

standing features, the aggressively athletic figure. Hers were the hazel eye, the rich brown hair, the delicate features with a soft English bloom on the cheek, and the rounded, symmetrical figure. Then she was a child of the truest culture. She had been reared in a school that was neither narrow nor shallow. Into the very texture of her mind had entered the shaping influence of the great masters of literature. There was a clarity in her thought and conversation, a refinement in her speech, that gave a note of distinction to everything she said. This had its distinct effect upon a man, who, though somewhat roughly reared, had turned his face towards the highest summits of human thought. And last, but not least, she was among the toilers of the earth. The daughter of a poor minister, she had to be an earner of daily bread for herself, and in a measure for her parents. She, to whose rich nature freedom would have brought such joy, must needs yoke her youth to the narrow round, the exacted task.

McCheyne thought of this, brooded over it. All his native manhood, all the inborn chivalry of his nature, was aroused. "Why," he asked himself, "should I not seek her? Why should I not crave the right to be her champion, her true yoke-fellow? Why should I not enrich my own heart by her companionship, and at the same time make the path of life a little smoother for her feet? Why not? Why not?" And like the shrilling of a penny whistle flung against an organ's diapason, or a miserable mouse barring the way of a lion, came the answer—

"Because she's a Methodist."

Oh, was it not contemptible? Such a reason! Such