

" '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 devil 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."