

"That face seems to flow along my dreams. Years ago when we were children and lived in the country he used to play blind-man's buff with us on the front lawn. The genuine thing, that! It made us children creep and feel eerie to be chased about in the twilight by a great big man, who groped about and stretched long arms to catch us, and who was always, always in that great dark world that we found so strange and dreadful when our eyes were blinded.

"My grandfather it was who first drew from him something of his history. I have heard my mother tell how these men would go over all their early years together. Grandfather would begin with some story of his rollicking days at college in old Aberdeen. Then the blind man, a much younger man than my grandfather, would warm up and tell of wild Irish pranks of his student days in Queen's College, Belfast. His father, a wealthy merchant in Londonderry, had great ambitions for his son. He was to study for the church. During the first three years of his Arts course, the lad was far too fond of athletics and sport of all kinds to bother deciding what his future would be. In every frolic he was ringleader, I fancy. But in his fourth year it came about in some way that he heard Charles Spurgeon preach, and that great man's personality so took hold of him that he went into his theological reading with a greater enthusiasm than he had shown even in sport. Night after night he sat reading, reading, trying to work out for himself some of the awful tangles of Calvinism. (Oh! you should hear him argue). And at the end of his fifth year his eyes began to show signs of weakness. He would not be warned, but went on and on. The awfulness of that soul-anguish I can imagine only dimly. Finally, he decided. He would not enter the church. He dared not look God in the face and lie. So he would not subscribe to the Confession.

"Fancy the disappointment to his father. He must have been of the stern old North-of-Ireland type, proud and self-willed. To cross such a man is dangerous. He gave the boy his choice. He must obey the wishes of his father, or be disinherited. I know nothing of the struggle; but knowing the man, I fancy that though the love for his father made it hard, yet this struggle was not nearly so severe as the first one. He never spoke of this; but as a result he came to Canada, and began to lecture.

"His eyes were gradually growing weaker. I daresay the nervous strain helped to do the damage. At any rate, six months after he came, he went blind.

"Poor, friendless, blind, in a strange land. I can not begin to realize what it means. But the strong heart in that erect body was not easily daunted. He saw the need of a man to speak out against the liquor traffic in the young country. Hundreds of men were falling under the curse. He became a temperance lecturer, not the ordinary, dry, stale temperance-crank, but one whose powerful presentation of facts made the evil hide its face for a time. My grandfather, a Scotchman who believed in a glass, too, would go miles to hear him. The striking, forceful language, the deep thought, the keen sense of humor, and his sympathetic heart made him a most fascinating lecturer. For a time he was popular, and made a good deal of money in spite of the fact that his subject was not an attractive one. But you know how soon the world tires of anything and everything. Oh! I cannot follow it all out; at any rate, now