

On the front bench there is a family of German extraction, born in Eastern Canada. The father is leader in the choir. The next seat is occupied by a number of fair-haired Swedes, thorough-going Westerners now, Canadians to the core. They are past masters in the art of scientific profanity and none are better skilled in the secrets of "broncho busting" than those stalwart sons from over the sea.

Next to them sits a group of men from Glengarry—that old county in Ontario which has produced men of the Ralph Connor type, men whose kindness of heart the whole Dominion has learned to love. Near the back are a few distinguished fellows from Lower Canada. One has taken honors in arts from Toronto University. Another is a graduate in medicine. A third was once a school teacher, and beside him is a banker recently returned from South Africa. These men have left all in response to the lure of the lonely trail, and are known far and near as among the most accomplished horse traders from the Rockies clear through to the Bow. Here and there through the audience are men from several of the United States, Montana, Oregon, Washington and the Dakotas, each with an accent and a characteristic all his own. A few, but a few, come from the British Isles, and sad to narrate, not one to represent old Ireland—except the preacher himself.

The singing is over and the lesson is read. It is the story of Christ walking upon the sea. Then there is a hush, and "Let us pray." The leader seeks to voice the sentiments of the worshippers for success in this new land, for strength to fulfil its duties, and above all, for grace in it, to live the life worth while. There is a petition for the old folks at home, for all have loved sons far away. There is a plea for our country, this great wide Canada of ours—to some the land of our birth, to others the land of our adoption, and to us all the land we love.

Then there is the address, short, plain, earnest, "little Latin and less Greek." It is on the "Great Sky Pilot," taken from the chapter read. Life is a voyage on which we are all sailors. There are many shoals, and rocks, and sand bars in the passage, and there is imminent danger of shipwreck. Christ is the Pilot who can guide us o'er the waters and under whose seamanship alone we are safe. As an earnest appeal is made for all to allow Him to take the helm, memories of the long ago are wakened in many a heart, and in