

In such a home was the young Fergus born. From earliest dawn of intelligence he began to absorb its influence. The church where psalms were sung without choir or instrument, and both sermon and prayer were unstinted in length; the Bible with its absolute inerrancy from cover to cover; the Shorter Catechism with its incisive questions and sonorous answers; the Sabbath with its absolute separation from all worldly influences; the Presbyterian order with its stiff rooting in the past, and its bold appeal to the Scripture; these were elements that entered into the fashioning of the young lad's life. He was brought up in an atmosphere supercharged with religious sentiment and tradition.

But another factor had its place. This was the school with its little world of boy and girl life. Up till his fifteenth year he attended summer and winter. After that age the summer was given to work on the farm of one of his father's elders, and the winter to attendance at a high school some twenty miles away. Here he proved himself an apt scholar, and at seventeen years of age was pronounced fit to try the matriculation examination for McGill. That was a great day in his life when he went to Montreal for the first time and on so momentous an errand. His stay was short, and the time was fully occupied with his examinations, but he saw enough of the city and its moving life to stir the hope that the way might one day open for a longer stay. Very anxious were the days that followed his return home. The daily paper, as soon as it came in, was scrutinized in the hope that the results had been published, but disappointment followed disappointment. I wonder if examiners un-