LOOKING FORWARD

A NOVEL FOR THE TIMES

HUGH PEDLEY

LOOKING FORWARD

" Fergus McCheyne," murmured the Doctor, " and none other."

(See page 80)

Frontispiece from Original Painting
by G. Horne Russell.

LOOKING FORWARD

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF THE
REV. FERGUS McCHEYNE

By
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THIS BOOK

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

(By permission of relatives)

TO

THE LATE DR. GEORGE M. GRANT

Principal of Queen's University

THE LATE DR. S. S. NELLES

Principal of Victoria University

THE LATE DR. J. F. STEVENSON

Principal of the Congregational College of Canada

Men whose intellectual and spiritual altitude gave to their eyes the vision far and wide

AND ALSO TO

THE LATE DR. WILLIAM CAVEN

Principal of Knox College

Whose words of insight and foresight at a critical moment of the first meeting of the Joint Committee of the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational Churches were uttered with such firmness of conviction, such lucidity of language, and such evident obedience to an inward guiding as made it impossible for those who listened to do aught else than take the forward step

PREFACE

It is but right that a few words should be said in reference to the subject of this book, and the method adopted for the presentation of that subject.

The subject is that of Church Union in Canada. For some years this has been so far in the field of practical politics that a definite Basis of Union for the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational Churches has been presented to these churches, and is now being earnestly discussed. What is to be the immediate outcome of this discussion no one can at this moment foresee, but the very existence of it is an evidence of serious dissatisfaction with the old order of things. There is a feeling, wide-spread and deep-seated, that our Protestant life needs to be reorganized in order to express the growing catholicity of spirit, and to grapple more efficiently with the problems presented by our modern life. There are at least three definite objects to be secured by such a reorganization—the consolidation of theological training, the building up in the large city of a parish system which will make a given church primarily responsible for a given district, and the removal of the scandal of a divided church in the small community. These objects have been kept distinctly in view in the writing of this book.

For the method adopted I am, of course, indebted to Edward Bellamy's book, "Looking Backward." Whatever opinion may be held of Bellamy's views,

no one can doubt the efficacy of his method in bringing these views to the notice of the world. To be sure, my dream is on a much narrower scale, and with a far less ambitious reach than his. That took in the entire sphere of human life; mine has to do with but a segment of that sphere. That contemplated a perfect social order; mine is content with an improved ecclesiastical situation. That beheld a new heaven and a new earth; mine looks for a Canada made better because a little more of heaven has entered into its life. It may be that the loss in dramatic completeness will be matched by a gain in immediate practicability.

Of course the book is imaginative in its structure. It is a story with a purpose, and the main outline of it has been in my mind for several years. There is this to be said, however, that an honest attempt has been made to keep its details as close to facts as possible, and always in the domain of the more or less approximately probable. The chapter in Book III entitled "Elsie's Story" is an endeavour to bring into a single field of vision a number of those offences and heroisms that may be found imbedded in the annals of the average small community in Canada. When we come to what some might consider the fantastic element in the book, a careful consideration will show that even this is not to be contemptuously dismissed. That a prolonged suspension of the vital functions is one of the things not to be thought incredible is evident from such an item as the following, taken from the 1890 edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica:

"Many curious cases have been recorded by Mr. Braid in his small treatise on *Human Hibernation* published in 1850, the most celebrated of which is that of a fakir who was actually buried alive at Lahore in 1837, in the presence of Runjeet Singh and Sir Claude Wade, and who was dug up and restored to consciousness several months afterwards, after every precaution had been taken to prevent any one from disturbing the grave in the interval."

I am free to confess, however, that in speaking of an arrest of the action of the heart I have sought dramatic impression by straining probability very close to the breaking point.

That a regular system of aerial navigation is quite possible is apparent from the fact that at the present moment a partial passenger service is at work in Germany, while for scouting and military purposes the conquest of the air is already an accomplished fact.

Before bringing these prefatory remarks to a close there are some words of acknowledgment to be spoken.

The formal dedication of this book is an "In Memoriam" of the beloved dead, but there is one among the living whose name cannot well be omitted from any work dealing with the great subject of Christian Union in Canada. I refer to Dr. H. Symonds, of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, who has been so kind as to read the manuscript of the book, and, while not acting as sponsor for all the details, to adjudge it as worthy of publication. My own hope is that the work, in spite of its limitations, may have some part in forwarding the cause whose

banner he has held aloft with an unfaltering hand for many years.

I wish also to thank my old teacher and friend, Rev. James Roy, M.A., LL.D., for his assistance in reading the proof, and other friends whose sympathy and counsel have had much to do with the issuing of the book.

Montreal, 1913.

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Book I.

THE OLD ORDER

"For while one saith, I am of Paul; and another, I am of Apollos; are ye not carnal?"—1 Cor. 3: 4.

"Truth indeed came into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect-shape most glorious to look on; but when he ascended and his Apostles after him were laid asleep then strait arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the *Egyptian Typhon* with his conspirators how they dealt with the good *Osiris*, took the virgin Truth, hew'd her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that *Isis* made for the mangl'd body of *Osiris* went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them."—*John Milton.*

"The spirit of church union is in the air. It is the spirit of the age. It has operated and is certain to continue operating along the line of least resistance. Its first triumphs in Canada were the unification of the various Presbyterian Churches and subsequently the unification of the various Methodist Churches. Its next and more important triumph, I believe, will be the union of the Congregational, Presbyterian and Methodist Churches. The union of that body with the Episcopal Church will doubtless follow and we shall have, as the result, a great free Protestant Church such as the Reformers of the sixteenth century hoped for. Bliss were it then to be alive."—*Principal Grant in 1888.*

LOOKING FORWARD

CHAPTER I.

From His Youth Up.

It is the spring of 1902 in the city of Montreal. There are still remnants of snow in the streets, especially those in the suburbs. Mounds, once high and of a glistening white, but now shrunken and black, fringe the sidewalks, and between these mounds is a wide gutter of filth. On the mountain-slopes little streams have begun to flow, giving back the flash of the sunlight, and making the air musical with their exulting babble. At the city's feet is the great river, its white, frost-bound bosom bidding silent, impassive defiance to the forces of the spring. It is the time of nature's transition, and over all the motley scene there broods the spirit of expectation.

In a fairly comfortable house near the outskirts of the city the Reverend Fergus McCheyne is seated in an easy-chair. The room in which he sits is his study. Just off it is his bedroom, and at one side of that is a small room which, seen through the half-open door, gives suggestions of either a chemist's laboratory, a druggist's prescription room, or a combination of both. Taken altogether, these rooms might suggest that the tenant is a bachelor, and that in his intellectual pursuits he has two mistresses, Theology and Science. At any rate they incline you to the belief

that it is worth your while to look at him and make his acquaintance.

Our first glance at the man reveals to us several facts. First of all he is young; one might guess a year or two on the sunny side of thirty. In the second place he is by no means ill to look upon. He is of a fair height. There is a squareness of the shoulder and a roundness of the thorax that tell of muscular force, and a full development of the vital organs. If you were to look carefully at his hands you would see that there was a broadening at the finger-tips and a wrinkling of the knuckles indicating an acquaintance with severe manual labour. When you come to the face and head you will not be content with the first glance. You will desire a more extended study. For it is a very good face, a very wise face, a very strong face, a face that speaks of high ideals, careful thinking, and bold resolution. It matters little whether the eyes be blue or brown, whether the nose be straight or aquiline, whether the chin be protuberantly aggressive or squarely resolute, whether the brow have Gladstonian breadth or Tennysonian height, so long as our eyes tell us that we are looking upon a man, a genuine, downright man. But in the third place there is a certain air of unrest and dissatisfaction about him that sets us wondering, and makes us desirous to know a little more about him.

He was born in that section of country that lies near the base of the triangle that has for its sides the St. Lawrence River from St. Anne de Bellevue to Prescott, and the Ottawa River from the same St. Anne to the city of Ottawa. Parts of this district

were settled by Scotch people at a comparatively early date, and a long-continued lack of railway facilities rendered them to a large extent immune from the movements of modern thought. It is not surprising, therefore, that there were Presbyterian congregations whose customs were an exact copy of the Scottish life from which they were drawn, and that there were Presbyterian ministers whose theology was a very faithful reflection of that of Knox, Buchanan, and Melville. It was in one of these communities that the subject of this narrative was born. His father, the Rev. Robert McCheyne, was the minister of a parish that had its centre in the village of Cairntable, and its circumference at a radius of four or five miles from the centre. In this district Mr. McCheyne was the dominating personality. There were other men, of course, for whom the people had a measure of respect. There was the school teacher, the township reeve, the member of the County Council, the gentleman whom the free and independent electors had chosen as their representative at Ottawa; these all were paid the respect that is due to subordinate dignities. But for the minister was reserved a reverence that was almost worship. Other men might come and go, rise and fall, but he was the one fixed, majestic figure in the community. The aged people, the men and women in the meridian of life, the young men and maidens, the little children, knew no wiser, no greater, no more godly man in all the world than this minister of theirs. His wife was a true mate to him. His theology was hers, his ways were her ways, and in all his loves and hates she was a full participant.

In such a home was the young Fergus born. From earliest dawn of intelligence he began to absorb its influence. The church where psalms were sung without choir or instrument, and both sermon and prayer were unstinted in length; the Bible with its absolute inerrancy from cover to cover; the Shorter Catechism with its incisive questions and sonorous answers; the Sabbath with its absolute separation from all worldly influences; the Presbyterian order with its stiff rooting in the past, and its bold appeal to the Scripture; these were elements that entered into the fashioning of the young lad's life. He was brought up in an atmosphere supercharged with religious sentiment and tradition.

But another factor had its place. This was the school with its little world of boy and girl life. Up till his fifteenth year he attended summer and winter. After that age the summer was given to work on the farm of one of his father's elders, and the winter to attendance at a high school some twenty miles away. Here he proved himself an apt scholar, and at seventeen years of age was pronounced fit to try the matriculation examination for McGill. That was a great day in his life when he went to Montreal for the first time and on so momentous an errand. His stay was short, and the time was fully occupied with his examinations, but he saw enough of the city and its moving life to stir the hope that the way might one day open for a longer stay. Very anxious were the days that followed his return home. The daily paper, as soon as it came in, was scrutinized in the hope that the results had been published, but disappointment followed disappointment. I wonder if examiners un-

derstand how tedious the passage of time appears to young hearts upon the rack. At last, at last, however, the looked-for paper arrived. The father sat in his chair with an air of fathomless imperturbability; the mother affected a special interest in a letter or two that had come by the same mail; a younger brother, in whom the spirit of mischief had been less repressed than in the older ones, snatched the paper and darted with it under the sofa. Finally it was recovered and spread out upon the table. Some four or five pairs of eyes were fixed upon the columns. There was a big heading, "Matriculation Results," then a sub-heading, "Passed. (In alphabetical order.)" From the letter A downwards the glances of the four or five pairs of eyes followed swiftly until in the middle of the column they all paused. A shout went up, "McCheyne," and the shrill voice of eight-year-old Donald was heard, "Oh, Fergie, ye'r passed!" There was a slight movement of the father's rugged face, and a sound as of the clearing of the throat. The mother dropped the letter, and gazed upon her son with glistening eyes. Then the four or five pairs of eyes were again fixed upon the paper. There were other sub-headings—the subjects, and under each the names of the candidates in order of merit. Wild became the excitement sparkling in those four or five pairs of eyes when they discovered that, out of nine subjects in all, Fergus was at the top of the list in four, in the first class in three more, and twice in the second, his name never appearing in the third class. And the excitement came to its height when, in the summing up of the results, he was at the head of the whole class.

The boys and girls danced and shouted, the mother drew her son's face towards her own in loving embrace, and actually the father, the "Meenister," the Jupiter of the pulpit and the judge of all the parish, took his son's hand and said,

"Fergie, my son, I'm proud o' ye."

That night settled the lad's future. To college he must go, cost what it might, and in such a home going to college was equivalent to going into the ministry. It does not fall within the scope of this book to follow the young man's progress step by step through the University, and then through the Theological College. Suffice it to say that the career, so auspiciously begun, was one of undimmed brightness and abounding success. Fergus took first-class honours in McGill, and was at the top of his class in the Presbyterian College. But, as he prepares himself for ordination, and the choice of a field, there are a couple of biographical notes to be made, one of them relating to his intellectual life, the other having to do with the more emotional side of his nature.

It is not easy to realize all that it means to an honest, clear-thinking, truth-loving soul to pass out of the guarded fold of traditional faith into the broader realms of restless inquiry and varying belief. We have gained some idea of the atmosphere in which McCheyne's childhood and youth were spent. Everything was fixed and settled. The Presbyterian order was the one true model for the Church of God. The Presbyterian Creed was the final statement of the Christian faith. The Presbyterian theory and practice as to the keeping of the Sabbath might not be questioned. The Presbyterian antagonism to the

novel and the stage had behind it all the authority of the Word of God. Now Montreal is not a wildly radical community. McGill University is not earmarked by Rationalism and Materialism. The Presbyterian College is not to be classed with a Harvard Divinity School or the lecture-room of a German theological faculty. The churches of Montreal are not characterized by either iconoclasm in theology or sensationalism in worship. And yet the change from the quiet country parish to the varied life of the city was bound to have a disturbing effect upon a mind that had lived in unbroken serenity, and in the atmosphere of established order and settled convictions. New points of view were certain to be gained, and new habits of thought to be formed. One side of the change was the effect upon McCheyne's attitude towards other churches. Till he came to Montreal he had never been in any church but his father's. He had been trained to look askance upon other religious bodies. Methodism was a syllabub of hysterical enthusiasm and theological blunders. Congregationalism was the expression of an audacious and perilous freedom. Episcopacy was but a masquerading robe of ritual thrown over an unspiritual and worldly life. But in the city his eyes were opened to certain facts, and among these not the least significant was this, that these people, whom he had known only at a distance and through the mists of prejudice, were after all not such appalling monsters. By an intercollegiate arrangement he found himself taking lectures from a Congregational professor who seemed to be quite a sane and well-balanced individual. In his McGill

philosophy course he was thrown into close contact with a Methodist student whose intellectual vigour he was able to test in more than one keen discussion, not over the five points of Calvinism, but over the legitimacy of the Ritschlian philosophy. And, further, in undertaking work among boys in the rougher parts of the city, he found himself put to shame by the self-denial and spiritual energy of a young fellow from one of the Anglican churches. With such experiences as these it was inevitable that his prejudices should be modified, and his views on the church be greatly enlarged.

The second factor to which reference has been made was not without its connection with this new state of mind. He spent his last Christmas vacation at home. His father's church had so far yielded to the spirit of the times as to have a Christian Endeavour Society, and was called upon to send delegates to a convention to be held in the nearest town. It was natural that the Society should desire the glory of having the brilliant student as one of its representatives, and that it should strain its constitution just a little bit to have him appointed. He went. The programme of that convention does not concern us, but there was one item that proved of very special interest to Fergus. Among the young women who read papers was one whose production and whose personality powerfully arrested the attention of McCheyne. What he noted first was her physical attractiveness. She was of fair height, and had a form of perfect symmetry. Her movements were easy and graceful. Her features were sufficiently though not icily regular, while the eyes pos-

sessed a certain deep and haunting lustre of their own. Her complexion had a softness and subtle bloom seldom found on cheeks that have been scorched by Canadian summers and furnace-dried by Canadian winters. What Fergus noted next was the quality and intonation of her voice. It came from her throat in a full, golden stream of sound, shaping itself into syllables and words that were pronounced with a wonderful correctness and charm. And, last of all, this young student, who was just beginning to feel the effect of the world's wide intellectual impulse, found himself amazed and enthralled by the revelation the paper made of thorough culture and of personal contact with the best. "Who can that be?" he asked himself, and he set out to find the answer.

About the only information he could glean was that she was the daughter of the new Methodist minister whose circuit had made exasperating inroads upon his father's parish. In fact, the successive incumbents of the circuit, whoever they might be, were looked upon as an insult to the old pastor, and an infringement of his spiritual sovereignty. Fergus himself had formerly shared this feeling, though now, of course, he was beginning to see its unreasoning folly. The old prejudice being removed, it was natural that he should try to learn more concerning this fair outlander. It was not difficult to obtain an introduction, nor is it surprising that before long there should be some degree of self-revelation. He had his curiosity about her. She had her curiosity about him. What more natural than that each should endeavour to gratify

that curiosity? He was not more astonished to find that she was the daughter of a country Methodist minister than she to discover that this young fellow, so wide in his sympathies, and intellectually so well equipped, was the son of the iron-clad Boanerges of the Presbyterian pulpit. Confidence leading to confidence, Fergus learned that the young lady's father had had a position of some prominence in England, that in her own home she had met with men and women of light and leading not only of her own church, but of others; that through the kindness of a relative she had had exceptional educational advantages, and, finally, how great a wrench it had been when a break-down in health brought her father to Canada, and she had to say farewell to so much that she had loved and prized.

The Convention came to a close. No doubt it served as a spiritual stimulus on those who attended, but it had other effects, too. Such meetings always do. There are certain by-products that can by no means be neglected. The acquaintance between these two was one of them. Was it to go any further? It would if the young people were left to themselves. But Fergus, at least, feared they would not be so left, and it was not long before his fears were justified. A day or two after his return to the manse he asked his father if he were going to use the horse and cutter.

"Would you be wanting them?" asked the father.

"Yes, for an hour or two," was the reply.

"And where will ye be going?" was the next inquiry.

"Oh, just for a bit of a drive," was the answer.

The father asked no further questions, but Fergus had a feeling that he had been deceiving his father even as Jacob did. On his way to the back door he had to pass his mother in the kitchen. She, too, had her question.

"And where will ye be going?"

"Oh, just for a drive."

"Would ye not like to take Elsie with you?" she said.

"Oh, I think I'd better not. She's not ready, and anyway it looks like a storm."

With that he suddenly closed the conversation and went out to the barn, but he carried with him the same feeling of not having been perfectly frank. Of course, we know where he was going, but his parents had to be content with vague surmises. This is apparent from the conversation that followed his departure.

"I'm wondering," said the minister's wife, "who's taking him off to-day."

"Oh," replied the husband, "he went along the road west. He's probably gone to have a chat with Elder Black's son."

"Tut!" said the good wife; "more like Elder Black's daughter, though I don't know what he'd see in her. She's a good enough lass, but hardly the kind for him. Perhaps she's not the one at all, but it's Miss Grant, the new teacher. I saw them talking at the church door last Sabbath."

"Why, mother," said the minister, "you seem to have made up your mind that it's a maid and not a man he's gone to see."

"Certainly."

"And why?"

"It's the first time he ever went out that door without being willing to tell where he was going."

"And what does that signify?"

"Oh, Robert, such a question! Do you forget how you felt when you began to come and see me?"

"Yes, but, mother, that's a good while ago now."

"Nevertheless it's not a thing a man should forget."

The minister made no reply to this last shot, but went on with his writing, while his wife turned back to her work. He gave the matter no further thought, but she ceased not to turn it over in her mind. A woman's curiosity, and a mother's solicitude, made her keenly desirous to know who was the object of this mysterious solitary drive, and she made up her mind to wheedle it out of her son. A little while after dark he returned, and after supper sat for awhile with the family, and then went to his own room, saying he had a letter or two to write. The mother saw that there was some new interest at work in his mind, and her curiosity became all the more eager. Passing his room after the rest of the family had settled down for the night, she saw a gleam of light through the chinks, and, tapping at the door, entered the chamber.

"Well, Fergie," she said, "I've come to bid ye good-night."

"Yes, mother," he replied, "it'll not be long now that you can do that. Two days more, and I'm off to Montreal."

"That's true," she said. "And what kind of a day have ye had? Did ye have a pleasant drive?"

"Oh, yes; the storm held off fine."

"And how did ye find the Blacks?"

"The Blacks! What put that into your head? I was never near the Blacks."

"Then it was the new teacher ye wanted to have a talk with?"

"The new teacher! What would I want to talk with her for?"

"Now, Fergie," coaxed the mother, "don't keep your mother guessing this time of night. Who was it ye went to see?"

Fergus hesitated, grew red in the face, and then, with a violently assumed air of indifference, gave the answer.

"It was Miss Atherton, the Methodist minister's daughter. You know I met her at the Convention, and promised to make a call."

All the coaxing and the wheedling vanished from the mother's manner. There was a perceptible paling of the face and sharpening of the features. She acted like one who has received a blow. Then, without any further parleying, she went to the heart of the matter.

"The Methodist minister's daughter! Oh, Fergie, what would you be doing with the likes of her? You know how your father feels, and how I feel, about these Methodists. What have we in common with them? They are all wrong in their doctrines, and what little religion they have is all sentiment and shouting. My lad, if you want to break your father's heart, then get mixed up with the Methodists. And then, as if their religion wasn't foolish enough, they are nearly all of them those poor, havering, con-

ceited English folk; and how could a lad with the good Scotch blood in his veins feel any drawing in that direction?"

"Yes, but, mother," replied the son, "you're taking this matter all too seriously. It's an awful fuss you are making over a bit of an innocent call."

"Perhaps so, my lad," was her answer, and then, falling back into the Scotch vernacular, she continued, "ye ken weel eneuch that ae step ower the brae and ye're sune at the fit o' the hill."

With this warning note she turned away, leaving her son with a very clear perception of the rupture that would take place should his heart's affections be permitted to wander beyond the Presbyterian fold. That step he was not prepared to take, and he sternly set himself to master the feelings that had been so deeply stirred by the young English girl's remarkable personality.

It will require but a few sentences to tell of his fortunes the next couple of years. He graduated in theology in the spring, offered himself for work in the West, spent one year and part of another in a town of three hundred people who worshipped in three separate churches, got tired of the meanness and triviality of sectarian competition, and accepted a call to one of the churches of Montreal. This is, in brief, his biography up to the time that our story opens. We left him a short time ago in his study, and now, after this brief excursion into his past, we come back to him in the same place.

CHAPTER II.

A Perplexed Pastor.

When we last looked at Fergus McCheyne we noticed an air of unrest and dissatisfaction. Why should this be? This man has youth, health, culture, physical comfort; why should he be perturbed? What is the cause of his perplexity? There are at least three elements contributing to his mood, distinct from each other, and yet closely allied, in fact all having a common root.

The first disturbing factor is a conversation he has just been having with one of the senior students in the Presbyterian College. The young fellow, an unusually keen student, an honor man in Philosophy, a prize winner in the department of Historical Criticism, and a man with an exceptionally high ethical standard, was in trouble over the question of ordination to the ministry, a question he was soon to face in a practical way. His name was Hugh Falconer, and he had been attracted by McCheyne's ministry,—its sympathy, its note of modernity and its unquestionable intellectual force; and it was a tribute to McCheyne's hold upon him that he should have come to him in his perplexity. It was that very afternoon that Falconer had talked the matter over with him, and his pastor was humiliated and sore to think that he had gone away with so little help. The whole interview rose before him again. There had been a

brisk step on the stair, a sharp rap at the door, and at the usual "Come in" the door had opened and Falconer appeared.

"Good morning, Falconer," said the minister, "What brings you here so early in the afternoon?"

"Oh, I have been having a talk with the Moderator of the Presbytery, and he is anxious to set the date for the meeting of the Presbytery to license the men of our class for the ministry."

"I don't see," said McCheyne, "what I have to do with that. It ought to be easily enough arranged. Anyway, it is quite in the hands of the Presbytery."

"It's not a matter of date that's troubling me," replied the other. "It's the ordination itself. The more I think of it the more I shrink from giving my pledge of adhesion to the Confession of Faith. That it is a fine old document, I freely admit, but it represents an approach to truth that we have long given up, and I don't feel at all comfortable over the idea of subscription. I admire the men who prepared the Confession, but what right have they to be my intellectual and spiritual masters?"

"Well, but," said McCheyne, "you know it is generally understood that it is only in a very general way that our men generally accept the creed."

The speaker suddenly stopped. He was apparently confused and surprised by the curious turn the sentence had taken, and before he had time to generalize any further Falconer broke in with the question:

"Why use a creed, then, that has to be dealt with in such a loose fashion? Would it not be possible to frame something more representative of the thought

of the day, and, even then, leave men a large measure of freedom in defining their relations to it?"

"That's a good live question," was the reply, "and if there should ever come about a general readjustment of the forces of the Church in Canada something very definite would have to be done. You know there is talk of a union of Methodists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists, and you may be sure that such a union could not be consummated without a revision of the whole matter of creed and creed subscription."

"That may be," said Falconer, "but it will be years before any such blessed change can take place, and I have to settle this question inside of two weeks. I hope you will not think me impertinent if I ask how you managed to get over the difficulty. That's a point that has puzzled me. You are modern, you are fearless, you are honest; and yet you must have subscribed."

"Yes," was the response, "but mine was a modified subscription."

"What! is that permissible?"

"It was in my case. You know I was ordained in Manitoba. The Moderator of the Presbytery of Blind River was himself a comparatively young man and quite abreast of modern thought. He and I had had many a chat and we understood each other thoroughly. So, when he put to me the question, 'Do you believe the Westminster Confession of Faith as adopted by this Church in the Basis of Union to be founded on and agreeable to the Word of God, and in your teaching do you promise faithfully to adhere thereto?' I looked him in the face and said, 'Yes,

quite as fully as you do, Mr. Moderator.' I confess it was a sharp corner to turn, and I drew a long breath when I found myself on the other side."

"But there's no such luck for me," said Falconer, lugubriously. "Old Dr. Provan is my Moderator, and it would be small relief to my conscience to give that answer to *him.*"

McCheyne, having no further light to shed on the question, the young man went away no wiser than he came. This vexed the minister, and aroused that latent feeling of rebellion against existing church conditions from which, for a considerable time, he had never been entirely free. He had had his dream of a larger church with a simpler creed, a more intelligible message, a wider realization of Christian brotherhood, and, the dream taking fuller possession of his nature, he was sensitive and irritable over the conditions under which he was compelled to work. This mood asserted itself after Falconer's departure, and was by no means allayed or changed when another visitor announced himself with a rap at the door.

"Come in," said McCheyne, a little bit sharply.

The door opened, and in came Basil Manthorpe, the young rector of the Anglican parish in which McCheyne's own church was situated. Manthorpe was a fine fellow with a kindly disposition, a devout spirit, and an ecclesiastical attitude somewhat confused. For him, the air was filled with various voices that rose and fell in alternating appeal. As these voices had their origin not in Canada but in the old land, it is not surprising that when they reached Manthorpe they had upon him the somewhat weird and startling effect produced by an echo.

There were Tractarian voices, Evangelical voices, and Modernist voices. Sometimes one sound was in the ascendant, sometimes another. When the Tractarian voice was dominant, then Manthorpe found his soul moving out towards a service rich in symbolism, a priesthood rigidly held within the lines of apostolic descent, and a Church whose kinship with Rome was of far more consequence than its relationship to the Reformation. When the Evangelical note rose to its full height of sonorous music, then the young man felt his soul drawn out to the simple preaching service, the revival meeting, the elementary Gospel. And when the Modernist note rang in clearness and assertive power over all the others, then he found himself looking towards the school which, laying aside the authority of the Church as such, and the authority of the Bible as such, flings itself boldly upon the universal religious consciousness, and the practical results of the Gospel. So he was moved this way and that. He was a potential Pusey, a possible Wilberforce, and a hypothetical Harnack, a man with unquestionable powers, but an unchosen path. Such was the visitor that entered McCheyne's study. At this moment, however, he was evidently not troubling himself over recondite questions, for, as he took his seat, he burst into a fit of laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" enquired his host.

"Well, I have had a bit of a knock-out, but it was done in such a comical fashion that, whenever I think of it, it sets me laughing again."

"How was that?"

"You know Jacques Filion that keeps the corner grocery?"

"Yes."

"And Denis Mulcahy, the foreman of the gang working on the sewer?"

"Certainly. Everyone in the ward knows him."

"Well, I saw a bit of a crowd gathered in front of Filion's store, and I went to see what was up. Here were Filion and Mulcahey at it, hammer and tongs, on church matters. Mulcahey was accusing the French of having their own way in everything, and Filion was asserting that the Irish were opposing the French whenever they got a chance. Some secret imp put it into my head to break into the dispute. So I said to Filion,

"'You're a Catholic?'

"'Certainement,' he replied.

"'And you, too?' I said to Mulcahey.

"'Sure,' was the emphatic answer.

"'Then,' said I, with an air of great seriousness, 'are you not ashamed to be quarrelling in this fashion?'"

"I thought I had them, but the little Frenchman turned on me like lightning. Pointing to my church across the way, he said,

"'Zat de Protestant Church?'

"'Yes.'

"And to the Methodist church, two blocks away,

"'Zat de Protestant Church?'

"'Yes.'

"And to the Baptist church in course of erection,

"'Zat de Protestant Church?'

"'Yes.'

"And to the spire of your church a couple of streets off,—

"'Zat de Protestant Church?'

"'Yes.'

"'Oui, Monsieur, une, deux, trois, quatre. Zat is de Protestant Church'; then, pointing triumphantly to the big church of the parish, 'And zat is de Catholique!'

"The crowd roared, and, to make matters worse for me, Denis put in his word:

"'Faith,' he said, 'Protestantism is like the clown at the circus; it has that many faces to it that the divil himself cudn't till what it lukked loike.'

"You may well believe that there was a second roar, and that I moved away in a hurry."

McCheyne joined in his companion's laugh, but his face quickly sobered as he said:

"Yes, we laugh, but it's no laughing matter. This whole way of doing God's business is enough to make the apostles turn in their graves. It would be a huge joke if it were not such a horrible crime. Why, it was only yesterday that I was calling on one of my people in an upper flat, and as I came out I saw Parkinson, the Methodist brother, whose church is two miles away, going in to see a family of his in the lower flat. It must have taken him a good hour and a half to make that visit, whereas I could have made it in fifteen minutes, and, by your leave, have done them as much good as Parkinson. What we need is a parish system along free church lines, that will put a well-equipped church in every section of the city, and lay upon it special responsibility for the moral and social welfare of that section."

"Why," said Manthorpe, "that's just our idea in the Church of England."

"Oh, well," growled McCheyne, "it's none the worse for that. It only proves, what some have doubted, that there's a modicum of good sense even in the Church of England."

"Aha, my boy," rejoined his friend, "you'll all be knocking at our door before long."

"Knocking at your door!" said the other scornfully. "Not a bit of it. You and I and all the rest will be coming out of our little doors to join hands in building a City of God, four-square, and with gates turned to every quarter of the horizon. I would to God we could start right at it."

After a moment or two of musing the look of annoyance returned to his face. His companion noticed it, and said:

"What's the matter now?"

"I can't get this confounded sectarian business out of my mind. It is a kind of obsession with me. I never really understood what it meant until I went out West. You've told me your funny story about Filion and Mulcahey. Let me tell you mine. There was a little place in Southern Manitoba, about enough people in the place, counting in the babies, to make a village Sunday School, but they must needs have two services, a Presbyterian and an Anglican. There was no church-building, so they made use of the school-house. At one hour a corporal's guard of Presbyterians went in to worship God; at another hour a corporal's guard of Anglicans went in to worship God, presumably the same God. But the funniest part of all was the musical arrangement. They actually had two organs, one Presbyterian, the other Anglican. And over these there was a little bit of

comedy. There were two young chaps in the village whose pranks served as spice for the community. One of them was a genuine Cockney, a Barnardo boy, as sharp as the streets of London could make him. The other was from the High Street of Edinburgh, a little slower than his companion, but just as shrewd, and just as ready for a bit of sly mischief. Now it happened that I had come to the place on a Saturday night to take the Presbyterian service next day, and on the Sunday morning, waking somewhat early, I overheard this conversation under my window:

"'Sye,' said a sharp voice.

"'Whut?' was answered, in somewhat heavier tones.

"My interest was at once aroused. I had heard of the two lads and wondered if it might not be they.

"'Sye, you bloomin' Scotty,' continued the sharp voice, 'goin' to chapel to-dy?'

"'A'm not goin' to chepple,' said the other, 'but A'm goin' to church. There's a man ca'ed McCheyne to preach, an A'd like to gie him a hearin'.'

"'McCheyne,' said the Cockney, ''As he been 'ere before?'

"'A'm thinkin' no.'

"'Oh, Scottie, 'ere's a go. A noo parson, and a noo organist. The old un's got the toyphoid an' they've got a Hamerican from Hemerson. She's a-wisitin' 'ere.'

"'Weel, whut o' that?'

"'Why, don't yer know them two horgans? The one on the heast side is chu'ch, and the one on the west side is chapel. Let's chynge 'em over, and see what'll 'appen. You bloomin' Presbyterians 'll get

chu'ch music for once, and our Hanglicans will tyke their pryse from a huncornsecrated hinstrument.'

"After a little growling over the application of the word chapel to Presbyterians young Scottie fell in with the plan."

With this, McCheyne came to a full stop. After waiting a minute or two, Manthorpe said impatiently:

"Well, what happened?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing. That's just the point. At least nothing of any consequence. Of course the boys had a little bit of fun when, at the Presbyterian service, they saw old Elder McLean's look of astonishment, and, at the Anglican service, the gingerly way in which the organist ran his fingers over the unconsecrated keyboard. But that was all. 'The Lord's my Shepherd' lost nothing by the Anglican accompaniment; and the penitence of the litany was in no way diminished by the leadership of the Presbyterian organ."

This ended the conversation, and Manthorpe departed, leaving his friend to the third and most private element in his perplexity. McCheyne's return to Montreal had had, as one of its results, the taking up the thread of a former acquaintanceship,—a thread that he had supposed broken, but which he discovered to be as sound and real as ever. Mr. Atherton, the Methodist minister, having finished his term on the circuit near McCheyne's home, found his health too broken for another appointment, and had moved with his family to the city. McCheyne had not been aware of this until, several months after his

settlement in Montreal, he was invited to take part in the closing exercises of a well-known Ladies' School. His equanimity, and with it his speech, was somewhat disturbed when, facing the roomful of white-clad girls and their teachers, he found himself confronted by the unforgettable face of Florence Atherton. We have no means of knowing what the meeting meant to the young lady herself, but upon Fergus it had the effect of an electric shock combined with a blaze of light. How he managed to get through with his address was a mystery to himself, though no one else perceived anything out of the way. He was well prepared, and the probability is that the intellectual side of his nature worked automatically, while the emotional side was undergoing a very profound disturbance. In time, his address and the other addresses came to an end. Prizes were given, diplomas presented, the words of farewell to the graduates spoken, and then Fergus found himself in the refreshment room with Florence.

It matters not what their conversation was. So slight was their acquaintance it could not have been other than of a general character. But this is certain, that in Fergus's case, the old conflict between inclination and a traditional and deep-rooted respect for the preferences and even the prejudices of his parents was revived in a very tempestuous fashion. Go where he would, do what he might, the thought of this young lady was continually present. There were various ways in which she appealed to his nature. She possessed a singular beauty, all the more attractive because of the element of contrast. His were the blue eye, the somewhat sandy hair, the rugged, out-

standing features, the aggressively athletic figure. Hers were the hazel eye, the rich brown hair, the delicate features with a soft English bloom on the cheek, and the rounded, symmetrical figure. Then she was a child of the truest culture. She had been reared in a school that was neither narrow nor shallow. Into the very texture of her mind had entered the shaping influence of the great masters of literature. There was a clarity in her thought and conversation, a refinement in her speech, that gave a note of distinction to everything she said. This had its distinct effect upon a man, who, though somewhat roughly reared, had turned his face towards the highest summits of human thought. And last, but not least, she was among the toilers of the earth. The daughter of a poor minister, she had to be an earner of daily bread for herself, and in a measure for her parents. She, to whose rich nature freedom would have brought such joy, must needs yoke her youth to the narrow round, the exacted task.

McCheyne thought of this, brooded over it. All his native manhood, all the inborn chivalry of his nature, was aroused. "Why," he asked himself, "should I not seek her? Why should I not crave the right to be her champion, her true yoke-fellow? Why should I not enrich my own heart by her companionship, and at the same time make the path of life a little smoother for her feet? Why not? Why not?" And like the shrilling of a penny whistle flung against an organ's diapason, or a miserable mouse barring the way of a lion, came the answer—

"Because she's a Methodist."

Oh, was it not contemptible? Such a reason! Such

a miserable, trivial, unreasonable reason! And yet it was there, and it counted. He knew that to follow the leading of his heart was to bring mortification to the soul of a proud father, and bitter disappointment to the heart of a most loving mother. The thought of doing this was inexpressibly painful. The filial instinct born in him from his Highland ancestry was exceedingly strong. The command, "Honour thy father and thy mother," was in his case written, not on tables of stone, but on fleshy tables of the heart. It ran in the blood that coursed through his veins, and now, coming in conflict with the filial instinct, arose the great imperative of the monogamous man demanding for himself the chosen woman, "the elect lady." It was through this conflict, necessitated in his case by the sectarian spirit, that McCheyne came to his closest perception of the evil resulting from the unhappy divisions in the Church of Christ. The great anomaly had come home to his own heart.

CHAPTER III.

Scientific Recreation.

It has already been stated in the opening chapter that the minister's lodgings contained a room that looked like either a chemist's laboratory, a druggist's prescription room, or a combination of both, and that this room suggested scientific tastes on the part of the occupant. The fact is that McCheyne, had he not been pre-empted for the ministry, would certainly have devoted himself to some form of scientific research. As it was, he managed to work in with his theological training a certain amount of study in the departments of chemistry and biology. Recognizing, as he was obliged to do, the fundamental questions raised by the materialistic philosophy, he took a very special interest in all the problems that lie along the border-line betweeen dead and living matter. He was fascinated by the phenomenon of life itself, and sought to penetrate more deeply into its mystery. So keen was his interest, so strong his proclivity, so quick his powers of observation, that one day, being alone with Professor ——— in his laboratory, the professor turned to him abruptly and said:

"Well, McCheyne, what are you going to make of yourself?"

"Oh, I'm booked for the ministry," he replied.

"What!" exclaimed the other, "Good heavens! Why don't you go into something useful?"

"Useful?" stammered McCheyne.

"Yes, useful. Why, man, if you devoted yourself to biology, by the time you got to be forty years of age you'd be giving Canada an international reputation in the scientific world."

McCheyne made no further reply, but his feelings were a peculiar mingling of gratification at the compliment to his scientific aptitude, and resentment at the slight put upon his chosen calling. Indeed, there was for a time a little inward questioning as to whether he should not give up the ministry, for which his fitness was by no means assured, and devote himself to studies in which there seemed to be a certainty of success. This hesitation, however, was only momentary. He had put his hand to the plow, and was not going to turn back. Nevertheless his interest in science remained, and any spare time he had was given up to investigation.

There was one problem that had upon him a fascinating influence. It had reference to the prolongation of life. He had been greatly interested in two lines of study bearing upon this subject. One of these had to do with the phenomenon of vital potentiality maintained in the absence of the ordinary means of sustenance. He had read everything he could find in regard to hibernation among the lower animals, and the condition of trance in the case of human beings. He knew that some animals live through a long winter without food; that in hot countries fishes were known to be incrusted in the hardened mud of river bottoms during the hot and rainless season, and that the return of the rain softened the integument and restored them to anima-

tion; that toads were reported to have been discovered alive after long immurement in rocky cavities. Then he read Braid's curious work on "Human Hibernation," with its account of the Hindoo fakir who, after several months' interment, came back to consciousness. He could not help wondering why, if life could be sustained for months in this abnormal manner, it might not be sustained for years—indeed, for an indefinite period. The other line of study had to do with anæsthetics. Through his acquaintance in his student days with one of the younger medical professors he had on several occasions been present at the administration of ether in surgical cases, and had watched with keen interest the gradual sinking from sensibility to insensibility, and from consciousness to unconsciousness.

