

lowing Sabbath. He sought solitude as much as possible during the interval before these solemn services, that he might commune with his own heart, and afresh dedicate himself to God.

That important service—to him one of the most solemn of his life—when he, so young, so retiring, so almost morbidly shrinking in his disposition, in the presence of a vast multitude, including some hundreds of ministers, was to make his confession of faith, and tell the story of his call to the work of the ministry, at length arrived. At first he had shrunk from the ordeal, but as the time drew nigh he felt strangely calm and sustained by the presence and power of God. His mother and sister, of course, were in the audience, and their magnetic eyes drew the gaze of his, and inspired him with their sympathy till he seemed to forget the presence of all others than they. When called upon, he spoke as simply as in a quiet class-meeting in Muskoka, yet with a suppressed emotion that touched every heart.

He did not wonder, he said, that he was trying to serve God. He wondered that he was not trying to serve him better. As he spoke of his early consecration to God, of the hallowed spell of his mother's influence on his young life, in moulding his character and in leading him to the Saviour, his voice faltered, and many an eye was suffused with tears. But that mother's eyes, into whose depths he gazed, lit-up with a starry splendour, seemed to give him control over his emotions. Then he spoke of the moulding influence of the Sabbath-school, of the early strivings of God's Spirit with his soul, of his yielding to his blessed influence.

As he spoke of his father as the ideal hero of his boyhood, of his brave-example, of the white flower of his blameless life, of his triumphant death, and of the promise made to follow in his footsteps as he had been 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 un fading 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 knight hood 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 forever—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 he uttered in answer to the questions of the President, looking up to God for strength to keep these solemn vows.

As he repeated with the others that sublime hymn of the ages—the *Veni, Creator, Spiritus*—he realized in his soul the blessed unction from above of the Anointing Spirit and the impartation of his sevenfold gifts. As he received in his hands the Holy Bible, which was to be the charter of his authority to preach the Word of God and to administer the sacraments in the congregation, he fervently kissed the sacred book, and then pressed it to his heart as his guide and counsellor through life, trusting in whose blessed teachings he hoped at last to go home in triumph to the skies. He grasped it in his hand as the sharp two edged sword of the Spirit, which he was to wield as his battle-brand; and he cried in his heart, as did David when he grasped the mighty sword of Goliath—"Give it me; there is none like it."

During the Conference sessions, Lawrence took especial delight in sitting in the gallery of the church with his mother or sister, and listening to the debates. From his chairman, who sometimes joined them, he learned the names of most of the ministers, and sometimes sketches of their often remarkable history. They seemed to him like the warriors of a Homeric battle-field; or rather—for that simile degraded their character—they were the plumed heroes of a nobler chivalry than that of the steel-clad warriors of old—the true Christian knight hood—

"Whose glory was redressing human wrong,
Who revered their conscience as their King,
Who spoke no slander; no, nor listened to it;"

whose trophies were not garments rolled in blood, and brazen helms all battle-stained and dented, but a world-redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled, by the mighty manumission of the blood of Christ.

At last came the closing hour of the Conference, and its crowning act—the reading of the stations. The scene rose to the dignity of the morally sublime. The galleries were filled with interested spectators. Every minister was in his place. Several of them were for the first time to learn their destiny for the year—often involving the sundering of tender ties, a long and tedious journey, and the seeking of a new home among perfect strangers. The President took the chair, with unusual gravity of mien. The grand inspiring battle-hymn was sung—

"Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,"

A hero-soul looked out of each man's eyes. There was no faltering—no flinching. Each one was ready to accept his fate, and go forth—

"Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his Eternal Son."

The Secretary read, with a clear, distinct voice, the decrees of the Book of Fate, which he held in his hands. Every eye was fixed on the speaker. Every sound was hushed. The very ticking of the clock smote with unusual emphasis upon the ear. As Lawrence heard his name read out for Centre-ville Mission, he bowed his head upon the rail before him, and lifted up his heart to God; and when he raised it—by the glad light in his eyes—it might be seen that his prayer had been answered.

Not a murmur arose; not a protest was heard in all that assembly against the decisions of that day, although they vitally affected these men in their most intimate and personal relations. Has the world ever witnessed a sublimer spectacle!

Then they sang again, each man making the words the utterance of his own soul—

"Faith in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thou only thou resolved to know
In all I speak, or think, or do."

"The task thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all thy works thy presence find,
And prove thy acceptable will."

"For thee delightfully employ
Whatever thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven."

With this, as their sublime marching-song and battle-hymn, they went forth again on their sacred crusade—the army of the holy cross—against the embattled legions of the Prince of the power of the air—to know no truce nor respite till the Great Captain of their salvation should say to each warrior, "It is enough, enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

The few days that Lawrence spent at home were days of hallowed enjoyment. But although they were to him like an oasis to a weary traveller, he was eager to be at his field of sacred toil.

"I am the King's messenger," he said, when his mother asked him to stay a little longer; "and the King's business requires haste."

"Go, my son," replied that nobler than Spartan mother, "had I ten sons, I would give them all to be the messengers of such a King."

The next day, therefore, Lawrence departed, inspired with fresh zeal and courage, to labour for the glory of God amid the rocks and lakes and wilds of Muskoka. Here for the present we must leave him. The story of his trials and his triumphs, of his discouragements and successes, of his varied adventures on various fields of labour in the wide waste and in the city full, and the blending of his fortunes, after many strange and providential vicissitudes, with those of the far Eluth, this story may be hereafter told. For the present we bid "Farewell" to our kind readers, and "Farewell and God-speed" to LAWRENCE TEMPLE, THE KING'S MESSENGER.

THE END.

THE MARKED TEXT.

"ISRAEL, this is the key of your mother's ward robe," said a father to his motherless daughter and only child, on her eighteenth birthday. "Take it, and at your leisure look over your mother's things. You are at an age now to value them."

Isabel was soon busy looking over her young mother's possessions. She could just remember being taken as a tiny child to kiss a sweet, pale lady in bed, and next day being told that her mother was dead, and as she looked on the long-unused things she yearned to have that fair mother by her side.

Suddenly Isabel came on a well worn book, bound in red morocco, with a silver clasp. It opened at once about the middle, the place being marked by a bunch of dry and colourless flowers. She saw at once that it was a small Bible, and that it opened to a place where was a verse strongly marked in red ink. That verse was, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you;" and by the side was written, "My little, motherless Isabel."

"It is almost like my mother speaking to me from the dead," Isabel said, solemnly. "She must have known I should find this some day;" and eagerly she kissed the page again and again.

NEXT to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books.