

CHAPTER II.

A PERPLEXED PASTOR.

WHEN we last looked at Forgas McCheyne we noticed an air of unrest and dissatisfaction. Why should this be? This man has youth, health, culture, physical comfort; why should he be perturbed? What is the cause of his perplexity? There are at least three elements contributing to his mood, distinct from each other, and yet closely allied, in fact all having a common root.

The first disturbing factor is a conversation he has just been having with one of the senior students in the Presbyterian College. The young fellow, an unusually keen student, an honor man in Philosophy, a prize winner in the department of Historical Criticism, and a man with an exceptionally high ethical standard, was in trouble over the question of ordination to the ministry, a question he was soon to face in a practical way. His name was Hugh Falconer, and he had been attracted by McCheyne's ministry,—its sympathy, its note of modernity and its unquestionable intellectual force; and it was a tribute to McCheyne's hold upon him that he should have come to him in his perplexity. It was that very afternoon that Falconer had talked the matter over with him, and his pastor was humiliated and sore to think that he had gone away with so little help. The whole interview rose before him again. There had been a