

show the mountains looming in the distance; and in the heavens they display a star bespangled beauty, such as only a prairie winter can disclose. The night is cold—bitterly cold, for the thermometer has steadily lowered since the setting of the sun. But the hour for Divine service has come and despite 30 below zero, hark to the silvery sleigh bells chiming over the snow. It is the people from those shacks coming to church, for even on the prairie, men's hearts still turn to God.

True, they have no church building, no choir, and no bell to peal forth the hour for prayer. The rude shack in which the preacher lives does duty for a church; every man and woman who attend composes the choir; and the only summons for service is the merry music of those jingling bells. From all quarters far and near they come, and after tying their bronchos to the fence, they enter the shack, which for the present has become a sanctuary.

The house has been put in order for the occasion. Planks and chairs have been arranged in rows across the floor, and soon they are all occupied until the place is crowded. The "sky pilot" has just arrived home, after a ride of thirty miles to other points, this being the third and last service of the day. He distributes the hymn books from his saddle bag, handing them round with a word of welcome. Soon all eyes are turned on the pantry door—for the pantry is his "pulpit"—and the service is about to begin. Silence reigns supreme; there is not a sound except the howl of the lonesome coyote crying outside in the cold.

The doxology is announced and without the luxury of an organ, all sing with heart and voice the grand refrain. There is then a short prayer, and in the silence which follows the simple intercession everyone in reverence feels that the Infinite is near. Next is sung one of the fine old Psalms:

When I look up unto the heavens,  
Which Thine own fingers framed,  
Unto the moon and to the stars,  
Which were by Thee ordained.

As the congregation sings the preacher has an opportunity to study the faces of his audience. It is composed mostly of men, for this is a men's country and the sky pilot needs to be a men's man.