

"Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go,  
My daily labour to pursue;  
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know  
In all I think, or speak, or do.

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

"For Thee delightfully employ  
Whate'er 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