

'you'll get out of my house,' answered the stepfather with a cruel blow.

Then the mother had come upon them, and there were hot words from all; mother joining with husband in condemning a guiltless son.

An hour later the heart-broken boy left his father's land to a usurper, and putting down his satchel at the gate, by right his own, he raised his eyes to heaven and entrusted his future to the all-mighty and all-knowing God. The next moment he took the road to the county town. It was a trudge of fifteen miles, and he wasted no time dreaming of idleness and pockets full of money.

After many difficulties and a little discouragement, he found a farmer on the outskirts of the town who offered him his board and a small compensation for doing the chores morning and night. There, rising with the fowls, he managed to get his work done and trudge his two miles to the collegiate institute.

His clothes were a little dingy, and the four young ladies in the back seat used to titter occasionally at the young moss-back. But it was not long before he was the hero of the school. In three years he was an honor matriculant standing on the threshold of Victoria University (then in Cobourg), there to begin a career as hard in its struggle as his collegiate course had been. A scholarship, a grant from the Educational Fund, and a muscle that did not shrink from pitching hay and gathering in the harvests of the summer vacation, enabled him at the end of four years to wear the ermine-trimmed hood of the graduate.

But the young wrestler with fortune did not pause here. He engaged to take charge of a cargo of horses crossing the sea, and one day there arrived at one of the most famous German universities a dusty, almost penniless young traveller, who was destined to win the gold medal of post-graduates in philosophy. It was a hard struggle. He shirked no honest work to earn a farthing, and contented himself with the most meagre fare in his book-lined attic, 'up four pair of stairs.' But the conflict told upon his health. Shortly after receiving the degree of Ph.D., he was prostrated by a fever, which added to his dignity a crop of snow-white curls, though he was not yet thirty.

He returned to Canada, where he was given the chair in philosophy in one of the most prominent universities, and where he took unto himself a refined and gentle wife, 'the grandest woman in the world' in his own eyes. In spare hours he had found time to write a charming and ennobling collection of stories, found in every Sunday-school library in the land, so that though the name of the Rev. Dr. Lawrence had gone in gilt letters on a book-binding into his very home, yet he returned to-night an unknown traveller to old 'Punkin Holler.'

Often in his wanderings he had written back to his mother, but no answer came, and he knew now that she had never seen his letters. The guilty hand that put the money in the chest would take care that he should not return to claim his own. How would James Cardwell receive his stranger brother?

Then, tired with his long ride, he slept. It was late in the night when he was awakened by the rumbling of a waggon coming up the lane. His brother was doubtless coming home from the county town. Dr.

Lawrence rose and looked out of the window to see if the moonlight would reveal any changes that years had made. A span of horses, a black and a grey, an old lumber-waggon, and what looked like a coat thrown across the board seat—and that was all he saw. He looked down the lane to see the driver follow, but all was deserted, and the horses stopped with a weary, jaded look at the drinking-trough. A big watchdog suddenly came forth uttering its deep bay; and then there was a sound of boy's boots on the verandah and the eldest son came out, looked up and down the lane, then went toward the barn.

'Dad! dad!' he called, but no answer came.

'Dad!' a little louder.

The boy walked down to the end of the lane and looked down the road while his mother stood, her elbows akimbo, looking after him. The watch-dog continued his deep-mouthed bark, sometimes prolonged into a mournful howl. Then a heavy cloud swept over the moon and a mysterious darkness veiled the scene.

Dr. Lawrence lay down to rest again. Ding ding, ding. The same little old clock in the kitchen was striking the hour of twelve. What did it mean, the driverless team coming home at midnight? A few minutes later the light of a lantern moved along the bedroom wall, and he saw the bright spark go down the road a half-mile or so, then return. There was a sound of voices in the kitchen, and the lad rushed upstairs two steps at a time, and bolted straight into Dr. Lawrence's room without the ceremony of a knock (they weren't troubled about ceremony in 'Punkin Holler').

