

lives, and helping them to die well when their hour came. One day these letters proved too much for me, and I packed away my paints and brushes, and made my vow unto the Lord that I would be "useless and lazy" no longer, but would do something with myself. In consequence, I found myself within three weeks walking the London hospitals, finishing my course, that I might join that band of men who were doing something with life, or, if throwing it away, were not losing it for nothing. I had finished being a fool, I hoped, at least a fool of the useless and luxurious kind. The letter that came from Graeme in reply to my request for a position on his staff was characteristic of the man, both new and old, full of gayest humor and of most earnest welcome to the work.

Mrs. Mavor's reply was like herself:

"I knew you would not long be content with the making of pictures, which the world does not really need, and would join your friends in the dear West, making lives that the world needs so sorely."

But her last words touched me strangely:

"But be sure to be thankful every day for your privilege. \* \* \* It will be good to think of you all, with the glorious mountains about you, and Christ's own work in your hands. \* \* \* Ah! how we would like to choose our work and the place in which to do it!"

The longing did not appear in the words, but I needed no words to tell me how deep and how constant it was. And I take some credit to myself that in my reply I gave her no bidding to join our band, but rather praised the work she was doing in her place, telling her how I had heard of it from Craig.

The summer found me religiously doing Paris and Vienna, gaining a more perfect acquaintance with the ex-