

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