

persuading the Committee to a complete change of policy. This should not be without the very best of reasons."

"Well, as I was saying," answered Macfarren, "finances were——"

"Tut! tut! Mr. Macfarren. You do not all become poor in six months. Your cattle are still here. Your horses have suffered from no plague."

"Well," said Mr. Macfarren, "the people have become alienated."

"Alienated? From the church?"

"Well, yes. They seem to be satisfied with—to prefer, indeed, the Anglican services."

"Mr. Macfarren, do you mean to tell me that the Presbyterians of this country prefer any church to their own? I fear they are a different breed from those I have known, and unworthy to represent the church of their fathers."

"Well, the truth is, Doctor," said Macfarren, considerably nettled at the Superintendent's manner, "the people consider that they were not well treated in the supply you sent them."

"Ah! Now we have it. Well, let us be specific again. Is Mr. Macgregor not a good preacher?"

"No, he is not. He is not such a preacher as many of us have been accustomed to."

"By the way, Mr. Macfarren, what do your people pay toward this man's salary? Five hundred? Three hundred? We only asked you two hundred, and this you found difficult. And yet you expect a two-thousand-dollar preacher."

"Well, his preaching was not his only fault," said Macfarren. "He was totally unsuited to our people. He was a man of no breeding, no manners, and in this town we need a man——"

"Wait a moment, Mr. Macfarren. You can put up with his preaching?"

"Yes."

"Did he visit his people?"

"Yes, goodness knows, he did that enough."

"Was his character good?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Then I understand you to say that as a preacher he was passable, as a pastor and as a man all that could be desired?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. But he was—well, if you have met him you must know what I mean. In short, he was uncouth and boorish in his manners."

The Superintendent drew himself up, and his voice began to burr in a way that his friends would have recognized as dangerous.

"Boorish, Mr. Macfarren? Let me tell you, sir, that he is a Highland gentleman, the son of a Highland gentlewoman, and boorishness is impossible to him."

"Well, that may be too strong, Doctor, but you do not understand our society here. We have a large number of people of good family from the old country and from the East, and in order to reach them we require a man who has moved in good society."

"Well, sir," said the Superintendent, "Jesus Christ would not have suited your society here, for He was

a man of very humble birth, and moved in very low circles." And without further word he turned from Macfarren to greet Father Mike, who had entered the store.

"Delighted to see you again, Bishop," said Father Mike. "We are always glad to see you even though you are outside the pale."

"Depends upon which pale you mean, Father Mike," said the Superintendent, shaking him warmly by the hand.

"True, sir. And I, for one, refuse to narrow its limits to those of any existing organization."

"Your principles do you credit, sir," said the Superintendent, giving his hand an extra shake. "They are truly Scriptural, truly modern, and truly Western."

"But, Doctor, I want to ask you, if I may without impertinence, why did you do so great an injury to our community as to remove your missionary from us?"

"Ah, you consider that a loss, Father Mike?"

"Undoubtedly, sir. A great and serious loss. He was a high type of a man. I will quote as expressing my opinions, the words of a gentleman whose judgment would, I suppose, be considered in this community as final on all such matters—General Brady, sir. I think you know him. This is what I heard him say. 'He is an able preacher and a Christian gentleman.'"

"Thank you, sir. Thank you, sir," said the Superintendent. "I thank you for your warm apprecia-

tion of one whom, after short acquaintance, I regarded as you do."

It was Father Mike who drove the Superintendent to Loon Lake next day, only to find Shock away from home.

"We will inquire at the stopping-place," said Father Mike.

"Let us see," said the Superintendent, who never forgot a name or a face, "does Carroll keep that still? He did five years ago."

"Yes, and here he is," said Father Mike. "Hello, Carroll. Can you tell me where your minister is?"

"Be jabbers, it's a search warrant you'll need for him, I'm thinkin'. Ask Perault there. Perault, do you know where the preacher is?"

"Oui. He's go 'way for prospect, sure."

