

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