

loved gold as his god, and to him I wrote a letter. A reply in the negative came back to me, advising me to betake myself to some honest business, and forsake my expensive studies. Thus I felt that I had—could expect—no help from man.

This, however, only served to cast me more thoroughly upon God. I walked out, sadly and slowly, pondering my way. It seemed encompassed by thick clouds; for if I failed to win my degree, I could not expect the preferment which I was promised; and if I could not get the books in order to study, I had no more chance of passing the examination than a mere elementary schoolboy. So I resolved to try the power of prayer—assured that if the petition were in accordance with the will of God concerning me, I should receive what I asked for. So I set apart a certain hour, each afternoon, to pray for this one thing—the supply of my necessities. And very sweetly did the promise come to me: "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

A week passed by, and still the answer tarried. Time was very precious, and I began to feel despondent; still I suffered not my daily hour to pass without filling up the time with supplication, that, if God saw it to be a right and proper thing, He would grant me the supply of necessary books. One afternoon, after praying thus, I set off for a walk, wondering why the answer was delayed, why I was thus tried, whether I had mistaken my vocation, and a thousand other things of a like nature. As I returned home, my college-mate met me, with the words,

"You are a lucky fellow! You seem to have friends somewhere, who think of you. I have just paid eighteen-pence to the carrier for a parcel of books; they are in your chambers now. You need not trouble now; pay me by-and-bye."

I hurried in, wondering almost if I were in a dream, and with not a moment's delay, opened my parcel. There were several handsomely-bound books, and, singular to say, the