

bodies represented in this neighbourhood, and your ministrations are not required."

"But surely, sir," said the evangelist hurriedly, as if anxious to get in a word, "I may be permitted in this free country to preach the Gospel."

"Sir, there are regularly ordained and approved ministers of the Gospel who are quite capable of performing this duty. I won't have it, sir. I must protect these people from unlicensed, unregulated—ah—persons, of whose character and antecedents we have no knowledge. Pray, sir," cried the Rector, taking a step toward the man on the platform, "whom do you represent?"

The evangelist drew himself up quietly and said, "My Lord and Master, sir. May I ask whom do you represent?"

It was a deadly thrust. For the first time during the encounter the Rector palpably gave ground.

"Eh? Ah—sir—I—ah—ahem—my standing in this community is perfectly assured as an ordained clergyman of the Church of England in Canada. Have you any organization or church, any organised Christian body to which you adhere and to which you are responsible?"

"Yes."

"What is that body?"

"The Church of Christ—the body of believers."

"Is that an organized body with ordained ministers and holy sacraments?"

"We do not believe in a paid ministry with special privileges and powers," said the evangelist. "We believe that every disciple has a right to preach the glorious Gospel."

"Ah, then you receive no support from any source in this ministry of yours?"

The evangelist hesitated. "I receive no salary, sir."

"No support?"

"I receive no regular salary," reiterated the evangelist.

"Do not quibble, sir," said the Rector sternly. "Do you receive any financial support from any source whatever in your mission about the country?"

"I receive—" began the evangelist.

"Do you or do you not?" thundered the Rector.