

of that noblest of Christian soldiers, "I have fought the fight. I have kept the faith." The splendid loyalty of it appealed to Ould Michael.

"McFarquhar," he said with quivering voice, "I don't understand much that ye've been sayin' to me, but if the war is still goin' on, an' if he's afther recruits any more bedad it's mesilf wud like to join."

McFarquhar was now at home; vividly he set before Ould Michael the warfare appointed unto men against the world, the flesh and the Devil; and then, with a quick turn, he said:

"An' He is calling to all true men, 'Follow me!'"

"An' wud He have the like av me?" asked Ould Michael, doubtfully.

"Ay, that He would and set you some fightin'."

"Then," said Ould Michael, "I'm wid Him." And no soldier in that warfare ever donned the uniform with simpler faith or wore it with truer heart than did Ould Michael.

Meantime I had, through political friends, set things in motion at Ottawa for the reinstating of Ould Michael in his position as postmaster at Grand Bend, and this, backed up by a petition, which through McFarquhar's efforts bore the name of every old-timer in the valleys, brought about