"Prospecting?" inquired Father Mike.

"Oui," grinned Perault, "dat's heem, one prospector. Every day, every day he's pass on de trail, over de hill, down de coulee, all overe."

"He does, eh?" said Father Mike, delighted at the description of his friend. "What is he after? Coal?"

"Coal!" echoed Perault with contempt. "Not moche. He's go for find de peep'. He's dig 'em up on de church, by gar."

"You see, Doctor," said Father Mike, "no one has any chance here with your fellow. There's Carroll, now, and Perault, they are properly Roman Catholic, but now they are good Presbyterians."

"Bon, for sure. Eh, Carroll, mon garçon?"

"Bedad, an' it's throe for ye," said Carroll.

It was no small tribute to Shock's influence that the ancient feud between these two had been laid to rest.

"Well, do you know when he will be home?" asked Father Mike.

"I go for fin' out," said Perault, running into his house, and returning almost immediately. "To-morrow for sure. Mebbe to-night."

"Well, Carroll, this is your minister's bishop. I suppose you can look after him till Mr. Macgregor comes home."

"An' that we can, sir. Come right in," said Carroll readily. "Anny friend of the Prospector, as we call him, is welcome to all in me house, an' that he is."

That afternoon and evening the Superintendent spent listening in the pauses of his letter writing to the praises of the missionary, and to a description, with all possible elaboration and ornament, of the saving of little Patsey's life, in which even the doctor's skill played a very subordinate part.

"An' there's Patsey himself, the craythur," said Mrs. Carroll, "an' will he luk at his father or meself when his riverince is by? An' he'll follie him out an' beyant on that little pony of his."

The Superintendent made no remark, but he kept quietly gathering information. In Perault's house it was the same. Perault, Josie, and Marion sang in harmony the praises of Shock.

Late at night Shock returned bringing the doctor with him, both weary and spent with the long, hard

day's work. From Perault, who was watching for his return, he heard of the arrival of the Superintendent. He was much surprised and mortified that his Superintendent should have arrived in his absence, and should have found no one to welcome him.

"Tell Josie and Marion," he said to Perault, "to get my room ready," and, weary as he was, he went to greet his chief.

He found him, as men were accustomed to find him, busy with his correspondence. The Superintendent rose up eagerly to meet his missionary.

"How do you do, sir, how do you do? I am very glad to see you," and he gripped Shock's hand with a downward pull that almost threw him off his balance.

"I wish to assure you," said the Superintendent, when the greetings were over, "I wish to assure you," and his voice took its deepest tone, "of my sincere sympathy with you in your great loss. It was my privilege to be present at your mother's funeral, and to say a few words. You have a great and noble heritage in your mother's memory. She was beautiful in her life, and she was beautiful in death."

Poor Shock! The unexpected tender reference to his mother, the brotherly touch, and the vision that he had from the Superintendent's words of his mother, beautiful in death, were more than he could bear. His emotions overwhelmed him. He held the Superintendent's hand tight in his, struggling to subdue the sobs that heaved up from his labouring breast.

"I suppose," continued the Superintendent, giving him time to recover himself, "my last letter failed to

reach you. I had expected to be here two weeks later, but I wrote changing my arrangements so as to arrive here to-day."

"No, sir," said Shock, "no letter making any change reached me. I am very sorry indeed, not to have met you, and I hope you were not much inconvenienced."

"Not at all, sir, not at all. Indeed, I was very glad to have the opportunity of spending a little time at the Fort, and meeting some of your friends. By the way, I met a friend of yours on my journey down, who wished to be remembered to you, Bill Lee of Spruce Creek. You remember him?"

"Oh, perfectly. Bill is a fine fellow," said Shock, enthusiastically.

"Yes, Bill has his points. He has quit whiskey selling, he said, and he wished that you should know that. He said you would know the reason why."

But Shock knew of no reason, and he only replied, "Bill was very kind to me, and I am glad to know of the change in him."

