

a dear, good soul. The tears will stream down his cheeks when he is talking to us.

"The Greeks, when they were very fortunate, used to sacrifice to Nemesis, to deprecate her anger. If I were a Greek I might do so too, for truly the lines have fallen to me in very pleasant places. But I will fear no evil in the future, but give thanks to God for his great goodness.

"Ever your loving
"LAWRENCE."

Lawrence did not encounter much persecution it is true, but he was not without sundry petty annoyances.

"Where did you learn to swing your axe so scientifically?" asked a dandified city youth who was always grumbling at the rule which required the students to cut their own fuel.

"Where they understand the science, in a lumber camp on the Mattawa," said Lawrence, civilly.

"The Mattawa! where's that?" asked his interlocutor, whose knowledge of the geography of his own country was rather at fault.

Lawrence good-naturedly explained. "So you're a common lumberman!" sneered the ill-bred rowdy—for such he was, despite his fine clothes. "What right have the like of you to come to college among gentlemen? I suppose it's to pay your board you ring the bell at six o'clock on winter mornings."

"Precisely so," replied Lawrence, calmly, "and I am not ashamed of it either. Poverty is no crime, but rude insolence is," he added, with some asperity.

He felt stung by the impertinence from one who wore the garb and claimed the character of a gentleman. But no bully is more brutal than your aristocratic bully. He felt vexed at himself for letting such a creature have power to sting his feelings. He "Scorned to be scorned by one that he scorned,"

but he remembered the words of Byron, "The kick of an ass will give pain to one to whom its most exquisite braying will give no pleasure."

"Temple, said Dr. Dwight, one day, in his brisk manner, "I wish you would take charge of that boy, young Elliot. I forewarn you, he is a little wasp. Nobody else will room with him, but I think you can. I believe you will do him good, and I am sure he will do you good. 'Let patience have her perfect work,' you know!"

"I'll try, sir," said Lawrence, flattered by the good opinion expressed, but not very confident of success.

The little urchin had gone the rounds of the rooms of all the older students, and worn out their patience in succession. He deliberately set himself, like a young monkey, by all kinds of mischievous pranks to exhaust the patience of Lawrence. But that commodity might in this case be fitly represented by the unknown quantity x . It seemed literally inexhaustible.

The poor boy was a "mitherless bairn," brought up among hirelings, and he had consequently grown up into a petty tyrant. Lawrence pitied and yearned over the lad, and secretly prayed for him. He helped him in his algebra and Latin exercises, gave

him pence to buy marbles, brought him fruit from the country, and, in fact, overcame his ill temper with kindness. Before long he had no more ardent champion than the young scapegrace, as he was considered, Tom Elliot. He would fetch and carry for Lawrence like a dog, and demonstrated the grand fact that under the warmth of human loving-kindness the iciest nature will melt—the stornest clod will blossom with beauty and affection.

Lawrence was anxious to do some good in the community in which he lived; so he organized a systematic tract distribution from house to house in the town, omitting none. He was generally very favourably received, especially among the poor fishermen, and felt great pleasure in his work and in the opportunity of speaking a word for the Master to some toil-worn woman or disheartened man, and of gathering the little children into his class in Sunday-school. One surly fellow, however, passionately tore his tract in two and lit his pipe with it, saying:

"Look a-here, mister, I don't want none o' yer trac's about yer, except those you make right straight away from this house. Ef ye come 'round yer agin I'll set that dog on to ye," pointing to an ugly bulldog. "He can fight anythin' his heft in the country, an' he'll tear ye wuss nor I tore yer trac'. So make tracks now—Clear! vamose! I tell ye."

Lawrence bade him a polite good-morning and passed on.

More disheartening, however, was the stony, gorgonizing stare, and the icy politeness that he encountered from a fine lady at a grand house in the "swell" part of the town. Resolved, however, not to be deterred from his duty, he called again at both houses on the next Sunday.

"You here agin!" said his burly antagonist. "What did I tell yer? Well, yer grit, I can't say. May yer leave a trac'? I s'pose ther's no denyin' yer. Give it to the 'ooman thar," and Lawrence gladly left a message of consolation to the poor draggled-looking creature in the cabin.

At the grand house the stare was less stony, and the ice somewhat thawed. In the course of time it melted entirely away, and the stare relaxed into a smile.

The quarterly meeting of the Burgh-royal Church, of which Lawrence proved an active member, soon placed him on the local preachers' plan, and he had frequent opportunity of exercising his gifts and graces in preaching at numerous outposts of Methodism in the beautifully undulating and rich farming country in the vicinity of the town. Such evidence of success, adaptation, and Divine call to this work did he manifest, that he was unanimously recommended by the Board to be taken on trial as a Methodist preacher.

Though he would gladly have remained longer at college, the demand for young men to enter opening doors of usefulness in the newer parts of the country, his own burning zeal to work for the Master, and the inadequacy of his purse to defray college expenses, without being a burden to loved ones at home—one which they would gladly bear, but which Lawrence would not suffer to be imposed—all these conspired to make it desirable that he

should go out into the work, if accepted, immediately after the following Conference.