So the question arose in his mind whether it would not be possible to secure a condition similar to hibernation by a process akin to that of anæsthetization, or, in other words, to effect a long-continued suspension of the vital functions by the use of some sort of chemical substance. If, by some means, respiration and digestion could be brought to a standstill without loss of the mysterious principle of life, what a wonderful discovery it would be! The idea took possession of him during the last years of his college course, and was with him giving direction to all his scientific studies. His visit to the West brought his investigations to an end for a time, but on his return to Montreal they were resumed with an ardour that time had by no means dulled. He had chosen his lodgings with this pursuit in mind; hence the extra room to which allusion has been

made. This he fitted up as a small but very serviceable laboratory, and here he spent many hours of hard but, to him, of entrancing toil. His friends looked upon him as a fine fellow with a fad. His landlady, Mrs. Brindley, a good motherly Englishwoman with the usual generous dislocation of the letter H that characterizes her class, regarded her lodger with high respect and deep affection, but couldn't help admitting to herself that he was "a bit queer." Indeed, her perplexity was so great that she could not keep it to herself, and one afternoon, soon after the laboratory had been furnished, she unburdened herself to Mrs. Watkins, her neighbour.

"Deary me," she said, "parsons is good folks, but they're summat queer."

"What makes you say that?" replied her friend.

"You know Mr. McCheyne has the two rooms on the first floor."

"Yes."

"And also the little room hoff the back room."

"Yes."

"Well, 'e's usin' it very strange."

"Indeed!"

"You remember Mr. St. John, as I 'ad before Mr. McCheyne. 'E was a 'Igh churchman, horful 'igh. Now 'e turned that room into a little chapel. 'E 'ad a haltar put to the hend, and 'oly pictures on the wall, and the candles 'e used was most wonderful. And 'e'd be in there at 'is prayers five o'clock in the morning winter and summer."

"And Mr. McCheyne, does he do that?"

"'E! Why 'e's a Presbyterian, and Presbyterians don't 'ave no haltars. And they 'ave no prayer-book,

though I suppose they 'as prayers. No haltars for Mr. McCheyne, no candles, no 'oly pictures; but it's five o'clock in the mornin' hall the same."

"Praying?" inquired Mrs Watkins.

"Praying!" snorted Mrs. Brindley, "not 'e. Hinstead of a haltar 'e's got a marble table; hinstead of candles, 'e's got wot 'e calls a blow-pipe; and hinstead of 'oly pictures on the wall 'e's got hevery kind of glass you could himagine. And wot does 'e do? Hall I know is 'e makes nasty messes and nasty smells. Mr. St. John, 'e used to 'ave hincense. Well, I likes hincense. It's a nice religious sort of a perfoom. But lawks me, Mrs. Watkins, the smells Mr. McCheyne do make in that room fair turns my stummick. Oh, yes, parsons is good, but parsons is queer."

Spite, however, of Mrs. Brindley's wonderment, and likewise of the good-natured jokes and guesses of his friends, McCheyne worked away quietly and patiently. For his experiments he managed to smuggle in mice, kittens, and little dogs. He found it much easier to smuggle them out. The one good feature about the ghastly business was that the poor creatures didn't suffer. They simply went to a sleep which deepened into the *rigor mortis*. It was a long time before the experimenter had any gleam of hope, but finally he succeeded in discovering a compound that solved the first part of the problem. He found he could induce a prolonged insensibility without affecting the seat of life. But the second part gave him no small degree of trouble. He could produce the phenomenon of hibernation, but he could not restore the subjects to consciousness. In his

laboratory were a frog, a bird, a kitten, a dog, all living, but all unresponsive. He had carried on his previous experiments chiefly with frogs, and time after time, just at the moment of awakening, the vital spark had slipped away. Still he kept on, and at last his patience was rewarded. He had lighted upon a new formula, and proceeded at once to put it to the test. He began with the frog. A moment or two after the fluid had been injected, and a current of electricity turned on, there was a slight movement of the limbs, then the eyes blinked, and then, *mirabile dictu!* the creature gathered itself together and jumped half-way across the room. The next test was made with the bird, and in a little while it was making short flights from one piece of furniture to another. Then followed, in time, the kitten and the dog, with the result that Shakespeare's words had a new verification. The cat did mew, and this particular dog, at least, did have its day.

To say that McCheyne was pleased is to put his condition very mildly. He was radiant, jubilant, ecstatic. He had to do something, so he decided to give Mrs. Brindley a treat, and it was after this fashion. He first of all got three boxes with glass fronts. Into the largest he put the dog. On top of that he set a smaller one with the cat. On that a still smaller one with the frog. And, surmounting all, he placed a cage with the bird. Upon these he fastened large labels which, beginning with the cage, descended in the following order:

Never-say-die Dido.
Live-forever Long Legs.
Perpetual Puss.
Resurrection Rover.

These preparations finished, he went to the head of the stairs and called:

"Mrs. Brindley!"

"Yes, sir."

"You like flowers, don't you?"

"Certingly."

"Well, come up here. I've the finest bunch of everlastings you ever saw."

With that he retired to the room and waited while the portly landlady was heard lumbering up the stairs. Soon she appeared, red-faced, and breathing heavily.

"It's very good of you, sir," she said, "to hask me, but I don't see the flowers."

"Why," said McCheyne, pointing to his singular pyramid, "don't you see them? There they are."

The good lady's eyes no sooner rested on the menagerie, especially the frog member of it, than she sank into a chair, threw up her hands, and said reproachfully:

"Oh, sir, wot a turn you've a-given me."

"Perhaps," said McCheyne, "you'd like to know why I call them everlastings. Well, I'll not tell you now, but it won't be long before I do. Then you'll have something to talk about."

As Mrs. Brindley went out she was heard muttering the old formula:

"Oh, yes; parsons is good, but parsons is queer."

There was one step yet to be taken before McCheyne was ready to give his discovery to the world. He had succeeded with the frog, the bird, the kitten, the dog; but how about man? He felt that

until that point was settled his work was incomplete. Then the practical question rose—how could he make the experiment? It would never do to make use of one of his friends. The risk was too great. But could he not get hold of some poor chap from the House of Refuge? It would only require the offer of a few dollars. That, too, seemed out of the question. It would be impossible to manage the affair secretly, and then there was the risk. Only one course remained, and that was to experiment upon himself; and with the true inventor's intrepidity he resolved to throw his own life into the balance. There were difficulties in playing the game single-handed, in acting the double part of subject and investigator; and how the difficulties were overcome is left to the next chapter to unfold.

CHAPTER IV.

A Secret Resort and a Bold Venture.

Among his other characteristics McCheyne had that of a strong love for the wild places of the earth. Possibly there was something of inheritance in this, an ineradicable vestige of an ancestry that had wandered among thickets, on mountain sides, and by the shores of loch and tarn. At any rate, no sooner did the snow disappear before the breath of spring than he was conscious of an intense longing for the wilderness, a longing that had never failed to have its way. The distance from Montreal to almost virgin conditions is not very great. A few hours on the railway, a short drive or paddle, and lo! mother Nature stands waiting for her children. One element in McCheyne's love for Montreal was the ease with which you leaped from Canada's greatest city into the freest and most primitive kind of life. It is not surprising, therefore, that though this was only the second summer after his return he had already had his plunge into the wilds, and that, with a temperament at once secretive and adventurous, he should have made excursions into nooks and corners unknown to the ordinary tourist. There are districts not far from Montreal which, since the passing of the Indian and trapper days, are left practically unvisited. There are no paths, and the blazings on the trees, if ever there were any, have either been

overgrown, or else disappeared with the destruction of the tree. A region of this kind had a peculiar charm for McCheyne, and it was in one of his excursions into the unknown that he had discovered a cavern of considerable size. The mouth of it was so hidden by underbrush that it was only by accident that it was discovered by our adventurer. But, having discovered it, he felt quite elated. It seemed as if some of his boyish dreams were coming true. Full of curiosity, and provided with a plentiful supply of birch-bark to serve as a torch, he had made an exploration which showed the cavern to be of considerable size, and so protected by the superincumbent mountain above it and the dense forest before it as to warrant belief in a fairly even temperature summer and winter.

The discovery of this place McCheyne had kept to himself, and it now occurred to him that this was a suitable place for making the crucial experiment. At once he began his arrangements. There were certain contingencies to be provided for. Suppose that the preparation, harmless for the lower animals, should prove fatal in his case. Suppose that it did its work without injury, how was the awakening antidote to be operated? Suppose that the contrivance he had devised were to turn out a failure, how could he ever be restored to consciousness? All these possibilities he faced with courage and decision.

First of all he devised a machine for injecting the reviving fluid. It was a combination of an electric battery and an automatic syringe. The syringe was fixed by a clasp to the part of the arm where the injection was to be made, and was connected with a

clock-work arrangement which would ensure its being operated at a given time. His plan was to go to the cavern, make a rough couch covered with balsam boughs, attach to his arm the machine set to act after the lapse of a week, and then take the magic mixture which would induce the condition of suspended animation.

But he was well aware of the possibilities that dog "the best laid schemes o' mice and men," and therefore, in order to guard against a serious disaster, he decided to leave for his friend, Manthorpe, a letter giving all the necessary information in case of accident. The letter gave an exact description of the locality of the cave and of certain marks by which the way to it might be found. It also contained the chemical formula for the reviving solution, and directions for its use. It was enclosed with another letter in which McCheyne said he was off for a few days' rest, and asked, as a favour, that the sealed missive should not be opened until two weeks after its reception.

All these preliminaries having been set in order, McCheyne packed up a few necessaries, including blankets, cooking utensils, and a small supply of food, also a parcel containing the material for his fateful experiment. With these, and likewise his fishing tackle somewhat ostentatiously displayed, he said good-bye to Mrs. Brindley, and began his momentous journey one fine morning towards the end of May.

Very strange were his feelings as the train glided out of the city and began, a few miles out, to enter the wilderness. There was the gladness, the exaltation, the feeling of oneness with the great reviving

movement of Nature that men of a sensitive disposition feel as they draw near the summer solstice. Before eight o'clock the sun was high in the heavens, and looked down upon the world, rejoicing in the strength that had broken the icy fetters from lake and stream, had turned every bit of woodland into an orchestra of song, and was now painting upon the dark background of spruce and balsam the delicate green of the poplar and the birch. As McCheyne looked from the car window his whole nature was suffused with a wholesome delight. He felt how good it was to live at such a season in such a world. Then, as he recalled the special errand on which he was bent, a slight shiver of apprehension went through his whole body. What if this venture of his were to end in disaster? What a dreadful thing to leave the world just now! In November it would not be so hard; but this was May, and, in a few days, to be followed by June, the pearl of months. Then, mingling with every breath of pure air blowing in through the open window, with every flash of sunshine on lake and rivulet, with every note tossed from the throats of the birds as they flitted here and there, was a kind of subtle identification of it all with Florence Atherton. Fragrance, sunshine, music, purity, all these great natural notes, had in her their human counterpart. As he thought of the bare chance of separation from so radiant and enticing a world there was a moment of faltering, but the man's essential indomitableness reasserted itself, and he resolved to see the thing through at any cost.

It was still an hour or more short of noon when he left the train. He was the only passenger that got

off, and he was greeted by Pierre Miquelon, a sturdy young French-Canadian, whom he had met the previous summer, and at whose shanty he had left his canoe.

"Comment ça va?" said McCheyne.

"'Ow you do?" said the smiling Pierre. "Dis your pack?" he continued, pointing to the little pile of bundles that had been left on the platform.

"Yes, that's all. Let's tote them down to the shanty."

Pierre swung the largest bundle on his back, adjusting the pack-strap to his forehead, insisted on having a smaller bundle set on top of that, then, gathering up a few odds and ends in his hands, swung off at a smart pace, leaving his stalwart friend nothing but his fishing-rod and one or two very insignificant parcels. McCheyne demurred at this unequal distribution of burdens, but his protest was unheeded, so with good-natured grumbling he followed his guide to the shanty about a mile from the station. It was now getting towards noon and McCheyne decided not to begin his journey till after dinner. While this was being prepared he set about getting his belongings into convenient order, depositing them near the bark canoe which, newly gummed and watertight, had been carried that morning to the edge of the little lake on whose shore the shanty stood. The whole scene was pleasant to the eyes of the young preacher. The tidy packs, the dainty craft, the fishing-tackle, the flash of the sunlight on tiny wavelets, the deep woods embosoming themselves against the distant hills, the whirr of the wings of a swiftly flying pair of ducks, the challenging cry of a loon far out on the water,

all combined to make a picture that awakened the most pleasant memories, and stirred the bosom with the purest hopes.

But Pierre was at the shanty door calling, and McCheyne turned his steps towards the dinner table. The fare was simple,—a dish of trout flavoured with slices of bacon, a pot of beans, a gigantic loaf of bread baked in the old-fashioned bake-kettle, a bowl of sauce made from evaporated apples, and the indispensable pail of tea; but never did guests at the Cecil or the Waldorf sit down to a meal with greater relish than these young men brought to their rude banquet. After the edge of their hunger had been taken off they began to chat.

"And how's the fishing?" said McCheyne.

"Ver' goot. Plenty feesh. Beeg ones, too. Going to stay long tam?"

"Oh, no; only a few days. Then you'll see me back again."

"Me no see you revenir. De compagnie's boss, 'e send word to go to Grandes Piles. Dere's a beeg drive on de reever, an' dey need Pierre. Dey savez me to be purty goot man on de drive, and dey geev me planty goot pay."

"Oh, well," said McCheyne, "I'm sorry you will not be here, but I am coming out again in the summer, and I want you to come with me for a two weeks trip right into the woods."

"Eh, bien, Monsieur," replied Pierre, "I always have de goot tam with you, just so goot as if you was de curé; mebbe better."

The meal over, the two men went down to the little landing. Pierre caught up the canoe, and, setting it

in the water, held it there while McCheyne arranged the load to suit himself. Then, all being in readiness, our hero stepped lightly in and pushed out from the shore. After a few vigorous strokes of the paddle had placed him a hundred yards or so away, he called out:

"Au revoir, Pierre."

"Au revoir, Monsieur," floated to him over the water.

It was a good wish, but not to have its fulfilment in this world. The two men were not to meet again. While McCheyne was making his curious experiment, Pierre was to make a greater one. The next day he closed up his cabin, and went to the work of which he had spoken. He had not been at it more than a day or two when, because of his skill and intrepidity, he was sent to break a formidable jam of logs. This he succeeded in doing, but, as he sprang back from the place of danger, he missed his footing and was carried to his death by the pounding rush of the emancipated logs. Poor Pierre! his untimely taking off is but a small fraction of the price that is paid to give us our ceiled houses and the barns that hold our harvests.

We return to McCheyne. With steady stroke he drove the canoe against the current. He saw no fellow human being. Around one turn of the river he came upon a little flotilla of ducks which went scuttling away under the overhanging bushes; at another, he came in sight of a crane that rose on heavily flapping wings and was soon lost to view; around another he saw crossing the stream a deer which, at his approach, quickened its stroke, leaped

on the bank, and with flourish of tail and affrighted snort, bounded into the woods. At last he came to a spot where a small creek entered the main stream by an opening almost concealed by the interlacing branches of the alders. Into this opening he turned the bow of his canoe. Lowering his head, and grasping the boughs on either side, he forced his way inch by inch, until he emerged into a little pond, at the other end of which could be heard the trickling music of a tiny waterfall. On his left was a ledge of smooth bare granite sloping gradually down to meet the water. Here he landed. The canoe was unloaded and gently lifted out. Taking one of the packs on his back, he plunged into the forest, and, after going a few hundred yards, found himself at the entrance to the cave. Leaving his bundle there, he went back for the rest of his belongings. Having placed them all inside the cavern he returned again to the shore. He had wondered what was the best thing to do with his canoe, and had made up his mind that the easiest way to dispose of it was to carry it up and store it with the other things. But he decided before doing this to have a try at the fishing.

"A nice trout," he said to himself, "would be fine for my supper,—perhaps my last supper," he added grimly.

Rod and reel were soon ready. The line flew forth, and the fly dropped into the little pother of bubble and foam and eddy at the foot of the waterfall. There it spun round for a moment, then was twitched under, and then the line as it was slowly drawn in began to make figure 8's and letter s's on the water, with the final result that a many-tinted beauty lay

on the rock at the fisherman's feet This sufficed. McCheyne reeled up his line, disjointed his rod, hoisted the upturned canoe on his shoulders, picked up his fish, and pushed through to the cave.

His arrangements were simple. He made a rough framework of birch saplings, and upon these laid layer after layer of balsam boughs. With a rolled-up coat for a pillow and a big double blanket for a covering, his bed was complete. It did not take long to clean the fish and cook it, and this was the chief part of his meal. Having finished, he arranged in an orderly manner the canoe and all the rest of the outfit. Then he up-ended a couple of large slabs of rock so as to close the opening of the cave against the ingress of porcupines, skunks, and even larger animals. As the second of the two pieces grated into its place there was a grim suggestion of a sepulchre, and a stone rolled against the door thereof, that only too readily obtruded itself upon the mind of the solitary man.

And now the hour had come for the great experiment. McCheyne gave himself but little time for reflection. He had learned the habit of putting reflection before resolution and not afterwards. Once a thing was decided upon, the next thing was to do it. So, having affixed his automatic syringe to his arm, he stretched himself on the fragrant couch, drew the blanket over him, swallowed the magic potion, and let his head sink back upon the rude pillow. There were a few moments of consciousness during which a rapid procession of pictures went streaming before his inward gaze—the days of childhood and youth; the faces of father and mother, brothers and sisters;

the scenes of college life; the first sight of the face of Florence Atherton; the wide prairie, with its tiny village under the sectarian curse; the Montreal church with its irritating problems; and, once again, the face of Florence Atherton, so far removed, and yet so worthy to be claimed. Then all the pictures blended into a kind of flowing radiance which slowed and darkened until lost in the mystery of the hibernating slumber.

There we leave him. Outside, the great May-tide world goes on. The trees, with their yearning life, push on to finish their foliating. The flowers cast off their cerements of brown and green and laugh into a thousand colours. The birds flit from bough to bough, filling the air with the music of their mating. The creek empties into the stream, the stream into the lesser river, and the lesser river into the greater,—the majestic St. Lawrence, up which already the ocean fleets are sailing in stately procession. The great city, hearing the call of its immeasurable future, throbbing with the first pulsations of a bigger life, sleeps and wakes, sleeps for rest, wakes for toil, but, sleeping or waking, never becomes quite unconscious of its destiny. The Presbyterian minister at Cairntable broods over a sermon on the Perseverance of the Saints. The Presbyterian mother is writing a letter to her son in the city. Florence Atherton, home from her day at the school, is wondering whether the path along which she has been treading is to keep on forever, or whether, a bit further along, there may not be a parting of the ways and she with a manly form at her side walking down an avenue bordered with flowers of strange beauty

and all vocal with the songs of love. And there, in the cave, the young man lies, the only living thing, and he mute and motionless. The only living thing? There is one exception. A red squirrel had hidden himself and had actually kept quiet in a remote corner of the cave, and now, all being silent, he came out to reconnoitre. With advance and retreat, advance and retreat, he frisks into the open space. Gradually growing bolder, he inspects the canoe, the cooking utensils, the clothing. He tries to get into the food box, and is angry because it is of metal and he cannot gnaw his way into it. Then he comes towards the bed; halts; leaps upon the foot of it; halts again; takes a run over the body of the sleeping man; catches sight of the curious arrangement fastened upon his arm; seizes with its muscular little forearms a leather strap that hangs from it and gives it a sharp squirrel-like jerk, when, lo! there is a whirr, a rattle and a spitting forth of some strange fluid, and Jacko, screaming with fear, vanishes out of our sight and out of this story. But he has done his work. Strange that fateful issues should depend on such insignificant agents. Strange that the strange story of Reverend Fergus McCheyne should have been made possible by the freak of a squirrel.

CHAPTER V.

An Accident and Its Consequences.

We return to the city. The reader will remember that McCheyne, as a safeguard against accidents, had left with his friend Manthorpe a letter which was not to be opened until after two weeks. This letter gave rise to no small speculation in the mind of Manthorpe. As he held it in his hand he thus soliloquized:

"Not to be opened until after two weeks! I wonder what's in it! Perhaps he's had an invitation to Fifth Avenue Church, New York, and has gone to look the field over. Those people are hard to please, but they might do worse than try Fergie. Perhaps he's had an offer for that lot of his in Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, and has gone out there to put it through. Perhaps," he continued, quizzically, "he's eloped with that Methodist young lady. But no! he's not that kind of a fellow, and she's not the kind of girl to do that sort of a thing. Whatever is done will be done above-board. But it does seem a piece of infernal nonsense that religion, the Christian religion, should keep two such people apart. There's plenty of better work for it to do, I'm quite sure."

Having turned the letter over and over and got all the satisfaction that is usually afforded by that process, he went to a handsome but very old-fashioned desk, and, pulling out a drawer, touched a concealed

spring which caused a little side door to open, revealing a secret enclosure. Into this he put the letter, then closed the door, replaced the drawer, and locked it.

"There," he said, "that's safe anyway." And so it was, safer than Manthorpe had ever dreamed, safe for many a long year.

Something happened. McCheyne's experiment was set in a very chapter of accidents. Pierre Miquelon, the last man he had talked with, had lost his life by an accident. By chance, a squirrel had rendered futile his ingenious device for administering the restorative agent. And now a third accident, the most tragic of all, befell the one man whose intervention might have neutralized the effect of these occurrences. At this time the automobile was just coming into notice. It was fairly well-known in Europe, had made some headway in the United States, and very much less in Canada. Of all important cities in North America, Montreal was perhaps the slowest to take up with the new invention. The streets were in a bad state, there were steep hills, the country roads were atrocious, the winters were long,—and it was not supposed that a motor could be used in the winter,—and, last but not least, the wealthy people took a pride in their handsome turn-outs, and were not disposed to give up their high-steppers to make way for a malodorous motor. Still, the more venturesome spirits were experimenting with the modern conveyance, and among them was a young parishioner of Manthorpe's who was always glad to have the rector as a companion in his short excursions. It was scarcely a

week after McCheyne's mysterious departure when the gasoline Jehu called at the rector's house, and invited him to go out for an hour or so. He needed but little persuasion. He had had a long day of hard study and of visiting among the sick and the poor. The evening was a lovely one and reaching to nearly midsummer length. He had no meeting on of any kind. So he stepped into the humming machine, and the two men started westward. Along Sherbrooke Street they sped, alarming horses and interesting spectators, then turned down into Western Avenue, and still fared westward through the toll-gate and by the Upper Lachine Road until they came to Montreal West, and the steep hill leading down to the railway track. As they went down the incline they heard the whistle of an approaching train. The driver at once proceeded to put on the brakes, when to his horror he found they wouldn't work. There were two chances of safety. One was to ditch the machine, the other to put on all speed and get across the track in time. The young fellow took the second alternative, but was just a fraction of a second too late. The hind wheels were still on the track when the train came to the crossway, struck the rear of the car with such force as to make it turn a somersault, and shot the young men out upon the hard road with a violence that proved fatal to both.

The accident made a great stir in the community. So far as Manthorpe was concerned, it meant unutterable sorrow in an English home far away, the loss to the Christian Church of a man possessed of the finest possibilities, and the summary settlement of those theological and ecclesiastical problems that had per-

plexed a generous and thoughtful mind. What did it mean to McCheyne? The removal, apparently, of the one chance that remained of his restoration to the living world. It was truly a strange shuffling of the cards of destiny that produced so tragic a result. Manthorpe is borne to the cemetery on the mountain side, and lies there under the summer green of grass and tree. McCheyne slumbers on in living death in a forest-girded sepulchre, chosen by himself, and known only to himself. Upon grave and cavern alike the sun, moon, and stars shall look quietly down while many a year rolls by.

Book II.

THE NEW ORDER

"We constantly believe that there is, was, and shall be, even to the coming of the Lord Jesus, a Church which is holy and universal; to wit, the Communion of Saints."—*The Scots Confession of John Knox's Time.*

"Forth from the midst of Babel brought,
Parties and sects I leave behind,
Enlarged my heart, and free my thought
Where'er the latent truth I find,
The latent truth with joy to own,
And bow to Jesus' name alone."

—*John Wesley.*

"Wherever in any religious faith, dark or bright, we allow our minds to dwell upon the points in which we differ from other people, we are wrong and in the devil's power. . . . At every moment of our lives we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ with other people, but in what we agree with them; and the moment we find we can agree as to anything that should be done, kind or good (and who but fools couldn't?), then do it; push at it together; you can't quarrel in a side by side push; but the moment that even the best of men stop pushing, and begin talking, they mistake their pugnacity for piety, and it's all over."—*John Ruskin.*

CHAPTER I.

A Startling Discovery.

It is necessary now to set the clock forward a full quarter of a century. It is the year 1927, and it is the month of May in the city of Montreal. Our attention is fixed upon a comfortable home on a broad street running from the rear of the mountain to the banks of the Back River. The long, bright, early summer day is nearly done. Behind the distant Laurentians the sun has already set. In a large sitting-room there is a little family group, a sturdy, fresh-looking gentleman with a slight suspicion of the clerical in his attire, a very sweet-faced matronly woman, and a remarkably handsome young lady apparently about twenty years of age. The father and mother are seated at the window watching the vanishing of the day; their daughter has turned on a reading-light above a richly carved and very old-fashioned writing-desk.

"Mother," she said, "do you know what I am going to do? This desk of yours is in a dreadfully untidy state, and I am going to put things in order."

"Very well," answered the mother, "though it can't be so very untidy, for I know where everything is."

"Do you?" was the answer. "But then, mother, you always were a wonder." Then the young lady went on, "You are quite sure there are no secrets

here—no old love letters from father. If there are I promise you I'll read them."

"Very well, my dear, you will find them an excellent standard by which to judge anything of the kind."

The daughter went on with her work. Drawers were pulled out and their contents neatly arranged, letters were sorted, bundles of cheques were placed in order of issue and tied in convenient bundles. Meanwhile, Bishop Falconer, for that was the father's name, and his good lady went on talking.

"Dear me," said the latter, "what a dreadful story that old desk recalls. Can we ever forget the tragedy that put it in our hands? There are times when I feel sorry that my father bought it, for I never look at it but my heart begins to ache."

"What was his name?" interjected the daughter.

"Whose name, my dear?"

"The name of the gentleman to whom it belonged."

"Manthorpe."

"He was killed, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Was he nice-looking?"

"Very, and, they say, he was just as good as he looked."

The daughter resumed her work and the father took up the thread of conversation.

"Strange, wasn't it, that two such men as McCheyne and Manthorpe should have been taken away at the same time? They were firm friends, I know, and within a single week they were both taken out of the world."

At the mention of the name of McCheyne the passing shadow of a gentle memory seemed to flit across Mrs. Falconer's eyes, and a very faint red suffused the matronly cheek.

"Strange, it certainly was, but strangest in the case of Mr. McCheyne. The only mystery in the other case was the old mystery of untimely death, but the disappearance of McCheyne had a mystery all its own. I cannot to this day understand how he could have vanished from sight without leaving the slightest trace. The last person to see him was the agent at the station where he left the train. He went away in company with the Frenchman, Pierre Miquelon, but Miquelon lost his life on the drive a few days after, so nothing could be learned of him. That's all we know. People have had their theories. Mrs. Brindley, his landlady, said he had been acting a little queerly a short time before he left, and suggested that perhaps, having become light-headed, he had wandered into the woods and perished. I can't believe that. He had fishing tackle, cooking utensils, and a peculiar-looking box that Mrs. Brindley had particularly noticed. How could all these have disappeared? Then there's the more generally accepted theory that his canoe upset and he and his belongings were carried over the falls and were sucked into some kind of a hole at the foot."

"There might be something in that," broke in the husband. "I once had a pair of boots go over a falls and that was the last of them."

"Yes," said his wife, "but you didn't have a canoe, and paddles, and blankets, and boxes go over a falls and never see anything of them again. No, it

is hard for me to accept that theory. There is still another, that he had met with some disappointment, or had done some evil thing, and had left the country."

"There's nothing in that, I'm sure," said the husband. "McCheyne was too much of a man to leave his post of duty because of a disappointment, and, as to his having gone wrong, in the first place I don't believe he did, and in the second place, if he had committed a wrong, he was just the sort of a fellow that would stay and face the consequences."

"Yes, I agree with you. In any case it seems an insoluble mystery."

At this moment a sharp cry from the daughter rang across the room.

"Father! Mother! Come here. See what I have found."

They went over to the desk. A drawer had been taken completely out from its encasement, and on one side of this a little door was open, revealing a tiny receptacle, in which was an envelope somewhat yellow with age.

"Aha! you sly old mother," cried the daughter; "I've found you out at last with your secret drawer and your old love letter. See if I don't read it," and, snatching up the letter, she ran across the room.

"Stop," said the mother; "I never knew of any secret drawer. That's no letter of mine. It must have belonged to poor Mr. Manthorpe. Here, bring it over to your father."

The mischievous look disappeared from the girl's face, giving place to one of profound curiosity. She gave the letter into her father's hands, and stood watching for what might happen. The Bishop

turned the addressed side of the letter over and read the name, "Rev. Basil Manthorpe." Turning it over again, he found the envelope had been broken. Inside, he found a sealed envelope and a sheet upon which there was writing. This he opened out, but felt a delicacy about reading it until his eye lighted upon the signature, "Fergus McCheyne." Curiosity mastering his scruples, he read the note in which McCheyne had informed his friend of his proposed absence, and requested that the enclosure should not be opened until after the lapse of two weeks.

The little group stood for a moment spell-bound. Could it be that yellow envelope contained the key to the mystery of which they had been speaking? The silence was broken by the daughter.

"Open it, won't you, father?"

The father hesitated a moment and then said, "This is a private communication. It belongs to Manthorpe. But, alas! he is not here. I really do not know what to do."

"McCheyne's old father and mother are here in the city," said Mrs. Falconer; "how would it do to have them present?"

"No," was the reply, "that won't do. What is disclosed will have to be broken to them afterwards. But I know what I'll do. There is a brother of Manthorpe's in Montreal, a lawyer; and our own doctor, Dr. Mackenzie, was, I know, a warm friend of McCheyne's and deeply sorrowed over his death. I'll 'phone these two men to come over, and then in their presence we'll open the envelope."

This was agreed to. The telephone was set to work. Both men happened to be at home, and

promised to be over as quickly as possible. It did not require many minutes to make the journey, but each minute seemed lengthened to an hour in the minds of the three waiting in the parlour. At last, however, the bell rang. Dr. Mackenzie was admitted, and he had hardly got into the room when a second ring announced the arrival of the lawyer. Both visitors were old Montrealers and needed no introduction.

"Who's sick?" said the doctor.

"Who's got into a row?" asked the lawyer.

But jocosity disappeared as they noticed the serious look upon the Bishop's face, a look fully reflected from the countenances of both wife and daughter. Evidently something unusual was astir. What could it be?

"You remember Fergus McCheyne, don't you, Doctor?"

"Well, I should say so. We were at school together at Cairntable. We matriculated into McGill at the same time. We graduated, he in Arts and I in Medicine, in the same year. Remember McCheyne? Of course I do. He wasn't the kind of fellow to be easily forgotten."

"And you," said the Bishop, turning to the lawyer and speaking in a very gentle voice, "you once had a brother Basil, had you not?"

"Yes, but that's a good long while ago now," was the reply.

"This desk," continued the Bishop, "was at one time his property. After his death it was sold to my wife's father, Mr. Atherton, who had a love for old-fashioned things. When he died it came to us. Now

we have made a discovery in connection with it, and it is this discovery that has led to your being summoned here at such short notice."

He took the two men over to the desk, showed them the secret drawer, and then, taking up the little pile of papers, he said to Manthorpe:

"This envelope is addressed to your brother. He had evidently opened it, for we found it open. This note I must apologize for having read, but, seeing the name of Fergus McCheyne as the signature, my curiosity mastered me. The sealed envelope I did not venture to open, but you, Mr. Manthorpe, have the right to unseal it, and we leave it to you to determine whether or not the contents are to be treated as wholly private or of a nature to be communicated to others."

With trembling fingers Manthorpe took the packet that twenty-five years before had been in his dead brother's hand. The envelope contained several sheets of paper which were read one after another. The four spectators watched the face of the reader with an interest that grew in intensity as the play of excitement and emotion became more and more vivid. At last the end was reached, and Manthorpe, speaking like one in a dream, said: "This is surely the most wonderful thing that ever happened in this world."

"What is it?" asked the others. "May we know?"

"Yes," he replied; "Bishop, will you read the letter? It's all shaking in my hand."

The Bishop took it, nor was his hand any too

steady; still he managed to make out the contents. It read in part as follows:

"Dear Old Manthorpe:

"I start to-morrow on a strange expedition. For some time back you have no doubt been wondering what sort of a game I have been up to with my secret sessions in the little laboratory, and the furtive way in which I have been conducting myself; and you were not the only one that wondered. Dear old Mother Brindley hasn't known what to make of me; thought, I guess, that I was getting silly. Well, I'm going to let the cat out of the bag (some of my cats were not able to get out of the bag). You know that for years I have had a soft side for science, and have been poking my nose into all sorts of things."

Here Dr. Mackenzie interrupted.

"That's true enough. I used to wonder how he got in his theology, for he was always nosing about the science buildings, and in chemistry and biology he beat the best of us. I remember hearing old ——, our biology professor, calling him all kinds of a fool for going into the ministry. But excuse the interruption."

The Bishop continued:

"There was one subject in which I took a particular interest, and that is the phenomenon of suspended animation, as seen in hibernation, aestivation, catalepsy, hypnotism, and so forth. It seemed to me not an impossible thing to produce this phenomenon on a larger scale, and do it at will. I don't know that the discovery of such a process would be of any great value, but it might. Anyway the idea got hold of me, and I have worked at it on and off for a good while with the result that I have made the discovery so far as certain animals are concerned. I have put birds, and cats, and dogs to sleep for months, and have brought them to life again. This second stage in the

process has given me an immensity of trouble, but that's over now, and I've had no end of fun with the creatures, putting dogs to sleep in winter and waking them in summer, putting birds to sleep in March and waking them up in May. So far so good. But there remains the crucial test, the human, and that I am resolved to make with myself as the subject."

The letter then went into certain details with which we are familiar and closed with a number of instructions.

"In case I am not back within the two weeks I leave with you these instructions and requests: First, as to the exact location of the cave. You leave the ——— train at ——— station. There you take canoe and go up the river a little over three miles, when, if you look carefully, you will notice on the left bank a small stream coming into the river. Up there a few yards there is a little pond."

The Bishop paused in his reading and said: "Oh, I know that place. I found it only a year or two ago, and prided myself on being quite a discoverer."

"Then," going on with the letter, "you land on the left bank right at the foot of the falls and go by compass exactly N.W. for two hundred yards, when you will find yourself at the mouth of the cavern. It may give you a little trouble to get the exact spot, but you are sure to find it.

"Second, take the enclosed formula to Capsule, the chemist, and get it filled out. It is the restorative mixture. You will need likewise a hypodermic syringe. Should it be necessary to use the mixture, which is quite unlikely, you will inject it into my arm, and wait for the effect.

"This, I think, is all that needs to be said. I know there is some risk, but such risks are the price of progress. In this case, however, I think it is a very slight one."

With one or two personal details the letter ended. The three men spoke out in a breath:

"We must go there immediately."

When was the next train? Timetables were looked up. The train left at eight o'clock in the morning.

"We three," said the Bishop, "will go. You two gentlemen will have to give your wives some excuse for your sudden determination to leave the city; and you," turning to his wife and daughter, "had better say nothing about this until we return. There's no use in arousing people's curiosity until we have something more definite to announce."

CHAPTER II.

A Momentous Expedition.

For those concerned it was no easy matter to sleep that night, and eight o'clock in the morning found the three gentlemen on the train ready for the momentous quest. The railway journey was a strain upon their patience, but at last the station was reached. Here the primitive wooden structure of McCheyne's day had been supplanted by a neat Swiss-like station-house, around which nestled a group of summer cottages, some of which were already being opened by the owners. There was a public boat-house, and here the party had no difficulty in getting a canoe and a large skiff. Manthorpe, an expert oarsman, took the latter; the Bishop, who, from his youth up, loved the canoe, took the former, and installed the Doctor as his bow paddler. They had with them some blankets, an axe, cooking utensils, fishing tackle, and such other things as are usual with a sporting expedition. Stopping long enough to take a hasty lunch, they began their voyage. Side by side, the quick strokes of the paddles blending antiphonally with the longer sweep of the oars, the two light crafts were driven up the stream. It was the same month and much the same kind of a day as when McCheyne had made his fateful journey. There was scarce an atom of change in the scene. The ducks were there, and the

heavily flapping wings of the crane, though the deer was missing. The river flowed quietly on as if it were a strip of eternity, and the early summer sun shone with its perennial golden radiance. At the end of an hour the mouth of the creek was reached. There had been some clearing done, so that it was more easily discerned, and afforded passage for the skiff as well as the canoe. As quickly as possible the little pond was crossed, the boats drawn up on shore at the foot of the falls, and the men prepared for the search. Three long, straight poles were cut and peeled, and one given to each of the workers. Manthorpe was sent a few yards into the woods and his pole was set in the place indicated by the Bishop's compass. Beyond him was the Doctor, whose pole was placed so as to be in a line with the other two. The process was repeated until the distance indicated in McCheyne's letter had been covered. And now they found themselves confronted by a considerable elevation before which there was not only a thick growth of underbrush, but also the top of a pine that had fallen in a great tangle during a winter storm. The Bishop, who knew something both of geology and woodcraft, surveyed the scene quickly for a moment, and then said:

"If there is a cavern here at all it ought to be in yonder," and he pointed to the part of the cliff that lay immediately behind the pine-top.

"Then there's nothing for it," said the Doctor, "but to clear away that stuff."

To this work the men at once proceeded, and in about half an hour found themselves with but a little hedge of underbrush between them and the

face of the rock. This was quickly removed, and there, in all verity, was an aperture roughly closed by slabs of rock that had been fitted in place from the inside.

The three men paused. They were for the moment overcome by emotion. They began to realize now that they were on the very edge of a marvel. They felt sure that behind those rocky slabs there was a something. What was that something? The answer that occurred to each was—a skeleton. What else could there be? Nothing was said. The Doctor stooped and put his shoulder against one of the stones, but could not move it. It had been so long in place that a kind of natural cement had filled the joint between it and the mother rock. The Bishop cut a short handspike, and, giving it a wedge-like end, inserted it into the seam. Two pairs of hands grasped it, and the lever power was applied. There was a tremor, a faint crackling sound, and the stone was free. Behind it was an open space and darkness. A lantern had been brought. It was lighted and, holding it in his hand, the Bishop led the way into the cavern. Having gone a yard or two the party halted. Their eyes required time for adjustment to the gloom. Gradually the circle of vision widened. The first object they noticed was the silvery gleam of a canoe upon whose skin of bark and lining of cedar the flight of time had made but slight impression. The circle of vision widened a little further, and they saw a rough couch and the outline of a man's form. The sight was almost more than they could bear. There in this cavern, in the heart of the forest, they seemed to have reached the inner-

most shrine of the universe. They felt as if they were in the embrace of the Infinite. Time and space appeared to have lost significance. The most splendid fane ever reared by the skill of man could not have brought a deeper awe upon their souls than this rude temple of nature with its mysterious occupant. Then the spell relaxed. They moved forward, the Doctor now in advance. The others watched him, and they seemed to themselves to be seeing with the scrutiny of his eyes. Those eyes looked upon a face, young, wholesome, peaceful.

"Fergus McCheyne," murmured the Doctor, "and none other. Not a bit changed since the day I saw him graduate."

He touched the face, felt the pulse, shook his head; put the palm of his hand to the lips, again shook his head; drew aside the blanket and put his ear close to the chest, a third time shook his head. He then turned to his companions. "This is very strange," he said; "there are no signs of life, no pulsation, no respiration; and yet there is no sign of death. There is not the slightest evidence of decomposition. There is no odour of death. There is no shrinkage of the tissues. The skin has all the firmness and smoothness of health. I don't know what to make of it."

