

time reminiscences recalled, and harrowing tales recited. Some parts of the conversation were interesting and other parts unpleasant; but, for my part, I adopted the policy of silence. However, when they had exhausted the resources of their own minds, attracted probably by my silence, they suddenly directed their attention to me. One said, "You haven't yet—hic!—told us who you are—hic! But you know your—hic!—business." Then, turning to his comrades, he added, "Come, boys—hic!—the kid must be sleepy—hic! Let's hit the pike—hic!

The men rose to leave, but I interposed. I addressed myself to Joe, the spokesman; for Joe, I discovered, was the name of my thoughtful friend. "Don't go, yet, Joe," I said, "I wish to tell you and the boys something. I'm not a holy roller, boys," I continued, "but I am in the habit of reading a few verses out of a little Book that I carry with me before I retire for the night. Would you care to listen?" Then the light dawned upon them—I was a preacher.

Surprised though they were, yet with good-natured smiles they resumed their seats. I brought out my pocket Bible, and read from it the story of Christ and Nicodemus. The men, who but a moment before were crude and rought-spoken, now listened with attention and commendable respect; and at the close of the reading they knelt down with me while I offered up a simple prayer. Shortly after, Joe and his comrades, with a "Good night, sir," returned to their own bunks, while my host and I crept into ours.

The next morning after breakfast Joe and his two companions made their appearance at the shack to join my host for the day's labour in the field, while I struck out once more on the trail to Standoff. And as I rode out of the gate it delighted me to hear the voice of Joe calling after me, cheerily, "Come back again, parson!"

There's some wha'll no haud up their heids
An' smile like ither folk,
An' some wha'll scowl an' at ye growl
Gif ye should crack a joke.

There's some wha look on hairless mirth
As tho' 'twere unco wrang,
They frown on fun, an' e'en would shun
The sangs their mithers sang.

There's some wha grumble a' day lang—
Their world rins ower wi' woes—
They feel ill-used an' sair abused,
An' coont their friens, their foes.

There's some wha seem to tak delight
In makin' ithers sad,
It them annoys to see the joys
Their puir herts never had.

There's some wha try to worship God
Wi' faces black wi' gloom,
As tho' 'twa'd need their sourest creed
To jink eternal doom.

But such as tread the path o' life
Without a cheery word;
We needna say they dinna hae
The spirit o' oor Lord. —David Lister.

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