

10 *The SINGER of The KOOTENAY*

hid it, one hand obliquely extended with outstretched palm, while the intellectual head abutted slightly from the shoulder, its attitude and expression uniting to provide that human corkscrew effect that must, inwardly or outwardly, belong to every lecturer who has not been made but born.

Although, as has been said, this autumn morning was bright and inviting, the spacious St. Enoch's was nevertheless but scantily filled. The congregation, like that other material known to wicked and drouthy men, had crumbled under repeated operations of the corkscrew; so that fully one-half of them were denied the pain of the tidings borne to them this morning by the man now looking down from the pulpit upon the faithful few. To ensure perfect accuracy in a matter so important, let those tidings be repeated in the very words of the Reverend Armitage himself.

"I have to inform you, my beloved friends," he began, holding forth a pair of gold-rimmed glasses and glancing towards all parts of the church at once, "that I am about to leave you for some weeks—even months.

"As you are doubtless aware, our General Assembly has recently inaugurated a special department of evangelistic work, whose principal field of operation is in the remote and needy West, hard by the foundations of emp. . .