

Then follow in the Reminiscences in a few sentences, characterized by tender beauty and pathos, Mr. Scarth's own story of his Conversion and Confirmation: How he left his own people and his father's house at the call of a new voice in his heart claiming his allegiance. Then comes his Confirmation. We accompany him in his lonely walk to Lachine, where he goes for the great act of faith of his life,—“to make his act of submission to his new King.” And we accompany him in his walk back again in evident possession of the Treasure which he had sought and found.

Evidently this was no ordinary Confirmation, but one long prepared for,—in his own words:—“After some months of careful study, and many anxious days and sleepless nights, I offered myself to the Bishop of Montreal as a candidate for Confirmation. I cannot look back (he adds) to that period of my life even now, after the lapse of so many years without the most profound emotion.”

There is to my mind something extremely touching in the picture here drawn by young Mr. Scarth of his walk if not to Lachine, which is doubtful, at least certainly from Lachine home to Montreal again. These are very remarkable words, what do they mean? “I was confirmed in the Autumn by Bishop Fulford in Lachine,—walking into Montreal from that service.” First the close of a long period of prayer and meditation, then the service itself in the afternoon, then the silent, solemn self-absorbed walk back to Montreal again. What does our dear Canon mean by these mysterious words—“walking in to Montreal from the service?”

To me, do what I can, they carry me back to the Gospel scene,—to the two disciples walking back home again from Jerusalem to Emmaus, and finding there the Lord, whom they little thought to find. Canon Scarth too had been seeking the