

Struggling against poverty, her widowed heart had yet devised great things for her only son. By dint of toil and sacrifice such as he could never know, she had contrived to send him to college. Two or three years had passed peacefully, hopefully—so far as his mother knew, at least. Then came the tragedy.

Among all the students at old Queen's, there had been no greater favourite than Murray McLean. A manly frame, a handsome face, a nature warm and ingenuous, had all combined to win the liking of his college mates. There was yet another factor which added to his charm; from childhood he had possessed a voice of rare sweetness and beauty. The great gift of song was his. Even when the merest lad, his ear had had that quick sensitiveness to rhythm, his voice that commanding and magnetic quality, which bespeak the true singer. His mother, not slow to note and to prize the gift, had sedulously trained and developed it; till, with opening manhood, there were but few anywhere of his age with voice of finer range or sweeter quality.

But this golden gift—so painful to relate but so often to be told—had brought this first dark cloud about his youthful head. It came about after this wise. Among the college professors there was one singularly obnoxious to the students—perhaps justly so—who had been for some time the target for their