

a follower of the Lord Jesus, many of the ministers present, who had known and loved the man, carried away by the fervency of their feelings, cried out, "Hallelujah!" "God bless the lad!" "May the father's mantle rest upon the son!" "Amen!" "Praise the Lord!"

Then he spoke of the great help he had received from his fathers in the ministry, and especially from the professors of the college, his brief season at which was an unfading memory of gladness and perpetual impulse to the culture of all his powers. But when he spoke of the great joy of gathering in the first harvest of souls in his far-off mission, his voice deepened and his form seemed to dilate as he rejoiced before God with the joy of those who bring their sheaves with them.

When he, with the other probationers, had sat down, he listened with deep emotion and delight to the wise counsels, the fatherly and brotherly utterances of the senior ministers who moved and seconded or supported their reception. The names of some of these had been for years as familiar to his ears as "household words," and he now saw them and heard their voices, and felt that he was welcomed by these veteran warriors, who had borne the brunt of many a conflict with sin and wrong, to the same holy brotherhood to which they belonged—a grander knighthood than the mail-clad chivalry of arms.

But on the Sabbath his emotions were even deeper, as he listened to the solemn charge of the President of the Conference, and was set apart—as a being consecrated to God for ever—by the laying on of hands of the presbytery. Never did he so feel how high was the dignity, how weighty the office to which he was called, how precious the treasure committed to his care, and how grave the responsibility which he bore. He therefore, while he almost trembled beneath the vows which he took, put his whole soul into the words