

When they parted for the night, Mr. Olden whispered in Fergus' ear:

"We must pray a great deal for Sir George. He can help us very much if he comes over to our side."

In the morning what the governor would have to say was awaited with intense interest, and when he did make known his mind Mr. Olden ejaculated under his breath:

"Verily, thou art a God that hearest prayer!"

Sir George's announcement was most satisfactory. He would no longer oppose Fergus' preference for the life of a missionary over that of a fur trader. On the contrary, he would further his interests in that direction just as he had purposed doing in the other. If Fergus would accompany him to Montreal, he would see to his having the best obtainable educational advantages, and otherwise being thoroughly well looked after in order that he might make fitting preparation for the life-work he had chosen.

So it all came about just as had been hoped. A few days later, amid the tears and prayers and blessings of his parents and the Oldens, Fergus set out with Sir George for the city of Montreal. The voyage thither was smoothly and swiftly accomplished, and ere the first snow fell he had entered upon the course of study which would occupy his attention for the next four years.

How he won honor after honor at college, not missing the esteem of his instructors, nor even the warm regard of his fellow-students; how he was ordained to the Christian ministry, and then, to his unbounded delight,