

ask him with piercing reproach: "Why did you not bring this good news before?" He declared the change wrought in Papanakes, and told of his heroic fidelity when he, Mr. Olden, was smitten with the smallpox. And then, calling Fergus to him, and putting his hand upon his head, he said:

"This boy, Sir George, I believe with all my heart is a chosen vessel of the Lord. He has received as indubitable a call as Samuel of old. Worthy and honorable as the service of the Company is, you will, I am sure, pardon me, sir, if I venture to assert that the service of the Lord is more worthy and honorable still. The boy's heart is in it. He will never be happy—never be aught but a distorted growth in any other field; but as a bearer of the glad tidings to the Indians of the great region over which you have charge, he will realize the best that is in himself, and the best that God has for him."

As Mr. Olden spoke with a fire and eloquence born only of intense earnestness, a marked change took place in Sir George's countenance. Little by little his features lost their hard expression. It was evident that the matter was presenting itself to him in a different light, and, if not quite convinced, he was at least ready to admit that there was much to be said on the other side.

When Mr. Olden had finished, Sir George rose up, knocked the ashes out of the pipe that had gone out while he was listening so intently, and proceeding to refill it from his tobacco pouch, said in a thoughtful tone:

"There's a great deal in what you have said, Mr. Olden, and I shall take pleasure in thinking it over."