It was with difficulty that the Bishop could speak. Well did he remember and immediately did he recognize the man they had found, for this Bishop was the very Hugh Falconer who had gone to McCheyne in the time of spiritual perplexity. Though twenty-five years had gone by he recalled vividly the shock of the news of McCheyne's disappearance. And

there was another reason, of a delicate and personal nature, for his special interest, a reason that will appear later on. So for a second or two he made no response to the Doctor's remarks. Then the practical side of his nature asserted itself.

"One part of McCheyne's experiment has been vindicated," he said; "what if the other should be?"

The reasonableness of this struck the others at once, but the transcendent importance of the issue came upon them with such force as to paralyze for the moment all thought and sensation. Finally Manthorpe spoke. His eye had fallen upon a curious-looking bit of mechanism that lay rusty and dusty on the ground beside the sleeper.

"There," he said, "is the syringe he had contrived, but which evidently failed to work. We have with us a syringe and the solution made up according to the formula. Why not try the experiment of restoration?"

"Certainly," replied the Doctor; "but is this the place to try it? Supposing—though I must say the supposition is incredible—that the life is still there and he revives, we have no idea what his condition will be, how weak, and what care he will require. It seems to me better that the trial should be made in the city, where we could have at hand every known appliance that might be of service."

"The Doctor is certainly right," said the Bishop; "the city is the place for the experiment."

"But how are you going to get him there?" spoke up Manthorpe.

"That's the question," replied the Bishop; "but I think we can manage it somehow. The first thing

is to make a stretcher, and that's easily done. Then we have blankets with which to make a covering, and the boat is long enough to take in the stretcher."

"So far so good," said Manthorpe; "but won't it make all kinds of a sensation when we get to the station, and also on the train all the way into the city?"

"Oh, that's all right," broke in the Doctor, "it will be dark before we can get to the station. I know the station-master and he knows me. More than once I have come out to take charge of patients for the hospital. When we land, I'll go up and tell him that we had found a man insensible up the river, that it was a bad case, and that we were bringing him to town for treatment. There'll be no fuss. When the train comes in we'll take the stretcher right up and put it on the baggage car where it will be under my care. I'll telegraph to Sawyer to have an ambulance ready, and we'll go from the Montreal station right up to the hospital.

"To the hospital?" said the Bishop. "Is that necessary?"

"Where else?" asked the Doctor.

"To my house. I would certainly prefer that."

The Doctor reflected for a moment.

"Well," he said at length, "there's no very strong reason against it, and there are advantages. We'll go there."

"And I'll telegraph Mrs. Falconer to be ready for us."

The plans thus made were at once carried into execution. The three gentlemen with their impromptu stretcher made the journey without attract-

ing any special attention. The ambulance was in waiting, and a little before midnight the Bishop's house was reached. The door was opened by Mrs. Falconer herself, and the ambulance men carried their charge up to a large bedroom familiarly known as the prophet's chamber, a room that had had many distinguished occupants, but none as remarkable as the one who now was given possession. The motionless form was lifted from the stretcher to the bed, and the attendants disappeared with celerity, for it was very late, and there was nothing in the situation to make them suspect anything out of the common. They had carried many an insensible man, and this was only one more.

The group of friends stood quietly at the bedside for a few minutes, their eyes fixed intently upon the unconscious face of McCheyne. Then the Bishop's wife broke the silence with an inquiry as to what had happened on the journey; and the Bishop gave a brief account of the experiences through which the party had passed, concluding with the question, "And now what is to be done?"

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "that's the question. There is nothing for it, of course, but to make the attempt at reanimation; but shall we begin to-night?"

"Why not?" was asked.

"Well, I cannot see that after a twenty-five year period of suspended animation a few hours can make any difference. There would be some advantage gained by waiting until the morning. My friend, Doctor Hardcastle, is an expert in anæsthesia, and I should like very much to take him into our confidence. Supposing that the life is really

in that body, and that we succeed in arousing it to action, there might be required the utmost care and skill to prevent it slipping away from us. This is, at least, a possibility, and I should feel much more comfortable if I had Hardcastle at my side."

The reasonableness of this appealed to all, and it was decided to leave the great experiment until the morning. The doctor and the lawyer departed to their homes somewhat daunted by the prospect of facing the curious inquiries of their respective wives. The Bishop and his wife persuaded their daughter to go to her room, but could not bring themselves to desert the chamber where lay the friend of former days wrapped in his mysterious slumber. They made themselves as comfortable as possible. Occasionally they dropped off to sleep, but soon waked; and this process, being repeated a number of times, brought them to the light of the new and eventful day.

CHAPTER III.

A Critical Situation.

At ten o'clock that morning all, with the addition of Doctor Hardcastle, were assembled. The latter was by far the most excited member of the company. He was under the spell of the first shock of amazement at the story he had heard from his friend. Every nerve of his expert personality was in a tremor at being brought into touch with so extraordinary a subject. For several years he had spent a good part of his working time in the anæsthesia department of a great hospital. He had in a sense lived on the border-line between the conscious and the unconscious. He had in his reading gone far afield in the realm of suggestion and hypnotism. But here was something absolutely unparalleled. Not the wildest stories he had gathered from the Orient had gone so far as to tell of a sleep lasting a quarter of a century. But this man, if he were really alive,—and how could that fresh, healthy body be other than alive?—had lain in that state just that time.

The time, however, had come for action. The doctors worked, the others simply watched,—and perhaps prayed too. The hypodermic syringe was filled with the mixture prescribed by McCheyne himself. The sharp point was inserted under the skin of the left arm, and the injection made. Then all waited.

The nervous tension was almost intolerable. Every eye was fixed upon the sleeping face, but there was no change. The lips were firmly closed, the nostrils firmly set, the eyelids unstirred by the faintest quiver. Eleven o'clock struck, and no sign. Twelve o'clock and no sign. The doctors' faces showed the keenest disappointment. Upon the Bishop's brow descended a cloud of sadness. Mrs. Falconer, unable to stand the strain any longer, rushed to her room in a choking passion of tears, and her daughter followed her, affected by an almost equal emotion.

The four men looked at one another in dire perplexity. Then suddenly a momentary light flashed across the Bishop's face.

"You know," he said excitedly, "I have a little motor-boat."

The others looked at him curiously, and Manthorpe said: "What on earth has that to do with the case?"

"And," continued the Bishop, "the engine is sometimes slow to start. You turn on the gasoline, you open the switch, but there is no movement. You've got to crank her, don't you see?"

Again Manthorpe spoke, this time almost angrily: "What in the world do you mean, sir?"

Before the Bishop could answer, Doctor Hardcastle spoke:

"I think I see your point, sir. Your idea is that, just as the engine required some impulse from the outside to give it a start, so the machinery of the body needs an initial stimulus. That's surely reasonable. What's the use of the injection if there is no circulation? The need is to set the heart beating.

And that might be done by means of electricity. Where is your telephone?"

Having been shown the way to it, he called for a hack. In a minute or two it was at the door, and the driver was told to drive as quickly as possible to the hospital. The distance was not great, the journey was swift; and in less than a quarter of an hour the Doctor was back with his electric battery. Not without some revival of hope the group gathered about the bed. Doctor Hardcastle and the Bishop were on one side, Doctor Mackenzie and Mr. Manthorpe on the other, Mrs. Falconer and her daughter stood at the foot. The electricity was turned on and several shocks were administered. There were a few moments of breathless suspense, and then, oh! wonder of wonders! the lips of the sleeper parted slightly, the nostrils dilated, and the eyelids gave a gentle quiver. Then followed a lifting of the chest, and a movement of the limbs. After this came a partial turning of the body, as of one coming out of deep slumber. At last the eyes opened and looked curiously around from face to face. There was no sign of recognition in them until they came to the Bishop's daughter. Then a look of mingled amazement and gratification was seen. The lips formed themselves into speech, and in tones faint, remote, yet distinct, there fell upon the ears of the astonished company the name—

"Florence!"

The young girl started with fear. McCheyne noticed it, and in a tone of apology added:

"I beg your pardon,—Miss Atherton."

An understanding look passed between the Bishop and his wife. The latter whispered to her daughter

and the two left the room. McCheyne was evidently disappointed at their disappearance, but addressed himself to the gentleman nearest him, who happened to be Doctor Hardcastle.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"In Montreal."

"Yes, but whose house is this? and how did I come to be here?"

"Don't bother about that now. You are in good hands. You've had rather a peculiar experience, and after a while we'll tell you about it."

"In Montreal," muttered McCheyne to himself, "and this is May, is it not?"

"Yes, May."

"May, 1902."

"No, no," said the Doctor incautiously, "May, 1927."

"May, 1927!" said the astonished man. "May, 1927? You are surely mistaken. This is 1902."

"No."

"Edward VII is King of England?"

"No."

"Roosevelt is President of the United States?"

"No."

"Sir Wilfrid Laurier is Prime Minister of Canada?"

"No."

"What then?"

"This is 1927. George V. is on the throne and has been for the last seventeen years. Mr. Roosevelt has been for some time in retirement after a strenuous and eventful political career, but does not consider

himself even yet as quite out of the list of Presidential possibilities. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is just now crowning a winsome old age by the issue of his great work, "The British Empire; its Insular Origin and its Universal Influence."

"Then," interrupted McCheyne, "either I am mad or you are."

"Neither," answered the Doctor, "only your bold experiment has proved a bigger thing than you dreamed of."

"You don't mean to say that I have actually been asleep for twenty-five years!"

"That is precisely the thing that has happened."

McCheyne was silent for a time. There was a puckering of the brows and a setting of the lips, showing that his mind was dealing with a strange and baffling problem. Doctor Hardcastle made signs to the three friends to leave the room. He then spoke to McCheyne.

"Now," he said, "I'm a doctor, and in charge of your case. You are not by any means a sick man, but you have had an extraordinary experience. There is nothing like it in medical history. We have nothing to go by as to the effect on the bodily tissues of so long a suspension of the ordinary functions. Everything may be all right, but nothing will be lost by exercising care. We are not going to take any chances. So, for at least a week, you will be under my care and that of a trained nurse. Then, if all goes well, you'll have a chance to look around you and pick up the threads of life again."

"Very well," said McCheyne, "you know best.

But make that week as short as you can, for I am tingling all over from head to foot with interrogation marks."

During the week in which our hero was left to the care of the doctor and the nurse there were frequent consultations among the friends as to what course should be pursued. They were confronted with an extraordinary problem, that of re-introducing to the world one whose last contact with its affairs had taken place twenty-five years before, and who was, in his own self, exactly at the point where the contact ceased. How could they fit him in without disarranging his own personality, and without undue shock to those who were specially concerned? There was his family to be considered. His father and mother, though very aged, were still living, and there were brothers and sisters. There were old friends and acquaintances. It was decided, therefore, that, for the present, things should be kept as quiet as possible. The newspapers had no inkling of what had happened, and needed not to have any for a while. The Bishop and his wife were on intimate terms with the McCheynes, and to them was committed the exceedingly delicate task of breaking the news to the parents of their son's preservation. Thus things were laid in train for the disclosures of the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Picking up the Threads.

At the end of a week Doctor Hardcastle said to the Bishop, "I am quite ready to hand McCheyne over to your charge. So far as I can make out he is in perfect physical health, but he is getting restive under confinement, and his eagerness to ask questions is becoming a kind of madness. There is no use trying to keep him quiet any longer. It would only do him harm."

"Very well," said the Bishop, "Mrs. Falconer and I will receive him right in this room as soon as he is ready."

The doctor left the room and after a short time returned with McCheyne. What was the sight that greeted the latter? A somewhat distinguished-looking gentleman, gray-haired, and having a face stamped with the signs of a rich experience, and not without suggestion of an authoritative personality; and at his side a matronly lady, the beauty of whose youth had not vanished, but only been transfigured. They were strangers to McCheyne; that was evident; so an introduction was necessary. This over, Doctor Hardcastle took his departure, leaving the Falconers to their somewhat delicate task.

"You don't know me," said the Bishop.

"No."

"Don't you remember a Hugh Falconer, who attended your church, and who, at the time of graduation, came to you and discussed with you the question of ordination?"

"Yes, I do, and a fine fellow he was. He did not go up for ordination, I believe, but went to the States a few weeks ago, they said to take the pastorate of a Congregational Church."

"A few weeks ago!" exclaimed the Bishop. "Twenty-five years ago, almost to a day."

"Twenty-five years ago," repeated McCheyne. "Then where is he now?"

"Here," said the Bishop. "I am Hugh Falconer."

Astonishment to the verge of incredulity was apparent in McCheyne's countenance. It was hard for him to believe that this dignified and somewhat stately gentleman was the same person as the young, eager-hearted student he had been accustomed to meet. However, there was nothing for it but to accept the Bishop's statement.

"But how," he inquired, "did you come to enter the Anglican Church? That was the last place to which either a Presbyterian or a Congregationalist would be likely to go."

"What makes you think me an Anglican?" asked the Bishop.

"Well, as a Bishop you must be either that or a Roman Catholic, and I know you are not the latter, for you have a wife at your side."

"No," was the answer, "I am not a Catholic; and, strange as it may seem to you, I am not an Anglican."

"Then, in Heaven's name, what Church do you belong to?"

"To the United Church of Canada," was the startling reply.

"To the United Church of Canada," repeated Mr. McCheyne, slowly, "to the United Church of Canada. Can there be such a thing?"

"Yes, in truth," said the Bishop, "The world has been moving a bit since you went to sleep."

At this point Mrs. Falconer broke in.

"I suppose you don't remember me."

"No."

"Are you quite sure?" said the lady, not without a certain coquettish teasing note in her voice. "Are you quite sure?"

McCheyne was evidently disturbed. There was something about this handsome, gray-haired lady that struck a most resounding chord in his soul, but just for the moment he could not tell what it was. It seemed as if a whole world of desire, and disappointment, and rebellion, were being stirred up within him, but the cause and the meaning of the agitation he could not grasp. The lady saw his perplexity and decided to deal frankly with it.

"You remember Florence Atherton," she said.

"Surely, surely," he replied with emotion.

"Well, I am Florence Atherton."

"You!" he cried in astonishment. "Why, I saw her just a few days ago when I woke from my sleep. I *did* see her, did I not?"

There was strong agitation in his voice.

"No," said Mrs Falconer, "but one who is said to be her exact image. It was Florence, my daughter, that you saw."

Now, for the first time, the full significance of his

strange experience began to dawn upon the mind of McCheyne. Thus far he had been in a state of pure wonder and curiosity, but now he was beginning to see what serious complications might arise, and what grave losses might be involved in the case of a man who has stood still while a whole quarter of a century was added to the life of the world. He dimly perceived how great a gap had been set between him and all that he had loved and cared for in the earlier time. The change in Falconer and his wife was no doubt typical of the change that had come upon all old friends if they were still living. That *if* spoke sharply to him, and, as he thought of this one and that one, the question arose as to whether they were still alive to greet him. This line of reflection came to a point in the sudden inquiry:

"What has become of my friend Manthorpe?"

The question needed no spoken answer. The answer was visible, written upon the faces of husband and wife.

"When did it happen?" he asked.

"Within a week of your disappearance."

"And he has been dead these twenty-five years. How did it happen?"

They told him. He listened with pained interest to the tragic narrative.

"And that is the reason," he said, "that no one knew what had become of me. But I left a letter. Did no one find that among his papers?"

They told him of the desk and the secret drawer.

"Yes," he said, "I remember that desk. He thought a good deal of it. I knew there was something peculiar about it, but I did not know of the

secret drawer. That is the desk over there, is it not?"

"Yes."

He went over to it, looked at it thoughtfully, touched it reverently, and turning back again said:

"Manthorpe was one of the best men I ever knew. I was a Presbyterian, he was an Anglican, but there wasn't a man in all the Presbytery that I loved better and knew more intimately. It used to gall me to think that we hadn't a Church big enough to permit us to work side by side. One thing is sure—he's in the big Church now."

"Yes," said the Bishop," and if he had lived a little while longer he would have been in it here. But you'll learn more about this in a day or two. In the meantime I am sure there are matters of a more personal nature about which you would like to inquire."

"My father and mother, are they yet alive?" was the next eager question.

"They are," replied the Bishop; "we have broken the news to them, and they are waiting to see you."

"Do you mean to say that they are actually here in the city?"

"Yes, they moved here several years ago. They have with them your brother Donald, who never married, and your sister who is a widow with one child."

"My brother Donald," repeated McCheyne, and there rose up in his mind the vision of a sturdy urchin, shock-headed, eyes dancing with mischief, limbs incessantly on the move. "My sister Elsie," and he thought of the girl he had last seen, so gentle, so affectionate, so unfit apparently for the cold blasts

of sorrow. How dreadful to think of her as a widow with her fatherless bairn. Before he could speak there was a light tap at the door, and in came the young lady he had seen standing at the foot of the bed when he awoke from his sleep. As she came towards him, he was more than ever impressed with the wonderful resemblance she bore to the Florence Atherton he had known and secretly loved. As he looked upon the lovely face, as he heard the rich tones of her greeting, and as he felt the touch of her outstretched hand it seemed as if the flight of twenty-five years were only a fantasy, and that the desire of his heart was there before his eyes. So intent was his gaze upon her that to hide her confusion she said:

"Father, the motor is here."

"Very well, my dear, Mr. McCheyne, I think, is quite ready to go with us."

There was a little wrapping up to be done, and in a few minutes all four were ensconced in a graceful and comfortable run-about, the Bishop at the wheel, McCheyne beside him, and the two ladies in the rear seat. From the moment he took his seat McCheyne was in a state of wonderment. He was surprised to find that he was on an asphalted street. Such a thing was practically unknown in 1900. He was surprised to notice that this beautiful street was on the north side of Mount Royal. In his day there had been nothing there but country roads. He was surprised to see that all around him was city, and that the mountain, once its boundary, was now its centre, looming up there with its memorial marbles and its crest of trees. Nor was this the end of the series of surprises. They came to a wide, bridge-like structure protected

by handsomely carved stone balustrades. At either end were broad steps leading down to the very prettily designed station buildings. Right beneath the viaduct were four tracks. Looking northward McCheyne could see these tracks going straight out to the Back River, and crossed at regular intervals by bridges similar in design but of smaller size. Looking southward the tracks vanished out of sight into the heart of the mountain. Express trains, electrically propelled, rushed by swiftly. Electric trams followed each other in quick succession. There was neither smoke nor smell, and there was an astonishing absence of sharp and jangling noises.

"What!" said McCheyne. "Have they actually tunneled the mountain?"

"Yes," replied the Bishop, "that was done about twelve years ago."

After crossing the viaduct they found themselves on a broad boulevard running at a diagonal to the regular streets, and along its smooth surface they sped in the direction of what McCheyne used to know as the suburb of Cartierville. About three or four miles out they turned into a quiet pretty street lined with modest, comfortable-looking houses, each standing on its own plot of ground. Before one of these houses the motor-car was brought to a halt. This was their destination, and all the sensations of wonder over the new world around him sank out of consciousness as McCheyne came to realize the task now before him. It is not an unusual thing for a son to come back to his parents after an absence of a quarter of a century. That has occurred over and over again, but the changes that have taken place in the son have

prepared him for the changes that he knows must have taken place in the parents. But in this case, there was no change in the son, and no sense of the lapse of time. It seemed but a week since he had seen his father, an elderly man, but without the slightest trace of infirmity, and his mother sprightly as ever with undimmed eye and unwhitened hair. And now what was he to see? He hardly dared ask himself the question as they walked to the door. They were admitted by a maid, whom McCheyne afterward learned to be the daughter of a schoolmate of his. They were shown into the parlour. What McCheyne saw was this: an old, old man, with hair white as wool and beard breast low, his face marked by a great gentleness and dignity, his hands laid one above the other on a gold-mounted ebony cane; at his side a tiny old lady, white-haired too, her face criscrossed with many a wrinkle, but stamped with the ineffaceable mother look that has something of God in it. Beside the old man stood a man of forty years; beside the mother, a middle-aged lady, dressed in the unmistakable black of widowhood. Holding on to her, and half hidden by her skirt, was a child of six or seven years gazing upon the strangers in timid curiosity. What a change for McCheyne! But there was no change for their eyes. The man they had last seen was right before them; but as one risen from the dead. The mother tried to rise, but, overpowered by her emotions, sank back into the chair. McCheyne rushed forward and clasped her in his arms. There was restoration in his touch, as if the wine of a new life had been poured into the old veins. Her arms reached up, and, finding their way round the son's

neck, drew his head to her bosom, while her thanksgivings took voice in broken ejaculations and fragments of the Scripture:

"'My soul doth magnify the Lord'—'The Lord killeth and maketh alive'—'He bringeth down to the grave and bringeth up'—'Women received their dead raised to life again.'"

She knew her Bible, and, through the language of the Bible, relieved her heart and sent upwards her praise. Then, as she took her seat, McCheyne turned to his father. He had risen to his feet, and though his frame had lost some of its stature it had lost none of its dignity. He kissed his son. So far as the son's memory served him it was the first time. Then he spoke, and the words were those of one who had once been a very proud man.

"God forgi'e us, Fergie," he said, "we were very proud o' ye, but we were very hard on ye."

McCheyne felt that his father was making a confession, but the full significance of it did not come till afterwards, when his mother told him how, after his disappearence, she and her husband had been haunted by the dread that their prejudice against Miss Atherton, and their stubborn opposition to his wishes, had had something to do with his mysterious departure. Still he had an inkling of what was in his father's heart, and the words brought that father nearer to him than he had ever deemed possible. And now the brothers greeted each other, the older turned into the younger, the younger into the older. Then Fergus took his sister into his arms, and she clung to him as if in the new-found brother she might find some compensation for the husband so recently lost.

Last of all, the little boy was caught up by Fergus, and he, being in a strait between fear and delight, struck so natural a note that all over-wrought feelings began to subside, and life to creep back to its wonted channel.

After an hour spent in conversation, the details of which the reader's imagination may supply, McCheyne and his friends took leave of the household and returned to the car. Having settled in their seats, the Bishop said:

"We have an hour yet before lunch, and there is one person that I am sure is dying to see you."

"And who may that be?" inquired McCheyne.

"You remember Mrs. Brindley."

"Certainly. Is she alive?"

"Yes, eighty and alive, alive and hearty."

"All right then. She was a good friend of mine, and I'll be glad to see her."

They returned by the same street along which they had come. They crossed the viaduct, and then struck into a corresponding diagonal which took them in the direction of Sault aux Recollets. After proceeding some distance they turned into a side street, and stopped before a modest little cottage. The Bishop and his wife alighted and went to the door, leaving McCheyne and Miss Falconer to amuse each other while they prepared the mind of the old lady for the interview. After the lapse of a few minutes the door opened, and the Bishop beckoned to the two. They followed him into the little sitting-room, and there they saw two old ladies seated. McCheyne had no difficulty in recognizing Mrs. Brindley. She was

older, she was stouter, but the cheery English face with its inwrought apple-tinge was not greatly changed. It is hardly necessary to say that she had no difficulty in recognizing him. The meeting was a strange mixture of the comic and the pathetic. The relationship between the two had always been a kind of comedy. They were so completely different that they were a perpetual wonder to each other. They were continually looking at things from a different point of view. They disagreed, but they never quarrelled. They made game of each other, but they never got angry. The fact is that, underneath all their variances, there was genuine regard and affection. For the moment the affection was uppermost. As he took her hand neither of them could speak, but the tears rolled down their cheeks. At last she spoke, not to him, however, but to her companion.

"Just think, Mrs. Watkins, and 'e wa'nt dead after all."

"Yes," chuckled Mrs. Watkins, "and you puttin' on dead black mournin'. You wouldn't a done it more expensive if 'e'd been your own beloved son."

"Yes," said Mrs. Brindley, somewhat irritably, "and I've got them same mournin' things in the top drawer upstairs, and I'm wyting for some old person to give me a charnce to use 'em again."

"And did you," said McCheyne, "actually go into mourning for me?"

"Certingly, my dear boy. The mournin' was in my heart, and why shouldn't I put it on my body?"

"I didn't suppose you cared that much for me. I know I gave you lots of trouble."

"That makes no difference. Women is strange creaturs. The more trouble you gives 'em, the better they likes you."

The conversation now took a more general turn, the other members of the party joining in. When at last they rose to go, the old lady was reluctant to let McCheyne out of her sight. Holding his hand, she looked up at him, the light of mischief still playing in the ancient eyes. Said she:

"You never was much for the lydies. I 'opes you'll 'ave more sense now."

And the old lady sent a swift and roguish glance towards Florence Falconer.

"You remember the flowers, don't you?" she continued. "Those heverlastings. I know hall about your heverlastings now, a genooine heverlasting you are yourself."

At this there was a general laugh, and as the visitors passed out of the door, the old lady delivered her parting shot in their hearing.

"Didn't I tell you, Mrs. Watkins? Parsons is good, but parsons is queer."

It was now the luncheon hour and the party hastened back to the Bishop's house. Now that the first excitement of his new experience was over, McCheyne was conscious of great weariness, and, as soon as the lunch was finished, retired to his room, where he soon fell into a sleep that lasted till the hour of the evening meal. When this was finished he and the Bishop retired to the study of the latter, and there for an hour or so question and answer followed in rapid succession. Quite naturally the conversation turned on the Church situation.

"You told me," said McCheyne, "of a United Church in Canada. Do you mean to tell me that all the Christian people of the Dominion have actually come into one Church?"

"No," said the Bishop, "we have still the old division into Protestant and Catholic, and even Protestantism is not entirely at one."

"What then do you mean by the United Church in Canada?"

"This: three of the old denominations, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, and the Congregational, together with parts of other two, the Anglican and the Baptist, and also a considerable number of people from bodies less well-known, have been formed into one Canadian Church. As a result of this every English-speaking community, however small, has at least one well-equipped church, the work in cities has been organized as never before, the Theological Colleges have been placed on a footing of unprecedented strength and efficiency, and the ministry is returning to that place of honour which it has usually held when not narrowed and degraded by sectarian divisions."

"This is certainly a wonderful change," said McCheyne. "I am amazed that it has been brought about. I thought that it would have taken at least a century to remove the prejudices that kept the denominations apart."

"Had it ever occurred to you," replied the Bishop, "that not one of the denominations was home-born, that in every case they were importations?"

"No, I had not thought of that."

"Well, that was the case; and you can easily see

how the feeling of national self-respect, the sense of new and large opportunity that was rising with tidal force at the beginning of the century, should have furnished the condition under which a bold, comprehensive Canadian scheme could be matured. But some other time we'll go more fully into the matter. In the meantime you will have an opportunity to see some of the results of the new regime. To-morrow I am to take part in the dedication of a new church-building in the north-eastern part of the city, and I would like you to come with me. You will certainly be interested."

McCheyne readily agreed to the proposal, and after some further talk on various matters the two friends parted for the night.

CHAPTER V.

A Memorable Service.

The Sabbath morning broke upon the city with that glory of warmth and hope that is never so radiant and entrancing as in the early days of the month of June. McCheyne was up early. It was a Sunday habit with him. There was in his breast a mingling of the sense of burden and the joy of anticipated action of which every true preacher is conscious. It took him a little while to adjust himself to the changed condition, and to realize that this day brought him no task. "How strange," he thought, "to be in a world which has no place for me, offers me no duty, can go along, has gone along, as if I did not exist at all." He felt himself to be a spectator while others played the game. Then he wondered if his time were altogether past, if there might not yet be a chance to slip into the field and mingle with the players. Thus he mused as he looked out of his bedroom window, catching just a glimpse of the tree-crested summit of Mount Royal glittering in the sunlight. Then, having finished his dressing, he sat down at the table spread with books and magazines. What struck him was the number of magazines, several of them Canadian, whose names were utterly unfamiliar, and of books, some of them in a third edition, of whose authors he had never heard. And when he opened them and turned over

page after page it was like having glimpses of another world. His observations and meditations were brought to an end by the breakfast bell, and going down-stairs he was received with a hearty welcome from all the household. As the meal proceeded they talked of the day's plans.

"Are we all going to the new church?" inquired McCheyne.

"No," replied the Bishop, "we attend a church much nearer, in fact our own parish church, and, while I am almost invariably away, Mrs. Falconer and my daughter usually occupy our pew."

McCheyne was dimly conscious of a feeling of disappointment, but said nothing.

"We might," continued the Bishop, "start a few minutes earlier and walk as far as our church before we take the car for the new building. I'd like you to have an idea of what is being done."

This was, of course, agreed to, and about half-past nine the two men left the house. A walk of less than ten minutes brought them to the doors of the Church of St. Barnabas. McCheyne expressed his surprise at the doors being open at that hour.

"They are open far earlier than this," said the Bishop. "You see this church is intended to meet the religious needs of a neighbourhood, and not all the people are free at the same time. There are many classes in the community, and our services are so arranged that it is difficult for anyone to find an excuse for non-attendance. The nurse, the night-watchman, the men on night shifts, the servants, are all taken into account. From seven o'clock in the morning to ten o'clock at night on Sunday there is

in this place opportunity for worship. But let us go inside."

McCheyne's first impression was of the dimness of the interior, but he was sensible enough to wonder how far this impression was due to the sudden transition from the brilliant sunlight. He soon made up his mind that it was owing in a very large measure to this cause, for he had not been more than a minute or two in the building before he perceived how beautifully it was lighted. There was colour, rich colour; there was a sense of rest and seclusion; and yet the whole interior was wonderfully light. Even the illuminated glass, while stained, did not exclude "the white radiance of eternity." But, in addition to this, there was a certain immediate suggestion of the unstained, the unbroken light, the light that gleams in the sky, and irradiates the cloud, and, falling upon meadow and stream, makes them laugh with joy. By some skill of the architect this wonderful combination had been secured. The next thing that McCheyne noticed was the dignified arrangement of the sanctuary—the pulpit at one side, the reading-desk at the other, and the communion-table in the centre.

"Is this," he said, "a specimen of the United Church?"

"Yes, one specimen," answered the Bishop.

"Well," said McCheyne, "it looks to me a good deal like an Anglican church with the sunshine let in. Are all your churches like this?"

"By no means," was the reply; "the one we are dedicating is of a different type. As a matter of fact we had in this neighbourhood a large num-

ber of broad-minded Anglicans with their love for the liturgy, and also not a few Presbyterians and others with quite a leaning to a service in which the people had a large participation. When these people wished a building of this kind, and such a service as will be held here this morning, we could see no reason under the sun why they should not have what they wanted. We had no use for a United Church which could not allow liberty and variety in the forms in which the religious life might be expressed. And even in this parish, while there is the one building for all, the evening service is different from the morning. It is of a freer, a more unconventional character. But we must get our car."

A half-minute or so took them to the main thoroughfare, and they were soon seated in a car, the completeness and comfort of which greatly impressed McCheyne. This carriage of the common people was not without its touch of the beautiful. Instead of the long row of heterogeneous advertisements above the windows was a series of fine reproductions of great masters. The city authorities had evidently decided that a ride in a street-car might be a phase of the æsthetic education of the people. They had come to the conclusion that the suggestion of beauty was better for the health of the people than the suggestion of disease as furnished by the advertisements of patent medicines. There were one or two clearly and neatly worded cards of information, but there was no hideous injunction not to spit on the floor on pain of a fine of $40. The absence of straps indicated the disappearance of the strap-hanger. The conductor was a neatly dressed French-

Canadian, but the English he spoke seemed as native to him as the French. All these things McCheyne noted, and they gave him the impression of a vast growth in the self-respect of the people. But his opportunity for observing these details was brought to an end when, at a certain stop, the Bishop rose and led the way to the street. A walk of about a block brought them to their destination. Here was the new church. It was classic in style. There was a portico modelled after that famous Erectheum of Athens upon which Paul's eyes no doubt rested, and which perhaps suggested to his mind the figure of the church as a noble and costly building. Above and behind the pediment was a piece of elegant pillar-work, within which McCheyne caught the gleam of shining metal. He wondered what it could be, but, before he had time to frame his wonder into a question, there came softly smiting the air a succession of musical sounds, the sweetest, he thought, he had ever heard. There was the loftiness, the aerialness which give the charm to bells, but there was no clangour, no asperity, no startling clash, only a smooth, gently-booming, golden sound such as would not waken a child, and, if heard in a sick-chamber, would exercise a soothing and healing power.

"That's the quarter bell," said the Bishop; "we are in good time."

"Wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed McCheyne.

"What is wonderful?" asked his friend.

"Everything, for that matter. What a marvellous sound! I used to hate church bells, those great iron-throated monsters that made the steeples rock,

and drove the sick people crazy with their merciless vociferations; but this kind of a church bell! Why, it seems to me that if I were the most indifferent soul on earth such notes as these would woo me to the House of God."

One thing is sure, the people were coming to the House of God. Along the sidewalks and up the broad steps a great crowd surged. That the Bishop was known to many was evident from the smiling faces of women and children and the lifted hats of the men. Nor was there aught of the conventional and obsequious in the recognition. It was the spontaneous sign of respect and good-will. The two passed down by the side of the main building and entered a door in the rear. A mere glance showed McCheyne on how generous a scale everything was planned. There was no parsimony of ground: that was evident; and the buildings were large enough to afford space for many kinds of activity. The details of this he was to become acquainted with afterwards, but now his mind turned back upon his own case. He was about to make his first entrance into public life. Thus far his contact with people had been amongst intimate friends, and by them the secret of his return had been kept inviolate. To-day he was to take his place among strangers, and he shrank from it.

"Bishop," he said, "let me go back to the front door and take my chance of a seat."

"Why," replied the Bishop, "I intended to take you into the vestry, so that you might meet with some of the men. Of course, you'll be a complete stranger to them, and need feel no embarrassment."

"Please excuse me," pleaded McCheyne; "that sort of thing will come after awhile, but I'm not equal to it yet. Let me go back to the main entrance and take my chance."

The Bishop did not press him any further, but said:

"There's no need to go back to the main door. Anyway, you'd have no chance. The entries are all packed, and they are planning for an overflow meeting. Just wait a moment."

He opened a door and called. A gentleman responded to the call, and to him McCheyne was introduced.

"I would very much like my friend," said the Bishop, "to see the service this morning. I hoped he would come with us to the platform, but this he is unwilling to do. Is it possible to find him a seat in the congregation?"

"I'll take a look," said the other; "if there's room anywhere it will be at the front."

In a short time the gentleman returned and with a smile said:

"There's just room for one more chair, and I've got the chair."

Leaving the Bishop, McCheyne followed his guide and was soon seated so near the platform that his knees were almost touching. It was not a very comfortable seat, but he was too much engrossed with what was going on to take notice of trifles. The whole interior was quite different from that which he had seen an hour before. It was a great teaching place, with the teacher's pulpit or desk in the centre, and the pews so arranged that, without obstruction

or difficulty, everyone in the building could fasten his attention upon the speaker. Behind the pulpit was a great choir gallery with room for seventy or eighty singers, and at the back of this gallery was a semicircle of pillars, in the spaces between which gleamed the organ-pipes. The impression made upon McCheyne's mind was less subtle, less mysteriously suggestive, less æsthetical than that he had received in the other church, but still one of breadth, dignity, freedom, and devotion. An order of service had been handed to him, and, as he glanced from item to item, his gaze was suddenly arrested by the name of the preacher.

"The Rev. Francis Asbury Fletcher, D.D.," he murmured. "There was a fellow of that name used to be in the Wesleyan College, an ambitious fellow, a flamboyant fellow, a regular crank on elocution and oratory, a fellow who was known by his motto, 'What's the use of loading up if you can't fire?', a fellow with initiative and humour, a voice like a trumpet, and wearing a semi-ready suit of clothes. Can this preacher of to-day by any chance be the same man?"

There were one or two other names on the list that had a half-familiar sound, but all conjecturing was brought to an end by the opening strains of the organ, soon followed by the orderly entrance of the neatly vested choir, and these again by the array of men who were to take part in the service. The Bishop took the centre chair, the rest of the company, ministers and laymen, arranging themselves in a long double row of seats. And now in broad, thundering notes the first line of the Old Hundred was

played. All the people stood, and from the whole congregation—from old men and women whose early training had been Presbyterian or Methodist or Congregational, from younger men and women whose religious training had been in a United Church, and from boys and girls who had been born in such a church—arose in mighty chorus the familiar words:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Many a time had McCheyne heard the words, but never had he had such an impression of the Divine majesty and goodness, never so exhilarating a sense of the oneness of humanity, never so vivid a consciousness of communion with the saints of all ages.

"Praise him above, ye heavenly host."

This one act of praise launched the whole service upon the bosom of infinite Love and Power.

All was intensely interesting to McCheyne, but there were some features that made a special appeal. One of these was the personality of the pastor of the church. He was apparently about McCheyne's own age. He took the opening prayer. He was the pastor, and it was but right that his prayer should be the first in the new sanctuary. The petition was very simple, very direct, and very human. There was no sectarian flavour, no local accent. McCheyne remembered his own experience, and as he thought of the contrast he said in his heart, "What a chance this young man has!"

Another striking feature was the character of the

Dedicatory Service used by the Bishop. There was an entire absence of the old denominational phraseology. There breathed through it a catholicity of feeling, a consciousness of responsibility for the national welfare, a sensitiveness to real world-problems that gave it a wonderful power and dignity. He felt that the particular congregation was but a link in a golden chain of Christian purpose and hope that girded all the globe. Then there was the sermon. Early in the service he had ventured to ask the person next him which of those on the platform was Doctor Fletcher, and was told that it was the gentleman on the Bishop's left. The gentleman in question was a man of fifty or more. He was of a fair height, and evidently of a strong and healthy frame. He was clean shaven, and his hair, while not of Samson luxuriance, was not unduly cropped. The face had calmness and strength in it, but there were certain mobile lines about the nostril and mouth, and an occasional glow in the eyes that indicated an inner consuming fire of emotion. Yes, he was not only the preacher, but *a* preacher, a preacher to the manner born. His high calling had in face and form its outward and visible sign.

"Francis Asbury Fletcher," muttered McCheyne again and again, "Francis Asbury Fletcher, who had a black-haired sister called Barbara Heck Fletcher. Can this be he?"

At times he thought he saw a gleam of something that reminded him of the raw theological student of nearly thirty years ago; on the other hand, the contrast was so great that he could not make up his mind to the identification. But as soon as the

preacher uttered the first word all doubt was set at rest. Francis Asbury Fletcher, in his student days, was noted for the phenomenal character of his voice, a voice then unregulated and uncultivated, but with a peculiar native richness and an immense carrying power; and from the lips of this stately preacher came that same unforgettable voice. Every element of roughness had been removed, each inflection indicated the control of a mind saturated with truth and beauty, but it was the voice of Francis Asbury Fletcher and of no other. It was therefore with a haunting sense of old companionship that McCheyne settled himself down to listen to the sermon. After the reading of the text, Judges 5: 6, 7, and a brief exposition of its setting and original meaning, the preacher boldly announced his subject, "Old Foes and New Forces." McCheyne's face lighted up, and he said to himself:

"So dear old Kingsley is still remembered. This preacher evidently knows something of 'Hypatia; New Foes with an Old Face,' and from it got his crisp and taking title."

But this little bit of mental by-play was soon thrust aside by the interest in the sermon itself. McCheyne was struck with two things: the intelligent, comprehensive, and practical grasp of the evils of society—the mischief of poverty, the disease, the vice, the selfishness—and the note of abounding courage and hope. He was taken by the preacher into the very camp of the enemy. He saw the strength of the intrenchments, the vast stores of weapons and supplies, the great dark army of the invaders. And then he was carried in thought to the surrounding

hills where the forces of faith and righteousness were encamped, and as he noted the number of the soldiers, the unity of their organization, the warmth of their fellowship, the courage and enthusiasm that shone in their eyes, he could very well understand why the whole of the sermon throbbed with the anticipation of victory. There was in it the missing note, the lost chord, which had been the subject of so many lamentations in the days of his own ministry. It was penetrated through and through with the spirit of the apostle, who, having all the tragic pictures before him of the latter part of the first chapter of Romans, gave, in the earlier part of the same chapter, utterance to his invincible faith in the words, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." When the sermon came to a close McCheyne found himself all in a glow. He was ready for any call to action. He was in the mood of the Italian soldiers under one of the appeals of Garibaldi. Wounds and death seemed of small account when conjoined with such a vision of certain victory.

