

"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