

quite as fully as you do, Mr. Moderator.' I confess it was a sharp corner to turn, and I drew a long breath when I found myself on the other side."

"But there's no such luck for me," said Falconer, lugubriously. "Old Dr. Provan is my Moderator, and it would be small relief to my conscience to give that answer to *him*."

McCheyne, having no further light to shed on the question, the young man went away no wiser than he came. This vexed the minister, and aroused that latent feeling of rebellion against existing church conditions from which, for a considerable time, he had never been entirely free. He had had his dream of a larger church with a simpler creed, a more intelligible message, a wider realization of Christian brotherhood, and, the dream taking fuller possession of his nature, he was sensitive and irritable over the conditions under which he was compelled to work. This mood asserted itself after Falconer's departure, and was by no means allayed or changed when another visitor announced himself with a rap at the door.

"Come in," said McCheyne, a little bit sharply.

The door opened, and in came Basil Manthorpe, the young rector of the Anglican parish in which McCheyne's own church was situated. Manthorpe was a fine fellow with a kindly disposition, a devout spirit, and an ecclesiastical attitude somewhat confused. For him, the air was filled with various voices that rose and fell in alternating appeal. As these voices had their origin not in Canada but in the old land, it is not surprising that when they reached Manthorpe they had upon him the somewhat weird and startling effect produced by an echo.