

There were Tractarian voices, Evangelical voices, and Modernist voices. Sometimes one sound was in the ascendant, sometimes another. When the Tractarian voice was dominant, then Manthorpe found his soul moving out towards a service rich in symbolism, a priesthood rigidly held within the lines of apostolic descent, and a Church whose kinship with Rome was of far more consequence than its relationship to the Reformation. When the Evangelical note rose to its full height of sonorous music, then the young man felt his soul drawn out to the simple preaching service, the revival meeting, the elementary Gospel. And when the Modernist note rang in clearness and assertive power over all the others, then he found himself looking towards the school which, laying aside the authority of the Church as such, and the authority of the Bible as such, flings itself boldly upon the universal religious consciousness, and the practical results of the Gospel. So he was moved this way and that. He was a potential Pusey, a possible Wilberforce, and a hypothetical Harnack, a man with unquestionable powers, but an unchosen path. Such was the visitor that entered McCheyne's study. At this moment, however, he was evidently not troubling himself over recondite questions, for, as he took his seat, he burst into a fit of laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" enquired his host.

"Well, I have had a bit of a knock-out, but it was done in such a comical fashion that, whenever I think of it, it sets me laughing again."

"How was that?"

"You know Jacques Filion that keeps the corner grocery?"