

there when I go anywhere," he said, "but you will find St. Luke's most like what you have been accustomed to."

The fates decided otherwise and our first Sunday in Halifax found us wending our way to St. Paul's in obedience to the bells which called out in the most matter of fact way "Come to church, come to church, come to church."

Shall I ever forget the sensation? Opening a door I found myself *facing* a congregation which filled every apparent space. I felt as a man does who, retiring from a ladies' drawing room, opens the wrong door and finds himself in a cupboard, or plunging into the cellar. A dumpy, motherly pew-opener, with spectacles on nose and a wonderful bonnet on her head took pity on and whisked me into a pew near the front of the church where, after half an hour's blushing and misery, I 'come to' and looked about me.

A big, square church, no chancel, three broad aisles, a gallery running around three sides, at the north end of this gallery the organ loft, with a delightful looking old organ with plaster and gold cherubs smiling from its front. There was no "dim religious light" no painted glass, no delicate tracery of carving. "The Lion and the Unicorn fighting for the Crown," decorated the