

theologues, science men and medicals lending their stoutest lungs to the echoing panegyric.

The Chancellor cleared his throat, for the dust was flying; when he broke the silence that came at last, his voice still bore a huskiness that something else had caused.

"Young gentlemen," he began, "the rhetoric of your gifted valedictorian, charming as it was, is still less eloquent than the generous action that we all admired; and his genius has been worthily loaned to the great tribute which closed his speech. I love you all for your noble response to it, and I say: 'God bless the Rubes' (isn't that the name?) I came from the farm myself and my heart echoes every word of Mr. Wishart's. God bless the Rubes;" and the gentle teacher paused, awaiting the answering artillery from the gallery.

As the scattering throng, the exercises of the evening over, was filing slowly out of the hall, many admiring eyes were turned toward the young divinity student who had thus closed his college course with such signal distinction. But the interest centering in Stephen Wishart was soon transferred to others, for he had given his arm to an elderly lady whose resemblance to himself at once announced her as his mother. Sweet and tender was the face which she turned towards her brilliant son, marked by suffering and giving evidence of the bodily weakness which necessitated her full dependence on the strong arm he had extended. The beauty of peace looked out from her gentle eyes, mingling with the