

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 knighthood,

"Whose glory was redressing human wrong,
Who revered their conscience as their king,
Who spake 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