

with pleasure, and he resolved more firmly than ever to be worthy of that father's memory and reputation.

The Doctor then inquired kindly as to the young student's plans and purposes, in which he evinced a fatherly sympathy and interest.

"Where have you been during the year?" he asked in his alert manner. Lawrence briefly recounted his adventures on the Mattawa.

"Good! I admire your pluck," said the Doctor: "I congratulate you on having to depend on yourself. It is worth more than a fortune to you. Hew your way for yourself here, as you did among the big trees on the Mattawa, and it will develop a strength of character that will carry you anywhere and enable you to do anything. It is well for a man to bear the yoke in his youth. It will give him the shoulders and strength of Atlas. Steward, show Mr. Temple to his room, please," and turning to that functionary, he designated the apartment which Lawrence was to occupy.

"What a general he would make," thought Lawrence as he left the Doctor's presence: "I could follow that man anywhere." He already felt the inspiration of his character. "But I would like to be sure that I was always right," he further reflected, as he remembered the keen scrutiny of that commanding glance.

His room was a pleasant apartment, affording a magnificent view over the broad lake and the pretty town in which the college was situated. A bed, table, chairs, and washstand constituted its simple furniture; but when his books were unpacked and placed on shelves, their familiar faces made it look quite homelike.

Soon after, he called on Dr. Fellows for advice in his studies, and was very courteously received. The Doctor was a very noticeable sort of man, who somehow put Lawrence in mind of pictures he had seen of Andria Dandolo, one of the doges of Venice in the days of her mediæval prime. He had the same lofty brow, handsome face, clear olive complexion, quick insight of glance, and general scholarly air. In his brief conversation with Lawrence, he seemed equally at home in ancient and in modern lore, in poetry and philosophy. He impressed the young student as his ideal of a scholar,—though learned, simple, and unaffected, his words though weighted with wisdom, flashing oftentimes with wit, like a robe of rich texture bejewelled with sparkling gems.

In the great dining-room, filled with eager, active, hungry youth—for college boys have most portentous appetites—Lawrence felt more lonely than even amid the forest solitudes of the Mattawa. One is often never so much alone as in a crowd. It was a severe ordeal to his retiring disposition to encounter the inquiring glances, and sometimes critical stare of so many young men, all of whom,

he thought, knew so much more than himself. The acquaintance formed with his table companions somewhat reassured him, by showing that they were very much like ordinary mortals,—that human nature even in college halls differs not very greatly from human nature in a lumber camp.

Nothing so breaks the ice of formality as a good laugh, and this experience Lawrence enjoyed at his first college meal. It was the usage for the whole company to wait for the slowest eater to finish his meal—sometimes a little impatiently, for college boys are too apt to bolt their food and hurry back to ball or cricket. On this occasion an unlucky individual, who was "slow but sure," kept the tables waiting an undue time. As he finished his dessert, the wag of the college, who was sitting near him, a tall, shambling, awkward-looking fellow with ill-fitting clothes, but with a merry twinkle in his eye that made him a general favourite, assuming a dignified, forensic air, slightly accommodating to the occasion the memorable reply of Pitt to Horace Walpole, asked,

"Is the gentleman done? Is he quite done? He has been voracious from beginning to end."

It was not very much of a joke, but Lawrence found it impossible to avoid joining in the laugh which it caused.

It was not long before he also had experience of the supreme disdain and lofty, supercilious airs with which certain gentlemen of the sophomore year regarded the newly-admitted freshmen, assuming far more dignity than the graduating class. He felt greatly abashed at this, till he discovered that their knowledge was not quite so encyclopædic as they thought, although they seemed to know so much more than the professors themselves. Some of the city lads, too, put on somewhat extensive airs on account of the more dandified cut of their coats as compared with their country cousins.

But a college class-room is a great leveller. Nowhere are windbags more easily pricked, or do they more suddenly collapse. A professor is no respecter of persons. Money gives no monopoly of brains, and the poor students, for the most part, win the prizes by virtue of the energy of character developed by the very effort they have to make to gain an education.

Professor Rexton, however, who had an utter abhorrence of sham, seemed to take a special delight in displacing fools from their pedestal of conceit. His department, too, that of mathematics, supplied sometimes salient opportunities of doing this. There was no room for imperfect recitations or illogical reasoning there. The habits of rigid accuracy acquired by this means were invaluable in their result. The lofty principles of mathematics and their sublime applications in astronomy were a keen delight to Lawrence.

