

were settled by Scotch people at a comparatively early date, and a long-continued lack of railway facilities rendered them to a large extent immune from the movements of modern thought. It is not surprising, therefore, that there were Presbyterian congregations whose customs were an exact copy of the Scottish life from which they were drawn, and that there were Presbyterian ministers whose theology was a very faithful reflection of that of Knox, Buchanan, and Melville. It was in one of these communities that the subject of this narrative was born. His father, the Rev. Robert McCheyne, was the minister of a parish that had its centre in the village of Cairn table, and its circumference at a radius of four or five miles from the centre. In this district Mr. McCheyne was the dominating personality. There were other men, of course, for whom the people had a measure of respect. There was the school teacher, the township reeve, the member of the County Council, the gentleman whom the free and independent electors had chosen as their representative at Ottawa; these all were paid the respect that is due to subordinate dignities. But for the minister was reserved a reverence that was almost worship. Other men might come and go, rise and fall, but he was the one fixed, majestic figure in the community. The aged people, the men and women in the meridian of life, the young men and maidens, the little children, knew no wiser, no greater, no more godly man in all the world than this minister of theirs. His wife was a true mate to him. His theology was hers, his ways were her ways, and in all his loves and hates she was a full participant.