"Yes," continued the Superintendent, "and I spent some time at the Fort meeting with some of the people, but upon inquiries I am more puzzled than ever to find a reason for the withdrawal of our services, and I am still in the dark about it."

Shock's face flushed a deep red.

"I am afraid," he said, in a shamed and hesitating manner, "that I was not the right man for the place. I think I rather failed at the Fort."

"I saw Macfarren," continued the Superintendent,

ignoring Shock's remark. "He tried to explain, but seemed to find it difficult." The Superintendent omitted to say that he had heard from Father Mike what might have explained in a measure Macfarren's opposition. But Shock remained silent.

"Well," continued the Superintendent, "now that I am here, what do you wish me to do?"

"First," said Shock, "come over to my house. Come to the manse. Carroll will not mind."

The Superintendent put his papers together, and Shock, shouldering his valise and coat, led the way to the manse.

As they entered the big room the Superintendent paused to observe its proportions, noted the library shelves full of books, the organ in the corner, the pictures adorning the walls, and without much comment passed on upstairs to Shock's own room. But he did not fail to detect a note of pride in Shock's voice as he gave him welcome.

"Come in, come in and sit down. I hope you will be comfortable. It is rather rough."

"Rough, sir," exclaimed the Superintendent. "It is palatial. It is truly magnificent. I was quite unprepared for anything like this. Now tell me how was this accomplished?"

"Oh," said Shock, diffidently, "they all helped, and here it is."

"That is all, eh?"

And that was all Shock would tell. The rest of the story, however, the Superintendent heard from others. And so, throughout his whole visit the Super-

intendent found it impossible to get his missionary to tell of his own labours, and were it not that he carried an observant and experienced eye, and had a skilful and subtle inquisitorial method, he might have come and gone knowing little of the long, weary days and weeks of toil that lay behind the things that stood accomplished in that field.

It was the same at the Pass. There stood the hospital equipped, almost free from debt, and working in harmony with the camps and the miners. There, too, was the club room and the library.

"And how was all this brought about?" inquired the Superintendent.

"Oh, The Don and the doctor took hold, and the men all helped."

The Superintendent said nothing, but his eyes were alight with a kindly smile as they rested on his big missionary, and he took his arm in a very close grip as they walked from shack to shack.

All this time Shock was pouring into his Superintendent's ear tales of the men who lived in the mountains beyond the Pass. He spoke of their hardships, their sufferings, their temptations, their terrible vices and their steady degradation.

"And have you visited them?" inquired the Superintendent.

He had not been able to visit them as much as he would have liked, but he had obtained information from many of the miners and lumbermen as to their whereabouts, and as to the conditions under which they lived and wrought. Shock was talking to a man

of like mind. The Superintendent's eye, like that of his missionary, was ever upon the horizon, and his desires ran far ahead of his vision.

It was from The Don that the Superintendent learned of all Shock's work in the past, and of all that had been done to counteract the terrible evils that were the ruin of the lumbermen and miners. Won by the Superintendent's sympathy, The Don unburdened his heart and told him his own story of how, in his hour of misery and despair, Shock had stood his friend and saved him from shame and ruin.

"Yes, sir," The Don concluded, "more than I shall ever be able to repay he has done for me, and," he added humbly, "if I have any hope for the future, that too I owe to him."

"You have cause to thank God for your friend, sir," said the Superintendent, "and he has no reason to be ashamed of his friend. You are doing noble work, sir, in this place, noble work."

A visit to the nearest lumber camp and mines, a public meeting in the hospital, and the Superintendent's work at the Pass for the time was done.

As he was leaving the building The Don called him into his private room.

"I wish to introduce you to our nurse," he said. "We think a great deal of her, and we owe much to her," and he left them together.

"I asked to see you," said Nellie, "because I want your advice and help. They need to have more nurses here than one, and no one will come while I am here."

The Superintendent gazed at her, trying to make

her out. She tried to proceed with her tale but failed, and, abandoning all reserve, told him with many tears the story of her sin and shame.