His great pleasure, however, was to wander through the woods or by the shore of the lake, with its remarkable geological outcrop, with Professor Washburn, the young and enthusiastic instructor in natural science. Breaking off twigs from the trees as he walked, the latter would point out the beautiful morphology of the leaves, and their wonderful phylotaxis—the mathematical exactness with which they are arranged in spirals around their stem. Or, knocking an encrinite or coral out of the corniferous rock, he would discourse luminously of the bygone geologic ages. Then he would advance to the constitution and genesis of the universe, and, rising from Nature up to Nature's God, would reason on the lofty themes of

"Fixed fate, foreknowledge, and free-will," and the glorious truths of atonement and redemption.

Lawrence seemed to himself to drink in knowledge at every pore—to acquire it by all his senses. He seemed to feel new faculties developing within, as the dull chrysalis may feel the wings of Psyche forming under its coat. In the Burghroyal College, learning was not divorced from religion, nor science made the handmaid of scepticism. All the resources of knowledge were brought to the illustration and corroboration of God's revealed truth; and every effort was made to cultivate in the young men a manly rational piety which would enable its possessors to give a reason for the hope that is in them.

The influence of our colleges on the future of our country is of incalculable importance. They will either curse it with scepticism or bless it with piety. In those college halls are assembled, at the most impressible and formative period in their history, the most eager, active, energetic, and ambitious young men of our country,—the future legislators, judges, lawyers, physicians, professors, editors, teachers, and preachers of the future. Upon what they shall be depends the destiny of our country.

If the majority of them become materialistic sceptics, denying the God who made them, the Lord who bought them, and the spiritual nature with which he endowed them, the age shall be a coarse, vulgar, venal, and sensual one. Knowledge shall be a bane, not a blessing—a power indeed, but for evil, not for good. If, on the contrary, they be men of faith in God and his word, of high-souled principles and of spiritual instincts, then shall they guide the age as a skilful rider guides his steed up the heights of progress to a higher plane of being, a wider range of thought, a purer moral atmosphere, and a nobler type of life.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

Lawrence found his religious advantages and helps much greater than he had anticipated, if we may judge from the following extract from a

letter, which about this time he wrote home:

"I am agreeably disappointed in more than one respect with the college, and especially with the religious atmosphere which seems to pervade the institution. I thought the reverse would be the case, from the stories that Tom Brown, who was rusticated two years ago, used to tell us about the pranks that he and his chums used to play on the religious students knocking down the blackboards and putting out the lights at their prayer meetings, locking them in their rooms, and then stopping up the chimneys so as to smoke them out.

"Tom Potter, my classmate, and a first-rate fellow, says these are all traditions of the pre-historic age. Nobody here knows anything about them; and that story about taking the cow up the stairway and fastening her to the bell-rope, which she is said to have kept tolling all night, I believe is a sheer fabrication of Brown's. I cannot find any foundation for it in fact.

"The professors are very kind—more like friends than teachers. I thought I would have more persecution to encounter from the wild collegians than I had among the lumbermen on the Mattawa. But I have had none at all, but, on the contrary, much sympathy from religious students and much help from the professors. Dr. Nelson has a Bible Class every week, and brings all his classic lore to the explanation of the Scriptures. Then I read the Greek Testament with him, and have begun Hebrew. Dear Doctor Whitcombe is almost like a father. He introduced me very kindly to the class, and they all rose to receive me. And he bows so politely to each student as they enter the class-room. He is a wonderful old philosopher—a sort of Friar Bacon among his retorts and alembics. He talks as familiarly about molecules and atoms as if he had been handling them all his life.

"I see almost as little of the fair sex here as at the Mattawa. Good old Mrs. McDonnell, the matron, is the only one I have spoken to. She is a stately old lady, but a kind, motherly soul. She came to see me when I was confined to my room with a cold. I am a regular hermit. 'I bury myself in my books, and'—I'll not finish the quotation; Mary may look for it in Tennyson's 'Maud,' if she likes.

"We have grand meetings on Saturday night—the students by themselves—though sometimes some of the professors look in. Then we have such singing. There are several young preachers here—the finest set of young fellows you ever saw—and instead of college life killing their piety as old Squire Jones says it will, it seems to kindle it into a brighter flame. So many burning embers together make a hot fire. One of them, James Thompson, is my class-leader—