

response one man at least, decides to take the Great Pilot on board.

The service concludes with "Jesus Saviour Pilot Me," and perhaps never was it sung with more apparent earnestness. The benediction is pronounced, there is a shake hands all around and into the night with its cold and starlight the prairie congregation pours. The bronchos are prancing and snorting with the cold, eager to get home, their sleigh bells jingle, and in many directions their music dies away.

It is now night on the prairie, and the Sky Pilot's day's work is done.

THE ASCENT.

By Henry W. Longfellow.

The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth,
The hardening of the heart that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds
That have their root in thoughts of ill:
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of far renown,
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more
The cloudy summits of our time.