

ling out of the mud, and by no means attributing the disaster wholly to the beast, I began to mount for another attempt at that ditch. But my personality was again brought to mind. This time the ground seemed to rise and strike me. After a third trial, I became convinced that the chord of affection between my beast and me was not fastened by the traditional Gordian knot. Well, after a rest of three days, I again started in Arabian fashion for the rising sun. By the time I reached the paternal roof, I was in possession of a pair of horses, weighing some 2400 lbs., drawing a huge wagon weighing something less than 2400 lbs., and last of all, the broncho, drawing by the neck, with all its force, the wagon and team of horses. I know as well as anybody that action and reaction are equal. I am glad that I was ignorant of it then, or I should have been greatly alarmed lest the motion should have proceeded in the wrong direction. I have never since taken very kindly to bronchos. Some like them but they are not so well adapted as other and tamer horses are for clergyman.

Well, we are still at Brandon. To the north-west of this I remember spending a pleasant summer. It was settled chiefly by bachelors, living in their "Shaks," honest, intelligent men, some of them having liberal educations. The man who leaves the comforts of an

eastern home, to live his lonely life in one of these little shanties, in the desire to benefit himself and country, is greater than he who takes a city. And there are many such. It was here too that my knowledge of the language of paradise gave me some standing. The people with whom I resided were but a short time out from the Highlands. Their conversation was accordingly in the "two talks." On one occasion, in the quiet of my own sanctum I raised the strain of a Gaelic song, which is familiar to all lovers of that dialect. From that hour I was not ill spoken of. Although I was unable to converse freely in that tongue, yet from that day there was the feeling that my sympathies were not wholly dulled to the family's dialect.

My lot was cast one other summer in a region south and west of Brandon. And here I was again the victim of the vagaries of horsedom. I was presented with a horse and buggy. The horse, I was informed, had had a very successful career upon the race course. My joy was great for I do like to travel so that there is no need of erecting posts to detect it. Shortly after landing in the district, I was one day being driven by that race horse, that did not need a detective to discover his motion. It was warm and I fell asleep in the rig. My rest was suddenly broken by the dash board caving in. The horse was going round and round. I thought he