He was in a sort of dream during the closing hymn and prayer, and was roused from it only by the friendly greeting of one of the church officers, who, learning that he was a stranger in the church, asked if he belonged to that parish, and, being answered in the negative, handed him a little church directory with a map showing the parish boundaries, the position of every church, the names of the ministers, and giving other useful information. Then, shrinking as he did from the possibility of introduction and recognition, he sent word to the Bishop that he would wait for him near the main door. Here he was in

a little while joined by his friend, and they were taken home in the automobile of one of the congregation.

The rest of the day was spent quietly. Under the advice of the Bishop, McCheyne did not go to the evening service. He protested, but was made to see that, however well he felt, after his strange experience it was wise to err on the side of prudence. But in the evening, when all were home from service and had gathered round the supper table, the conversation turned upon the morning service and his impressions of it.

"Did you like the service?" asked Florence.

"Like it?" he replied; "the most wonderful service I have attended for a score of years."

"What an appreciation!" said the young lady, with a laugh, in which all the others joined.

Just for the moment he was nonplussed by their merriment, and then recollected how he had spent the score of years.

"Well," he said, correcting himself, "the most wonderful service I ever attended."

"Yes," said the Bishop, "it was a wonderful service, but not uncommon. It is not three months since I presided at one just about its equal. And what did you think of the sermon?"

"It was a great sermon," he said, "and all the more interesting to me because, after some juggling with my memory, I was able to identify him as a fellow that I had known when he was a student in the Wesleyan College. But oh, what a change! the Koh-i-noor beside a pebble, and a rough pebble at that."

"I remember him, too," said Mrs. Falconer; "we used to meet him at students' parties. I wonder if he knew how the girls laughed at him. It was really a shame. But, you know, he was such a guy, such a fresh one, we couldn't help it; and then that voice of his advertised him so tremendously."

"Well," said the Bishop, "they laugh best who laugh last. Poor Kittie M—, who turned him down, and is married to a vinegar bottle, sour inside and cold outside, is not laughing at him now."

"True enough," said McCheyne. "Happy the girl who knows a man when she sees him," and then, having uttered this wise saying, found himself quite uncomfortable. He gave the conversation a new turn by asking the Bishop to tell him more about the working of such a church as they had seen in the morning. The Bishop gave him in substance the following information. The city was divided into parishes. The ideal parish did not contain more than three thousand of a Protestant population; and as, under the most favourable circumstances, not more than fifty per cent. of the population can attend church at one time, a building seating from fifteen to eighteen hundred people was quite enough for the purposes of worship. Ample provision was made for the Sunday School and for various kinds of institutional work. As the church property was within reach of the whole congregation, every family being within ten or fifteen minutes' walk of it, there was developed a strong interest in the work, and there was a large body of volunteer workers. But there was also a corps of workers who had been specially trained, and who gave their whole time. In the most highly developed parishes there were at least

five of these workers, one who gave himself to preaching and pastoral care, a second who had charge of, or kept in touch with, the various organizations of the church, a third whose chief work was of a secretarial character, and two deaconesses, one of whom at least had had training as a nurse. With such a staff, having around it a loyal group of volunteer workers, a tremendous influence for good was exerted upon the community. As to the Bishop, his function was a double one, that of representing the United Church, and that of giving counsel where it was needed. It was a position of influence rather than of authority.

" Splendid! splendid!" said McCheyne, " the very thing I used to dream of, and for lack of which I used to be eating my heart out. And now, just think, it has actually come to pass. The Lord's name be praised."

The conversation now turned into another channel. The question of making known to the public the strange experience of McCheyne had been weighing on all minds. It could not be concealed much longer, and, once it was published, would certainly be the great sensation of the day. What was best to be done? The Bishop feared the effect of the strain upon his friend, and McCheyne shrank from the inevitable publicity. Was it possible to arrange for the publication with the minimum of strain. The Bishop had a plan.

" Next week," he said, " I am to be in Winnipeg at the General Council of the United Church. Now what I propose is this. You go with me. It will be an interesting journey in any case. I'll leave with our friends, Mackenzie and Manthorpe, a state-

ment for the newspapers, to be held back, however, until just before our return from the West. The trouble will begin out there, but you won't have it long, and will be somewhat used to it before we get back to Montreal."

All agreed that this was the wise course, and McCheyne thanked the Bishop warmly for his thoughtfulness.

"To-morrow," said the Bishop, "you must see something more of the city. I can spare you several hours, and with the motor car we shall be able to make good use of them. It is possible, too, that I may do a little business at the same time. You know the city is my parish, and I cannot see too much of it."

With this arrangement they parted for the night, and McCheyne went to his room, his heart in a maze of joy, and wonder, and apprehension. He was beginning to feel that his twenty-five years of slumber were by no means lost if they were to purchase twenty-five additional years of life in the new order of the world. What a ministry the right man could have in the new order! But was he the right man? Was it not likely that the sudden arrest of his contact with life, and the onward movement of the world during the twenty-five years of slumber, had thrown him hopelessly into the rear? For a good while this thought drove sleep away, but at last he slept, and as he slept he dreamed, and as he dreamed he saw beckoning him onward a lovely form the sight of which in some mysterious way touched simultaneously the chords of memory and hope, and caused their vibrations to mingle in a divine and marvellous harmony.

CHAPTER VI.

The Changed City.

At the breakfast table the next day plans were made for an inspection of the city.

"In the old days," said McCheyne, "when visitors came to Montreal, I always advised them to find their way at once to the top of the Mountain and get a view of the city as a whole."

"And that is what we advise still," said the Bishop. "We believe you see the parts better in the light of the whole. So the first thing we do this morning will be to find our way to the mountain Look-out. After that, have you any choice?"

"Well, I would like to take a look at the University, and perhaps go through the city to the docks."

"We can manage that all right," said the Bishop. "Mrs. Falconer and my daughter are arranging to go, too. That's so, isn't it, mother?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "we would not miss it for anything."

The breakfast had been at a good hour, so that it was not yet nine o'clock when the motor drew up to the door, and all four took their seats.

There was a chauffeur this time, and Florence took her seat beside him, while the others occupied the body of the car. McCheyne was not sorry over this arrangement, because it gave him frequent

glimpses of the profile of a very lovely face not at all unlike that of his dreams of the night before. As they set out he was overpowered by a sense of the world's beauty. True, it was the city, but the city was clean, and the streets were lined with trees in whose branches the birds were making their immemorial music, the air was impregnated with the scent of orchards not too far away, and over all was the wonderful Canadian sky, the fathomless blue, flecked here and there with dots of clouds driving slowly eastward like the white sails of an aerial fleet. But the clouds were not the only contrast to the blue. McCheyne noticed with the keenest interest the flight of great birdlike creatures as they darted to and fro.

"What can those be?" he eagerly inquired.

"Those," said the Bishop, "those are aeroplanes."

"Aeroplanes!" exclaimed McCheyne, "that's a queer name. Never heard it before."

"Yes, aeroplanes. They are ships of the air, heavier than the air, but the weight neutralized in some measure by the resistance of the air under the broad wings or planes, but chiefly by the speed at which they travel."

"And how do they get the speed?"

"By engines."

"They are surely too weighty and cumbersome. And how can they carry coal and water in such a slight fabric as that?"

"Why! hadn't you heard in your day of the gasoline engine?"

"Heard of it! Yes. But it wasn't much in favour. It smelled horribly, and half the time it wouldn't go. One of my friends had a motor car,

and the regular programme was to go out gaily at five o'clock, and come home humbly at midnight towed by a farmer's wagon. Gasoline engine! Yes, but I'd hate to be in an aeroplane whose speed and safety depended on any such contraption."

"True," said the Bishop, "but other things as well as churches have improved, and the gasoline engine of to-day is a different thing entirely from what it was at the beginning of the century. It is a perfect marvel of lightness, strength, and reliability. Then, in addition to the greater efficiency of the engine, there are certain safeguards that make a serious accident well-nigh impossible when a competent airman is in charge—and no other is allowed to be in charge. There are thousands of men owning their own aeroplanes, but in every case they must pass a rigid and satisfactory examination before they take their machines aloft. The public has not a very deep-rooted objection to their risking their own necks, but it positively refuses to run the risk of these affairs tumbling through our skylights, or smashing the heads of people on the street."

"What's that?" said McCheyne, with a finger pointing towards the western sky, in which was an object that one minute was a speck, the next minute as big as a football, and the next as large as a clothes-basket.

"That," was the answer, "that is the Winnipeg Express—the genuine air-line. It is the latest dirigible. It carries about two-score passengers, and a special mail. It makes the trip in about thirty-six hours, with four or five stops. Of course, the aeroplanes do it in a very little more than half the time,

but if you are not in a hurry, and are looking for comfort, take the dirigible."

"Wonderful, wonderful," said McCheyne, as the great airship, now less than two miles off, slowed up and gently sank out of sight behind the intervening buildings.

And now they were on the old Cote-des-Neiges road, on the north-west slope of the mountain.

"Where do we leave the car?" asked McCheyne.

"Leave the car! why, we don't leave it at all. It takes us to the top, and then to the bottom again."

"You don't mean to tell me that Montreal actually allows automobiles to venture into the sanctities of the mountain-top! What about the frightened horses? What about the crushed and mutilated children?"

By this time they had turned out of the main traffic thoroughfare into a smooth-paved and absolutely dustless road, up whose gentle gradient they slowly climbed. Running parallel with it, and seen fitfully through a fringe of trees, was another road on which McCheyne caught glimpses of elegant carriages and cantering saddle-horses. Before the Bishop had time to answer his question, he answered it himself.

"I see now what you have done. You have separate roadway accommodation for the two methods of travel. That's a good idea."

"And," said the Bishop, "we have a speed-limit which is rigidly enforced. If there is one place in Canada out of which the speed-devil is inexorably expelled it is Mount Royal Park."

"Good," said McCheyne.

The winding of the road had now brought them to the summit, and here McCheyne had a nearer view of what he had already seen at a distance. It was a handsome steel structure slightly resembling the Eiffel tower, but not one-quarter its height. The roadway ran through the central part of it, and opposite a series of iron doors the chauffeur halted and the passengers alighted.

"What's this?" asked McCheyne.

"This is the new Look-out. There used to be two Look-outs on the side of the mountain, looking towards the river. They gave you partial views, and were all right in the days when the bulk of the city lay east and south of the mountain. But now that the mountain is in the heart of the city, the authorities have given us a Look-out suitable for the new order. Shall we take the elevator?"

The party entered, and in a second or two emerged on a spacious circular platform furnished with seats, refreshment booths, and sanitary conveniences, and surrounded by a fairly high railing. Beginning on the east side, they looked out upon the city. To the Falconers all, to McCheyne much, was familiar. The great river flowed on in its incomparable majesty; the rugged summits of Belœil and Rougemont still thrust themselves skyward out of the level plains; the outline of the Adirondacks and Green Mountains was still visible; the main city outlines had not greatly changed, and the old ecclesiastical landmarks, the towers of Notre Dame, the dome of St. James, and the spire of Christ Church Cathedral were all in place. But there were changes. A new civic centre had been created; the harbour

front extended far down the river; there was a new bridge across to the south side; there was a great central boulevard traversing the whole length of the city, and stretching to the very ends of the island. Looking south and west, what McCheyne noticed was the vast extension of the residential part and the projection into it here and there of new business centres. On the further edge of Westmount he noticed a huge building, and, on inquiry, was informed that it was a new departmental store doing an immense and growing business. But it was in the north that the changes were most perceptible. In the space between 1902 and 1927 fully half a million people had found homes on what in McCheyne's day had been vacant lots, or land still furrowed by the farmer's plough. With amazement he looked upon the miles of paved street, the frequent square or park, the thousands of dwellings, the throngs of people that even at that hour were passing in and out of store and market. Then an object in the distance arrested his attention.

"What is that?" he asked. "It looks like a steamer. And there is another, and another."

"It *is* a steamer," said the Bishop.

"But how came it there?"

"It and its sister boats are on the last reach of the Georgian Bay Canal."

"You don't mean to tell me," said McCheyne, excitedly, "that that fool project ever materialized!"

"Oh, yes," replied the Bishop, "and others too. Do you see that train coming into the city? That has come from the Pacific Coast on Canadian Northern rails. Do you see that train starting out from the

city? That is going to the Pacific on the rails of the Grand Trunk Pacific. I can tell you we have taken the word 'impossible' down a peg or two these last twenty-five years."

"Well, I should say so! I should say so!" was the rejoinder.

The Bishop and his wife took seats while the other two went again the round of the platform, McCheyne stopping every moment to call attention to some new sight that arrested his notice. As they finished the round McCheyne said:

"What a city! In my day it was of course beautiful for situation, but hideous in its civic housekeeping. But now how different! The order, the symmetry, the extent, how marvellous! But how comes it that a country of five or six millions can have a city of this size?"

"My dear fellow," said the Bishop, rising from his seat. "Five or six millions! Why, we have five cities that by themselves contain half that number of people. Fifteen or sixteen millions is more like the figure."

McCheyne had no more to say. He was endeavouring to grasp the significance of such a statement. In a sort of stupor of amazement he stepped with his companions into the elevator and soon all four were in the automobile, and on the lovely winding road that led back to the city. They emerged from the park on the east side of the mountain, and sped swiftly down an asphalt road that ran in the shadow of the Royal Victoria Hospital. Arriving at the intersection of Pine Avenue with University Street they drew up for a moment, and McCheyne looked

about him on a scene that was quite unfamiliar. The hospital he remembered. It seemed but a day or two since he had been in it visiting one of his congregation. But everything else was changed. Looking down University Street he saw a huge building which he was informed was the Medical College, and beyond that and on the same side a series of buildings of harmonious architectural design, one of them, however, being of far ampler dimensions than the others. Evidently McGill had extended her boundaries right out to the street, and thus reclaimed a part of her lost heritage. This view McCheyne contemplated in a silence born of wonder. Then the automobile was started, and, turning northward, passed through a handsome gateway, and went bowling along a great ellipse of roadway, on one side of which were a number of handsome buildings, each bearing a characterizing name, while on the other side, and forming the heart of the whole property, was a large, smooth expanse of green evidently intended for purposes of recreation. McCheyne's wonder now passed from silence to speech.

"And what is this?" he asked; "a new university, a rival to McGill?"

"No, indeed," said the Bishop; "it's old McGill still. This is the great extension, new campus, new gymnasium, new dormitories. There isn't a more beautifully situated bit of university ground in the wide world."

"Well! well! well!" said McCheyne, and again relapsed into silence.

They had now made the complete round, and, crossing Pine Avenue, descended the slope of University

Street. Coming near Milton Street, McCheyne looked around and saw on the north-west corner a handsome and spacious structure, whose style of architecture, while agreeing with the whole environment, had on it certain touches that indicated its ecclesiastical character.

"Why," said he, "this is where the Wesleyan College stood. This is the spot where Francis Asbury Fletcher studied, and where he played alley-ball, arousing all the dogs in the neighbourhood with the reverberations of his mighty voice. But what is this building?"

"This," was the answer, "this is the Montreal College of the United Church. It has been thought well to give to each college the name of the city in which it is situated—usually, of course, a university city. This has the advantage of letting the public know where the college is, and also of appealing to a worthy civic pride."

"Do you suppose we could go in?" inquired McCheyne.

"By all means. The regular students are gone for the holidays, and the summer lectures for pastors have not begun, but we shall be able to get in all right."

In a moment or two their ring was answered, and they stood in the entry. It is not necessary to go into the details of their exploration of the building. Suffice it to say that they found in it a sufficiency of large, well-lighted, well-ventilated lecture-rooms for the staff of fourteen or fifteen professors, a convocation hall that was not only beautiful to look upon, but acoustically perfect, a spacious library in which

was abundantly recognized the scholarship of the universal Church, parlours for the students and professors, a faculty room, a president's room, and in fact all the requisites of a well-equipped college.

"No dormitories, I see," said McCheyne.

"Not here. This building is purely for teaching and administrative purposes. Residential accommodation is provided elsewhere, partly in the old denominational college buildings, and partly in new buildings erected specially for the purpose."

"And how many students have you?"

"An average of about three hundred. We consider that this Montreal College is responsible for the supplying of about six hundred churches and home mission fields in our own district. This requires the graduating annually of from thirty to forty men. Then the foreign field fills an increasingly large place in our life. Besides this there are some men preparing for special work. Altogether, on the supposition that five years is the average term of study, and sixty the average number finishing each year, we ought to have never less than three hundred men on our list. And, as a matter of fact, that is about our number. The place of the Church in the life of the nation has come to be such that the old-time honour is returning to the office of the Christian minister. He is no longer the standard-bearer of a sect, but the expounder of the great principles upon which the highest welfare of the community depends."

McCheyne's cheek flushed and his eyes shone.

"Do you suppose," said he, "there is any place for an old fossil such as I am in a church like this?"

"Old fossil! You're not an old fossil. You were

about twenty-five years ahead of your time, so now you are just coming into your own."

"But surely I have much to learn."

"Yes, but you'll soon learn it, and then, with the spirit of the new age upon you, you will rejoice as a strong man to run a race."

"Father," said Miss Falconer, "can't you give Mr. McCheyne a chance to preach, open a pulpit for him; that's the phrase, isn't it? I'm just dying to hear one of his sermons."

There was a tone of mischief in her voice that made McCheyne wince a little, but he met her suggestion with the ultimatum:

"If I ever do preach again it will be absolutely on condition that this young lady is not in the congregation."

This was said with the utmost sincerity. The young man had discovered that while he could face a whole bench of bishops or a whole sanhedrin of professors, he would run no risk of making a fool of himself in the presence of this young lady. Why he should feel in this way he had not stopped to inquire, but the feeling was certainly there.

"Condition or no condition," said the Bishop, "we must have him preach. The virtue of his ordination at the hands of the Manitoba Presbytery I am sure has not departed."

"You wouldn't mind having me for a hearer," said Mrs. Falconer. "You know I heard you long ago."

"There's no one," replied McCheyne, "whom I would rather have in the congregation; no one, I am sure, whose judgment would be kinder."

This, too, was said with the utmost sincerity. It would require a subtle analysis of the human heart to furnish an explanation of the terror with which the young man contemplated the presence of the younger woman, and the sense of comfort with which he was prepared to welcome that of the older one.

This conversation had taken place on the college steps, and as it came to an end the party went back to the motor. They were taken into the McGill grounds. On the left was the engineering building, but, by the accident of fire, materially changed from what it had been in McCheyne's day. But a far greater change was seen on the right. The old Arts building had vanished and in its place was the new Arts building, whose magnificence testified to these two facts,—the immense growth of the university, and the revival of the honour once paid to the culture that thinks more of the man than of his particular craft. McCheyne was greatly impressed with this, though it was not without a pang of regret that he remembered the old building, and knew that he was to see its time-worn walls no more. Slowly down the main drive they proceeded, and at the gate the car stopped for a moment. McCheyne stood up, turned around and viewed the scene. It was a curious mixture of the familiar and the new. The Library was still there, the dining-room and library of the Presbyterian College, the Museum with its touch of Athens, the Chemistry and Mining buildings, the mountain with its ample robes of verdure and its lofty crest, and, in the centre of all, the great new building with *Alma Mater* unmistakably symbolized in the stately architecture, and sitting like a queen-

mother with her children at her feet. McCheyne wondered whether he would ever have sons and daughters to take advantage of it all.

When McCheyne resumed his seat, Mrs. Falconer remarked:

"It is now after twelve. Why not leave the docks till the afternoon, and go down by the Boulevard to Longue Point, have lunch there in the dining-room at the river-side, and return by way of the docks?"

This was at once agreed to, and the motor, going down McGill College Avenue, the upper part of which had been made to look like a miniature park, turned along what had been called Ontario Street, but was now known as the Island Boulevard, and sped quietly along this wide thoroughfare which, so McCheyne was informed, had become the great central roadway of the Island of Montreal. There were hundreds of automobiles gliding east and west along this dustless road, and a double line of trees down the middle of the street with a walk between them gave a touch of beauty to the scene. Having gone some four or five miles the party left this thoroughfare, and by a side street drove down to the Longue Point Park. Close to the water-edge they came to a large dining-hall, with a wide upper balcony overlooking the river. To this, while lunch was being ordered, McCheyne found his way, and, standing at the outer rail, surveyed a magnificent scene. The river rolled by in its perennial majesty, and in the distance the summits of the miniature mountains lay in outline against the sky. There were two objects on the water that arrested the spectator's attention. One was a barquentine, whose graceful lines, white edges of furled

sails, and flashing brasses proclaimed her to be a yacht; and what astonished McCheyne was the fact that, without sail and against the south-western breeze, she was sturdily and surely breasting the current. Then the solution dawned upon him and he muttered:

"Gasoline, of course."

The other object was a line steamer, and what impressed him was the immensity of size. He had seen boats of about ten thousand tons come up the channel, but this was at least two or three times as large, and as she came abreast of him with her long, sweeping lines, her bow pushing aside a gleaming scroll of white water, and her towering decks lined with rows of expectant faces, he could not keep back the exclamation:

"Magnificent! Magnificent!"

"Yes," said a voice at his ear. It was that of the Bishop, who had come to summon him to the table. "Yes, we have the thirty-five foot channel now, and the system of buoys and lights is unsurpassed. Montreal is not as big as New York, but as a port she is getting to be a close rival. Thousands of the American people are attracted by the great River Route to Europe. The bookings this year are beyond anything we have previously known."

There is no need to tell of the pleasant hour at the table, the drive along the river front with its manifold docks, its enormous sheds and elevators, its freight trains manipulated by electric engines, and its general appearance of thrift and cleanliness, and of the return home. McCheyne's mind was bewildered by the changes that twenty-five years had

wrought, and he was not sorry to get back to the quiet of his own room, and to know that, as the Bishop had an important committee meeting in the evening, he was free to do whatever he liked. It turned out that there was nothing he liked better than to sit in the library conning the backs of books, glancing at the evening papers, listening to the conversation of Mrs. Falconer, and hearing the voice of her daughter as it came floating up the stairway in the notes of songs, some of which were entirely strange, while others belonged to his own yesterday, and filled his soul with a pathetic delight. Later in the evening he was beside the piano turning the leaves of the music, and when he bent his head, bringing its fairness into vivid contrast with the dark tresses of the young lady, a sympathetic observer would have decided that they made a very attractive picture in the glow of the electric light.

CHAPTER VII.

An Evening Walk.

At breakfast the next morning the conversation turned upon the experiences of the previous day. The Falconers were eager to hear McCheyne's comments, and he just as eager to get further information. There was, therefore, no lack of material for conversation; and it was beyond his usual hour when the Bishop went to his library. McCheyne was too thoroughly impressed with the sanctity of such a man's morning hours to venture upon any long intrusion, but he accepted the invitation to accompany him, and reaching the door of the room he said:

"You must be a very busy man, and I am not going to disturb you, except to ask when we can have a chat on the slum problem and the relation of the Church to it. I have been wondering whether the United Church is able to do any better with it than we were able to do."

"I can arrange that," said the Bishop. "To-night there is a great celebration in one of our down-town districts. I have to be there. You had better come along. We can talk on the way, and afterwards you will have an ocular demonstration of what is being accomplished."

To this McCheyne very readily agreed, and that evening before sitting down to dinner the subject was taken up again and definite plans were made.

"You spoke of the slum problem," said the Bishop.

"Yes," replied McCheyne, "in my day there were certain sections of the city that had come into the nondescript class. They were neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. They lay between the lower and the upper business sections, were in no demand for business purposes, and had lost their character as residential districts. The houses were pretty old, but in fair condition, and of a good size, yet not valuable for ordinary rental purposes. Only a poor class would come into the neighbourhood, and they could not afford to rent an eight or ten room house. The only way to get a return was to put anywhere from four to eight or ten tenants in one house, and you know what that means,—overcrowding, filth, disease, and vice. That process was going on in my time."

"And," interrupted the other, "went on a great deal faster after your time. Then emigrants came in hundreds; later they came in thousands. Every country in Europe began to pour its people into this city, and, some ten or fifteen years ago, Montreal, after no end of poking and urging, woke up to find that she was the breeding-ground of every kind of pest. We had districts that would have fairly turned the stomach of an East Londoner, or a denizen of the Cowgate. Something had to be done. Something was done. The first step was to give information, and thus arouse attention. This last was no easy matter. It was almost necessary to take some of our fine Montreal gentlemen by the scruff of the neck and stick their dainty noses into the horrible mess before they, as the Americans say, *sensed* the situation. But

public feeling was aroused. Then came the question of policy. There were three weapons to be used, Force, Education, Religion,—the baton, the school, the church,—the policeman, the teacher, the Christian worker. All three were in use, but quite ineffectively. It is a strange thing to have to say, but the last of the three agencies to wake up to its ineffectiveness was the Church. You remember how things used to be done, how now one and now another of the churches would start a mission in what was known as the down-town district, where a few heroic workers without adequate equipment or sufficient backing would launch themselves upon the tremendous social problem. There was something pitiful about it, was there not, the mean little premises, the one-sidedness of the work, the lack of any general plan, the failure of the Church as a whole to grasp the seriousness of the situation? So things went on, going from bad to worse, until men came to see that something had to be done, and one reason why the idea of a United Church received so warm a welcome was the conviction that such a Church could accomplish what was utterly beyond the power of a divided communion. This evening you will see a specimen of what the new regime has been able to effect."

It was a little after half-past seven when the Falconers and McCheyne left the house. They took a suburban electric train through the Mountain, and in a few minutes were within walking distance of the place which they were to reach. The locality was not unknown to McCheyne, and he well remembered what it used to be—the ill-paved streets, the lines of dirty house-fronts, with windows either curtained

with rags or altogether uncurtained, the lanes malodorous and feculent in their filth, the frequent grog-shop and liquor-selling grocery, the rough-looking men, the women either faded or coarse, the children playing the part of Ishmael, but in a more frightful wilderness. But how different things looked now. The streets were as clean as any in the city. There was an air of neatness and thrift about even the poorest of the houses. The windows were clean, and in many cases brightened by the bloom of flowers. The faces of the women had a look of hope and cheer, and even the dirt upon the children had the appearance of being a recent acquisition. There was no suggestion of pestilence in the air.

"But where are the men?" asked McCheyne, "I see very few of them about."

"You'll see a good many of them in a few minutes," replied the Bishop.

Before McCheyne could prosecute enquiries any further he found himself at the entrance to a large and somewhat handsome building on whose plate-glass doors was inscribed in generous golden letters the name, "United Church of Canada," and under this, in somewhat smaller characters, "St. Paul's Parish." Before the doors were opened they could hear the hum of voices, and, when they entered, found themselves in the midst of a scene of varied and cheerful activity. In the large vestibule there was a throng of people, also on the broad stairway, while from distant rooms there came the murmur of voices, and the click of cup and glass. From below there arose a mingling of sounds—plunge into swimming bath, roll of ball along the alley, stamp of feet in the gym-

nasium. Then suddenly there was heard a sound that overpowered all others. Three times a great gong was struck, and the vibrations, deep, musical, and penetrating, spread to the farthest corner of the building.

"That," said the Bishop, "is the first call to the meeting upstairs."

An effective call it certainly was, for the last vibration had not died away before it was evident that the occupations going on in the other parts of the building were being laid aside, and that the participants were getting ready for the great assembly. Fifteen minutes later, when the Bishop and McCheyne were in the ante-room, the second call was given, and a few moments after this they, with a large company of others, took their seats upon the great platform. The occasion, as McCheyne had already learned, was the tenth anniversary of the foundation of the parish under the care of the United Church. There had already been a purely business meeting for the reception of reports and election of officers, and this was the sequel, a great meeting thrown open to the whole community. What was it that McCheyne saw? Let us begin with the platform. The Bishop was in the chair. At his right sat the minister directly in charge of the parish, the deaconesses, and several ministers from other parishes. At his left were the chief speaker of the evening a visitor from London, England, the representatives for the district in the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments, the alderman of the ward, the principals, male and female, of the public school, and one or two of the leading manufacturers in that part of

the city. Behind him in a semi-circle were officials of the church and workers in all the various departments. The company, numbering in all about sixty people, was splendidly representative of the life of the community. Behind this group was a choir of about a hundred, all eccentricities of attire abolished by the use of a simple common costume. In front was the congregation of about two thousand people, of which a large proportion were men. They were, of course, chiefly of the working class, and were, almost without exception, wide-awake, intelligent, self-reliant, and self-respecting men. There was scarcely one in all the number that bore the bar-room brand. And the women, it was a pleasure to look upon them, they were so bright, so hopeful, so evidently interested in what was going on.

Such was the sight that greeted McCheyne. As he sat there he recalled another scene,—the anniversary of a little Presbyterian mission, the mean, dingy hall, the little company, mostly women, and they a sad-looking lot, the sense of the degradation of the surroundings, the feeling of inadequacy and futility: and now, as he looked upon the great hall with its radiant light, its immense congregation, its air of hope and courage, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that the organ should strike the note of the Doxology, that choir and congregation should pour out the tide of song, and that he should find himself stopped at the end of the first line by a choking in the throat and a dimming of the eyes with tears of thanksgiving.

Upon the details of the programme it is needless to dwell. Summaries of reports were read, showing

how varied were the activities of the church, and how they were practically self-supporting. Musical selections were contributed by the talent of the neighbourhood, and McCheyne marvelled to see how much talent there was; addresses were given of congratulation and encouragement, and McCheyne noticed that none was more hearty than that of the Roman Catholic alderman, who also brought the greetings of the parish priest. The chief speech was that of the English visitor. He was a man a little under forty, who had recently been called to the superintendency of a great institutional church in the heart of London, the founder of which had just resigned in favour of the younger man, and was devoting himself with pen and voice to the wider interests of the Kingdom of God. Graceful reference was made by the speaker to his predecessor; gratification was expressed at the reproduction of his work in this parish of St. Paul's, though as part of a great national scheme and not as a mere local experiment; and then he went on to speak of Christianity as the birthright of the people and not the monopoly of a class. It was a great address, but what interested McCheyne even more than the eloquence of the speaker was the interest of the audience, and to see how, whenever the name of Jesus was mentioned, a light came into the eyes of the men and women, such as we see whenever the name of a friend and champion is heard.

"Yes," he murmured to himself, "these people have come, even as the people did long ago, to believe that Christ belongs to them."

By ten o'clock the meeting came to a close. The

next half hour McCheyne spent in seeing the various parts of the building, the reading-room, the coffee-room, the gymnasium, the swimming-bath, the departments where sewing, cooking and other feminine arts were taught, the class-rooms, the committee-rooms. The whole institution was place of worship, Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association, Sunday School, Boys' Club, Library and Reading-room, Hall of Entertainment, rolled into one. It was the social centre for a community of over three thousand souls.

On the way home the Bishop said to McCheyne:

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"It's all right," he answered, "all right. But what impressed me most powerfully was not what I saw in the building, though that was impressive enough, but what I saw in the neighbourhood. Why, it's actually decent. I wouldn't mind living there myself. It shows what the Church can do."

"But," broke in the Bishop, "we mustn't forget the other forces. There is the Triple Alliance—the State, the School, and the Church. It is wonderful how much can be done by vigorous city government, wonderful what can be accomplished by an efficient school-system. But there is this to be said for the Church, that, in addition to the direct actual work it accomplishes, it has a tremendous influence in making the other agencies, especially the municipal, effective. Why, the Church in that parish has created such an atmosphere that municipal corruption cannot live in it. A man would as soon think of painting his face with pitch as of trying to bribe his way into office. Thank God, the old beastly times are past!"

"Thank God!" reiterated McCheyne. "Thank God!"

A little after eleven o'clock home was reached, and before the midnight bell struck, McCheyne sank into a sleep into whose mystery stole some of the wonder and thanksgiving of the day.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Talk About Bishops.

A short time before the proposed expedition to the West those more immediately associated with McCheyne and his remarkable experience came together to spend the evening at the Bishop's house. The company included the Bishop's household, McCheyne and his sister Elsie, Doctor Mackenzie, and Lawyer Manthorpe. A variety of topics were discussed, but the evening was not very far advanced before McCheyne brought up the Church matter by saying:

"Bishop, there's a question I would like to ask."

"And what is it?"

"How in the world did you ever come to be a Bishop?"

"And why should I not?"

"Well, you were brought up in the Presbyterian Church, and there was no love for bishops there in my day, I can tell you. Then you tell me that you were for a time with the Congregationalists, and they were, if possible, even more pronounced in their antipathy to the Episcopal idea. And here I find you actually a bishop yourself."

"It doesn't look very well, does it?" said the Bishop, laughingly. "If consistency is a cardinal and inflexible virtue then I'm afraid I have sinned

grievously. But will you bear with me if I tell you how the change came to pass?"

McCheyne assented readily. The others had heard the story, but were not unwilling to hear it again, especially Florence, who had but a very indistinct memory of the time when her father was not a bishop. Manthorpe, too, was quite eager. As an old-time Episcopalian the story had a special charm for him.

"Well," began the Bishop, "as McCheyne has said, I was brought up in the Presbyterian Church, and from my childhood entertained against Episcopacy a strong antipathy. As a boy I had steeped myself in the story of the Covenanters, and was never tired of being told how Jennie Geddes flung the stool at the head of the clergyman who had dared to say mass at her lug. Then as I grew to manhood it was my fortune on more than one occasion to come into contact with the supercilious sort of parson—the man who tries to cultivate a cordial street acquaintance with other ministers, but fails egregiously in the matter of cordiality. Nor did my feelings change very much when I came to Montreal. Some change there was, no doubt. In my Arts course I got to know some splendid fellows who belonged to the Anglican communion, and, when I entered Theology, I was brought into touch with very good men in the Diocesan College. But my prejudice against bishops was inflamed rather than allayed. The peculiar garb,—apron, leggings, broad-brimmed hat,—had a kind of red-rag effect upon me. Then I happened to be at a gathering in which Anglican clergymen figured very largely, and I could not help noticing the sort of fawning servility with which the

entrance of the bishop was greeted. It was in the case of your brother, Mr. Manthorpe, that it seemed most absurd and humiliating. He was a manly man."

"He certainly was," interjected McCheyne.

"Yet he seemed to undergo a subtle change as he my-lorded the great man. But the women were the worst of all. They curtseyed, and simpered, and looked devout, as if some little black-coated god had suddenly appeared. Creatures that had no more knowledge of the essence of religion than a Brazilian cockatoo all at once developed an interest in what they considered spiritual matters. I cannot describe the feeling of repugnance, amounting almost to nausea, that the whole affair aroused. This feeling was still with me when I crossed the line, and took a Congregational Church in New England. But I had not been there long before a new set of ideas began to take possession of my mind. As is often the case, the change of view began with a fact, and that the greatest of all facts, a personality. I never heard Phillips Brooks, I never saw him, but the spell of his name was on the community where I ministered, even though the leading church in the place was not Episcopal, but Congregational. He had been there once or twice in his episcopal visitations, and several of my deacons, staunch old Puritans as they were, could never speak of these visits without the warmest feeling of appreciation. This set me thinking that a bishop need not be obnoxious, and the new point of view became more distinct as certain semi-national activities brought me into personal touch with a bishop from New York, and another from the Philippines.

Some little time after these experiences I had the privilege of a two months' visit to England. Naturally my intercourse was chiefly with Congregational ministers, and one of these, quite a young man, but well trained and thoroughly alert, made a remark that gave a fresh impulse to the new movement of my mind. His father had been one of the most successful pastors in England. He had had an enormous church with a marvellous aggregation of beneficent activities, and he had it, not because he was a Spurgeon or a Beecher, but because of a wonderful genius for organization. The remark was this:

"'My father was a statesman. He had gifts that ought to have been valuable to all the churches. But we seem to have no position that gives that order of mind its fullest opportunity to serve the Church as a whole.'

"It was a pregnant remark. There was undoubted truth in it. It had a great influence upon me, and I returned to my church not only with a lessening of the prejudice against the episcopal idea, but also with a perception of the positive value it contained. I read and I observed. I studied the works of Hooker and Hatch, and Lightfoot, and the more they abandoned the claim to a direct divine right for the episcopate the more powerfully the idea of the episcopate made its appeal. I could not help seeing how episcopacy as a fact, though not as a name, was making headway in non-episcopal bodies. Congregationalists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, all had superintendents, and what was a superintendent but a bishop in a Latin dress? I became acquainted, too, with the lives of such men as Ingram, Whipple, Ire-

land, Selwyn, Patteson. Thus it came to pass that my associations with the office of bishop were no longer those of hatted and gaitered dignitaries, obsequious clergymen, and simpering women, but of broad statesmanship, far-reaching vision, and heroic devotion; and you can easily see how much this meant."

"So you became an Episcopalian," said the lawyer.

"By no means," replied the Bishop; "there are other things in a church to be taken into consideration besides the episcopate. Much as I had come to esteem that office, it was by no means of equal value in my mind with the principle of Christian democracy, the principle that recognizes the citizen rights of every Christian believer. But I had come to that point where I had glimpses of an ideal church in which both elements were justly and efficiently incorporated."

"And what happened next, papa?" said Florence; "and where do I come in?"

"Well, my dear, you had already come in. You know I brought your mother from Montreal to my New England parish, and you were born there. So of course you are a Yankee."

"No, papa, I'm not. Of course I might be something very much worse, but I think I'm something a little better. I'm a Canadian. The Maple Leaf forever!"

The father smiled at this ebullition of patriotic enthusiasm, and continued his story.

"After several years in New England, during all of which the craving for Canada was never out of my heart, I had premonitions of a break-down in

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land, Selwyn, Patteson. Thus it came to pass that my associations with the office of bishop were no longer those of hatted and gaitered dignitaries, obsequious clergymen, and simpering women, but of broad statesmanship, far-reaching vision, and heroic devotion; and you can easily see how much this meant."

"So you became an Episcopalian," said the lawyer.

"By no means," replied the Bishop; "there are other things in a church to be taken into consideration besides the episcopate. Much as I had come to esteem that office, it was by no means of equal value in my mind with the principle of Christian democracy, the principle that recognizes the citizen rights of every Christian believer. But I had come to that point where I had glimpses of an ideal church in which both elements were justly and efficiently incorporated."

"And what happened next, papa?" said Florence; "and where do I come in?"

"Well, my dear, you had already come in. You know I brought your mother from Montreal to my New England parish, and you were born there. So of course you are a Yankee."

"No, papa, I'm not. Of course I might be something very much worse, but I think I'm something a little better. I'm a Canadian. The Maple Leaf forever!"

The father smiled at this ebullition of patriotic enthusiasm, and continued his story.

"After several years in New England, during all of which the craving for Canada was never out of my heart, I had premonitions of a break-down in

health, and my doctor advised me to go and live for a time in an inland climate. At once the question arose as to whether I might not find work for a year or two in the Canadian West. But there were difficulties. Congregationalism at that time had nothing to offer, and I was not prepared to accede to the conditions involved in a return to the Presbyterian fold. I was perplexed, but, when my perplexity was at its height, I had a letter from an old classmate who was in Saskatchewan."

"Saskatchewan! where's Saskatchewan?" broke in McCheyne.

"Oh, I was forgetting," answered the Bishop; "there was no such place in your time, only the river. It is now the great central prairie province."

"I see," said McCheyne; "please excuse my interruption."

