

The Shepherds

can persuade us into accepting another doctrine."

This counsel prevailed. More than this, the great Hall of the Church House was thrown open to the lecturer and he was asked to be the guest of the town.

The great man, wondering, came. He was received with the utmost kindness. A large number of the citizens turned out to the lecture and gave him a courteous hearing, but somehow his eloquence failed him. His wit seemed to himself to be without point. His treatment of the "unhappy divisions" of Christendom fell hopelessly to pieces. The lecture was much more disappointing to himself than to the audience. He was ashamed of the whole thing.

After the lecture, he was asked to step down into the dining-hall, where light refreshments would be served. The seven Shepherds sat side by side at the same table. The officers of the different churches were introduced and bade him welcome. It was a royal feast of brotherly love. They talked openly and freely about their Christian work. Each sentence more and more astounded the famous lecturer. He felt uneasy, an intruder upon this scene of harmony.

When he left early next morning, there were a few representatives at the train to see him off. They wished him "Godspeed" and asked him to come again. As he sat in the "Pullman" and nervously wiped the perspiration from his forehead, his mind was hammering out serious doubts about "The New Thought." He felt sure that his lecture in the neighbouring town would be a failure. And it was. The audience thought so, the newspapers said so, his own heart told him so. He could never again go upon the platform, so he wrote and cancelled all his engagements.

Then he tried to think over the situation, but his