

THE IMPERIALIST

lips of Dr. Drummond—the best of Liberals himself, though he made a great show of keeping it out of the pulpit—recognized this, and the just perceptible stir of the congregation proved it. Sonorously he said it.

‘Oliver Mowat, I baptize thee in the Name of the Father—’ The compliment should have all the impressiveness the rite could give it, while the Murchison brothers and sisters, a-row in the family pew, stood on one foot with excitement as to how Oliver Mowat would take the drops that defined him. The verdict was, on the way home, that he behaved splendidly. Alexander Mackenzie, the year before, had roared.

He was weeping now, at the age of seven, silently, but very copiously, behind the wood-pile. His father had finally cuffed him for importunity; and the world was no place for a just boy, who asked nothing but his rights. Only the wood-pile, friendly mossy logs unsplit, stood incontinent and irresponsible for any share in his black circumstances; and his tears fell among the lichens of the stump he was bowed on, till, observing them, he began to wonder whether he could cry enough to make a pond there, and was presently disappointed to find the source exhausted. The Murchisons were all imaginative.

The others, Oliver and Abby and Stella, still “tormented.” Poor Alec’s rights—to