"This letter," returned the Bishop, "told me how in that province a new religious movement was assuming considerable proportions. Negotiations for a union between the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational bodies, which had been going on for a number of years, had come to a halt owing to a somewhat serious opposition sentiment in the Presbyterian Church, but the movement had gone too far to be without effect. And one effect was the endeavour in a number of villages to utilize the constitution, prepared by the Joint Committee on Union, in the removal of the scandal of a divided church in the small community. A number of union churches were formed, but as they were not connected with any denomination, and naturally shrank from the notion of forming themselves into a separate denomi-

nation, they had difficulty in securing suitable ministers. My friend mentioned several vacancies, one in particular at an important point, and asked me if I could suggest the names of eligible men. I at once took the liberty of suggesting my own name. I was accepted, moved out to the West, found myself sole pastor in a growing community of five or six hundred people, and, my health returning, entered upon two years of the most delightful Christian work I had ever known. At the end of that time the three negotiating bodies had come so far together as to form a joint committee for the supervision of these union churches, and this committee decided that it was absolutely necessary to have a superintendent. For some reason or another the lot fell on me, and I had a chance to experiment with the office of bishop, though without the name. The work was trying and laborious, but most attractive, and as a matter of fact the name itself came in time. There were Anglicans in almost every one of these churches, and, wishing to give me some name, it was quite natural they should call me bishop. The others took it as a kind of joke. I did myself. But before a year had passed the title stuck, and I was known everywhere as Bishop Falconer. There was no use in protesting, and, to be honest, I didn't see very clearly why I should protest. Soon after this, by the union of the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational bodies, the United Church in Canada was formed. In each of these bodies the question of a general oversight of a district had been accepted, and in the new church it received full and honourable recognition. Superintendents were appointed in

many districts, and their duties and responsibilities carefully defined. They had considerable powers, but for the use of these powers they were directly responsible to their brethren in the ministry, and ultimately to the Church as a whole. As I had had experience in the work, and was fairly well acquainted with conditions in the district where I lived, I was asked to continue my superintendency there, but, of course, under the new regime. To this I consented, but the name stuck to me. I was still Bishop Falconer. I never used the title; I began to protest against its use, as it might be misunderstood; but it could not be got rid of. But I am wearying you. To make a long story short, this was what finally happened. The prejudice against the name began to lessen; the need of a specific name for the office became more apparent; the fact that a large number of Episcopalians were attracted to a church so national in its character that it was commonly known as the Canadian Church had its influence. All these elements united to bring about the formal adoption of the name Bishop for the office of Superintendent."

"And was there no protest?" asked McCheyne.

"Oh, yes; and from two quarters. There were some ultra-democrats in the church, most of them elderly men, who sniffed in this move the odour of incipient sacerdotalism; and there were the ultra-montanists of Anglicanism, who raised a piercing cry against this infringement of an ecclesiastical patent. But the protest from the first quarter soon died out. The other had but little effect."

"And are there bishops in every part of the country? Is the system universal?"

"No, there are districts without a bishop, districts which preferred that the oversight should be in the hands of a group of men corresponding to the old-time Presbytery or Association. There has been no attempt to force the office in such cases. But it has so vindicated its expediency that they are becoming less and less frequent."

"This is certainly wonderful," said McCheyne. "And have you then found a common ground on which you and Episcopalians can stand together?"

"To a large extent. Of course the men who looked upon the episcopate as essential to the Church, and on the Apostolic Succession as essential to the episcopate, are excluded by their theory. But large numbers of another type are quite at home with us."

So ended the talk on bishops. The conversation then turned to the final arrangements for the visit to the West, and to that visit we turn in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

A Wonderful Journey.

It is a lovely morning in early June. On the outskirts of Montreal, but closely knitted to it by well-paved roads and electric lines, stands a structure, conspicuous not only for its immense size, but also for its peculiar architecture. Over the main entrance is inscribed in large letters the name "Air-Line Station." A number of people are dismounting from cabs, street cars, and automobiles, and among them one group whose members we have no difficulty in recognizing. The Bishop and Mr. McCheyne are about to start for the West, and Mrs. Falconer and her daughter have come to see them off.

Within the station are a number of immense compartments. Some of them are empty, others have in them great cigar-like shapes, under each of which is an engine-room, small baggage-van, and a long, comfortable-looking car with a library and café attached. At the side of one of these, bearing the name "Saskatchewan," the four come to a stop.

"Five minutes yet," said the Bishop, "but we may as well get our seat."

He kisses his wife and daughter, McCheyne shakes hands with them, and the two men take their places in the car.

"Do they keep the windows closed this time of

year?" asked McCheyne, to whom everything was most astonishingly new and strange.

"Only while we are on the ground," answered the Bishop. "They keep out the earth dust, but, when we have once swung into our course, we say farewell to dust and smoke. Then when the weather permits, as it does to-day, the windows are wide open, and you have the luxury of breathing air that is absolutely clean. But they've given the signal and we are about to start."

There was a smooth, gliding motion. Beneath the little train ran an iron rail, with flanges that fitted into a long, well-lubricated groove. This kept the machine from rising before it had cleared the hangar. Once outside, the groove opened out, the grip was released, and the car began to ascend.

"Come with me," said the Bishop, and started for the rear of the car.

In a somewhat gingerly fashion McCheyne rose and walked along the gently swaying floor. The motion reminded him of that of a birch-bark canoe, or a sailing yacht in a light breeze. His friend was looking out from the rear of the car, and, when McCheyne joined him, said:

"There they are."

"Who?"

"The ladies."

"Where?"

"Right there, just outside the station. Here, take the glass."

McCheyne took the binocular, which was an extra good one, and in a moment had them within the field of vision. The faces stood out in clear outline

uplifted towards the sky. They were yet near enough to be distinctly seen, and McCheyne felt a strange thrill pass through him as he marked the expression on the countenance of the younger of the two. The regret of farewell was tempered by the upward look, and, with a preacher's instinct, he could not but feel the wish that our last farewells might have in them a like gracious mitigation. Soon, however, face and figure diminished to a dot, and then were blended with the background of the city, which itself faded away to a mere blur on the horizon.

Going at a steady rate of between forty and fifty miles an hour, the great ship flew on at a height that varied with the direction of the air current as registered in the pilot-house. Beneath was the Ottawa River, a long ribbon of tawny blue, on which crafts of various kinds were moving to and fro. The second hour of flight had barely expired when the city of Ottawa rose to view.

"Do we stop here?" asked McCheyne.

"Yes," was the reply. "The Bishop of Ottawa and several others come on board."

And now the capital city was well in sight. McCheyne had always been impressed with its beauty, but now he saw a spot in which the combined wisdom of municipal and federal authorities had taken advantage of the natural surroundings to create a city that had the fullest claim to be called the Washington of the North. The Ottawa, the Rideau, and even the Gatineau had all been included in the scheme. Park, and drive, and terrace, well-paved streets lined with trees, handsome residences, and, crowning all, the magnificent new government build-

ings, which a devastating fire had rendered necessary, made a picture that filled the eye with wonder and delight. With keen interest McCheyne surveyed it all. With keen interest, too, he noticed the graceful glide of the airship as it was steered downward to the guides, and then ran smoothly into the station. Here the new passengers were taken on, and once more the ship rose to continue its flight.

"Where is our next stop?" asked McCheyne.

"At North Bay," was the reply.

"What time should we get there?"

"At six o'clock. We make a fairly long stay there to take in fuel, and to give the engines a good overhauling. There is a dining-hall, too, and dinner is always ready for the passengers on this train."

Steadily the ship held on its course. The Ottawa was kept in sight until the mouth of the Mattawan was reached, when the course was changed several points. McCheyne was on the south side of the car, and was looking with absorbing interest upon a network of stream and lake that stretched away for a score or two of miles. The Bishop took a seat beside him, and remarked:

"You seem greatly interested in that bit of scenery."

"Indeed I am," was the reply. "You know, I am a great lover of the wilds and of a canoe."

"Yes, so you have told me."

"Well, one of my trips brought me right up from the Muskoka Lakes to Mattawa. There is our route. There is the Amable du Fond, and there Lake Kioshkoqi and Mink Lake, and, away off yonder, that shining dot is Big Cedar Lake, where we dined in a

lumber shanty, and where I found a poor chap hunting through the blacksmith's shop to find a pair of tongs small enough to pull out an aching tooth. It all comes back to me. We had a rough trip, but oh, it was fine."

And now Lake Nipissing had opened out, and on it were freighters, and lines of barges.

"What!" said McCheyne, "that's a different Lake Nipissing from the one I saw last. There was nothing on it but a small pleasure steamer or two, a few lumber tugs, and the canoes of the Indians."

"Don't you remember," said the Bishop, "what you saw from the top of Mount Royal?"

"Oh, yes, of course. The Georgian Bay Canal. I see now."

It is nearly six o'clock, and there is North Bay clearly in sight, a city and the centre of no small trade, having connections not only with East and West, but also with the North as far as Hudson Bay. Again the easy downward swoop, and the ship glides into the station. The passengers step on to the platform, and thence into a comfortable dining-room, where the meal is waiting to be served. Here a pleasant half-hour is spent, ended by the cry of "All aboard." McCheyne was just about to make a rush when the Bishop, laying his hand upon his shoulder, said:

"Don't hurry. The train isn't going to leave the conductor behind," and he pointed to the uniformed figure who was just finishing an animated conversation with the young lady at the cash desk.

So McCheyne took his time, entered the car in leisurely fashion, and settled himself there for the

next stage of the journey. He had found a seat on the rear platform, from which he had a splendid chance to watch the landscape as it went streaming by underneath. Lake Nipissing; the French River, with its network of island and channel; the Georgian Bay, just in sight when the ship soared into a current at a greater altitude; Sudbury; and then the savage north shore wilderness, which no passage of the years could tame; all went by like a great moving river. Then night began to descend upon the scene, and, the air becoming chilly, McCheyne found his way into the smoking-room. Here he had been preceded by the Bishop, the Bishop's Ottawa confrere, and several others. Conversation had already begun, and McCheyne could not help noticing the ease with which it was carried on. With the exception of a gentle blowing sound as of a light wind, there was no noise. He could not but contrast it with the old days on the fast train. He was greatly interested in the conversation, but shrank from taking any part in it. He had been at ease with the little company who knew his secret, but with strangers he was haunted by the fear of forgetting that it was no longer A.D. 1902, but A.D. 1927. Even with this reticence there were some awkward situations for his friends as well as for himself.

"Bishop," said one of the younger men, whose voice reached farther than he had intended, "that's a queer chap you've brought along. I can hardly get a word out of him."

"Yes, I know," was the reply, "but he has been in a very out-of-the-way place, and naturally feels a little shy when he gets among city folks."

"Where is your friend from?" inquired the Ottawa bishop.

"From Bats' Cave," was the answer swiftly improvised.

"Bats' Cave. I never heard of it, but of course you can't keep up with the names of new places in this country."

At which both McCheyne and the Bishop felt greatly relieved. The former, having found his bearings as the silent member of the company, could listen with all the greater comfort to the talk of the others. It was intensely interesting. Whatever the topic—politics, literature, commerce—he felt himself moving in a world at once unfamiliar and entrancing; but it was when the conversation turned into the channel of church affairs that his attention was most completely engrossed. It was so different from what he had known. There was no longer the note of half-despair, the cry of utter inadequacy. The narrowness, too, the provincialism, had disappeared. The men spoke as if they were in a big thing. Plans were discussed whose magnitude fairly took his breath away. The national, nay the imperial view of the Church had taken the place of the old parochialism and sectarianism. He felt that mentally as well as physically he was moving in "an ampler, purer air."

A little after ten o'clock a move was made, and the company broke up for the night. Going into the main part of the car, McCheyne found that it had been transformed into a sleeping apartment, and already some of the passengers had disappeared behind the curtains. Not feeling sleepy, he decided to make a little journey of exploration. Seeing an of-

ficial whose business corresponded to that of a brakesman on the railway, he asked if there was any way of getting to the engine-room. An affirmative answer was given, and his informant volunteered to show him the way. So he was conducted along a sort of gangway suspended from the body of the ship, and at the end of it entered the room where the engines were doing their work. There were only two men in charge, and to these he was introduced. One of them was a young Scotchman, who had recently come to Canada after a year or two of apprenticeship in Germany with the Zeppelin people. The other was an Irishman, also young. The Scotchman's name was Sandy McCrae, that of the Irishman was Dennis Mulcahy. The latter name arrested McCheyne's attention.

"From Montreal?" he inquired.

"Yis, sorr."

"I knew a man of that name. He was foreman for the Sands Company."

"Sure, sorr, it's a foine mimory ye hev. That was my father, and he's been did these twinty years."

"Yes," said McCheyne, somewhat idiotically, "I have a fine memory, for I do remember your father."

"It's wonderful," said the other, "but they tell me he was a foine man, and a smarrt wan, too."

"Yes, a very smart one."

The talk then turned upon the airship, the working of the engines, the liability to accident, and the time they were making on their trip, in all of which topics McCheyne took a deep interest, and won the respect of the men by the intelligent way in which he received their information. Towards midnight he

left the engine-room and strolled along the connecting corridor. About half-way he stopped and looked over the side. He was fascinated by the scene. Immediately beneath him, dimly visible by the light of a moon that had become gibbous, was the great and terrible wilderness of swamp, rock, river, and lake. Away off in the distance, a plain of silver, lay the expanse of Lake Superior, and like a diamond set in the silver shone a steamer's light. Then he heard a faint rumble, and, looking down, saw a long train winding snake-like in and out among the rocks. A moment or two afterwards his ear caught a whirring sound, and, looking up, he saw an aeroplane slashing by at a hundred miles an hour. It was all wonderful, almost too wonderful for belief. He was just about to continue his journey to his berth when he heard the sound of voices in the direction of the engine-room, and he noticed that the two men had come out on the gangway. The air seemed to have a wonderful carrying power, and, notwithstanding the noise of the engines, he heard every word that was said. There was a talk about matters of immediate interest, the repairing of a carburetor, the quality of the gasoline they had just taken in, the prospect of making Portchester on time. Then there was a silence, the men leaning on the guard-rail. At last the silence was broken, and by the Scotchman.

"It's a queer country this," he said.

"And what's quare about it?" inquired the other.

"I've been here near twa months, and I've never set my eyes on a Presbyterian church."

"Nor a Methodist ayther," interjected Dennis.

"Small loss that," continued Sandy, "but it's gey strange. I'm fair lost."

"Niver moind. Ye'll soon foind yoursilf, and in good company, too."

"I thought the world would jist gang tae perdeetion withoot the Presbyterian Church."

"Yis," rejoined Dennis, "and, when I was a bhoy, I thought the wurrld would go all to smithereens if the Presbyterians and the other Protestants had their way. But I know a sight better than that now. Av coorse, I am a Catholic yit. It's in the blood av me. But I can see that it's a good thing for the Catholics to have the Protestants foreninst thim. An' that's more than iver the case, now that the Protestants hev had sinse enough to marrch in close order. We can't laugh at them as we used to. And we've got to get a move on oursilves to kape the people. For it's sure a foine church, the Church of Canada, an' it kapes us worrking harrd to stand up aginst it. We've no place now for lazy prastes. They've just got to be aloive, and give us something to think about. And as for the bishops, God bliss them, they know they can't hould the loines too tight. They've got to go aisy wid us all, or, begorra, we'd soon be on the other soide av the fince."

Sandy made no reply to this. Dennis had evidently given him a new point of view. He had done the same also with McCheyne, who in the former days of argument over union had found it difficult to meet the reasoning of those who declared that the absence of competition would paralyze the energies of the Church. But here was competition, not the

former petty, narrowing competition, but of a large, dignified, and beneficial kind, a competition between two great conceptions of the Church which put both Catholic and Protestant alike on their mettle to make clear the reason for their existence.

Pondering over this, he sought his berth. The day had been a wonderful day, and now it was followed by a wonderful night. After the curtains were drawn and he was within the sheets, he drew up the blind and looked out. Far below lay the wide panorama of the wilderness, with here and there the gleam of a settler's lamp or a camper's fire. How strange it seemed to be lying down to sleep so far removed from the solid earth! And then when the blind was drawn and his eyes were closed, how easy, how restful, how nearly imperceptible the motion, and how gently, as on the bosom of the universe itself, at last he sank to sleep!

He slept soundly. It was eight o'clock the next morning before he awoke. He was surprised to find with what freshness of brain he greeted the new day. The berth, narrow as it was, and indeed the whole car, were without the slightest suggestion of vitiated air. There was no stuffiness, no headache, no stupidity such as he had been accustomed to associate with sleeping-car travel. It was a delightful experience, and it was with a radiant face that he joined his friends at the breakfast table.

"Where are we now?" he asked.

"We have just crossed the Nepigon River,' said the Bishop. "And away to the north you can see Lake Nepigon, famous still for its magnificent trout."

McCheyne looked out, and sure enough, caught sight of the gleaming expanse of water, with its environment of rugged, towering rock.

"The next place," he said, "will, I suppose, be Port Arthur."

As he said this he noticed a look of suprise on the faces of the others at the table.

"Port Arthur!" said one of them, quite a young man. "Port Arthur! Why, that's in China."

The Bishop took in the situation at once, and extricated his friend out of a somewhat awkward predicament.

"Of course," he said, "there's no Port Arthur here now, but there used to be, and Mr. McCheyne has been so engrossed with the reading of ancient Canadian history that the old name is for the moment uppermost. I can well remember the place, and its neighbour, Fort William, how jealous they were of each other, and how, while they were snarling and snapping, they were getting nearer and nearer together. As a matter of fact, they just had to grow, and one fine morning they woke up to find that the gap was closed, and that they were one city. At that moment a larger civic consciousness was born, the old jealousies died, and now nowhere in the land is there a city prouder of its name and its strength than Portchester."

"That," said the Ottawa bishop, "is a sort of a parable of the union of Methodism and Presbyterianism. We fought each other, and, at the same time, grew towards each other, and then suddenly discovered that we were one."

The good man seemed quite pleased with the clever-

ness of the comparison, and one of the younger men paid him the compliment of making a note of it for future use. At this juncture the conversation ceased, and the party watched from their lofty and moving watch-tower the bold sinuosities of the shore, the sparkling expanse of Lake Superior, the giant form of Thunder Cape, and in time the outspread magnificence of the great inland Montreal. As they drew near they could see three main lines of railway radiating from the city, a fleet of freighters and passenger steamers moving in and out or lying moored at the docks, and, in the city itself, broad streets, great business blocks, and a suburban environment of beautiful and comfortable homes. About all that remained of the old wilderness days was the rugged front of Mount Mackay across the river.

The stay here was not very long, but long enough to make a considerable addition to the passenger list. Among the newcomers was a dignified, middle-aged gentleman, who also was on his way to the great Council in Winnipeg. As he engaged in conversation with the men of the East, the greater part of whom he seemed to know, McCheyne could not help noticing in his speech a slight remnant, a gentle suspicion, of the Cockney accent. The name, too, had come to him with a familiar sound. Persistently he racked his memory in the hope that he might be able to identify the stranger, but all in vain, until it flashed upon him that his recollections were in two sections, that of the immediate past, and that of the more remote period which preceded the twenty-five years of suspended life. If this man belonged to the more distant section, then it must have been as a mere lad

that McCheyne had known him. Who could there be in that earlier time of whom he was the legitimate successor? In vain McCheyne ferreted away in the dusty chamber of memory. He was about giving up in despair, when the suggestion came from the very one who had caused the perplexity. A group gathered about Bishop Falconer were engaged in a spirited conversation, at times grave enough, at others quite gay. The subject under discussion was the contrast between the new Church order and the old. It is hardly necessary to say that the talking was done chiefly by the older men, whose ministry had been carried on under both regimes. The younger men listened eagerly, and when there was any sign of a halt in the conversation, had only to ask a question to get it going once more. It was just after one of these resumptions that the Bishop turned to the newcomer and said:

"Now, Tillett, you must tell these young men about that trick you and the Scotch lad played with the organs in the school-house."

Nothing loath, Mr. Tillett began the recital, but, long before the hearers had burst into laughter over a comical episode comically told, McCheyne had found the clue. This most reverend gentleman, this highly esteemed divine, was none other than the Barnardo boy whose conversation with the Edinburgh lad he had overheard, nearly thirty years ago. He made up his mind to have a chat with him at the earliest opportunity. That opportunity came at lunch time when the two happened to find themselves at the same table.

"That was a very amusing experience," said Mc-

Cheyne, "that you had in ——— City. You were a stranger then in Canada?"

"Yes," said the other, "I was, and lonely, oh, so lonely! It was a big change, I can tell you, from London to a prairie town. Not that I had many friends in the great city. My mother I never remember seeing. The only memory of my father that I have is of a rough-looking man who sometimes kicked me and sometimes slobbered over me. I was a regular child of the street, slept where I could, ate what I could get, did a little honest work, and a good deal of straight stealing; but I tell you that, even at the worst, I never felt as lonesome in Canning Town as I did the first few months in ——— City. The bigness of the sky and the awful quietness of it all, especially at night, were almost more than I could bear. There were times when I would have given all that I had for a sight of old Paul's or the sound of a coster's cry."

"But," interrupted McCheyne, "judging from the story you told a little while ago, you weren't too lonesome and heavy-hearted for a bit of mischief."

"That's right enough. I do think I'd have gone crazy if it had not been for the tricks I played. I've no doubt the people all thought I was a careless, impudent little brute with no more feeling than a brass monkey. But that's just where they were wrong."

"And what," inquired McCheyne, "turned you towards religion and the ministry?"

"Well, you'll perhaps be surprised when I tell you that the turn really dates from the very day when Scotty and I shifted the organs. You remember, don't you, that I said it was a preacher called Mc-

Cheyne who officiated at the Presbyterian service that day. Why, good Lord!" said he abruptly, "your name is McCheyne, and you are the dead image of that preacher. He must surely have been your father."

"Not my father," was the answer, "but a very close connection of his."

"It's wonderful, isn't it," said Tillett, "how out here in the West we meet with people with whom, either directly or indirectly, we have been linked in days gone by. So you and the McCheyne I spoke of are of the same stock. Then you'll be all the more interested in what I have to tell you. Of course, that day I was at church, rather a rare experience in those days, but, as you know, I had a special interest in the order of service. I went there for a lark. I got that, but I got something better, too. I had had queer ideas about church, and queerer ones about preachers and sermons. I never thought of a sermon as being anything else than the quintessence of dryness, a twenty-minute stream of sawdust. But the sermon this man McCheyne preached was a revelation to me. I found myself actually listening as if the man were talking to me. His text was that about the widow's handful of meal and cruse of oil, and his subject was—and he boldly gave us the Latin—*Multum ex parvo*—much out of little. After telling the story of the widow's faith and generosity he went on to speak of men and women who, out of a small capital of ability, had made of life a noble and beautiful thing. He told the story of a little London chap, a kind of wharf-rat, who had gone to sea at twelve years of age, had knocked about in every quarter of the globe,

and yet had kept his soul clean, and had taken every chance of improving his mind, with the result that he had become a famous writer. This was his line of thought, and, when the sermon closed, I felt like a man who, after crawling for hours and hours in a drain-pipe, suddenly sees an open trap-door, and a flood of sunlight. From that hour I was a new being. There were difficulties, there were struggles, but Hope had entered my soul, and there was no turning back. Since then I've often wished I could have told the preacher of that day's good work. I did try to reach him a year or two afterwards. I was told he had gone to Montreal. I wrote to the principal of the Presbyterian College, as it was called, and was told in reply that he had disappeared in an unaccountable manner and was no doubt dead. I was shocked beyond measure, and, to this day, have never been without a feeling of regret that he should have passed away before I had told him of the good he did me. Well, if not here, perhaps in the better land I shall be able to acknowledge my debt."

It was only by the strongest effort that McCheyne could conceal the effect upon him of this communication. Quite clearly he recalled that particular service and that it had been the occasion of no small degree of mortification and self-reproach. On that Sunday he had been within an ace of writing himself down as a failure, and quitting the ministry. And now, after many days, the true significance of the day had come to light. Conquering his emotions he turned to Tillett with the question:

"What next?"

"Well, I made up my mind to get some schooling.

In the winter I went to school, and in the summer I did my best to hold on to what I had learned. In time I took a certificate, and began teaching, first in Manitoba, and then in Saskatchewan. After a year or two I began to think more definitely of the future. The influence of McCheyne was still upon me, and my mind turned towards the ministry. But I found sectarianism a great stumbling-block. In so many cases the work of the minister was more like that of a drummer than anything spiritually uplifting. I did not blame the men so much as the system under which they worked. And as to the men themselves they were not all McCheynes by any means. Many of them were either ill-educated or had been misfits somewhere else. So I hesitated. Then, in the village where I taught, a movement towards church union sprang up, and led to the merging of the three or four pitiful little causes into one congregation. We had some difficulty in getting a minister, but God was good to us, and sent us a Number One Hard specimen, none other than your friend Bishop Falconer. Of course he wasn't bishop then. Next to McCheyne he was the best friend my soul ever had. He was an ideal minister, big-hearted, clear-minded, morally in earnest, and with no ordinary gift of speech. And the people rallied around him loyally. The church became a great power in the community. Even the dumb beasts seemed to feel that a better day had come. It was not difficult for me to open my heart to such a minister, and, through his sympathy and guidance, I at last found my way into the ministry.

" But I have talked too long of myself, and anyway

we'll soon be passing over the great lake country, and you will want to have a glimpse of Wabigoon, Eagle Lake, the Lake of the Woods, and the Winnipeg River."

It was now between three and four o'clock. McCheyne, looking down from the rear of the car, saw a great sheet of water far away to the south and there apparently connecting with other lakes. On island and on main shore were little white dots that told of camping joys. Towards six o'clock Kenora and the Lake of the Woods were in full view. There was one sight that startled McCheyne.

"What is that?" he asked, pointing to an irregular line of bird-like creatures that were rushing over the island summits with the speed of the wind.

"Oh, that," said the Bishop, "is a hydroplane race."

"Hydroplane!" said McCheyne, "I never heard of such a thing."

"I suppose not," was the reply, "a hydroplane is an amphibious sort of creature. Like the duck or the loon it can both swim and fly. They are very popular out here just now. Quite a number of young Winnipeggers own their own craft, and there is no more popular sporting event than the hydroplane race. But we are just going to land in Kenora."

The long downward course had commenced; with indescribable gracefulness the great airship glided towards the station and soon was fast by the platform. The party left the car for the dining-room, where a pleasant half hour was spent. A little after seven o'clock the signal was given, seats were taken in the car, and the last stage of the journey was begun.

Nothing worthy of mention happened during the next couple of hours. Between nine and ten the conductor said that the lights of Winnipeg were in sight. From a window set diagonally to the direction of flight McCheyne and the Bishop looked out. Far away on the horizen could be seen a great stretch of electric lights that seemed like countless evening stars, set as they were in the bosom of a sky still glowing with the splendours of a prairie sunset. But what astonished McCheyne was to see a great cluster of lights lifted far above the level of the earth. He was reminded of the citadel at Quebec, or the mountain in Montreal, seen at night from the river. He could not help saying to himself "Can that be Winnipeg—Winnipeg the prairie city, Winnipeg the city of ineffable flatness?" His face must have expressed his astonishment, for the Bishop, glancing at him, asked:

"Why, McCheyne, what's the matter?"

"What's the matter! Can that be Winnipeg?"

"Certainly, what else?"

"Well, then the prairie must have travailed with an earthquake, and brought forth a mountain."

"Not just that," was the reply, "but a Winnipegger travailed with ambition, and brought forth a mountain."

"I don't quite understand you," said McCheyne, "I don't see what connection there can be between a Winnipegger's ambition and a mountain."

"Well, the story is a fairly long one, but I can give you the gist of it in a few minutes. About fourteen or fifteen years ago among the Winnipeg men who became enormously wealthy was an eccentric

Irishman who was simply rolling in money that he didn't know how to spend. He was unmarried, had no relations near him, had no expensive tastes, and was not specially interested in philanthropic or educational enterprises. One day, after lunch at his club, a knot of men from different parts of the world were discussing Winnipeg, its advantages, and its defects. Nearly all agreed in deploring the unrelieved flatness of its situation. A Highlander told of how he was near to death for lack of a mountain of some kind. A Montrealer said that Winnipeg might give Montreal pointers on building permits, but the Almighty had done a bit of building in the shape of a mountain that gave Winnipeg a permanent back-seat. A British Columbian, after rattling over the names of the great peaks of his province, wound up with the emphatic remark: "By George, if they had *one* of them in Winnipeg they'd fall down and worship it." To the surprise of those who knew him, Ryan, the Irishman, said nothing. He seemed to have fallen into a fit of abstraction. Then without a word he departed.

"'What's up with the old man?' said one of the party.

"'Oh, I guess he's got mad over our running down his city.'

"The fact was that Ryan had got an idea, an idea that began to work like magic in his brain. Meeting the parish priest the next day he said to him:

"'Father O'Flynn, there were some great stories tould of King Nebuchadnezzar. Is it thrue that he built a kind of gyardens away up in the air in Babylon?'

"'Yes, Mr. Ryan, that's what they say about him.'

"'An' Babylon was a moighty flat place.'

"'Yes, something like Winnipeg.'

"'Thank you, yer riverence.'

"A little while afterwards he met one of the University professors, and immediately set to work to secure a bit of information.

"'Good-day, Professor.'

"'Good day, Mr. Ryan.'

"'Did ye ivr hear, sor, 'av an ould queen called Simiramis?'

"'Oh, yes.'

"'An' she lived in a very flat country?'

"'Very flat.'

"'An' she built some koind of mountains on the prairie?'

"'Yes, that's the way the story goes.'

"'Thank ye, sor.'

"A day or two after this he ran across an old friend who had fallen into the habit, contracted by many wealthy Winnipeggers, of mitigating a Winnipeg winter by two or three months of travel in southern lands. This gentleman, Ryan knew, had just returned from Egypt, so he greeted him accordingly.

"'It wud be a foine thrip to Agypt ye've had.'

"'Delightful.'

"'It's a moighty flat country, they till me.'

"'Flat as the prairie.'

"'But they've got mountains there.'

"'Well, not exactly. But they've got Pyramids that are almost like mountain peaks, built, you know, by King Pharaoh, long ago.'

"'Thank you, sor.'

"Having obtained all this information Ryan pon-

dered over it, and, by and by, made up his mind to carry out a daring scheme.

"'If,' said he to himself, 'ould Nebuchadnezzar cud hang up gyardens in Babylon, and if ould Simiramis cud set up mountains on the prairie, and if ould Phary cud stick up peaks out av the sands of Agypt, why cudn't Winnipeg have its own mountain? An' have it it will, an' Teddy Ryan is the boy to do it.'

"And Teddy Ryan did it. I haven't time to go into all the details of how he quietly bought up large pieces of property, how he got engineers, landscape gardeners and others to work, and how at last the structure was completed and became one of the wonders of the world. You'll see it for yourself, and will understand how an Irishman got ahead of Mahomet by making the mountain come to him instead of going to the mountain."

But now the great city was almost at their feet, and with the glide down to the station this astonishing journey was at an end. McCheyne was in Winnipeg.

CHAPTER X.

The West Again.

That night McCheyne's sleep was not very sound. After the quiet of the aerial journey the noises of the city jarred painfully on his nerves. So he was up early, and, long before the breakfast hour, was out on the street. It was full twenty-seven years since his last sight of the city. Then it had a population of less than forty thousand; now it was over the half-million mark. Then it was dubious as to its future; now its place among the great cities of the world was assured. Then tumbledown shacks were seen on Main Street within a few hundred feet of the centre of the city; now their place had been taken by solid structures of cement, steel, brick, and stone, many stories high. These were the points of contrast that immediately impressed McCheyne. There were others that were to appear later on. But over and above the matters of detail there was a sense of being in a new kind of world altogether. The loneliness of the city had passed away. It was no longer a little island of humanity set by itself in the wide prairie wilderness. He felt it to be linked most closely with the general life of the world. From east and west, from north and south, the great rich tides of human interest and activity were evidently pouring. His half-hour walk in the early morning, as

the pulse of the city was quickening for the day's life, had sufficed to give him the new point of view, and the consciousness of a great change was to deepen as the day wore on.

At the breakfast table there was some discussion as to the programme for the day. For most of McCheyne's fellow-travellers this was already settled. They were on various committees whose duty it was to prepare the business for the great council of the United Church, whose first public session was to be held the evening of the next day. From all this McCheyne was, of course, exempt. What then was he to do? His friend the Bishop was in a bit of a quandary. He had already been somewhat embarrassed by the difficulty of introducing a man with such an extraordinary experience as McCheyne's, and he knew how this embarrassment had been shared by McCheyne himself. He had many friends in Winnipeg, but he hesitated about committing to their care one for whom their frank Western curiosity was sure to create some unpleasant situations. McCheyne, however, relieved his mind by declaring that he needed no one to look after him, that, in fact, he had always taken a special delight in finding his own way about a strange city.

"You just leave me to take care of myself," he said. "I'll have a good time, never fear."

So the matter was settled. During the hour immediately following breakfast McCheyne read the morning papers, and made a study of a very excellent guide-book indicating the principal places of interest, and giving information as to hacks, street-car lines, and aeroplanes. Then he had a few minutes' conver-

sation with the hotel clerk, who, among other things, gave him the startling advice:

"You had better, sir, begin your sight-seeing with a visit to the mountain."

"The mountain?" said he. Then recalling the talk of the previous evening, he changed his tone, "The mountain of course."

He had no difficulty in finding his way to it. There was scarcely a street-car line in the city that did not take you to the mountain. Arriving at the dismounting-place, he stood for a moment looking up the great slope to the summit nearly a thousand feet above the street. This, more than anything else, made it difficult for him to realize that he was in Winnipeg. It was easy enough to think of Winnipeg and width, Winnipeg and wealth, Winnipeg and warmth—of heart,—but it was with a strange feeling that he found it possible to put together Winnipeg and height. But this he was doing as he surveyed the mighty cone that lifted its truncated apex to the skies. Some minutes passed before he could withdraw his gaze, but at last he lowered his eyes to what was around him. Over an immense archway at the base of the mountain he saw a sign, "This way to the Spirodrome." He was puzzled at the word, but decided to investigate. Following the direction indicated by certain pointing fingers he found himself in a sort of station in which was a car rapidly filling with passengers.

"Is this the Spirodrome?" he inquired of a man in uniform.

"Yes, sir, and this car leaves in three minutes. If you are going you'd better get your ticket at once."

This McCheyne did, and took his place in the car. Soon it began to move and to climb, and it dawned upon him that this railway was attached to the inner side of the frame of the mountain, and, following a spiral course, was carrying him to the summit. In this he was not mistaken. The journey was by no means a swift one. The gradient was not heavy. The train described many circles, and made stops at several look-out places before reaching its lofty terminus. At last, however, McCheyne heard the order for all passengers to leave the car, and stepped out on the highest railway platform he had ever known. And now a wonderful landscape met his eye. The exit from the station brought him at once to the south side of the mountain, and, looking over the parapet, the central part of the city lay at his feet. What a city! Great banks, great warehouses, great office buildings, great departmental stores, a splendid city hall, a magnificent city library, electric railways radiating out in every direction, and wide streets thronged with busy life all entered into the picture. The two rivers were there. Following the course of the Assiniboine westward he noted how its banks were lined with noble residences, beautiful parks, and, farther away, with a group of stately buildings, which he learned afterwards was the home of the University of Manitoba. Following the course of the Red, as it flowed northward, he noted the extensive docks, the number of craft that moved up and down, and the various bridges by which the stream was spanned. His eye followed on till it rested on Selkirk, and farther still till it caught sight of the gleaming waters of Lake Winnipeg. Turning his attention

once more to the city, and surveying its northward side, he was amazed at the enormous extent of the railway traffic. Innumerable tracks, countless cars, immense freightsheds, gave him some idea of the vastness of the railway operations of the West. On he walked until he had completed the circle of the summit, and then he stood like one in a trance. The spell was broken by a voice.

"Guess this is your first visit to the 'Peg?"

McCheyne saw that he was addressed by an elderly man who in appearance was a kind of compromise between a ranchman and a bank-manager.

"No," said he, "I was here twenty-seven years ago."

"Well," replied the other, "you couldn't have been more than a babe in arms then, so this is practically your first visit. And where do you come from?"

"Montreal," was the answer.

"A mighty fine city, too."

"Yes, a beautiful city—with the majestic St. Lawrence and the noble Mount Royal, it has great natural advantages."

"True, the St. Lawrence is all right. Hard to beat it in all the world. Mount Royal, too, is very fine. But I don't see why the Montreal people should be so high and mighty over it. To hear them talk you would think they had made it themselves. The difference between the East and West is that you inherit your mountains, and we build them. If there's any crowing to be done, it lies in our throats. Don't you think so?"

McCheyne smiled in acquiescence, and then turned the conversation into another channel.

"You have been here a good while?"

"Nearly all my life. Came in 1882 as one of a large family. My father lost what little he had in the boom of that year, and worried himself to death. My mother had to do two days' work in one, and what with lack of money, anxiety, labour, a cold and comfortless home, and incurable sorrow, died while still a comparatively young woman. But folks were kind, and the city, even in those days, gave young folks a chance, so we pulled through, and now there isn't one of the whole lot that hasn't done well. As for myself, I have made a good thing out of business, and my sons, with a little advice from me, can manage the concern. So my time is pretty well my own, and if I can be of any service to you for an hour or two you are entirely welcome."

McCheyne was quite taken with the stranger's frankness and hospitality, and readily accepted the offer.

"My name is Tresidder," he said.

"And my name is McCheyne."

"McCheyne! I have met with that name only once. It was nearly thirty years ago, when I was travelling for a city firm. I was putting in a Sunday at ——— in Southern Manitoba, and attended service in the little Presbyterian church—you know in those days we had Presbyterian churches. The preacher was a young man of your name,—and by the by, though that's a long time ago, it seems to me that he was something like you in appearance. Did you ever have any relatives out here?"

"Yes," said McCheyne, "there was one of our family connection out here for a time."

"Well," continued Tresidder, "that must be it. It was he, I guess, that I heard. Anyway, it was a good sermon, and came to me at a time when I was tempted to be a little fly. It brought me to my senses, and I got right back to the middle of the road. But let us be going."

Under Tresidder's guidance, McCheyne spent a pleasant and profitable day. The promised hour or two of guidance expanded into a whole day of companionship. Tresidder was puzzled to find in so intelligent a young fellow such a lack of knowledge of current affairs, but set it down to his rural upbringing and his subsequent absorption in college and ministerial life. It was he, however, that did the most of the talking, so that McCheyne had but little opportunity of making embarrassing slips. When they parted at the close of the day, McCheyne carried with him an urgent invitation to be Tresidder's guest during his stay in the city, and, failing that, an imperative order to sit at least once at his table. The former he was compelled to decline: to the latter he gladly consented.

The next day was spent in various excursions, the chief one being a trip down the Red River, whose banks from the confines of the city all the way to Selkirk locks were lined with a succession of beautiful houses and pleasure grounds. He could not but recall a former trip when the chief features were the clay banks, and the piles of manure that wasteful farmers had dumped along the shore. But the chief interest of the day centred in the meeting of the evening, the opening session of the General Council, and thither in company with the Bishop he wended

his way in due time. He was interested in noting the place of meeting. The site of it was in the very heart of the old city, and had been used for church purposes almost from the earliest time. He learned that had it not been for the Union it would have been sold long ago, but the United Church had decided that its Winnipeg headquarters should be as accessible as any bank or central hotel. So the site had been retained and was covered with a group of buildings, the central one of which was a magnificent house of worship, capable of seating several thousand people. At the entrance McCheyne and the Bishop parted company, the latter going to the platform entrance at the rear of the building. The former was able to secure a good seat, though the pews were rapidly filling, saving those reserved for the commissioners, whose occupants came in with the leisurely dignity that characterizes the definitely placed. As he looked around he could not help noticing the suggestions of catholicity. The hymn-books were of universal range. At this he was not greatly surprised. Praise had been the pioneer of unity. The programme was somewhat more out of the common. There was to be a sermon and several brief addresses of greeting. The preacher was none other than Francis Asbury Fletcher, who was evidently in great demand for great occasions. The other speakers included the Premier of the Province, the Moderator of the United Free Church of Scotland, a distinguished British Methodist, and the chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. He learned afterwards that since the Union it was the customary thing for those bodies to be represented, and that the reflex

effect of these visits of prominent men was becoming quite evident in the mother-land. But, more than by either hymn-book or programme, he was impressed by certain details of the decoration of the building. Over the arch above the platform were the two great texts:

"One is your Master, even Christ."

