

of his work; so I suppose, for that matter, does any one else?

"That is my story Mr. Melville. Now, do you think, had you been looking on at that race, you would have recommended "fancy skating" to me as a good means of escape?"

With this query, and without awaiting an answer, Grew strode under shelter, wrapped himself in his blanket, and went to sleep.

Melville and I sat for a little by the fire without either of us saying a word, and, finally, followed the old man's example.

From that evening till the end of our trip, we heard not a word more from Melville about Arianism, Arminianism,

Socinianism, Supralapsarianism or the Tubingen School, and, from what I have since heard of his success as a preacher—he has now charge of a large and thriving congregation in one of the leading cities of the Dominion—he laid to heart the practical lesson taught by Jim Grew's story of the time when he was hunted by the gaunt grey wolf.

I am inclined to think that Jim Grew never before, or after, undertook to instruct and correct an aspirant to the ministry, but it must be admitted that his success on that occasion was immediate and conspicuous.

And he had invented a new name for pulpit theological dissertations—"fancy skating."