The last night of the session had arrived, the examinations were ended, and the busy scenes of the Convocation week were over. The latter was quite a brilliant and, to Lawrence, a novel occasion. The Faculty, wearing their professorial robes, with the distinguished visitors, filled the *dais*. The gownsmen and spectators thronged the floor—the ladies raining sweet influence from their eyes on the young aspirants for fame. The Latin oration, the Greek ode, the English valedictory were all given with great *éclat*. Dr. Fellows, looking like a Venetian Doge in his robes of state, had conferred the degrees on the *Baccalauréi* and *Magistri Artium*. Each on bended knee placed his hands, pressed palm to palm, between those of the President, in pledge of fealty to his *alma mater*, and received the investiture of his Bachelor's or Master's hood, like a youthful knight of olden time being girded with his sword for chivalric devoir for the right against the wrong.

Lawrence would gladly have pursued, like a young athlete, this classic *cursus*, but, at the claims of what he considered to be a higher duty, he was content to forego it. Nevertheless, he declared that he would not take a thousand dollars—more money than he had ever seen, poor fellow—for what he had already learned. And he was right. He had, at least, laid the foundation for building thereon the goodly structure of a sound and comprehensive education—which is the work of a lifetime, always advancing, never completed.

On this last night Lawrence walked beneath the trees in the moonlight and the starlight, with his room-mate and devoted chum, Tom Elliot, exchanging vows of mutual affection and pledges of eternal friendship. The old college was brilliantly lighted up. A band of music was discoursing classic strains on the lawn. A supper of an unusually festive character was spread in the ample dining-room. Exchanges of cards and farewells were taking place. A tinge of pensive melancholy blended with the joyousness of the occasion. O golden time, when youths, trained by literary culture and Christian influences, stand on the threshold of life—looking back on the bright and happy boyhood that is passed, looking forward to the duties and joys of manhood that are before them—eager to

"Drink delight of battle with their peers" in the conflict of life into which, like gallant knights fresh from the accolade, they long to rush.

The next day they were all scattered far and wide, and the college halls, so lately vocal with the din of eager, happy voices, were silent almost as the ruins of Nineveh.

Lawrence abode quietly at home, awaiting trustfully the decision of Conference as to his future destiny. He accepted his three weeks' furlough, like a soldier on the eve of a campaign. To his mother it was a great delight to have him home again. The Augustine and Monica communings were renewed, and a proud joy was it for that happy mother to walk to church leaning on her son's strong arm, and to listen to his voice as he occupied

the pulpit in the place of the minister who was absent at Conference. It carried her back to the early days of her marriage—he looked so like his father in his youth—and if she closed her eyes, she could hardly resist the illusion that it was that voice, so long silent, that she heard.

The kindly neighbours, at the close of the service, greeted them both with great warmth.

"A peart boy that o' yourn," said old Squire Jones to the widow. "I'm powerful glad to see that college larnin' hasn't spilt him. He's jes' as plain-talkin' as his father afore him, that never see'd the inside of a college. A clup o' the old block, he is; got rafe preacher's timber into him an' no mistake."

During the week came a letter from Mr. Turner, his "Chairman" stating that he had been duly received by the Conference and appointed to a mission in the Muskoka region, then newly opened to settlement. "It's a rather rough region," wrote Mr. Turner, "but it's not worse than many a circuit your father had, and I knew that his son would not shrink from the task."

"When I gave myself to the Methodist Church," was Lawrence's comment to his mother, "I gave myself to it for life, not to pick and choose for myself, but to go wherever the voice of the Church, which to me is the voice of God, sends me. I can go out like Abraham, not knowing whither I go, but knowing that God will go with me and prepare my way before me."

This is the way I married your father, Lawrence," said his mother, pressing her lips to his forehead, "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer; and, amid all our trials, I never for a moment had cause to regret it. The God of your father will be also your God, my son."

During the few days that remained before his departure, the brave mother kept up her heart in his presence, though she often retired to her little chamber to pray, and sometimes to weep—to weep mingled tears of joy and regret—of joy that the vow of consecration at his birth was fulfilled, that she was permitted to give him to the holiest work on earth—of natural regret at losing such a son. She followed him about with wistful eyes, which were sometimes filled with tears. But her time was fully occupied in finishing a set of shirts for her boy, at which his sister Mary diligently helped. Even the irrepressible Tom and frolicsome Nelly seemed as if they never could do enough for him.

As he parted from his mother in the porch, he whispered, "Remember me, dear mother, at the throne of grace, especially on Sunday morning. I shall go to my appointments more full of faith if I know that you are praying for me."

"I will, my son. I always did for your father, and he said it helped him. God bless you, my boy," and she kissed him good-bye. As he departed with the seal of that mother's kiss upon his brow, and the peace and joy of God in his heart, he felt that life's highest and holiest ambition was reached—that he was indeed the "King's Messenger," and that he went forth a herald of salvation, an ambassador of God, to declare to perishing men the glorious tidings of the Gospel of his grace.

(To be continued.)