"All things are yours; whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas."

And, as a commentary upon the latter, over each window was the name of one who had left his mark upon the Church, and through the Church upon the world. Augustine, St. Francis D'Assisi, Knox, Bunyan, Wesley, Cromwell, Butler, Beecher, Martineau, Spurgeon, all had a place in the sanctuary of a united Church.

"All things are mine," murmured McCheyne to himself, "Thank God for the new day that is beginning to believe the old text."

But now the church was filled to its utmost capacity. The platform itself held a congregation of a respectable size. And what a congregation! what a commingling of age and youth! what a coming together of the ends of the earth! Verily these men and women,—for there were women there—had come from the East and West, from the North and the South. There were men there burned by the sun of India, hardened by the frosts of Ungava, bronzed by the sea-winds of Nova Scotia. There were women who as missionaries had suffered exile in foreign lands, or had visited the outskirts of civilization in their own lands, or as deaconesses had lived among the diseased and the fallen in the dark

places of great cities. The sight of that thronged platform was, for McCheyne, the most impressive feature of the evening. A noble sermon was preached; eloquent and heart-stirring addresses, bringing the breath of mother-land fellowship, were delivered; great hymns of the Church were sung with a compass of sound and swing of emotion well-nigh indescribable. But none of these moved McCheyne as did the sight of that great representative company, and this all the more that he felt sure that amongst them were some whom he had known in the days of their youth. There they sat, the prophets, the apostles, the teachers and ministers, the pioneers and the heroes of the Canadian Church,—not the Presbyterian, nor the Methodist, nor the Congregational, but the Canadian Church. Wherever they carried the flag of the Church, "Christ and Canada" were conjoined in gracious alliance.

"Thank God!" he said again, "Thank God, that I have lived to see the new day, and that I bring to it all the vigour and hope of my youth!"

It is not necessary to dwell on the details of this meeting or of those that were held during the succeeding days. They were all characterized by wonderful dignity and largeness. Of course, there were occasional bickerings over small matters, points of order, the jots and tittles of procedure; there were also obtrusions of opinionated personalities, and moments when the patience of both President and Council was sorely tried. But these were but rifts and ripples in a broad, onward-sweeping current of thought and action. Great issues were ever to the front. The problems of immigration, new settlements, city expan-

sion, national progress, international relations, were handled with a breadth of vision and an adequacy of plan that both astonished and charmed this man with his immediate memory of the old sectarian order. Nor could he help perceiving what an educating effect it had upon the younger men. Here was a training ground for the noblest form of statesmanship. Any mind capable of large things found itself in a soil and an atmosphere that made for the noblest and most beneficent expansion. This was proven by the men themselves who took part in the discussions. They had the largeness of heart with which Solomon is credited by the sacred writer. It was to McCheyne a thing well-nigh incredible that a change of church order should have had such an effect upon men's character and outlook.

As for the city itself he was not long in discovering that it furnished a parallel to Montreal in the thoroughness with which the Church was dealing with the life of a great centre. There were no mean-looking churches. Even the poorest sections of the city—and none were so poor as in the former days—had buildings whose appearance won respect, and whose appliances and agencies filled a large place in the life of the community. The foreigner was still there, and needed to be carried safely and wholesomely through the ordeal of transplantation. And this was being done, not so much by the forcing upon him of certain church creeds and customs, as by wise guidance and the enfolding of him in the Christian spirit. But the direct work of the Church was not the whole of its work. McCheyne learned that the influence of the Church was telling mightily upon the entire social

order. And thus he saw a city whose greatness needed something more than size and money for the measuring of it. There was in it a wholesome intelligence, a striving after justice, a sympathy between classes, an open-mindedness to new ideas that, more than its size and its wealth, gave Winnipeg the right to be called one of the great cities of the world; and his heart leaped for joy at the thought that to the Church belonged, in large measure, the credit of this happy condition.

So much for the city. What of the country? This question was raised by McCheyne one evening in a conversation with the Bishop. He said:

"Both you and I, Bishop, had a taste of the West under the old order. We were country parsons, but you had a pleasanter experience than I. If I remember rightly you came to be pastor in a place where the people had decided to have only one church. That wasn't my lot. I was sent to a little town of three hundred people where there were three churches. I had the strongest of the three, but, at best, my congregation was but little over a hundred, and frequently it was much less. One of the other ministers often preached to less than twenty. But this was not the worst of it. I found that even my best people had got into the habit of looking with a jealous eye upon the other churches. They revised the Scriptural injunction and wept with (or over) those who rejoiced, and rejoiced with those that wept. The success of another gave them pain; the failure caused them joy. The whole atmosphere was charged with meanness and pettiness. How are things now?"

"Oh! you would find a great change."

"Do you know, I am tempted to take a run out to my old Manitoba parish. I would like to see it, and also the place where the trick was played upon the organs."

"That's all right," said the Bishop, "and I'd like to go with you. Saturday afternoon is usually left pretty free, and we could go out then."

"But," exclaimed McCheyne, "the place is more than seventy miles out, and how could we, on a branch line, get back in an afternoon?"

"Don't trouble about that," was the reply, "these Winnipeg folks are a hospitable lot. One of them has put his aeroplane with its chauffeur at my disposal so long as I am in the city. The machine will carry two easily besides the driver. It's a high power one, and we won't take much more than the hour to get out there."

"The hour!" said McCheyne, "why, I used to think myself lucky if I got out in four hours."

"Yes, I know, but of course, in the twentieth century things do move."

"They certainly do," was the emphatic response.

McCheyne was only too ready to fall in with his friend's suggestion. On Saturday, therefore, after an early lunch, the two were on the level space just outside the city where the aeroplane club had its sheds and its place for starting. It was a terra firma edition of a Motor Boat Association's headquarters. The aeroplane had already been wheeled out of its compartment, and the chauffeur announced that everything was in readiness. McCheyne hesitated, but a glance at the Bishop's composed face shamed him out of his reluctance, and he took his place in

the passenger's seat. His companion followed. When they were settled, the power was turned on, the propeller began to whirr, the machine moved lightly along the sward, and then, leaving it, swung upward by an easy aerial grade. At first the speed was moderate, but soon, with timer advanced and throttle open, they were rushing along at a rate of nearly a hundred miles an hour. So McCheyne was informed, otherwise he would not have put so high an estimate on the speed. When once they had reached a considerable height, placing all stationary objects at a distance, there was very little consciousness of movement. This came later on when he noticed with what rapidity distant objects moved towards them, and also when they overtook the afternoon train, and in a short time left it far behind. For a good while they had the level prairie and the Red River well in sight. Then they veered towards the west and as McCheyne caught sight of hills and valleys, lakes and woods, he was reminded that Manitoba is not all prosaic prairie. After about an hour and a half of this swift travelling the Bishop said, "Yonder is Diamond City. Don't you recognize it?"

"Yes, I think I do," was the answer, "but how changed it is."

"In what way? Bigger?"

"No. It doesn't seem much bigger, but the houses are so much larger. And it looks as if there were well-paved streets. And right about the centre of the town is a fine-looking building. I am sure that's something new. Do you know what it is?"

"Why, yes. That's the church."

"Well done!" said McCheyne; "That's what I

used to dream of, but hardly dared to think of as a reality."

These words had barely escaped his lips when the machine curved downwards, and, in a moment or two, was slowing up on a piece of level ground. The two friends dismounted and proceeded to take a view of the town. McCheyne's heart warmed to it. It was the place where he had done some of his apprentice work. It seemed strange to him that, spite of changes, in some subtle way it should be the same place. There was scarcely a house that he knew. The old stores, with the pretentious front and the ignominious back, had given place to buildings more substantial and more sincere. The streets had lost their bare aspect, and were lined with flowers and shade trees. The people themselves had a different look. They had the appearance of those to whom life is a thing of rich and varied interest. Without difficulty the two visitors found their way to the church. No parish church in an English village could have seemed more central to the community than did this building, nor more worthily representative of its best life. On the same ground stood the manse, an ample and hospitable structure.

"Let us knock at the door," suggested the Bishop. "It is probable that the minister is at home. It's Saturday, and that means two things. He is here; and we mustn't stay long."

So the door was metaphorically knocked at by means of an electric bell. A bright girl—the minister's daughter, no doubt,—answered the call. Was her father in? Yes, he was. Could he be seen for a few minutes? She thought so. If they would

come in she would bring him down. They were not kept waiting long. The door opened, and in came the minister. He was a man in middle life. The bronzed face told of outdoor life in the garden, and on the prairie. The eyes were the eyes of a scholar, the mouth and chin those of a man of resolution and action.

"Mr. Wilson, isn't it?" said the Bishop.

"Yes."

"I am Falconer from Montreal."

"Bishop Falconer?"

"Yes."

"Welcome to Diamond City. Your name is well-known here. It is an honour and a pleasure quite unexpected to have you here."

"And this," said the Bishop, "is a young friend of mine who has come with me to the General Council. Mr. Wilson, Mr. McCheyne."

"McCheyne," said Mr. Wilson, "There are two of that name in whom I have felt a special interest, Robert Murray McCheyne, the flaming seraph of the old Presbyterian days in Scotland, and a young minister who spent a year or two in this place over a quarter of a century ago. His stay was short, but he left his mark. Some of the best people in our church here still love to talk about the man who did them good in days now long passed away. They tell me that he disappeared soon after his return East, and in a very mysterious and tragic manner."

"Yes," said the Bishop, "he did. People have not ceased to talk and wonder about it to this day. But, if you could spare us a moment, my friend would like to have a look at the church. It is too bad to trouble you on Saturday afternoon."

"You needn't think of that. An old college friend is coming down from Winnipeg on the evening train, and he has promised to help me with to-morrow's services."

The three men crossed the lawn to the church. They saw a cluster of buildings. First of all they looked into the house of worship. It was not large, seating not more than three or four hundred; but it was quite sufficient for the number of people in the town and the immediate vicinity. Externally it was good to look upon. McCheyne had already learned that the United Church had an architectural department whose business it was to supply suitable designs, as well as general instructions, to churches who intended building; and this building quite evidently represented, not the empirical venture of a small community, but the maturest experience and judgment of modern Christendom. Internally there was that combination of beauty, reverence, and utility which he had noticed in the largest buildings erected under the new regime. From the central church-building they went on to inspect the various branches. There was a well-equipped Sunday School room with a provision for the various grades. There was a medium-sized hall for week-night services of different kinds. There was a ladies' parlour having a cosy kitchen in close touch. There was a reading-room and, a little distance from it, a conversation-room. McCheyne noticed that several men, apparently from the country, were there having a quiet chat, and he thought of the day when the only resort was the store, the blacksmith's shop, or the tavern. How much better this, he thought. But there was some-

thing more. Instead of the old-fashioned open shed there was a fine barn with stone foundations in which a score of teams could find comfortable shelter on the coldest day of winter. There was still another building, low and many-doored.

"What is that?" asked McCheyne.

"That," said Mr. Wilson, "is the church garage."

"Why! do people in the country have automobiles?"

"Indeed they do, and I am glad to say they come to church in them."

With this the inspection ended, and McCheyne remarked:

"You have a great work-shop, Mr. Wilson."

"Yes," said the other, "I have. And I think I may without conceit say that good work is being done. No man can estimate what this church means to the life of the people. There isn't a family within two miles that doesn't feel its influence and is not the happier and the better for it."

"And I may add," said the Bishop, "that no one can estimate what such men as Mr. Wilson mean to the life of the people. There is no deeper and better work done for Canada than they are doing. They are feeding the very springs of the Church's security and the nation's greatness."

The minister's eyes filled.

"Thank you, Bishop," he said, "it's a good thing to be told that your life is worth while."

On their way down the main street towards the aeroplane, the minister, who insisted on seeing them off, pointed to a middle-aged man a few yards in front, and said:

"There, Mr. McCheyne, is a man who remembers

your namesake, and often talks about him. His name is Angus McLean. I'll introduce you."

There was no time to draw back, much as McCheyne would have liked to do so.

"Mr. McLean, I want to introduce you to Mr. McCheyne."

The man looked up. He was startled by the name, but startled a thousand times more when he looked at the visitor.

"Mr. McCheyne!" he said, and the old Highland accent came back with its high sibilant esses. "McCheyne! It is ass if a man wass to rise from the dead. You must be his son. But I never heard that he wass married."

"No, I am not his son, but only a very close connection."

"That must be it. He wass a good man. He wass good to me. I wass just out from Skye, and my heart was nearly broken, I wass so lonesome. I wass a big fellow, but there were days when I broke out crying on the prairie as I thought of the mountains and the sea. And I wass taking to drink. There wass something homelike about the whiskey, though it wass bad whiskey. But Mr. McCheyne wass my friend. He wass kind to me, and I never forgot him, and when I wass married and my first son came, I called him Fergus, and when he wass older I told him about Mr. McCheyne, and, please God, next month he will be ordained a minister of the Canadian Church."

It was no easy matter for McCheyne to control his feelings. Of course he remembered McLean. It was but as yesterday when he had met the young man, and had tried to be his helper in the hour of loneli-

ness, and sore temptation. And now he saw that the effort had not been in vain. As he looked upon the man and listened to his thankful words, he rejoiced that to him had been committed the work of the ministry, and he began to long for the day when he should put the harness on again.

"Good-bye," he said to McLean.

"Good-bye to you," came the response, and the remark, "It wass his very voice."

With kindly farewell to Mr. Wilson, the two visitors entered the aeroplane, and in a few minutes were winging their homeward way.

"Yonder," said McCheyne just after they had settled in their seats, pointing to a village a little further down the line, "Yonder is the place where they had the two organs in the schoolhouse. Was it not supremely ridiculous?"

"Yes," replied the Bishop, "supremely, but not uniquely. It was only a local pimple that indicated a general disease."

Little more was said during the swift journey back to the city. The course was northward, and therefore, in that part of the world, almost towards the setting sun. That great orb seemed to be descending in a clear sky, but, as it drew near the horizon, light cinctures of cloud were drawn across its bosom, and, as soon as it disappeared, began to assume all imaginable shades of colour from the most delicate tint to the most august splendour. For a full hour the heavens shone with a glory as of the Celestial City, nor had that glory quite faded away when at ten o'clock the aeroplane landed in Winnipeg. It was a fitting close to a memorable day.

CHAPTER XI.

The Eighth Wonder of the World.

It was almost the last day of the Council, and of McCheyne's stay in Winnipeg. The previous day he had dined with Mr. Tresidder according to promise, and had heard again grateful eulogies of the McCheyne of thirty years ago. He had come to his room late at night, and had promised himself a long sleep in the morning. It was, therefore, not without a measure of wrath as well as astonishment that soon after retiring he found himself awakened by a knocking at the door.

"What's the matter?" he cried.

"There's a gentleman here to see you, sir."

"But I can't see him."

"But he says, sir, you must."

"At eight o'clock then."

"He says, sir, he must see you now. Something very important, sir."

McCheyne sprang from the bed, drew around him a dressing-gown, and opened the door. He was greatly surprised to see an utter stranger, and still more surprised when the stranger stepped into the room, locked the door, and put the key into his pocket.

"What do you mean?" demanded McCheyne, angrily.

"You are the Reverend Fergus McCheyne?"

"Yes."

"Sure thing?"

"Certainly, you impertinent rascal."

"The Reverend Fergus McCheyne that went to sleep for twenty-five years and woke up all right?"

And now the truth dawned upon McCheyne. The secret was out. He recalled the arrangement of which the Bishop had spoken whereby the news was to be given to the Montreal papers near the close of the Winnipeg visit. He seized the situation at once. This was a reporter, and he was after a scoop. The early call, the bold entrance, the locking of the door to keep others out, were all explained. His vexation over the disturbance was lost in his admiration of the audacious promptness of the disturber. He made no further demur.

"You are a reporter?" he said.

"Yes."

"How did you get on to this?"

"Telegrams from Montreal. It's all coming out in the morning papers there."

"Is it likely to make a stir?"

"Stir! Stir!" said the man excitedly. "Stir! The biggest ship on the sea might go down with all on board, the navies of Britain and France might have a battle with those of the Triple Alliance, Teddy Ryan's mountain might turn into a volcano, and there wouldn't be a bigger stir than there's going to be over this."

Poor McCheyne shivered at the thought. He knew that, however wide of the mark a reporter's judgment might be as to values, it was pretty sure to be a bull's-eye as to sensational effects. He saw at once that there was no escape, so he submitted

to the questioning of his visitor. The reporter sat with pencil in one hand and telephone receiver in the other. His eye was on McCheyne or the pad, his mouth at the transmitter. Fast as question was asked and answer made they were sent on to the office. Soon there were interruptions. There were knocks at the door. There were cries.

"Is Mr. McCheyne in?"

At first no heed was taken. Then McCheyne made answer.

"Mr. McCheyne is engaged."

At this there was a mighty uproar and redoubled knocking. But the reporter kept on.

"Let them break the door in if they like," he said. "It isn't you that'll have to pay for it. The old man would buy doors for old Thebes itself sooner than lose this."

At last he finished, put his pad in his pocket, shook hands with McCheyne, and said:

"Thank you, sir. This is a great day for Billy Scooper, the greatest ever."

With that he unlocked the door, wiggled through the mass of men that came tumbling in, shot down the corridor, and vanished in triumph. He had more than an hour to the good as compared with his rivals.

After a time, and with great difficulty, McCheyne got rid of the intruders. He went back to bed, but it was not far from the breakfast hour when he fell into a doze which was composed of three parts of dream to one of sleep. From this he woke unrefreshed, and hastily dressed. As he entered the dining-room he noticed a sudden stoppage in the

medley of talk and clatter of breakfast dishes. He looked about him to see what was the matter, and was dismayed at finding himself the centre of the universal gaze. It was some time after he had taken his seat before the room was restored to its customary noisiness. Then the waiter came and with a very great degree of deference said, "Morning paper, sir?" and handed him the broad sheet. The first glance at the first page gave him an ample explanation of the interest excited by his coming into the room. There were enormous headlines which ran somewhat after this fashion:

"The Miracle of the Twentieth Century."

"The Strange Case of Rev. Fergus McCheyne."

"An Absolutely Unparalleled Example of Suspended Animation."

"A Poser for the Scientists."

"McCheyne Now in Winnipeg."

"Startling Interview."

Nearly the whole page was taken up with his case. The interview appeared, nor was its significance entirely clouded by the imaginative additions and ebullient rhetoric of the enthusiastic reporter. There were despatches from Montreal, from Toronto, from New York, from London, Paris, and Berlin, and even from Tokyo, Pekin, and Calcutta. So far as McCheyne could judge, the general tone of these despatches was one of incredulity. There was, perhaps, only one exception—Montreal—where those who had furnished the information were well-known and absolutely reliable citizens. But, whether believed or disbelieved, this was the sensation of the day. It had right of way over everything else.

Billy Scooper was not far out in his estimate of the sensational possibilities of the case. But alas for McCheyne! He hated notoriety above all things, and now he was made the cynosure of the whole civilized world. Every move that he made would be noticed, every word that he said would be caught up, every detail of his past life, however trivial or however private, would be searched out in the most relentless manner. What the fat woman or the sword-swallower is in the big tent he was to be for humanity at large. The breakfast lost all taste for him, and as quickly as possible he regained his own room. There he found the Bishop, and never was the presence of a friend more welcome.

"Well, Bishop," he said, "the fat's in the fire now, and there seems to be much fat and much fire. What in the world am I going to do? I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take the first train to Lac du Bonnet, get a canoe and outfit, and hide myself in the mazes of the Winnipeg River until the thing blows over."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said the Bishop, good-humouredly. "The thing is not going to blow over. You have got to face it, and you may as well do it now as later."

McCheyne saw the force of this, and emitted a dismal groan.

"Come, cheer up!" continued his friend; "I'll do what I can to help you through; and I'm going to recommend heroic treatment. You will go with me to the Council this morning, and I shall introduce you there in your true character."

"What! Not for the world!"

"No, but for me, and as the best thing for yourself. There, that's settled."

"But your morning programme is full."

"I know that, but nice customs curtsey to great occasions. And this is a great occasion."

McCheyne protested no further. And indeed he was not altogether sorry that the time had come to lay aside all disguise and appear the thing he was. And where could he find a better place for his return to the activities of life than among the men of the great Christian brotherhood in which he hoped to spend the remainder of his life? Without further demur, therefore, he allowed the Bishop to make such arrangements as he deemed best, with the result that by consultation with the President and Clerk of the Council it was settled that the reception of McCheyne should have place as the closing item on the morning docket. By some mysterious means this got to be known, not only to the Council, but also on the street, so that when McCheyne reached the church soon after the noon hour he learned that the building was already packed. Women had laid aside their household duties, business men had anticipated the lunch hour, and even working-men were sacrificing their noon rest in order to be present. But the man himself, the object of all this interest, felt strangely calm. All perturbation had vanished. In its place was such a mingling of tranquility and exaltation that when the Bishop came to the ante-room to conduct him to the platform he was struck with the peacefulness of his friend's countenance.

"God is with you," he said.

"Yes, He is," was the answer.

Then the two entered the main building by the platform entrance. As soon as they appeared there was a general hush, followed by the rustling sound of people straining for a better view, and this again followed by the spontaneous rising of the whole multitude. There was neither clap nor cheer, only a great silence. Men felt almost as they would at sight of one raised from the dead. For a considerable space the hush lasted, and then was broken by the voice of the Bishop, who spoke in substance as follows:

"Mr. President:

"It falls to my lot this day to perform an extraordinary task. I am to introduce to you, and, through you, to this Council, one who has had an experience, so far as is known, without a parallel. What that experience is you have learned from the newspapers and from the general talk of the city. Twenty-five years ago last May this man undertook to put to a personal test what he believed to be an important discovery. The experiment was successful, almost too successful. What the discoverer intended to demonstrate by the test of a few days was demonstrated by the test of a quarter of a century. For that long period he lay asleep. So secretly had the experiment been carried out that no one was aware of what had occurred. All that men knew was that he was missing. As the days and months passed without tidings the conviction grew that he was dead. His friends believed that he was dead. His father and mother mourned him as one dead. The old Presbyterian Church of Canada, of which he was a minister, lamented the loss of one of its

most promising men. I, though a younger man than he, and only fresh from the University, felt that I had been bereaved of a personal friend. In my student days in Montreal I had attended his ministry and had felt its power. The very last time I had speech with him was in his own study, when I had gone to him with a problem that lay somewhat heavily on my conscience. He did not remove my burden, but his sympathy helped me greatly. In that conversation he gave me reason to believe that he was dissatisfied with existing conditions in the Church, and was hoping for a new order. That order, as we all know, has come, and, Mr. President, it is with great pleasure, and with great gratitude to God, that I introduce to you, who are the representative of the United Church of Canada, one whose ministry was perforce under the old order, but whose heart twenty-five years ago beat high with anticipation of the new."

When the Bishop ceased speaking there was for a few moments absolute silence. Then the President extended his hand to McCheyne with a cordial grasp, and said:

"Let us pray."

No one thought this singular. It was the right thing. And the prayer was after this fashion:

"Our Heavenly Father, we bless Thee for this hour. We thank Thee that this Thy servant has been given back to the light of life and is with us this day. We praise Thee for the revelation of Thy power in and through Thy Church, and for the large heritage that the years have brought. We rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory that the days

of division have vanished away, and that thy people are one people. And now we beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thou wouldst give unto us a great humility and a great courage that we may possess this land for Thee, and make it great among the nations. We pray for a special blessing upon our brother whom Thou hast awakened out of sleep that he might see the glory of the Lord in the land of the living. May his days be many. May his ministry be fruitful. And when the last sleep falls upon his eyelids, may his awaking be in the land where there is no need of sun or moon because Thou art its everlasting light. And to Thee shall be the glory now and evermore. Amen."

Like subdued thunder the Amen came from the lips of all the people. But there was no other break in the silence, not even when McCheyne himself turned towards the congregation and began to speak. There was a slight flushing of the cheek, a barely perceptible brightening of the eyes, but otherwise his face retained its expression of absolute peace. He spoke in substance as follows:

"Mr. President and Friends:

"I feel that I have your sympathy in the extraordinary position in which I am placed. It seems to me but a few months since I was last in this city, but I am told that it is more than twenty-five years. During that period changes many and extraordinary have taken place. I only, it would seem, of all the human race have remained unchanged. I who in the ordinary course of events should be in the fullest maturity of years am still a young man, and look out with a young man's eyes upon the world

and its movements. I am still bewildered. I have not yet learned to adjust myself to new conditions. I am not able to cast up any account of the gains and losses that have accrued while I lay in the long sleep in the lonely cave. But I have been able to see at least one absolute and glorious gain. As my dear friend Bishop Falconer has hinted to you, I was not satisfied with the old order under which the Church existed in Canada. I was in distress over what seemed to me unnecessary, and therefore un-Christian, divisions. I could justify the genesis of the denominations, but not their continuance. They had had their day, not an inglorious or unfruitful day, but I believed that the time had come when they ought to cease to be. I prayed for the better day, and, so far as my word was of any worth, I testified on its behalf. Then, as some faint gleams of the dawn began to appear, I fell asleep. Now I have awakened to find that the gleams have been followed by sunrise, and that the new day has come. What it means I am only beginning to appreciate, but what I have seen has filled my heart with wonder and with thanksgiving. And now, dear friends, what my own future is to be I do not know. My chosen calling was the ministry of Jesus Christ, but it may well be that the door is closed to me now. I have been so long out of the ranks, I am so completely a creature of outworn conditions, that I may not be able to adapt myself to a new age. And yet, if some place, I care not how lowly, could be found for me in the Church of Canada I would give myself with a full heart to her service. But I am in God's hands, and in yours, and I face the future with a glad and peaceful heart."

When McCheyne ceased speaking there was one break in the silence. It was the sob of a woman in the gallery. He learned afterwards that she had been the bride at his first marriage—a young girl who had come out from England to meet her intended, and towards whom his heart had gone out in special sympathy because, save for her husband, she was without a friend in all the land. There were other signs of feeling, the compressed lip, the handkerchief drawn across the eyes, but nothing audible. The President spoke briefly in reply to McCheyne's address and closed with these words:

"Mr. McCheyne, I can assure you that your heart may be at rest in regard to your future. The door of the Canadian Church is not shut, but is wide open to you. There is much that is new, but more that is old, old as the truth with which Luther shook the world and Wesley summoned England to a new life, old as the truth that warmed the heart of St. Francis and touched the lips of Chrysostom, old as the message of the apostles, old as the heart of the Saviour. That ancient and everlasting truth you have, and it will not take you long to enrobe it in the garments that are fitting to the new age. So we welcome you to the ministry of the United Church of Canada. I wonder if the members of this Council will endorse my welcome."

At this there came with one impulse and as with one voice a mighty "Aye" that swept in thunder round the building. At once two thousand spectators who were not members of the Council, but who loved the Church, finding no other vent for their pent-up

feelings, blended their voices into a great echo, and again, in treble thunder, the "Aye" shook the very roof of the sanctuary. Then the organist having, as all organists should have, sympathy and a sense of the fitness of things, played a signal note or two, and the whole congregation closed the session with "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

It was not easy for McCheyne to get out of the building. At the very last note of the Doxology he was surrounded by a press of people. Nearly all were entire strangers, but a few there were whom he had known in the former time. There was the bride of long ago, no longer a shrinking, lonely girl, but a buxom dame with the joy and the discipline of maternity written broad upon her face; there were one or two men who had been fellow students; there was Francis Asbury Fletcher, whose glad welcome boomed in mellow tones all over the building; there was Tresidder, the silence of whose lips had compensation in the warmth of his hand-clasp; there was Tillett, the once mischievous Cockney, and there was Angus McLean, who, having managed to articulate a word or two of Gaelic, broke down altogether. At last, however, McCheyne succeeded in getting away, entered an automobile that the Bishop had waiting for him, and was whirled off to the hotel.

Before the day had advanced much further McCheyne had reason to be profoundly thankful that his stay in the city was nearly at an end. The only shelter he had from the public gaze was his own room, and even that was invaded by people who felt that life would not be worth living unless they had interviewed this wonderful man, this mysterious sleeper.

And as for the cards, the letters, the invitations, they flowed in in such volume that the hotel clerk employed a boy to divide the correspondence addressed to the hotel into two parts, that which belonged to McCheyne, and that which did not. The invitations to luncheons and dinners were so numerous that even if McCheyne had had as many stomachs as the Hydra had heads he could not have grappled with the gastronomic opportunity. This was bad enough, but a light affliction as compared with his experience when he ventured outside the door of his room. The trouble began in the corridor, where he was at once waylaid by some man who wished to be able to tell his grandchildren that he had shaken hands with Reverend Fergus McCheyne. The trouble was intensified when he walked across the rotunda, and it reached almost a climax when he took his seat in the dining-room. The term "almost a climax" is used, for the real climax of trouble came when he ventured out on the street. Before he had walked a block someone would shout, "Here he is!" and immediately a crowd would gather. Nor was it much better when he drove. Towards the end of the afternoon he called a cab, and, in company with the Bishop, was taken to a book-store to make one or two purchases. As he stepped from the vehicle he saw that the press was thickening, and just as he was paying for his purchase he heard a roar of laughter on the street that made the plate-glass windows rattle again. He wondered what had occurred. He soon learned from the Bishop. The driver of the cab was a big Irishman. Sitting on his high seat he surveyed the crowd, his face beaming with the con-

sciousness of extraordinary privilege. Then he stretched out a big, hairy hand, and, with the comical twinkle of the eye that is an Irish monopoly, said, "Fifty cints to kiss the hand that druv the Riverend Fergus McCheyne." It was this which caused the burst of laughter, and McCheyne was fain to acknowledge that it was not wholly out of place.

Late that night he said to the Bishop:

"When do we return to Montreal?"

"To-morrow afternoon."

"Well, I'm glad. Though I suppose there'll be trouble there, too."

And he *was* glad. The magnetic pole is not always in the North. For McCheyne it was in the East, and in the great city of the East. But he was destined to a delay of many days. Very early the next morning a caller sent up his card. His first impulse was to decline seeing the visitor, but, seeing the name of Tresidder on the card, he at once sent word to his friend to come right up to the room, at the same time wondering at the earliness of the call. When Tresidder came in he at once made apologies for so untimely a visit, and then went on to explain.

"I heard late last evening," he said, "that it was your intention to leave for the East this afternoon. Now I have a favour to ask. I am about to take a trip to the Coast, going out by Canadian Pacific and returning by Grand Trunk. It so happens that none of my family are able to go with me, and it is a wretched business this travelling alone day after day. What I would like is that you should come with me. Of course I would meet all expense. It's no great matter, anyway, and would be repaid a hundred-fold

by the pleasure of your company. Do come, unless you have a very strong reason for hastening back to Montreal."

McCheyne had a strong reason, but of such a nature that he could not very well bring it forward.

"Let me," he said, with a measure of hesitation, "speak to the Bishop about it. You know I have become accustomed to depend very greatly upon his judgment."

Tresidder saw the hesitation, and naturally attributed it to the offer to travel without charge.

"Certainly," he said. "Speak to the Bishop, but be sure to let him understand that I am asking a favour, a very great favour, and not offering one."

McCheyne said that he would see the Bishop at once, and, if Tresidder could wait, would let him have an answer in a very few minutes. He found the Bishop, laid the proposal before him, and was not altogether in raptures when with great heartiness the acceptance of it was urged.

"A magnificent chance to see the country," said the Bishop; "and as to the cost, it is a mere bagatelle to a man of Tresidder's means. He is, I am sure, quite sincere, and, I believe, quite right in saying that the favour is on your side and not on his."

There was evidently nothing for it but to accept the invitation, which he did to Tresidder's delight.

It does not lie within the scope of this book to give a minute account of that journey. McCheyne had once had a brief trip as far as Victoria, and was therefore in a position to note the enormous changes that had taken place since the end of the nineteenth century. Regina and Calgary, which he remembered

as insignificant towns, he found to be flourishing cities. Vancouver, which, when he saw it last, was but a small seaport in which the arrival of the China steamer was an event to stir the community, had become a great Pacific emporium, whose docks were lined with ships from every land. Victoria showed less of change. Always beautiful, its beauty had simply broadened, and withal deepened with the glow of a richer culture. During the steamer trip along the coast he was almost overwhelmed by the magnificence of the scenery. Prince Rupert in both name and place was new to him, and he was amazed to find that half way up to Alaska Canada had a city growing to be one of the great seaports of the world. Then, on the return journey by a line undreamt of in his day, taking him through mountain scenery the full peer in splendour and extent of that on the more southern route, showing him Edmonton a greater city than the earlier Winnipeg he had known, and having to the north of it great tributary tracts of fertile land, there came upon him an overpowering sense of what the name Canada had come to mean, and a new depth to the significance of the fact that it was a united and not a divided Church that was charged with the spiritual destiny of this great heritage. One incident might be mentioned as bearing upon this very point. Soon after leaving Edmonton McCheyne fell into conversation with a thoughtful-looking man, whose seat was just across the aisle. He discovered that the stranger was a Swedish minister. It was natural, therefore, that something should be said in reference to Christian work among people of foreign birth. Once or twice McCheyne

forgot himself and made some remark about things "as I knew them" that puzzled the listener, but he quickly got on the track again.

"The work," he said, "among Germans, Swedes, Russians, Galicians, and other European settlers is fairly satisfactory?"

"More than fairly," was the answer; "it is *very* satisfactory."

"I am glad to hear it. In my time it was not so."

"In your time?" queried the stranger.

"When I was a boy—a very young boy," explained the embarrassed McCheyne, "I used to hear about the difficulty the churches had in dealing with what they called the foreign problem."

"You must be much older than you look," rejoined the other, "if you remember hearing such things as that. But I know what you mean. My father has told me all about it. He was not a minister, but he was a deacon in a Swedish Mission Church in Winnipeg, and he took a great interest in the foreign people and their religious needs. He was a very kind and peaceful man, but he used to get angry when he told how the people from Europe were puzzled when the Presbyterians wanted them to be Presbyterians, the Methodists to be Methodists, the Baptists to be Baptists, and so on. But it is different now. There is little or no trouble on that score. These strangers come to Canada, and they find that the Church is the Church of Canada. They fall in at once, and, more than that, the work is all well-planned and well-managed. There are good buildings, and the colleges turn out good ministers. Yes, things are going very well. The Church is one of the chief

instruments in making these people into good Canadians. It is a good thing, you know, when the heat under the national melting-pot has in it something of the fire of the Holy Ghost."

These are fragments of a conversation that lasted until the next divisional point was reached, which was the stranger's destination. McCheyne followed him out to the station platform, and, just before the signal for starting was given by the conductor, said:

"You thought I must be older than I looked?"

"Yes, I did."

"Have you heard anything of the Reverend Fergus McCheyne?"

"Yes, it was in the papers everywhere. It was most wonderful—most wonderful."

"Good-bye," said Fergus. "I am the Reverend Fergus McCheyne."

Long after the train had dwindled to a speck on the horizon the Swedish minister stood as one in a trance. Then he drew a long breath and murmured to himself:

"And I haf seen him! And I haf seen him!"

Winnipeg next; then the railway journey to Portchester; then the lake route; then Toronto. All followed in rapid succession. During the western journey McCheyne had met with fair success in preserving his incognito, but from Winnipeg east it was impossible to avoid recognition. On both train and boat he had to submit to be stared at, and, when the great Toronto station was reached, he learned that the streets were lined with people eager to catch a glimpse of him. There was nothing for it but to take

it all with a good grace. Having gratified the curiosity of the public and satisfied the demands of the reporters, he placed himself in the hands of two of the men he had met in Winnipeg, who offered to show him something of the city. There was much to interest him. It was considerably more than twenty-five years since his last sight of the capital city of Ontario. Then it was a city of considerable size, and conspicuous for the number of its comfortable middle-class homes. Then business was confined almost entirely to Yonge Street and two or three cross streets near its lakeward end. There was but one railway station, and that notorious for the inconvenience it caused the travelling public. But even in those days McCheyne had been convinced that a city with such a fertile and thickly populated country in its neighbourhood was bound to become a great centre in every way. This conviction he had often defended in Montreal, where it was a common practice to speak of Toronto as an overgrown village impudent enough to call itself a city. He now found his anticipations vindicated by the facts. He was in a great city. Thrift, enterprise, magnitude, beauty, confronted him at every turn. But we turn from these general matters to one or two features of special interest.

The automobile in which he was being driven stopped at a point about a block west of Yonge Street, and several blocks north of the lake shore. Here was a great office building of stately architecture and many stories high. At the corner of the building was an inscription cut into a massive block

of stone. McCheyne with his friends alighted, and he read these words:

"LAUS DEO.

"Near this spot stood Knox Church, within whose walls was held the first meeting of the Joint Committee of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational Churches, whose labours, continued for many years, and interrupted by the death of great leaders, were finally crowned with success, and gave to Canada a Church dear to the heart of the nation, and commanding the respect and emulation of the world."

"Knox Church!" said McCheyne. "I remember my father talking about it. We young folks thought of it almost as the Israelites did of the Temple. I'm glad that it had this crowning glory."

Another place of interest was not far away, but on the east side of Yonge Street. As they drew near to a cluster of buildings occupying a great square, McCheyne pointed to a massive central tower and said:

"Why, that looks like the old Metropolitan of the Methodist Church."

"And that's just what it is," replied one of the company. "My father, who was a Methodist minister, used to tell us boys of the Metropolitan Church and of the far-seeing vision of William Morley Punshon in securing for Methodism so commanding a testimony to its faith and power. But Punshon built even more wisely than he knew. He thought he was

building for a sect. It may be that he knows now that he was building for a nation and a nation's Church."

"And what are these buildings around the church itself?" asked McCheyne.

"Oh, these are the homes of a number of organizations connected with the Canadian Church in Western Ontario."

"The property," McCheyne went on, "must be of immense value."

"It is. Surpassed by none in the city, but," continued his informant, "nothing could be too valuable for this Church of ours."

McCheyne's stay in Toronto was short, but fruitful in inspiration, and packed with information. As he entered the aeroplane which was to take him to Montreal two thoughts swelled in his heart—the greatness of Canada, and the opportunity of the Church. And on the journey these thoughts remained, the gladness of them softened and deepened as he caught sight of the familiar places,—Lake Ontario, as fair and blue as when Fenimore Cooper's Jasper Eau-Douce sailed its waters; Cobourg, where he had filled a pulpit during one of his vacations, and Rice Lake, twelve miles away, with its rice-beds, along whose edges the lazy maskinonge eyed the artful hook; Kingston, known far and wide, not for the quantity of its population, but for the quality of the men and women it had given to the nation; the St. Lawrence, bewildered in leaving the vast lake basin, and darting this way and that to find a passage through a thousand islands to the distant sea; Brockville, Prescott, Cornwall; then, barely in view, a little

village, the sight of which makes the harp of memory resound in every chord, and brings the tears to his eyes, for it is the place of his birth, and his first love; then the junction of the tawny Ottawa with the blue of her mightier sister; and, last of all, Montreal, the swift descent to the landing-place, the clasp of friendly hands, and the light of welcome in a pair of lovely brown eyes.

Book III.

REVIEW AND RESULT

"And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God made ready as a bride adorned for her husband."—Rev. 21: 2.

"Thy will was in the builders' thought,
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
Through mortal motive, scheme, and plan,
Thy wise eternal purpose ran."

—*J. G. Whittier.*

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heav'nly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds with those that love the twilight, flutter about, amaz'd at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms."—*John Milton.*

CHAPTER I.