"And now," she said, "for the sake of the hospital and the doctor I must go away, and I want to find a place where I can begin again."

As the Superintendent heard her story his eyes began to glisten under his shaggy brows.

"My dear child," he said at length, "you have had a hard life, but the Saviour has been good to you. Come with me, and I will see what can be done. When can you come?"

"When the doctor says," she replied.

"Very well," said the Superintendent, "I shall arrange it with him," and that was the beginning of a new life for poor Nellie.

The last meeting of the Superintendent's visit was at Loon Lake, after the Sunday evening service. The big room was crowded with people gathered from the country far and near, from the Fort to the Pass, to hear the great man. And he was worth while hearing that day. His imagination kindled by his recent sight of the terrible struggle that men were making toward cleanness, and toward heaven and God, and the vision he had had through the eyes of his missionary of the regions beyond, caused his speech to glow and burn.

For an hour and more they listened with hearts attent, while he spoke to them of their West, its resources, its possibilities, and laid upon them their responsibility as those who were determining its

future for the multitudes that were to follow. His appeal for men and women to give themselves to the service of God and of their country, left them thrilling with visions, hopes and longings.

In the meeting that always followed the evening service, the people kept crowding about him, refusing to disperse. Then the Superintendent began again.

"Your minister has been telling me much about the men in the mountains. He seems to have these men upon his heart."

"Sure," said Ike. "He's a regular prospector, he is."

"So I have heard, so I have heard," said the Superintendent, smiling, "and so I should judge from what I have seen. Now, what are you going to do about it?"

They all grew quiet.

"You know about these men, no one else does. Are you going to let them go to destruction without an attempt to prevent it?"

The silence deepened.

"Now, listen to me. This will cost money. How much can you give to send a man to look them up? Two hundred and fifty dollars?"

"Count me," said Ike.

"Me, too," echoed Perault. "And me, and me," on all sides. In ten minutes the thing was arranged.

"Now, there is something else," said the Superintendent, and his voice grew deep and solemn. "Can you spare me your man?"

"No, sir!" said the Kid, promptly.

"Not much!" echoed Perault, and in this feeling all emphatically agreed.

"Do you know where we can get such a man?" said the Superintendent, "such a prospector?" There was no answer. "I do not either. Now, what are you going to do?"

Then Sinclair spoke up.

"Do you mean, Doctor, to remove Mr. Macgregor from us? That would seem to be very hard upon this field."

"Well, perhaps not; but can you spare him for six months, at least?"

For some minutes no one made reply. Then Ike spoke.

"Well, I surmise we got a good deal from our Prospector. In fact, what we ain't got from him don't count much. And I rather opine that we can't be mean about this. It's a little like pullin' hair, but I reckon we'd better give him up."

"Thank you, sir," said the Superintendent, who had learned much from Ike throughout the day. "Your words are the best commentary I have ever heard upon a saying of our Lord's, that has inspired men to all unselfish living, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.'"

THE NEW POLICY

IT was still early spring when Shock received a letter from Brown, a letter full of perplexity and love and wrath.

"Something has gone wrong," he wrote. "You have got to come down here and straighten it out. I can plainly see that Mrs. Fairbanks is at the bottom of it, but just what she is at I cannot discover. Helen I do not now see much. The changes in our life, you see, have been very great. I cannot bear to go to the house now. The associations are too much for me. Besides, Lloyd seems to have taken possession of the whole family. The old lady flatters and fondles him in a manner that makes my gorge rise. It is quite evident she wants him for her son-in-law, and more than evident that he entirely concurs.

"Just what Helen thinks of it I am at a loss to know, but I cannot believe she can stand Lloyd any more than I can. Up till recently she was very open with me and very loyal to you, but of late a change has taken place, and what in thunder is the matter, I cannot make out. Have you done or said anything? Have you been guilty of any high-falutin' nonsense of giving her up, and that sort of thing? I fear she is avoiding me just now, and I feel certain she has been misled in some way, so you must come down.