'Say, dad's come up missin'. The horses came home without him, and ma wants to know if you happened to pass a lumber-waggon and a man in a duck suit anywhere on the road.'

'No.'

'I suppose he's got full at Brown's tavern and the horses run away and throwed him out. That black mare's skittish, anyhow.'

'We'd better search at once, then,' said Dr. Lawrence. 'Does he ever take that cross-road through the woods?' he asked, betraying a knowledge of the section that in an hour of less excitement would have been remarked in a stranger.

'Once in a while he does. It's hard to say which way he'd come.'

'Well, you take the main road, then, and I'll go through the woods. Will you please light that lantern for me.'

It was a strange experience for Dr. Lawrence, that midnight ride through the forest. The road was partly broken, partly sodded; the branches of the chestnuts and the elms interlaced overhead; sometimes there was the bark of a fox in the distance, and the startled rabbits scampered through the underbrush, while all around one heard the little mysterious noises with which the forest teems at night.

It might have been a half-hour he had been picking his way along, when his horse suddenly shied, neighed violently, and reared on its haunches, almost dismounting her rider.

'Whoa, Jenny! Whoa!'

He lowered the lantern still further, but the road seemed perfectly bare.

'Go on, Jenny!'

But the horse stood stone still. He dismounted and, reins in one hand, lantern in the other, peered carefully along the road

side. A man's boot in the brushwood, then the heavy frame of a stout, squarely-built figure rewarded his search. He seemed to be sleeping with his head on a log, where he had fallen. His face was pale, but bloated from the effects of liquor. The light of the lantern seemed to awaken him as from a dream. He looked up for a moment at the figure bending over him, the clean-shaven face, the white curls, the clear shining eyes. A look of unrest crossed his face.

'Oh, God! Is it the day of judgment? It's Malcolm. It's my brother. You've come back for your land. I knowed you'd come to claim it some day.'

'No, brother, you are mistaken. The Lord has blessed me wonderfully. He has given me enough, and I would not take the roof from over your head.'

A vacant look filled the eyes of the prostrate man for a moment.

'Where am I? Ah, I remember. That hanged mare threw me out on this log. If I should die, tell Fred not to take to the drink like his dad. Tell him to work hard; there's a little mortgage against the place, a hundred dollars or so, for that reaping machine.'

'I will pay it. The boy shall not start life encumbered,' answered Dr. Lawrence.

'You! You pay it! You that I wronged! Ah, man, you don't know what I did. I took that money and put it in the chest in your room, and I burnt the letters you sent home.'

'Yes, I know; but I forgive you. Ask God's forgiveness now.'

'And the old woman?'

'My mother—our mother, do you mean? I will care for her. She shall never want. But you yourself: is it all well with you?'

'Oh, it's dark, dark.'

Have you never looked to Jesus who loves you and died for you? 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' 'Whosoever believeth on Jesus Christ shall not perish, but have life eternal.'

And there in the silence of the forest angels hovered near, yes, and the living Christ, to hear one of earth's heroes tell that story of the cross. It was a scene for the brush of an artist, lighted there by the lantern's smoky glare—a repetition of Joseph's meeting his brethren, but there was none save the recording angel to preserve it.

But a strange thing happened. James Cardwell did not die as was expected. Good medical attendance restored him, and one Sabbath morning the little church in the Hollow was thrilled by James Cardwell, toper and beat in horse trades, rising to his feet and testifying to the saving power of Jesus. Is there any proof of the resurrection like this? The rising of a human soul from out the pit of sin and degradation?

Then the story was noised abroad of Low Malcolm Lawrence, the barefoot boy, had risen to become a Doctor of Philosophy and wide-read author, and the place of his boyhood did honor to its hero.

A doctor who was attending a man suffering from the effects of drink, prescribed for him the liquor from some quassia chips he had soaked. When the man got well he came back to the doctor and asked for more. The doctor said: 'But you are quite well now.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'but I want some of that medicine that will not allow me to drink.'