

an outfit in mercantile life. It was because the eye of God was upon him in the matter; because he had chosen the high, moral principles of Christian rectitude to guide him in all his business transactions. If a gulf of poverty could have yawned at the end of the course, he would have followed the lead and light of those principles all the same. The credit he acquired from his successful administration of the defunct house, was the incidental end, not the inspiring aim of his faithfulness and application. It encouraged and enabled him to commence business on his own account, in a small store, which he hired in Cornhill, in December, 1807.

A passage from one of his letters will give us an insight into these habits of promptitude and precision with which he commenced and carried on business. He writes: "I practised upon the maxim '*business before friends,*' from the commencement of my course. During the first seven years of my business in this city, I never allowed a bill against me to stand unsettled over the Sabbath. If the purchase of goods was made at auction on Saturday, and delivered to me, I always examined and settled the bill by note or by crediting it, and having it clear, so that in case I was not on duty on Monday, there would be no trouble for my boys, thus keeping the business *before* me, instead of allowing it to *drive* me."

As we are especially desirous of presenting, in this brief notice of Mr. Lawrence's life, teachings and illustrations of high moral probity most applicable to young men commencing in business, we would earnestly commend to them his testimony on one important point. We doubt if there be a dozen country towns in New-England, or perhaps in the Union, in which one honest hard-toiling farmer has not been brought to want in his old age by mortgaging his property for capital to set up his son in mercantile or manufacturing business. For fifty years, he has bent to labor on those hard-soiled acres, working in cold, heat, and rain, eating the coarse bread of carefulness, that he might have, at the end of his days something for his children. Dollar by dollar, his slow earnings have freed his farm from debt, and made his family a comfortable home. His eldest son aspires to an easier life and to larger income. The ambition to be a *merchant* in his own or a neighbouring town, or in a distant city, takes hold of his young imagination. He talks of it by day and dreams of it by night. He is so confident of success, of his own ability to carve out his fortune—to honor his father's family with the wealth and position he is sure to attain—that little by little they become willing to risk them all on his behalf. The old homestead is mortgaged for a few thousand dollars. With this capital, almost the price of blood, the young man throws himself into all the hazards of mercantile speculation. He thinks he must "keep up appearances"—have a large and attractive store—a good show of clerks, and a larger show of goods. Excited and exhilarated at the credit his father's bond and mortgage have procured for him, he trusts far and wide. The evil day draws near; his notes mature; he cannot *realize* from his sales sufficient to meet them. Then comes the fever-stage of protested paper. In that distant home among the hills, there are gloom and grief. There is a father bent with a heavier burden than age, who looks hopelessly into the fire in silence and reverie, and gets no glimpse of escape from the ruin of his life's work. There is a mother who watches and reads in his face no hope for the future. There are younger