A Trick of Memory.

We leave it to the reader's imagination to inform him of the reception that awaited McCheyne in Montreal, and the ordeal through which he had to pass. One thing is certain, that he was immensely relieved when the sensation began to merge itself in the general stream of events, and when, through the good offices of the bishop, he was able to find temporary employment in supplying vacant pulpits. Not that the Bishop had any difficulty in finding openings. There was hardly a vacant church in all the land that did not want Reverend Fergus McCheyne to fill the pulpit, and invitations, almost as numerous and a great deal more emphatic, came from the United States. The Chautauquas, the Northfields, the Lyceums, the Bureaus of that favoured and much-lectured-to land poured in their offers in such amazing profusion that if there had been a hundred McCheynes instead of one they could not have been all accepted. But the recipient of them had such an aversion to becoming a gazing-stock for the curious that he contented himself with labours that kept him as far as possible out of the public eye, and allowed him to remain within the vicinity of Montreal.

There was one question bound to force itself upon him, namely: What was he to do with the great dis-

covery? He had learned the secret of keeping the human powers unimpaired through long periods of unconscious existence. What use was he to make of this secret? Would the divulging of it be a benefit or a bane to mankind? There was room for debate. He could see how there might be advantages, and he could also see how there might be tremendous possibilities of evil. His blood ran warm as he thought how a man might have the joy of sowing the seed of some great movement, and then, after the lapse of centuries, wake up from sleep to see the harvest. Just think, he said to himself, what it would have meant to Wesley if, after a sleep of a hundred years, he could have awakened and seen how his work had gone to the uttermost parts of the earth; or to John Howard, if permitted to see the new era in prison life; or to Jeanne Mance, if allowed to come back to the Montreal of 1927; or to Robert Raikes, if it were given to him to behold the vastness of the Sunday School enterprise. And then his blood ran cold as he thought how in the hands of cowardly men the knowledge might be used to shirk the responsibilities of life, and how by selfish and designing men it might be employed to confuse the whole order of the world. So his mind was tossed from side to side until his heart was sore with indecision. At last the solution came. He was lying in bed one night in a wakeful mood when it occurred to him to recall the formula of his discovery. To his amazement he found it was clean gone from him. He put memory to the utmost strain. He racked it, and racked it. But it was all of no avail. The thing had vanished as if a great sponge had been drawn across the record.

The next morning he made search amongst the papers that had been preserved since the former time, but found there was nothing to help him there. He secured a copy of the prescription for the restorative, thinking that perhaps, by the law of association, the thing he was after might be recalled. This, too, was without avail. For a time he was in a fever of vexation and despair. Then his mind became calmer, and in time he settled down to the conviction that this was the very best thing that could have happened. His perplexity had disappeared. A great responsibility had been lifted from his shoulders.

One morning a short time afterwards he was told that a number of gentlemen were in the parlour and wished to see him. Going down, he found himself confronted by a rather august company. They were chiefly university men, though there were others,—clergymen, journalists, business men. The principal of the university had evidently been chosen to act as spokesman.

"Mr. McCheyne," he said, "we are sorry to intrude upon you, but the importance of our errand must be our justification. We have thought it only fair to you to wait until the excitement aroused by your strange experience had in some measure died away. But you can quite easily understand how this experience has awakened the profoundest interest, not only in the popular breast, but also in the minds of scientific men. I have no doubt you have considered the question of the value of your great discovery, and its relation to human welfare. That the question is one of extreme importance we are sure you realize. If you have reached a solution we would

feel honoured should you deem it wise to take us into your confidence. If you are still in doubt, we are ready to give you any assistance that is in our power. We are here, I assure you, not out of mere personal curiosity, though that would be pardonable, but in the interests of scientific discovery and seeking the welfare of mankind."

To which discriminating and courtly address McCheyne made answer:

"Gentlemen, I appreciate the honour of such a visit. The question to which reference has been made has occupied my mind. It has been with me day and night. It has been the cause of unspeakable perplexity. I am thankful to say that the perplexity no longer exists. The question is with me still as an academic one, but it has utterly disappeared from the practical sphere."

The deputation looked at McCheyne with astonishment and at one another with consternation.

"We do not quite comprehend you," said the principal.

"I will explain," said McCheyne. "The fact is that my discovery has ceased to be."

"Ceased to be!" ejaculated one and all.

"Yes. Ceased to be. So far as the formula is concerned, upon which I bestowed so much labour, my memory is a *tabula rasa*. I cannot recall it, and I have no data by means of which it can be regained."

The Principal said, "Dear me!"

The Dean of the Medical Faculty said something about derangement of mnemonic cells.

The Dean of the Law Faculty, a venerable gentleman not without a leaning to the facetious, said:

"Well, Mr. McCheyne, you have, at least, one quality of a convenient witness."

The Dean of Economics said that there were lapses other than literary lapses.

The Dean of Philosophy said that the eccentricities of memory were as numerous as the stars in the heavens or the sands on the shore.

The Dean of Science heaved a sigh of disappointment, and the Dean of Theology remarked that there was at least one preacher that had waked up.

Then all went forth with an air of disappointment that made them look more like a group of students that had been pulled than the august and venerable company of learned men they were.

McCheyne gave a sigh of relief. He felt that his notoriety would soon be a thing of the past, and that his troubles were at an end. In this he was mistaken. The evening papers got hold of the news of the interview of the morning and published it with the usual lurid embellishments. One enterprising journal headed its account with the words, "A Fraud Exposed. Found Out at Last."

McCheyne was in the height of his disgust when the door-bell rang, and a visitor was announced. Going into the parlour he found himself confronted by a perfect stranger. The man was stocky in build, indeed somewhat exuberant in the matter of flesh. He was rather flashily dressed. He had a heavy jaw, an insinuating smile, an eye suggestive of the boring qualities of a gimlet, and a general appearance that denoted him to be one of those who have these two convictions—that nothing is impossible to a hustler, and that every man has his price. Mc-

Cheyne was not favourably impressed. Nevertheless he received the visitor courteously.

"You are the Reverend Fergus McCheyne?" said the stranger.

"Yes."

"It is a great privilege to meet with so distinguished a man. My name, sir, is Humphrey Hustleman. My business, sir, is that of promoter. I work in the interest of knowledge, I work for the advancement of my fellow-men. I know a good thing when I see it. And when I see a good thing I know how to make the best of it. Now, sir, you have a good thing. You have a splendid thing."

"Well," said McCheyne.

"What's your price?" said the promoter.

"My price! Have you seen the evening papers?"

"Yes, and that's the reason I am here. I'm Johnny on the spot. My name is Hustleman. You knew what you were doing when you sent those College duffers about their business. They haven't money enough, the whole bunch of them, to run a fruit store, and they haven't sense enough to know how to butter their own bread. But I guess *we* understand each other. Now, sir, how much?"

"How much?" repeated McCheyne.

"Yes, how much? Twenty thousand?"

"Twenty thousand!"

"Not enough, eh? Well, make it twenty-five."

"Twenty-five for what?"

"For the discovery. For the formula."

"For the formula!" said McCheyne indignantly. "Didn't you see that the formula was lost?"

"Lost this morning, I guess, but found now. You

can fool college men, but you can't fool Humphrey Hustleman. How much? Twenty-five thousand is a good deal, and there's risk. But *I'll* take the risk. Of course I'll expect you to sign an agreement that you will give the secret to no one else."

McCheyne began to grow hot. He saw clearly the man's game. He walked to the door and opened it, then turned to his visitor and said:

"Good evening."

"What!"

"Good evening. Don't you understand English?"

"Twenty-five thousand is a pretty tall figure."

"Good evening."

"Say thirty, then."

"Good evening."

By this time Hustleman was taking the hint. He had got as far as the hall-door. Once more he turned

"Thirty-five," he said appealingly.

"Good evening."

With a look of chagrin and despair he turned on his heel and departed. McCheyne watched the retreating figure and muttered savagely:

"The curse of Canada go with you and all your tribe."

Thus came to an end the great discovery. It was one of those children of human thought which, being born, breathe for a moment and then die. As the facts became known there were various comments. Some scoffed at the whole affair and characterized it as the cock-and-bull story of a demented parson. A great multitude of curious people were angry at the loss of what might have been the producer of

limitless sensation. Scientific men regretted the loss of a new field of experiment. A few sensible people were thankful that so disturbing and perilous a factor had been permitted to slip away from the grip of human knowledge. McCheyne himself was glad to get his feet on firm ground, and enter once more into the wholesome labours and pleasures of normal every-day life.

CHAPTER II.

The Professor's Analysis.

As McCheyne entered more fully into work, and as his duties were for a time of such a nature as to take him to different parts of the country and into various kinds of communities, he obtained a clearer knowledge of what the changed policy of the Church meant to the life of the nation. At the same time he grew more and more curious as to how the change had been brought about. It was a change that he himself, at the beginning of the century, had longed for and yet despaired of because of the difficulties that seemed to lie so obviously in the way. Congregationalism, as he understood it, stood uncompromisingly for the absolute self-sufficiency and self-government of the local church. Methodism was the champion of the Arminian theology, a rigid connexionalism, and an itinerant system for the ministry. Presbyterianism rested itself on the Augustinian theology and on a view of the eldership that was almost equivalent to a doctrine of Divine Right. Anglicanism made high, and, in many instances, absolute, claims for the episcopate, and seemed to be absolutely wedded to the Book of Common Prayer. The Baptists appeared to be severely uncompromising in regard to the mode of baptism and the independence of each church. How, then, was it possible that in a quarter of a century a basis of union should

have been reached broad enough to embrace the entire constituency of the first three of these bodies, and also a very large number of those belonging to the last two? This was the question which McCheyne pondered, and concerning which he at times spoke to his friend the Bishop. On one of these occasions the Bishop said to him:

"Have you ever called upon your old Philosophy Professor?"

"No; I knew he was living, but I did not care to intrude. Anyway, he has forgotten all about me."

"Forgotten! I'd like to see any student of his that he has forgotten. His memory is wonderful, and more wonderful still is the interest he takes in what men are thinking and doing. I do not know any man better fitted than he to tell you of the factors and forces that conspired to bring in the new day."

"Thank you," said McCheyne. "Then I'll take the first opportunity of calling."

Which he did, and a day or two afterwards found himself in the Professor's study. He was not surprised to see some change in the appearance of his old teacher, but he was surprised to see so little change. For some of the people he had met the interval of twenty-five years had brought changes that startled and even shocked him, but here he saw an illustration of how the sympathetic heart, the alert mind, the spirit aglow, can almost defy the tooth of time.

"Good morning, McCheyne," said the Professor. "You have indeed become a very celebrated man, but it was a great sorrow to us all when we heard that you were missing."

"And you haven't forgotten me. You know I did not specialize in philosophy."

"The greater the pity," said the Professor, with a twinkle of the eye. "You'd have been more likely to keep awake if you had."

In such personal talk and by-play the first few minutes were spent, and then McCheyne broached the subject of special interest. At once the Professor's eye kindled and he threw himself into the theme.

"Christian Union!" he said. "Oh, what a mess things were in in my young days. In Scotland, where I was born, the Presbyterians, having scarcely anybody else to quarrel with, quarreled among themselves, and we had nearly a dozen different brands. And, by the by, there is a funny story told about three of these varieties. There was a small village that had no less than three Presbyterian churches, the Established, the Free, and the United Presbyterian, or U. P., as it was popularly called. All three were erecting new buildings about the same time, and when they were finished each body was anxious to have over the door a significant Scripture motto. The Established Church had no difficulty, and set up the verse: 'The sanctuary, O Lord, which Thy hands have established.' The Free Church had no difficulty, and had selected the sentence, 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' But the United Presbyterians were in a quandary until a happy thought occurred to them, and their choice was 'Thither the tribes of God go U P.'"

The Professor ended the story with a merry laugh, in which McCheyne joined, and then went on:

"In Canada we had a reproduction of the same kind of thing. Most of the Scottish sects sent over seedlings to the new soil. Then what Scotland did for Presbyterianism, England did for Methodism, and there were many brands of Methodism in this country corresponding to those in the motherland. This state of things lasted for a time, and there was plenty of bitterness and jealousy. But soon wise men began to see the folly of it, and not many years went by before a process of coalescing set in, with the result that a good while before the century ended there was one Presbyterian and one Methodist Church for all Canada. Then there was a halt in the Union movement. It seemed as if we had reached the limit. But before the new century began some of the bolder and more prophetic spirits began to think of a larger synthesis."

"Yes," said McCheyne, "that was in my time. But most of us looked upon this as an intangible dream. For myself I hated the sectarian spirit, but I saw no way out of it."

"There were many of the same mind. But you will not think me egotistical when I say that I was one of those who had the vision and took the more hopeful view. This may have been due partly to my own temperament and partly to my position as teacher of philosophy in a great university. I was greatly influenced, too, by an address I once heard from a very eloquent Brooklyn minister. In that address he presented with great oratorical effect, and with a wide wealth of illustration, the idea of what he called the Slowness and the Suddenness of the Divine Method. He showed how, both in the ma-

terial world and in the unfolding of human history, a twofold process had been repeated. Every great movement had had the two stages of preparation and consummation, the former going on quietly and for a long period, the latter coming swiftly and suddenly like the flash of the lightning. I say the address had a great influence upon me. It set me to watch with new interest the movements of the time. I saw that forces were prophetic, and that if one had wisdom to appraise these forces he could be a prophet. Now, in regard to this matter of Christian Union, what did I see? Many things. I saw that there were great movements, such as the Sunday School, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Christian Endeavour Society, and many philanthropies that were bringing men together irrespective of denominational distinctions. I saw that an educational system from the common school to the university was the common privilege of all the youth of the land. I saw that our hymn-books were purged of sectarianism. I saw that the men preparing for the ministry in all the churches were sitting at the feet of the same great leaders of thought."

McCheyne, who was listening with rapt attention, here broke in:

"Of course. Presbyterian as I was, I had the names of Anglicans, Methodists, Congregationalists, and all the others on my shelves, and on my list of text-books."

"Certainly," continued the Professor, "and as with you, so with hundreds of the leaders that were to be. I saw that the Press and the University were becoming less and less amenable to sectarian control.

I saw that the influence of great preachers like Spurgeon, Parker, McLaren, Beecher, Brooks, and great evangelists like Moody and Drummond, were bounded by no denominational lines. I saw the shuttles of friendship and marriage flashing from heart to heart. I saw attempts at federation of churches, attempts whose value lay not so much in what they accomplished as in the testimony they bore to the sense of a wrong that needed to be set right. And when I saw these things it became as sure to me as that there is a God in the heavens that all this new wine must take to itself new bottles. I said this twenty-five years ago. Men smiled, shook their heads, said I was an academic dreamer, that I knew nothing of the actual state of things in the churches, their loyalty to their own flag, their antagonism to one another. I took it all good-humouredly. I knew I had only to wait. And I waited. And now see what God has wrought. I have lived long enough to see the new era, and, I think, without any longer suspension of my faculties than may be found in a night's sound sleep.

"And that reminds me. What a wonderful experience you have had! Though, mind you, it was not so astonishing to me. The surprise was not that you had discovered the secret, but that it had not been discovered long ago. We are still only on the outer edge of the mystery of human personality. But I am talking too much. I hear you are going on with the work of the ministry."

"Yes. My friends tell me I will soon fit into the new order, and I am only too anxious to do so."

At this moment there was a tap at the door, and

the maid announced that there were two gentlemen who wished to see the Professsor. A look of regret came over the genial face.

"I am so sorry, but I have an appointment with a couple of young men who wish to consult me in regard to a course of post-graduate philosophy. But thank you for calling. Come again. I am sure there are lots of things about which we would like to talk."

So the interview ended and left McCheyne wondering why he had been so slow to understand those signs of the times which his old teacher had found thus pregnant with promise, and a little regretful that, while such movements were afoot and such men were at work, he had been sunk in fruitless slumber.

CHAPTER III.

Elsie's Story.

It may be surmised that McCheyne was a frequent visitor at the Bishop's house. Of course, there were good reasons. There was the tie of old associations. There was the sense of dependence on the Bishop for guidance. These facts were sufficient to account for their excessive frequency. For they were extremely frequent. Scarce a day passed in which at some hour he did not cross the familiar threshold, and he found himself there even when he was positively certain that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Falconer were at home. Here is a sample of what occurred not twice, nor thrice. He rings the bell. The little English maid appears.

"Is Bishop Falconer at home?"

"No, sir, nor Mrs. Falconer either. But Miss Florence is at 'ome."

Did the demure little maid suspect anything? Did the little feminine heart feel a warming towards that which casts a spell on woman's heart in every age? Did McCheyne begin to take himself to account? We shall see. At present let us content ourselves with the fact that on one of the visits when the Bishop was "at 'ome" the conversation turned, as it so often did, on the great change in church life, and how it had been brought about.

"Of course," said McCheyne, "the whole thing

is a wonder. I am filled with amazement. But the most amazing thing of all—the thing that is most incredible—is that our old church at Cairntable entered into the union, and this during my father's pastorate. The changing of the Ethiopian's skin or the leopard's spots is mere child's play in comparison."

"Have you," inquired the Bishop, "ever talked with your sister Elsie about it?"

"No."

"Well, you should. She can tell you more about it than anyone else."

The very next day he was at his father's home. The old folks happened to be out in a neighbouring park in which they often sat on pleasant summer days. They had taken their grandson with them, leaving their daughter Elsie alone in the house. This suited McCheyne's purpose very well. The brother and the sister, she at one time ten years his junior and now fifteen years his senior, sat down for a long chat. One topic after another came up, and then, by and by, he introduced the matter that lay on his heart.

"Elsie," he said, "how in the wide world did it ever happen that our old church in Cairntable came into the United Church? I know you didn't see things quite as I saw them. You were younger and lived at home. But even thus you can remember how strongly father and mother disliked the people of other churches, and how the church folks, especially the elders, looked upon the Methodists as having denied the faith and as worse than infidels. There was Elder McWhirter, for example. The very

name Methodist was like a red rag to a bull. I used to hear him at the blacksmith's shop denouncing and ridiculing them by the hour. It is incomprehensible that such people should ever have fallen into line."

"Well, Fergie," replied the sister, "so far as father was concerned, do you know that after your disappearance there was a change in him? When we were gathering up your papers and other belongings we found a letter, written some weeks before, which you had apparently decided not to post. It was addressed to Miss Florence Atherton. It was really a proposal of marriage, and in it you spoke of the struggle between loyalty to your parents and affection for her."

"I thought," said he, his face all aflame, "I thought I had burned it."

"No, you had not. You evidently found it a hard matter to go against father and mother. Well, when they read it, and when they saw how much your loyalty to them had cost you, they were almost broken-hearted. I never saw father worried as he was. He couldn't help feeling that his hardness towards you might have had something to do with your death. For we indeed thought you were dead. And we saw him—our father, Fergie, the man of iron, the man with the soul of a Covenanter in him, the man who would have borne rack and stake without a groan—saw him crying like a woman, and saying over and over again—you know he could scarcely speak without bringing in Scripture—'Would to God I had died for thee, Fergie, my son, my son!' It was just pitiful. Then there were letters of comfort that came from your friends—and such good, kind letters

—from Methodists, Baptists, Anglicans, and even Catholics. These, I am sure, had an effect upon him. We noticed in his sermons an absence of anything like attack upon other denominations, but the first positive sign we had of the change was when Mr. Atherton and his daughter came to make a visit in our neighbourhood. He actually called on them. Why, it was talked of over the whole neighbourhood, and—would you believe it?—Mr. Atherton and he became the warmest friends. He was quite astonished to find that Mr. Atherton was a scholar, knew quite a bit of Hebrew, and had New Testament Greek at his finger ends. And more than that, he could tell father things about Calvin and Knox that were quite new to him. So close did the two men get to each other that, when Atherton was leaving, father drove him to the station, and would not let him go on board the train without a promise to write. That promise was kept, and, until Mr. Atherton died, there was a weekly interchange of letters, broken only by occasional visits. And as to Miss Atherton, she became like another daughter in our house. It seemed as if mother thought of what might have been had you been spared to us, and her heart went out very tenderly to the woman you, her lost son, had loved."

McCheyne was greatly moved by this narrative. It gave him a new insight into the hearts of his father and mother. After a moment or two of silence he said:

"Yes, Elsie, this explains the change in my father, but not the change that must have taken place among the people. Of course, I know that

father's influence must have counted for a great deal, but there must have been something more."

"That's quite true. Did anybody tell you about the great Cairntable meeting?"

"No."

"Then let me tell you about it. You have no doubt heard that the negotiations between the three churches, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, and the Congregational, did actually take place, going on from year to year until at last a Basis of Union had been prepared. This Basis, having been before the presbyteries, was submitted to the different sessions and congregations. A few of these dismissed the matter with contempt. It was thought by outsiders that a congregation with such a reputation for rigidness as ours had would follow this course. But we did not. A meeting of the whole congregation was called to discuss the question. I was at the meeting, and, more than that, I have a verbatim report of the speeches."

"How did you come to get that?" said her brother. "You could not write shorthand."

"No, but," and here the eyes of the speaker filled with tears and the voice trembled, "No, but Jamie could. That was before we were married. He had been to the Business College in Montreal, and when he was home he took every chance to practise his shorthand. And he was with me that night, and he took everything down and copied it afterwards. I've got his notes here, and I'll bring them to you."

She went upstairs to her room and in a few minutes returned. From the redness of her eyes her brother suspected that she had had a fit of weeping.

And he was right. Those sheets of paper were, next to a little bundle of love-letters, her most precious memorial of the young husband she had lost. They were type-written, and, therefore, the more easily read. The whole business of the meeting was set down with Hansard-like correctness, and the following is the substance of it. The pastor, Mr. McCheyne, was of course Moderator. After a few remarks explaining the special nature of the meeting, Mr. McCheyne said that he understood that one of the elders was prepared to make a motion. At this Elder McCrae rose, and proposed a motion. Thus far Elsie read without interruption, but now her brother began to make comments.

"Elder McCrae! What McCrae was that?"

"Don't you remember Finlay McCrae that you had the fight with at school, and nearly killed each other because neither of you would give in?"

"Oh, Finlay McCrae. I remember him. He was good stuff, but not the kind of stuff they usually make elders of. And anyway he was too young."

"Too young! He was nearly forty. And for years he had been a great church worker. So you know now who Elder McCrae was. Well, he proposed as follows:

"'Resolved, that we, the Cairntable congregation of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, do order the distribution amongst all our communicants and adherents of the Basis of Union and Voting Papers as sent down by the General Assembly: and further that we recommend all our people to bring to this question a mind free from prejudice and eager to discover what is the mind of God for His Church in Canada.'

The mover made a short address dwelling with great emphasis on the recommendation contained in the latter part of the resolution. The motion was seconded by John Cameron. You remember him, don't you, Fergie?"

"Surely. Don't you mind how we always called him the apostle John? If he had lived in Ober-Ammergau, it is quite certain they would have picked him out for that part. We always thought it such a pity that he would not take the eldership."

Elsie then went on with the report. "The next to speak was Mr. Sinclair, the Reeve of the Township. He moved an amendment that the second part of the resolution be deleted, and that the documents be sent down to the people entirely without recommendation. The motion was seconded by Elder Patterson, the owner of the chief village store."

"A canny pair those," put in McCheyne.

"Then, last of all, it was moved by Elder John McCoubrey ('We always called him Long John,' was the comment), 'That no action be taken save and except that the documents be respectfully returned through the Presbytery to the General Assembly:' and the good elder spoke as follows:

"'Mr. Moderator: I'm sorry that this matter ever came up in our church. The Presbyterian Church in Canada is a great Church. It has numbers, it has wealth, it has social influence. Its ministers are the best-paid ministers in Canada. Its colleges are fine. And we are growing. Every year there are thousands of good Presbyterians coming out from Scotland and they come straight to us. Our missions are increasing so fast in the Northwest that we almost lose count of

them. Why then should there be any change? I say, let well enough alone. We are Presbyterians, and I, for my part, don't want to be anything else. We are asked to join hands with the Methodists. How can we? You, Mr. Moderator, have told us over and over again in your sermons that their doctrine is false doctrine, and that we should have no communication with them. We are asked to join hands with the Congregationalists. How can we? They have men in their pulpits whose theology is known to be unsound, and yet they go on preaching year after year, and no one seems to have the power to stop their mouths. What have we to do with such people? We are the spiritual children of John Calvin and John Knox. We are descendants of the Covenanters. We are the possessors of a great heritage of piety and scholarship. We have a great past, and, if we leave things alone, we have a greater future. Therefore, I move this resolution, in the firm belief that it will carry, and we shall then make all Canada to know that Cairntable has nailed the Presbyterian flag to the mast, and has written upon its fluttering folds the motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"'

"At this very spirited conclusion, which had all the more force because of the great height of the speaker and the stentorian quality of his voice, there was, spite of the traditional decorum of a Presbyerian meeting, a tendency to applaud which was at once repressed by the Moderator. The motion was seconded by a man who had been a candidate for Parliament, and who was convinced that he would have been elected if the Methodists had not voted against him.

"Thus the question was before the meeting in the

form of three alternatives—to send to the people with a favourable recommendation, to send without any recommendation at all, and to refuse to send. A general discussion followed, and many spoke. The feeling of the meeting swayed now in one direction, and now in another. Some of the speeches were notable. You should have heard the speech of Morrison, the blacksmith," said Elsie.

"Morrison! Did he speak? He wasn't a member of the church in my time."

"Nor then either, but he was an adherent."

"So he was. There were worse men than he whose names were on the communicant roll. There was no man in all the place that I liked better. He was a strange mixture. He had the fun of an Irishman, the sharpness of a Yankee, and the caustic speech of a Scotchman. He was everybody's critic, and yet everybody was his friend."

"That's true," said Elsie, "he died not a great while after the meeting, and I don't think Cairntable ever saw a greater funeral. It was just wonderful the way the people mourned for him. But you'd like me to read his speech."

"Surely," said McCheyne.

The sister read on, and this was what she read:

"'Mr. Moderator: This is the first occasion on which I have spoken at a meeting in this church. Truth to tell, I haven't had many chances. Then, I'm not a member of the church. But, sir, this is a question that concerns others besides those who are church members, and so I think I have a right to speak.'

"'Certainly you have, Mr. Morrison,' said the Moderator.

"'I notice,' continued the speaker, 'that there is a good deal of distrust of the Methodists, and there is reason for it.'

"'Hear, hear,' said Long John.

"Morrison turned upon the respondent a look that was not without a hint of mischief in it, but gave no further attention to the interruption.

"'There is reason for it, I say. I know a man who has a great repute for piety, who publicly denounces all worldly things, and who has expressed the holiest kind of horror of horse-racing. One day last winter I was driving by the mill-pond where the trotting races were being held. In front of me was this man. He did not know I was behind. I had no bells on my horse that day. I saw him stop his horse, stand up in the cutter, and watch one of the races with as keen an interest as ever I saw on a man's face. That man was a Methodist.

"'There is another man I know. He is also very pious. They tell me that at religious meetings he thanks the Lord that he has at last come to the point where he lives without sin. This man last summer hired a young English boy, just come to Canada. He paid him no wages, and gave the boy the impression that he was doing him a great favour in employing him without a premium. He gave him as his sleeping-place a hole under the stairs. He worked him like a Congo slave from five o'clock in the morning till it was too dark to see. That man was a Methodist.

"'There is another man that I know. He is also

very pious. He can't ask you how you are or give the time of day without saying something about the Lord. There isn't a religious gathering in the neighbourhood which he does not attend. This man ran up a bill at my shop. I did a lot of hard work for him, and you know, Mr. Moderator, that a blacksmith is scriptural in one thing if not in any other. He earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. I sent him my account. He tried to cut it down. He found fault with my work. He put me off and off until I had to send him a lawyer's letter. Since then it is always C.O.D. or there is no delivery. I'm told there isn't a store in Cairntable that will give him credit. That man is a Methodist.' "

"That was plain speaking surely," said McCheyne, "But Morrison was just the man for it."

"And, oh, Fergie," said his sister, "you ought to have seen the delight in the faces of some of the folk, and especially of Long John as he was lashing the Methodists. It was a fair shame—the way they took pleasure in iniquity; but we haven't got to the end of the speech yet.

"'But,' continued Morrison, 'there are some other men I know. There is a man who is so pious, and so scrupulous, that he gave his boy a sound licking for saying Sunday instead of Sabbath. And yet I had to order that man out of my shop because the stories he told were not fit for a decent man to listen to. I believe that he has been the means of defiling young men, and thus, indirectly, bringing young girls to shame. That man was *not* a Methodist.

"'And I know another man. He is a great champion of the Bible. He declares that he reads no other

book. He denounces novels. He can hardly be got to read a newspaper. He will not sing hymns, saying that they are human inventions. That man is well-off. He has one of the best farms in the country. But he is so mean with his money that he will not hire help for his wife, and she is broken down with hard work; so mean with it that when his youngest son, who lost his arm in a threshing machine, wanted to go to college, he refused to give him a dollar, and told him that one arm was enough for herding the cows and driving a team. That man is *not* a Methodist.' "

" Whew!" said McCheyne, " that was hard hitting. Did he mean old Sandy McAllister?"

" Yes," answered Elsie.

" And was he there?"

" Yes, and you ought to have seen his face. But there's more yet.

" ' And I know another man. He is very orthodox. He is very jealous for what he calls the ark of the covenant. He is a practised hand at laying the lash upon Arminians, Antinomians and Anglicans. He is a good speaker and has often taken the chair at temperance meetings, Bible Society anniversaries, and Sunday School conventions. That man had a quarrel with his brother over a trifling matter. I think it was whether a line fence should be a foot this way or that. From that time they had no intercourse. Though the farms were side by side and the houses in plain sight of each other they never spoke. When the brother took sick and sent for this man to come and see him he refused. When the brother died he was absent from the funeral. This man is *not* a Methodist.' "

"Was it Long John?" asked McCheyne.

"Yes, none other. You would have pitied the man if you had seen him. His very body seemed to shrink to half its stature. It is to the credit of our folks that scarcely any of them looked in his direction. It was remarked, though, that when the vote was taken he was no longer in the church. But there's more yet."

"More yet! What a speech it must have been!"

"It was a great speech. It is talked about even to this day. But let me go on with it.

"'But,' continued Morrison, 'there are some other folks that I have in mind. I know a man who became security for one whom he had come to look upon as a friend. The so-called friend deceived him through clever and shameful misrepresentations, and, soon afterwards, defaulted and disappeared. This man wasn't young. He had by many years of labour established a good business, but not good enough to bear this strain. He was practically bankrupt. What did he do? Slip out with all he could keep, and leave the loss to his creditors? Not he. He met his creditors. He said, "Have patience and I will pay you all." They had patience. Some of them who had dealt with him for a long time and had been enriched by his custom insisted upon sharing the loss with him. But one and all trusted him. And he was worthy of their trust. At a time of life when men usually think of retiring he took up his heavy burden, and he carried it bravely and successfully to the goal. That man is a Presbyterian.'"

"That was Robert Henderson, was it not?" asked McCheyne. "Of course it was. Euclid could not de-

fine straightness better than that man's life defined it. But go on."

"'I know a woman who was left a widow with a family of young children and very little to keep them. She has brought them up so that they are a credit to her and an honour to this community. She has, all through the struggle, kept a cheerful face. No one ever heard her complain. And, not content with doing the work of two in her own household, she has always been ready to lend a hand where there was trouble or sickness. There is no one in all the country-side to whom people are more ready to go in time of need. That woman is a Presbyterian.'"

"You knew her," said Elsie.

"Margaret Sinclair, was it?"

"Yes, and as brave a soul as ever lived."

"'I know a man, and you know him, too, who has lived amongst us for more than thirty years. He has been constant all that time to keep the fear of God in our hearts. He has never spoken aught but what he believed to be the truth. He has never hesitated when there was a duty to be performed. Many thought him hard and severe, but I knew that, in the days when his people were in sorrow, his heart and his speech could be soft and tender as a mother's. He has toiled here summer and winter, and has given us of his best. He has seen men far his inferiors in education and ability become wealthy and famous, and he has been content to live on the wages of an ordinary mechanic. He is the sort of man that is worth more to Canada than a score of political busybodies. That man is a Presbyterian.'"

"And did he say that to our father's face?" asked McCheyne.

"Yes, he did."

"And what did father say?"

"Nothing. He just sat there with his jaws set hard together. I think he was afraid he would break down. But there's more yet."

"More yet!" exclaimed McCheyne.

"'But,' went on Morrison, 'there are some others that I have known. Many of you remember the great bush fire of ten years ago, and the three or four houses on the ninth concession that were surrounded by a ring of flame. You remember what brave endeavours were made to save the people, especially the women and children. You remember that towards the end there was one house at whose very door the flames were licking, and a woman with her babe in her arms was seen at the door. You remember that when every one else believed the pair to be past rescue there was a young man, a fleet runner, who darted through the flames, flung a wet horse-blanket round the mother and child, and, with a strength that seemed more than human, carried them to a place of safety. He bears the scars to this day. That man was *not* a Presbyterian.

"'I knew a young lady who came to live in this community. She was different from us. Her speech was different. Her manners were different. She was criticized. She was ridiculed. She was looked upon as a kind of alien. But she showed no resentment. She began to win the people by the goodness of her heart, and the grace of her manner. Then she went away for a time. When she came back to

take our school she seemed to have passed through a great sorrow. This was written in some mysterious way upon her speech and manner, but only to add to the charm of her personality. She became the sunshine of many a home. When my wife was given up by the doctor she came after school, nursed her, took care of the children, and, I most surely believe, kept death from our door. That young lady was *not* a Presbyterian.'

"Need I tell you, Fergie, dear," said Elsie, "who that was, and what was her sorrow?"

"Her father's death?"

"No, he was not dead at that time. Not his, but yours."

"Mine!"

"Yes, yours. But we are getting near the end of the speech.

"'And I know a man who belongs to a profession giving to him who practices it a chance to work injustice, and to enrich himself at the expense of the ignorant and the unwary. But this man has ever used his knowledge to secure justice even for the weakest and most unfriended. He has never allowed his conscience to lose its tenderness by contact with evil. So sensitive is that conscience that thinking one night over a case he had had during the day, and recalling an unfair statement he had made concerning one of the parties, he could not sleep until he had gone to the aggrieved man and sought his pardon. This man, to my personal knowledge, had this testimony borne to him. One wet day there were a number of fellows in my shop. They were a good-hearted but rather rough lot from Sackett's Corners, several

of them Roman Catholics. All kinds of subjects were discussed, and at last this question came up: "If Jesus Christ were to come to Cairntable, whose house would be the fittest to receive Him?" The unanimous conclusion was in favour of the man of whom I have been speaking. This man is *not* a Presbyterian.'"

"Lawyer West, Superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School, was it not?" asked McCheyne.

"Yes," said Elsie.

"'So,' concluded Morrison, 'it would seem that there are good and bad in all the churches, and that no church has a monopoly of either intelligence, piety, or courage. For my part I am tired of the petty jealousies, the suspicions, the back-bitings that I have seen in connection with our different sects. I am in favour of union, and, if the union should come about, I think I shall be amongst those at the door asking to be received into the United Church.'"

"And did he come in?" asked McCheyne.

"Yes, and there were others, too. You know some of our best men never had joined the church, but in some way, not easy to explain, the unifying of the churches made Christ more real to them. The first communion service after the union was a thing never to be forgotten. It seemed as if all Cairntable was caught up in a gentle ascending whirlwind of spiritual emotion."

"To come back to the meeting again," said McCheyne. "Didn't Elder McWhirter have something to say?"

"Yes."

"And of course he went at it with a ten-pound axe fresh from the grindstone?"

"No. His speech was the surprise of the meeting. Of course, we all knew the way he had talked about the people of other churches, and we were on the look-out for a savage onslaught. But there was something quite different. As soon as he got to his feet I noticed an indescribable change in the man. The old rough manner was gone. There was a tinge of sadness and also of humility we had never seen on his face before. Here is his speech. It was short but to the point," and she read on:

"'Mr. Moderator: I am going to say what will surprise you and all my old neighbours. You know how I have felt and how I have talked about other churches. If ever there was a bigot I was one. But a change has come over me, and it came a very short time ago. If this meeting had been held this time last month I would have said what you expected I would say. But God has been dealing with me in judgment and in mercy. I have a son. Most of you know him. In a place the size of Cairntable it is hard to keep secret either our joy or our sorrow, our glory or our shame. This son went wrong. He was hard to manage as a lad, and harder still when he became a man. We could do nothing with him. I see now that I was much to blame. I was a hard man, thinking to reap where I had not sowed, and to gather where I had not strawed. I never had any pleasures myself, and I did not see why my sons should want any. I kept religion before them, but in such a way that they had little faith, and no love at all. So they

slipped away from me, and this one most of all. He went away out to the West. We hardly ever heard of him, and what we did hear was to our sorrow and shame. But, two weeks ago this very day, his mother had a letter in which he asked her and me to forgive him for all his disobedience and wickedness. He told us that he had made confession to God, and believed that God had had mercy on him. Just to-day he came back to us, and when he stood in the door, we saw that he was a new man. And, Mr. Moderator, there has been great joy in our home; and, when I tell you that under God this change was brought about by a young Methodist minister in Alberta, you will not be surprised if I support the original motion, and would have supported it if it had been a hundred times as strong.' "

" That," commented McCheyne, " is the most wonderful thing yet. Surely 'out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.' And did father have nothing to say?"

" He did," replied the sister. " After Elder McWhirter's speech the people sat in a kind of maze. For a while there wasn't a sound. Then someone called for the vote, but father rose and said that he could not let such an important matter as this pass by in silence. So he asked Elder McWhirter to take the chair, but the Elder stubbornly refused, saying that the minister could give his views as honestly in the chair as out of it, and, whatever his views were, there would always be fair play. This seemed to be the view of the meeting, so father stayed where he was, and said what he had to say; and here it is:

" ' My friends: Elder McWhirter has told you

that a great change has come upon him within the last month. A great change has come upon me, too, but it is not quite so recent. It began a good while ago. It is now nine years past since I lost my dear son Fergus. Up to that time I had seen no good in any church except my own, but God opened my eyes with a sharp instrument, a very sharp instrument. Surely it is He that killeth, and it is He that maketh alive. With sorrow He killed me, and with sorrow He made me alive. Many of you will remember how the news came to Cairntable that my son had disappeared, and how his mother and I went to Montreal. Oh, that was a dreadful journey. It was a lovely day. The sun was shining and the fields were all green with the fresh grass. But for us the train seemed to be running along the valley of the shadow of death. When we got to the city we inquired day and night, but there was no clue, no sign, nor has there been to this day. Where he had died, how he died, we have never known. We only knew that he was gone, that he must be dead, or else he would have sent us some message. Our hearts were broken. But oh, what kindness we received! And it came on every side. The Catholic priest came to see us and spoke so well of our son. The Anglican bishop wrote a most Christian letter. The Unitarian pastor stopped me on the street and spoke so tenderly. Methodist, Baptists, and Congregationalists seemed as near to me as the people of my own Presbyterian Church. And then and there I began to see what Mr. Morrison has just told us, that, while there's bad in all the churches, there's good too, wonderful good. From that time I began to live

a new life. The Church of God came to be such a big and beautiful thing to me. I have sat in my study in this little town of Cairntable, and I have fairly cried with joy as I thought of the goodly fellowship to which I belonged. I, the obscure Presbyterian minister, had for my comrades and fellow-heirs, not only Calvin, Knox, and Chalmers, but St. Francis and Lacordaire, Latimer and Butler, Bunyan and Spurgeon, Wesley and Booth, Cromwell and Livingstone, and a thousand others. I had come out of the cellar up to the housetop, out of the neuk into the broad valley, from the bank of a burn to the shore of the sea. Thus hath the Lord led me, and how can I do aught than favour a movement that seeks to make this larger thought of the Church real to the heart of the world.' "

"And father spoke like that!" exclaimed the son.

