yield to temptation.

In the evening I walked on a roofed wooden bridge, resembling many in Switzerland, which here spans the Pemigewasset, and the keeper of it told me how the whole river is frozen over in winter, but the ice being broken by the falls above, does not carry away the bridge. He also related how his grandfather, who had lived to be an old man, had gone up the river with an exploring party among the Indians, and how there was a bloody battle at the forks above, where the Indians were defeated, after great slaughter on both sides.

On entering the stage coach the next morning, on our way