

chu'ch music for once, and our Hanglicans will tyke their pryse from a huncornsecrated hinstrument.'

"After a little growling over the application of the word chapel to Presbyterians young Scottie fell in with the plan."

With this, McCheyne came to a full stop. After waiting a minute or two, Manthorpe said impatiently:

"Well, what happened?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing. That's just the point. At least nothing of any consequence. Of course the boys had a little bit of fun when, at the Presbyterian service, they saw old Elder McLean's look of astonishment, and, at the Anglican service, the gingerly way in which the organist ran his fingers over the unconsecrated keyboard. But that was all. 'The Lord's my Shepherd' lost nothing by the Anglican accompaniment; and the penitence of the litany was in no way diminished by the leadership of the Presbyterian organ."

This ended the conversation, and Manthorpe departed, leaving his friend to the third and most private element in his perplexity. McCheyne's return to Montreal had had, as one of its results, the taking up the thread of a former acquaintanceship,—a thread that he had supposed broken, but which he discovered to be as sound and real as ever. Mr. Atherton, the Methodist minister, having finished his term on the circuit near McCheyne's home, found his health too broken for another appointment, and had moved with his family to the city. McCheyne had not been aware of this until, several months after his