"Yes," said Elsie, "and his face, once so rugged and stern, was lit up with a wonderful gentleness. Old Donald Ross said it reminded him of Ben Lomond with the sun on it. And, Fergie, do you know I am so glad you are having the chance of knowing what father really is."

"And how did the meeting end?" asked her brother, evidently greatly moved.

"The two amendments vanished like thistle-down in a gale of wind, and the original motion passed with scarce a dissenting voice. The next week the voting papers came in, and the Cairntable vote for union was one of the strongest between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" said McCheyne, rising to go. "I am beginning to understand now how the

great change has been wrought. A movement that could win Cairntable had enough of God in it to capture all the land."

Thus Elsie's story ended, and with an affectionate embrace the brother said good-bye to his sister, thanking God in his heart, too, that he had such a sister, and that she had such a story to tell.

CHAPTER IV.

The Bishop's Review.

Though McCheyne felt that he was getting to have something like an adequate view of the new order and the causes that brought it to pass, still there were a number of unanswered questions springing up in his mind, and he turned at once to his good friend and never-failing mentor, the Bishop. They had come in together one evening from a committee meeting, and as the ladies were out at an art gallery reception and were not likely to return for some time, the Bishop invited McCheyne to come up to his study for a chat. The latter accepted the invitation for two reasons. He wished to be sure that the ladies got home safely, and he was glad of the opportunity to get the Bishop talking on his favourite subject. So the two found themselves comfortably seated in the room now grown so familiar to the younger man.

"Of course, Bishop," he said, "I have had a good deal of light on this great change that has taken place, but I am still wondering at it. I see now that there were many factors preparing the way, but I can't help feeling curious as to what actually took place."

"Well," replied the Bishop, "I have already told you how the negotiations between Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists, which were being

talked about when you disappeared, really took place, beginning in 1902, and continuing, year after year, until a Basis of Union had been prepared by the Joint Committee and submitted to the three Churches. The result of the submission became known in 1912, and showed that while the Congregationalists and Methodists were ready for the step, the Presbyterians were hesitating."

"Just what you might expect," growled McCheyne.

"Yes. Just what you might expect. You are quite right there. You see, McCheyne, you have not quite got over your feeling of irritation at what you regarded as the hardness and narrowness of the Church as you knew it. For me it is twenty-five years since that time; for you it is really not more than four or five months. But one must be fair. The more immediate readiness of the Congregationalists and the Methodists is easily understood. The two great missionary organizations through which world-Congregationalism was represented in the foreign field were absolutely without any sectarian name. Then, Methodism had come into being without any church programme, without the slightest idea of giving to the world a new church polity. It was a great spiritual movement that thought more of saving souls than of inventing a new kind of ecclesiastical machinery. John Wesley was essentially a big man, bigger than some of his own followers have quite comprehended. He was no more a sectarian than was the apostle Paul himself. Then, too, Methodism, while having a glorious record, had a comparatively brief tradition, a tradition going back no farther than the middle of the eighteenth century. It was different

with Presbyterianism. For Britain and her colonies the centre of Presbyterianism was in Scotland. There, for three centuries and a half, amongst a people who are by nature most stiff and tenacious, through epochs of political and religious ferment which tried the souls of men to their very depths, along a pathway blown upon by the winds of fierce discussion and lighted at times by martyr-fires, Presbyterianism went on doing its work and getting its grip on the people's heart. And it got a grip. There's not a doubt of it. A grip that may have loosened a little in new lands like Canada, but was still there. I tell you, McCheyne, the more I have studied the matter the more I have wondered, not that the Presbyterians were slow to move, but that they moved at all in the direction of that all-comprehensive church order we now enjoy."

"I can see now," said the younger man, "that perhaps I was too hasty in my anger—too much under the influence of a private grievance. I can see, too, more clearly than ever, what a wonderful and gracious thing it was that this old church of mine should have come in at last. How did it finally come about?"

"I have already told you in a general way of the state of things in 1912. In the Presbyterian Church the situation was this. After the historic General Assembly in Edmonton, two-thirds of the Church was favourable and one-third antagonistic; not absolutely antagonistic, but sufficiently so to delay the consummation. Now you can see in what a position that minority was placed. Here were the Congregationalists ready. Here were the Methodists ready. Here

were two-thirds of the Presbyterian Church ready. Here was an epoch of expansion in the history of Canada, so tremendous in extent, so imperious in its appeal for moral and spiritual guidance, so pregnant with the possibilities of good or evil, that an uncertain policy on the part of the Church was surely a calamity and might turn out to be a crime. You can understand, McCheyne, what a weight of responsibility rested upon this minority."

"And what happened next?" eagerly asked the listener.

"Your sister has told you about the great Cairntable meeting. Let me tell you briefly about the great Toronto meeting. It was at the session of the large Presbyterian Committee on Union. Due concern had been shown to secure absolute fairness. Great care had been taken to include all elements, with the result that on this committee the opposition was most adequately represented. And this is what took place. I have read the record over and over again, and it is burned into my memory. After a great deal of preliminary discussion, which was carried on with earnestness but with a singular lack of acrimony, things came to a kind of crisis. The gravity of the situation weighed heavily upon all. Late in the afternoon a resolution was presented in favour of recommending the Assembly to take immediate steps to consummate the Union. There was little debate. All that men wished to say had been said in the informal discussion. The chairman made the suggestion that, as the hour was late, it might be well to delay the vote till the evening session, and that the first hour of that session be spent in prayer. The

suggestion was agreed to, and the adjournment took place. All were there in time for the evening meeting. Then men began to pray. Never, I think, was there such a meeting. Each man, whether in favour of or against Union, as he prayed, seemed to drop his own personality out of sight and to be in an agony of desire to know what was the will of God. Some who were there told me afterwards that there was a solemnity, a depth of feeling utterly indescribable. When the meeting was called to order there was a momentary hush; then the Chairman said he would put the resolution, but first he had a few words to say, and he spoke in substance as follows:

"'Brethren,—There is not one of us but is impressed with the importance of the action we are about to take. We have come to a point where our Yea or Nay may have a mighty influence upon the future of this Dominion, and indeed upon the whole of Christendom. I need not say that a very special responsibility is upon those who have not seen their way clear to accept the plan of Union. For it lies in their power to block the scheme, thus rendering nugatory the labours of many years, and turning to fruitlessness the aspirations of many thousands of Christian hearts. I do not for a moment call in question the purity of their motives and the sincerity of their loyalty to the Lord and Master of us all, but I feel that it is due to them and to us all that I should make clear beyond question the tremendous nature of the responsibility now resting upon them. If we can be unanimous here the goal is in sight; if we divide, then that goal is put beyond our reach for

many a year. Is there any one who wishes to speak before the vote is taken?'

"There was a hush for about a minute. Then arose an old man, a man of indefatigable energy, an energy which had been devoted without stint to the service of the Church, and an energy which had been employed for several years in opposing the idea of Union. For a moment he stood in silence. When at last the silence was broken his voice had a tremor in it that came not from age, but from strong emotion. With breathless eagerness men listened to what he had to say. It was in substance as follows:

"'Brethren,—I am an old man. All my life has been lived in the fold of Presbyterianism. All my ministry, and it has been a very long one, has been devoted to its service. No son ever loved his mother more dearly than I have loved the Presbyterian Church. For her I have prayed, for her I have toiled, for her I have dreamed my dream of greatness. And now I am asked to relinquish that dream. There are not many of you that quite understand what that means to me. It is something that I can hardly bear to think of, the blotting out of the Presbyterian name from the pages of Canadian history, a page it has done so much to illuminate and ennoble. But—,' and here the voice broke and the flow of speech stayed for an instant—'But I am an old man. I am within sight of the new Jerusalem, the general Assembly and the Church of the first-born, and I cannot, I dare not, in this which may be my last official act, set myself against a movement which *may* be born of God, and destined to forward the coming

of His Kingdom. I am not sufficiently convinced to vote *for* the resolution, but I am sufficiently in doubt to keep me from voting *against* it. This, Mr. Chairman, is all I have to say.'

"There was genuine admiration and profound sympathy upon the faces that were turned towards the old man as he took his seat. Men felt that a great sacrificial deed had been done, and that all the service rendered by the doer in the past had reached its coronation in this one act of self-abnegation. No one else spoke. The Ayes and Noes were taken. There was no dissenting voice. Thus, at last, the great question was settled. All that remained was the working out of details, a task the magnitude of which was only known to those of us who were actually engaged in it, but which in two or three years was practically finished."

"That old minister," said McCheyne, musingly, "represented far more than himself. He was an incarnation of the old traditional Presbyterianism. His sacrificial acceptance of the inevitable must have had its counterpart in thousands of humbler lives. So the union came at last. It must have made startling changes."

"Not so startling as you would imagine. Indeed, it was the understood policy from the outset that nothing should be done suddenly or violently. There was to be no forcing of new arrangements. There were many cases where two or three churches existed in communities where one was quite sufficient, but no attempt was made to force the three into one. The matter was left to the good sense and Christian feel-

ing of the people, and, as a rule, the union was in time effected. Of course there were exceptions. There were places where local bitternesses of long standing kept division alive. But these were not numerous enough to affect the general situation."

"And what about the other bodies? Did they not come into the movement? What action was taken by the Anglicans? They regularly prayed for the removal of our unhappy divisions, and many of them made passionate appeals for unity."

"The result in their case was various. You can understand how it should be so. There were different schools of thought in the Church. There were the irreconcilables, the extreme High Churchmen, to whom the Apostolic Succession was of vital consequence, the class represented by a clergyman who told me that if he doubted whether the Anglican Church had the Succession, and was sure that the Church of Rome had it, he would at once transfer his allegiance. With these it was impossible to make terms. Then there was a considerable number of people whose attachment to their church had its roots, not in religion, but in custom, tradition, inheritance. They were Churchmen, and they would be sent to Coventry before they would be anything else. We didn't get many of these. On the other hand there was a large body of practical, hard-headed laymen who had become disgusted with the futility of sectarian competition, whose valuing of the Episcopate rested not upon its origin but upon its usefulness, and who hailed with delight the attempt to secure a more effective organization of the Christian forces

of the land. From this element the United Church received great accessions of strength. Also from the members of the clergy who, schooled under the teaching of Maurice, Arnold, Kingsley, and Stanley, were ready to welcome a Church that had the national vision though without the political alliance. In addition to these there are a number of broad-minded men amongst both clergy and laity who hesitate to ally themselves with the United Church, not because of sectarian feeling or sacramentarian theory, but because they desire to have in some more tangible way a recognition of the historic continuity of the Church."

"And the Baptists," inquired McCheyne. "How were they affected? What reception did they give to the new movement?"

"They were asked to join in the negotiations, but refused, courteously enough, but very firmly. They still maintain their separate church organization. There are signs, however, of a trend towards union. It is well-nigh impossible for them to resist the leavening influence of a Church which Protestant Canada as a whole has taken to its heart. Many of their best men are beginning to feel anxiety as to what policy ought to be pursued."

"What about the Unitarians?" asked McCheyne. "There was a Unitarian minister here in my student days—I suppose he is gone now—who was respected and loved by the whole community. I sometimes went to hear him preach, and was deeply impressed, not only with the vigour of his thought and the delicate accuracy of his speech, but with the rare and gentle spirit that was behind it all. It would

seem a pity if such a man could not find a place within the walls of the Canadian Church."

"Many of us," said the Bishop, thoughtfully, "had exactly the same feeling. But the way was not clear. The United Church rested upon an evangelical basis—broadly evangelical, but still evangelical. It represented certain convictions as to the uniqueness of Christ's person and the power of His gospel which were deemed essential to an effective and victorious Church. The Unitarians were not prepared to accept such a basis, and we were not ready to disregard it; so the two have remained apart. But there is a stronger desire than ever to get at each other's point of view, and some are sanguine enough to believe that our Christian faith may yet be stated in terms which will secure a wider unity without loss of power. But that day has not yet arrived, and in the meantime we are striving earnestly to be in the mood which welcomes truth and goodness wherever found."

"You speak," said McCheyne, "of the United Church as in a very true sense a national Church. What do you really mean by that?"

"Just this—that its constitution is a reflection of the life and ideals of the Canadian people, embodying as it does the two ideas of democratic responsibility and effective organization. In that sense it is national. And, further, it has exercised a great power in preserving national unity. There came a time not long ago when the relations between the East and the West were actually strained. The West was restless under what it regarded as the

coercion of the East. But the inner unity of the nation had been so strengthened by the existence of a united Church that it was able to stand the strain, and pass in safety through the crisis. It gave one a keen realization of what it meant to have the great majority of the English-speaking people of Canada knit together in the bonds of a common church life. I began to see that both Tudor and Stuart were wise in the value they set on church unity, and fools in the way they went about to secure it."

"This is all immensely interesting," said McCheyne. "There's just one more question I would like to ask. In what relation does the Roman Catholic Church stand to this new order? I told you, didn't I, what I heard young Dennis Mulcahy say on board the airship?"

"Yes, and I thought it was a wonderful testimony."

"Then there was some foundation for what he said?"

"Certainly," said the Bishop, emphatically. "There are two ways in which the new order has been a blessing to the Roman Catholic Church. In the first place, as Mulcahy said, the existence of a United Church among Protestants has been a stimulus to that Church, and a great purifying influence. It could afford to smile at a lot of sects, but not at a Church of the calibre of ours. In the second place, the United Church has provided a far better lighted and more accessible harbour of refuge for souls that, having lost faith in Church authority, were in danger of drifting hopelessly upon a sea of unbelief. You

would be astonished at the number of cases where shipwreck has been averted. You will be glad, too, to know that the Roman Catholic authorities have become big-hearted enough to be glad of this. There was a time when they would rather have seen a man go to the devil than go into another church, but now they have the magnanimity to rejoice that the man, lost to them, is not of necessity lost to the Chrisian faith."

Further conversation was stopped by a tap on the door and the entrance of the two ladies of the house.

"You're home early, dear," said the Bishop to his wife.

"Early! What a gay fellow you are becoming, Hugh, to call twelve o'clock early."

Both the Bishop and McCheyne gave a start, and simultaneously pulled out their watches.

"Twelve o'clock!" said the Bishop.

"Twelve o'clock!" said McCheyne.

"Father's getting into bad habits, Mr. McCheyne, I'm afraid," said Florence.

"It can't be a bad habit when it has given me the chance of seeing you—and your mother," the last words being tacked on somewhat awkwardly.

"I suppose, Hugh," said Mrs. Falconer, "you have as usual been talking, talking. I'm sure Mr. McCheyne must be tired to death."

"Well," answered the husband, "if that's the result it's a case of suicide, for McCheyne brought it on himself."

"And I'm quite willing," said that individual, "to die by so agreeable a method."

With these thrusts and parryings they parted. Some distance from the house McCheyne crossed the street to follow one that ran at right angles. At the corner he turned and looked back. He saw the light in the Bishop's hall extinguished, and then a light turned on in an upper room. His heart gave a great leap of desire and hope. Might not that beam flashing out upon the dark street be the symbol of a light that would some day be the light of all his life!

CHAPTER V.

Labour and Love.

As winter drew near, and church activities were resuming their full play, McCheyne began to feel somewhat anxious over his own future. As we have seen, he was not without invitations to attractive fields, though it must be confessed that the urgency of some of these invitations diminished in exact accord with the subsidence of the sensation over his wonderful experience. But still the calls were many —sufficiently so to cause him embarrassment. This embarrassment, however, came to an end when the pulpit of a certain church became vacant, and he was warmly invited to fill the vacancy. That church was in the neighbourhood of his former charge, and the impulse was irresistible to take up his work there under the new order. A little while before Christmas he was formally inducted, and settled down to his work as chief pastor in a parish whose six or seven hundred families were all within effective reach of the church itself. His nearest, and almost only, ecclesiastical neighbour was the Roman Catholic church of the parish, with whose incumbent he very soon became quite intimate. There was no attempt to disguise real differences, but there was a very honest and a very successful attempt to work together along all lines of practical service. There

could have been no stronger testimony to the efficiency of their work than that of the policeman, who, meeting the two one day, said:

"Faith, Father Shea, but you and your friend are makin' it an aisy job for the loikes o' me."

What impressed McCheyne very forcibly was the thoroughness of work made possible under the new system. There was nothing impertinent, nothing inquisitorial, but the parish was under the most careful supervision. The religious preference of every family was known. Indeed, the office in the church was a kind of ecclesiastical clearing-house for the whole neighbourhood, and through it the synagogue had the opportunity to get hold of the Jew, the Catholic Church the Catholic, and so on, leaving any residuum of the unclaimed to the care of the United Church. The system was so simple and yet so effective that McCheyne wondered that the discovery of it had been so long delayed. It is needless to say that he fell into line at once, and that he did his work with a feeling that every day counted as it could never have done under the old system.

We turn now to a more personal matter. It may have occurred to the reader that Florence Falconer had come to occupy a very prominent place in McCheyne's thought. In any case it was the truth, and a truth that caused the young man himself no small degree of perplexity. For a time he was in an agony of self-contempt and self-reproach. He accused himself of lightness and fickleness. He felt himself to be a miserable specimen of yea-and-nay,—now one thing and now another. Up to the last moment of consciousness before his slumber in the cave, and

that was less than a year ago, the image of Florence Atherton had filled his mind. Now it was the image of Florence Falconer that occupied this place of supremacy. What kind of a man was he who could so swiftly off with the old love and on with the new? For days he walked in a veritable valley of humiliation. Then light came, and with it peace. His love had not changed. It was not a question of old against new, new against old. The love he had now was the same love. Then and now it sprang from all that was noblest and best in his nature. Every element of tenderness, of heroic impulse, of spiritual aspiration, of self-giving surrender, and of absolute fidelity that had been in his heart at the time of his disappearance twenty-five years ago was in his heart now. "It is the same love," he said to himself, "but going out to a new object." Then he began to ask: "Is the object a new one? From one point of view, Yes; from another, No." The younger Florence was in many ways the replica of her mother. The personal resemblance was marked, and this was but an outward symbol of a resemblance that extended to every part of the nature. Florence Falconer was without doubt the successor of Florence Atherton by a law of succession that was deeper than even the Apostolic. Therefore the love was not only the same, but the object was virtually the same. So the cloud passed from the mind of McCheyne. It remained yet to be seen whether his suit would be successful, but he now had the comforting consciousness that he could pursue that suit without any loss of self-respect.

The first step he took was to speak to his friend

the Bishop. He knew that Florence was the very light of her father's eye, and all considerations of respect and gratitude prompted him to take that father into his confidence. So at an early day, being alone with the Bishop, he seized the opportunity.

"Bishop," he said, "I have been here often. I have troubled you with many things. I have asked and received many favours. But to-day I have come to make the greatest demand of all."

'And what is that?" asked the Bishop, sympathetically.

"I have come to ask permission to pay my addresses to Miss Falconer."

Both of these men had a sense of humour, and, by one of those disconcerting tricks the soul sometimes plays upon itself, this sense of humour now came to the fore. By a kind of telepathy the same picture flashed upon the mental retina of both men: the picture of Falconer the raw student coming to McCheyne the pastor for spiritual guidance. For one man the picture was scarce a year old, for the other it was more than a quarter of a century; but the difference of time had brought no dimness. The grotesqueness of the changed situation flashed upon both in the same instant, and they burst into laughter. This lasted for a moment, and then, by the mysterious law of reaction which causes the meeting of emotional extremes, the tears came, and speech was under a spell. It was the Bishop that broke the silence.

"You speak, McCheyne, as if you were under obligation to me. That may be, but I do not forget

what you were to me in my student days. And now as to this request of yours, there are just two things that I have to say. The first is that there is no man of all the men I know to whom I would so gladly entrust my daughter's happiness. The second is this: that if you should prosper in your suit, and Florence should be to you all that her mother has been to me, then the sun shines upon no more fortunate man in all this wide Dominion."

It was difficult for McCheyne to find words to express his gratitude, but he did his best and left the house in a mood of great buoyancy and hope.

We pass to another scene. The place is the same, but the persons are different. It is the mother and daughter that are talking together. They are alone in the Bishop's study. The lights have been turned off, and they are sitting in front of the grate in which the logs are burning down into glowing embers.

"Florence, dear," said the elder of the two, "there is something I wish to speak to you about."

"And what is it, mother mine?"

"I have noticed that Mr. McCheyne has been here very frequently of late."

"That's nothing new. He and father are the greatest of cronies."

"That's quite true. But he comes as often when crony number one is out of town as when he is in."

"Then he comes to see you, mother. You won't believe how attractive you are."

The mother smiled, and then, turning grave, said:

"Florence, do you remember the old desk that belonged to Basil Manthorpe?"

"Yes."

"Do you recollect, too, that there was a secret drawer?"

"Yes; it was I that found it."

"And in that drawer was the name of Fergus McCheyne?"

"Yes," and a perceptible deepening of colour was seen on the young girl's cheek.

"Well, your mother is going to open another secret drawer, and in it, too, is the name of Fergus McCheyne. Florence, I am going to tell you something about myself."

And the mother told the daughter the story of her youth: the coming to Canada, the strangeness of it all, the loneliness of the new land, the lack of congenial companions, the pettiness of sectarian strife, the coming into her life of Fergus McCheyne, and all that he was coming to be to her; the dream that was growing lovelier and lovelier; and then the tragedy, the mystery, the awful blank of his sudden disappearance. The mother finished her story. There was a silence, made all the more impressive by the ticking of the clock and the flicker of the firelight. Then the daughter knelt down, put her arms around her mother's neck, and said:

"Oh, mother, dear, but wasn't it pitiful?"

"It was indeed, dear. I felt as if my life had come to an end."

"And yet you afterwards married father?"

"I did. Our first meeting was at the time of the McCheyne tragedy, as it was called. He had come all the way up from near Boston to offer his services

in the search for the lost man. They told us that for weeks he kept up the search by canoe, and by forest path, and was the last to give up, and, when he did give up, his grief could not have been greater if McCheyne had been his own brother. Thus sorrow brought us together. Then when he went back to his church in New England he wrote me to know if anything had turned up. This was the beginning of the correspondence that, under his urgency, became more and more frequent. After a time he came to Canada for a visit, and called to see me at Cairntable, where I had gone to teach. By and by he asked me to be his wife. At first I refused, telling him that my heart had been given to his friend. He respected my feelings, and made no protest. Later on he renewed his suit, and I consented, and Florence, dear, I have never been sorry. All that I dreamed Fergus McCheyne might have been to me, your father, Hugh Falconer, has been."

"Daddy is the best man alive," said the daughter, proudly.

"Of course, that is what I think. But there is another nearly as good, and, Florence, I am sure he wants you. You know who that is, and, dear, all that I can say is this, that nothing in the world would give me greater joy than to know that my daughter's happiness is in the keeping of so brave and so good a man."

The daughter said nothing, but gravely kissed her mother, and went quickly to her room.

We pass to another scene. There are two actors, each of whom has just been on the stage. The place

is the same—the Bishop's house. It is not necessary to give the actors any formal introduction. McCheyne has come on his momentous mission, and, as we have already gathered, Florence is not wholly unprepared. There was but little prelude on the part of the young man. He was quiet, self-restrained, but he went straight to the mark. He told Florence how her face was the first that he had looked upon when he came out of his long slumber; how his heart had leaped towards her then; how, ever since that hour, she had been constantly in his thoughts, and how it had come to this, that life could not be lived without her.

Florence heard him to the end, and then, not without a faint gleam of mischief in her eyes, said:

"But I have heard that twenty-five years ago you felt like this towards my mother."

"Yes, *exactly* like this."

"So it is because you see my mother in me that you say you love me?"

"Yes," was the direct, honest reply.

"Then," said she, all lightness thrown aside and speaking in tones that trembled with emotion, "I am honoured beyond measure by such a love."

Fergus stood for a moment bewildered and trembling. The weight of his good fortune struck him like a sudden blow. Then all that was knightly in the man rose to the surface, and, kneeling before Florence as a Lovelace might have knelt before his queen, he lifted her hand to his lips.

"That," she said, "is homage to the ideal. Is there nothing for just me?"

It is not necessary to describe McCheyne's response to an appeal that combined in itself the trustfulness of a child with the imperious claim of a woman. Suffice it to say that she in the shelter of his arms was filled with a sense of absolute security, and he, with her heart beating against his, was conscious of the courage and the hope that make a man the conqueror of the world.

CHAPTER VI.

An Unmixed Marriage.

Soon after receiving the congratulations of their friends, and Fergus urging upon Florence not to needlessly delay the marriage, there was a family consultation as to the details. McCheyne did not deem it wise to trouble his father and mother, but his sister Elsie was present; thus, with the Bishop and his wife, making a group of five.

"Have you settled upon the date?" asked the Bishop.

"Yes," said McCheyne, "I have suggested the anniversary of the day in May when I awoke, and had my first sight of Florence's face; and she likes the idea."

"And," went on the Bishop, "were you thinking of a house or a church wedding?"

"A church wedding," was the reply; "and, if it's quite right, we would like to have it in my own church. Of course, there's no question of denominations, and, whether in this parish or mine, the wedding will be in the United Church. But we thought that the people amongst whom we are to do our work would be the most deeply interested, and that the church they worship in would be the most suitable place."

"That's sensible," said the Bishop. "Though,

mind you, the interest goes far beyond your own congregation. But, no doubt, to be married amongst your own people will count for much in winning their hearts. So the date and place are settled. Is there anything else?"

"Anything else, father?" said Florence; "why, there are lots of things."

"You must marry us," said McCheyne.

"Then who will give the bride away?"

"We can easily take the giving away for granted, Or, if not, why should it not be done by Mr. Manthorpe, who has been like a brother to Mrs. Falconer?"

"That," said the Bishop, thoughtfully, "would not be out of the way. In fact, there would be something very appropriate in having the name of Manthorpe connected with the service. Now, are there any whom you would like to assist me in the service?"

"Yes," said McCheyne; "Florence's own minister, and, if my father is able to come, I would like him to give the blessing."

"I'm sure he'll come," said Elsie, "and mother, too. It would break their hearts if they could not be there. The very thought of Fergie's marriage is making them young again."

"That's settled, then," said the Bishop. "Now, what about bridesmaids and groomsmen? Have you anyone in mind?"

"Plenty, so far as I am concerned," said Florence. "My trouble is to choose one without offending a dozen others. But Fergie is not troubled that way, are you, dear?"

"No," was the answer; "my trouble is all the other way. My friends are either gone, like Manthorpe, or else have become old enough to be the bride's father. I really don't know what to do."

"Then," said the young lady, "if you don't, I do. If you *can't* get a groomsman I *won't* have a bridesmaid. So that's another point settled."

This was said with an emphatic determination that made McCheyne playfully wonder how often he would have his own way in the future. He put in a mild remonstrance, but it was of no avail.

"No, Fergie," she said, "we are going to live the simple life, and we may as well begin it at once. No bridesmaid, no veil, no train—only flowers, oceans of them, and I'll be married in my travelling dress, and you'll see it will be a beauty."

This mixture of hardy independence and feminine love of the beautiful, combined with a very glowing cheek and a very sparkling eye, proved quite irresistible, and she had her way. Then came up the question of invitations, and as they talked of those they would like to ask, Mrs. Falconer turned to her husband and said:

"Oh, Hugh, if father could only be here!"

"I think he will be."

"And dear old Manthorpe," said McCheyne, his eyes filling with tears at the memory of his friend.

"And he, too," said the Bishop.

There was a pause in the conversation. Then Mrs. Falconer turned to her prospective son-in-law and said:

"Fergus, your list is a very short one."

"Yes."

"Have you thought of that old landlady?"

"Mrs. Brindley? Yes; and Florence and I are going over to see her."

Which they did that afternoon. The door was opened by a very sympathetic little maid, who straightway conducted them to the parlour. It was not long before they heard the somewhat elephantine tread which announced the approach of the good lady. As the door opened the two young people stood side by side, a most goodly pair. It was not necessary to tell *her* what had happened. The old roguish light came into her eyes.

"Yes," she said, "parsons is good, and parsons is . . . beginning to 'ave sense."

Then, like a flame in a wind, or a spark in a shower, the light of mischief went out, the tears welled from the eyes, and the old lady sank into a chair, sobbing like a child. The two young people stood beside her in respectful silence. At last she looked up and said:

"Excuse me, dears. But I was once young myself, and I was not alone."

Whereupon Fergus and Florence became aware of the fact, which is sometimes overlooked, that even landladies have romances, and that within prosaic temples there burns the light of tender memory and sorrowing love.

We leap over the intervening weeks to the wedding hour. It is getting on in the afternoon of a lovely day in May. Yonder is the church, and already the doors are open, though it is still a good while before the hour for the service. The people

are gathering. Some of them are not entire strangers to us. Who is that stout lady in the motor car whose rosy face indicates a desperate conflict between the determination to look dignified and the dread inherent in a woman's first venture in an automobile? Need we mention the name of Mrs. Brindley? Beside her sits her well-known familiar, Mrs. Watkins, whose ample countenance, surmounted by a lofty erection of her own design, is one vast continent of rapturous exaltation. And who are these two young men walking side by side, the one with a jaunty step, coat flapping wide open, and hat very much to one side: the other solid-footed, with coat carefully buttoned, and hat firmly set on the top of his head? We have but to hear fragments of their conversation to discover their identity.

"Do ye moind, Sandy," said the jaunty one, "that thrip we tuk to Winnipeg wid all the clargy aboord?"

"And whut for should A no?" was the gruff response.

"And what for should ye not?" mimicked his companion. "And what for shouldn't ye kape a civil tongue in yer head? But I'll give ye another thrial. Do ye moind the firrst toime ye saw the Riverend Fergus McCheyne?"

"Aye; it was when he pit his heid into the engine-room of the 'Saskatchewan.'"

"And arrn't ye proud av it?"

"No. A'm no prood, but A'm gratified."

"Ye could-blooded spalpeen," said Dennis, testily. "Why don't ye lit yourself go for jist wance?"

"And mair than that," continued Sandy, "A've

shown ma gratification by giving Mr. McCheyne a hearin' in Montreal, and A'm even thenking I'll haund in ma lines* to his church."

"And it's not Presbyterian," said the other, jestingly.

"Na, but it's fair tolerable. But isn't it a wee bit strenge for you to be going intae a Protestant church?"

"Strange?" ejaculated the other, "why," and he pointed to a black-robed figure mounting the church steps, "there's Father Shea himself, God bliss him."

And sure enough it was the priest of the parish going in to see the marriage of his friend. Following him at a respectful distance we enter the large building. It is already well filled, and the ushers are having difficulty in finding seats. The appointed hour is here at last. There are a few beats of golden-toned music from the belfry, and then the organ takes up the joyous theme, and sends it pealing into every part of the edifice. The vestry-door opens and three ministers enter, the Bishop, the Rev. Robert McCheyne, and Florence's own pastor, the Rev. Ryerson Egerton. They are immediately followed by the bridegroom. The three arrange themselves in front of the pulpit, the Bishop in the centre, with venerable old age on his right hand and glowing youth upon his left. McCheyne faces them. Looking towards him stands a little girl of six summers, clad in spotless white. On the other side is a little boy—it is Elsie's Donald—in a corresponding attitude. Each of the children hold up a banner—a miniature of the flag of the United Church. On it

*Certificate of Church membership.

there is a border of maple leaves, in the centre a cluster of stars held in the grasp of a hand wounded but mighty, and on the top a scroll with the words *The United Church of Canada.* In a front seat sit two ladies, both mothers, one in the prime of life, the other far on in the silver stage, and both thinking how strange the Providence that had brought them together for the marriage of the son of one to the daughter of the other. But their musing ceases at the sound of a rustle and a stir sweeping over the vast congregation. They arise and stand with faces slightly turned. And now, down the flower-hedged aisle comes Florence leaning on the arm of her father's friend, the brother of her husband's friend. As she takes her place beside Fergus there is a moment of intense but subdued emotion in the little group whose lives have been so strangely inter-related. Then the voice of the Bishop is heard:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the face of this congregation."

Yes, this congregation, so large, so varied, and yet so knit together in Christian charity. A little further on, and before putting the direct question, the Bishop departs from the written form, and refers in a few delicately chosen words to the wonderful chain of events that had brought the two together. Then comes the question:

"Fergus McCheyne, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

And

"Florence Falconer, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?"

To each question the firm, unalterable " I will " is given, and in both instances the response, his deep-toned, hers sweet-voiced, is heard clearly throughout the building. Then comes the solemn League and Covenant of the two hearts.

" I, Fergus, take thee, Florence, to be my wedded wife."

" I, Florence, take thee, Fergus, to be my wedded husband."

Then the question:

" Who giveth this woman to be married to this man ?"

" I, speaking on behalf of her father and mother, do," was the somewhat unexpected but altogether appropriate response from the lips of Manthorpe.

After this, as the ring is being placed on the finger, there is silence, and, strange to say, that silence is broken, not by the voice of the Bishop, but by a soft, golden chiming that floats down from the belfry and is borne on the sweet summer air through the open windows.

" For all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
Hallelujah."

Both Mrs. Falconer and McCheyne send a grateful and appreciative glance towards the Bishop, and there spreads over all the people a profound sense of the communion of saints, and a perception that the words " this congregation," have taken to themselves a vast and heavenly meaning.

The ring is now placed and is held there for a moment by the hand of him who repeats:

"With this ring I thee wed, with all my powers I thee reverence, and all that I have with thee I share: In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Then follow the consummating words: "Forasmuch as Fergus and Florence have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company, and thereto have pledged their troth either to other, and have declared the same by giving and receiving of a ring and by joining of hands: I pronounce that they are man and wife, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

All through the service the people have been under a kind of spell, but the intensity of their feeling reaches the climax when the old minister of Cairntable stretches out his hands towards the newly-wedded couple, and in a voice quavering but clear pronounces the blessing, ancient as the Pyramids and new as the latest longing of the human heart:

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

The service is over. There is a brief tarrying in the vestry for the signing of the register and the greetings of the more intimate friends. Fergus kisses his mother; then Mrs. Falconer, the Florence

of an earlier time; then, and with a most brotherly tenderness, his sister Elsie. But it is time to go. the two children with their banners fall into line and lead the way down the aisle, their fair faces on a level with the flowers and blending with their beauty. Immediately following them are the bride and bridegroom, and after these the friends with whom their lives have been so closely intertwined. Near the door stand the two airmen, Dennis and Sandy. Fergus turns towards them a friendly and recognizing face, and Sandy decides there and then to send in his lines. In the entry is the young Catholic priest, his handsome Irish face all alight with kindness and good-will. McCheyne stretches out his hand, which is at once enclosed in a firm and friendly clasp. Then the eyes of the two men meet . . . and Fergus is conscious of the only pang that has marred this crowning day. As he looks into the young priest's eyes he feels as if gazing one moment upon a parterre of flowers, there has the next moment been the sudden opening of a cleft, and he is looking down into a profound abyss where ice and fire are strangely intermingled; and he knows that he has had a momentary glimpse of the age-long mystery of the ecclesiastically ordained celibate life.

They are at the church door now. Florence, having decided that the wedding should be simple, had insisted that this simplicity should extend to all the details. This purpose was seen in the manner of their departure. There was good footing under their feet, but no carpet; only the suggestive, the symbolic solidity of the stone steps of the church.

There was a canopy over their head, but not of silk or canvas; only the blue of the sky laced across with the budding branches of the maple trees. There were showers, but not of rice or confetti; only the hearty "God bless you's" of a loving people. There was a conveyance, but not an automobile or an aeroplane; only an old-time carriage drawn by living creatures whose arching necks and glancing eyes proclaimed the joy of their task. Thus they bade farewell to their people, and thus we bid farewell to them, singing in our hearts the prayer chimed in golden notes from the belfry of the United Church:

"God bless these hands united;
God bless these hearts made one;
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on:
Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above:
And there forever sharing
Its joy where 'God is Love.'"

EPILOGUE

The place is the top of the Look-out on Mount Royal. The time is the hour of sunset on a mid-summer day. The figures that arrest our attention are those of a young couple, husband and wife. They are a pair good to look upon. There is a stalwartness about the man and a comeliness about the woman that in themselves are worthy of note. But there is something more. There is a suggestion of perfect harmony and of exalted purpose which has almost the effect of transfiguration. So striking is their appearance that sightseers, as they depart, turn to take a last look. A keen-faced Englishman, with a rosy-faced wife upon his arm, nods his head approvingly and says:

"Well, my dear, the old land has nothing to fear so long as she has descendants such as these."

A couple of German merchants who are in Canada with a view to trade extension stop for a moment, and one says to the other:

"Ach Gott! gegen diese zu fechten wäre eine schande." (Good heavens! To fight with such as these would be a shame.)

But now the crowd has gone, and Fergus and Florence have the circle of observation to themselves.

First of all they stand facing the West. The sun is but a hemisphere, for half its bulk has sunk beneath the horizon. Its parting rays cast a rosy flush upon their faces. As they gaze, an aeroplane comes rush-

ing swiftly out of the distance, and drops almost at their feet. Then an airship approaches in more stately fashion, and slowly sinks to its mammoth nest on the outskirts of the city.

"The good old 'Saskatchewan,'" said Fergus, after a moment's scrutiny with his binocular.

"And no doubt Dennis and Sandy are on board," said Florence. "How glad we shall be to see them once more!"

"The West," mused McCheyne, "how one's heart goes out to it! It is so big, so clean; and with such a chance! It has its problems, it has its perils, but, under the leadership of a united Church, is meeting them with a good heart."

The two cross to the southern side and catch sight of the outline of the Adirondacks, whose ramparts help to make the boundary between Canada and the United States.

"Beyond those summits," said McCheyne, "is our great sister nation, marvellous in size, marvellous in resources, marvellous in progress, our leader in invention, in city planning and many other ways, but behind us in at least one thing, the uniting of the forces of the Christian Church. They have envied us our advance, and now their envy is turning into imitation."

The next moment their gaze is turned to the East, past the harbour, the river and the bold mountain spurs, to a sky that has caught into itself the reflected splendour of the sunset.

"Yonder," said McCheyne, "is a cluster of provinces washed by the sea. They are coming into

their own. No precocious sappy growth is theirs, but steady and sound, a growth that will give us in the future what it has given in the past, a breed of men of whose blood are born leaders and teachers for all the land."

"And don't forget," said Florence, "what is on the other side of the sea. We've never been there, but some day we shall go and see it for ourselves. How often has my mother talked to me of her native place—for, you know, she had a native place, even though she was the daughter of a Methodist minister. She loves Canada and would never leave it, but, back of all, is her fondness for what she still speaks of as home."

"I don't wonder," replied her husband; "I am myself of the second generation of Canadians, but I am conscious of some mysterious instinct that links me with the land of my forefathers. I have the feeling that if I were to walk the streets of Edinburgh, or climb the steeps of Ben Lomond, all would seem familiar, as if I had been there before."

Once again they change their point of view. Out of the departing light of the sun the stars begin to gleam, and, most steadfast of all the host, the North Star hangs like a lustrous jewel above the city. With a kind of answer and challenge to shadow and starlight the long lines of electric lamps flash out on busy street and by flowing river. In this mingled radiance of earth and sky the outline of the city is clearly seen. At regular intervals the spire, the column or the tower proclaims the place of worship. They gaze for a while in silence. Faintly from a distant square

comes the sound of a band and the opening strains of "O Canada." Then Fergus speaks, and his moving outstretched finger keeps time with his speech.

"There's Illingworth's parish, and there's Macdonald's, and there's Fitzpatrick's, and there's Bourassa's, and there's Larsen's, and there's Hildesheim's, all good men and brothers true. And there" —the finger poises and rests—"there is ours. Oh, it is a good thing to have your work cut out for you, a good thing to know just what you have to do, a good thing to be in a straight fight with the sin and sorrow of the world, a good thing to be in a great brotherhood of service, and to march to a music that swells and broadens, the music of a United Church."

And thus we leave them, still Looking Forward.