

THE PROBATIONER

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PULLING up his ponies on the crest of a long divide, Jake Mattheson extended his whip and growled:

"Yon's the school. Thar's where we hold meeting."

The minister who sat beside him shivered as he looked down on the wintry land. A twenty-mile wind plus sixty degrees of frost is not productive of warmth, and the bitter prospect added a chill to their rigors. All about them clumps of ragged poplar blotched the whiteness. Far off a range of hills thrust scrub-crowned peaks against a livid sky; the snowy trees were lifeless. In the east a sad spruce forest blackly loomed. Over all brooded the silence.

The vastness of it all, the solitude, the blanched, far-reaching desolation, awed and oppressed the