

fevered cheek, though it compelled him to rub his ears at times. The board walk snapped beneath his feet with the intense frost; his breath blew out like smoke before him. Turning in through the open church gateway, he stamped the loose snow from his rubbers in the porch, and then pushed open the swinging doors that gave directly upon the church itself—a plain room, a little longer than wide, with a platform at one end carrying a simple pulpit.

"Hello, Ryerson! Glad to see you out."

This greeting, which met him just within the church door, was from an open-faced young man with brisk manners, a classmate of Ryerson and one of the "workers" at this revival. Ryerson shrank from it, though responding. He felt that he was being patronised by one who believed himself to be in a superior position. His manner said to Ryerson's sensitive ears, "I am 'saved,' and I am nobly labouring to put you in the way of obtaining the same advantage." Ryerson passed on to a seat not far up, and presently saw the fur-trimmed jacket come, coquettishly warm itself a few moments at the fire, become conscious of his presence and then of that of two or three of the "workers" near the door, exchange a little whispering with a couple of girls for whom he felt non-sympathetic, and then go demurely in the wake of the family up to a pew much nearer the front than his.