

brisk step on the stair, a sharp rap at the door, and at the usual "Come in" the door had opened and Falconer appeared.

"Good morning, Falconer," said the minister, "What brings you here so early in the afternoon?"

"Oh, I have been having a talk with the Moderator of the Presbytery, and he is anxious to set the date for the meeting of the Presbytery to license the men of our class for the ministry."

"I don't see," said McCheyne, "what I have to do with that. It ought to be easily enough arranged. Anyway, it is quite in the hands of the Presbytery."

"It's not a matter of date that's troubling me," replied the other. "It's the ordination itself. The more I think of it the more I shrink from giving my pledge of adhesion to the Confession of Faith. That it is a fine old document, I freely admit, but it represents an approach to truth that we have long given up, and I don't feel at all comfortable over the idea of subscription. I admire the men who prepared the Confession, but what right have they to be my intellectual and spiritual masters?"

"Well, but," said McCheyne, "you know it is generally understood that it is only in a very general way that our men generally accept the creed."

The speaker suddenly stopped. He was apparently confused and surprised by the curious turn the sentence had taken, and before he had time to generalize any further Falconer broke in with the question:

"Why use a creed, then, that has to be dealt with in such a loose fashion? Would it not be possible to frame something more representative of the thought