

Prayer

O Thou whose will for us is Holy Love, Who dost surround and indwell our spirits, hear us pray. We are sinful and weak and foolish, we do not know Thee and we seek our own ways. So fill and master us that we may know that Thy will for us is perfect life, that only in Thee can we know our own best selves. We are restless and troubled with many things, because we try to live apart from Thee. Help us to pray with all our heart, "Thy will be done," and in that glad surrender may we find our life in Thee and Thy life in us. To the glory of Thy great name. Amen.

A Holiday Incident

[By Walter John Agabob]

It was about midsummer, several years ago, when the weather was at its best. I was on my holiday in Macleod, a little prairie town in Southern Alberta. Having received an invitation from a missionary friend to visit his field, I set out one glorious afternoon on the trail to Standoff, an old Indian Fort, forty miles south of Macleod. A journey of five hours on horseback brought me within ten miles of my destination. It was then six o'clock and as darkness was gathering I pressed on my way. When two additional miles had been covered, I espied on a knoll to the left of the road a shack with a light in the window. Tired and sore I resolved to proceed no further if shelter for the night could be obtained here. I approached the place and knocked.

In response to the "Come in" from within, I opened the door and entered to find myself the target of four questions fired at me by four different men: "Who are you?" said one, and "What are you?" said another; "Where do you come from?" asked the third, and "What do you want?" demanded the fourth.

I glanced at the men before answering, and rough-looking fellows they appeared to be. One of them was reclining on a camp bed, another was seated on the table. A third had for his chair an empty packing case, while the fourth stood by the stove, a bottle and a mug in his hands. Addressing myself to him, I explained that I was a stranger bound for Standoff, and being overtaken by darkness, I desired to be put up for the night. Had he any room?

As he filled a mug and offered me a drink, he replied that I was welcome to a share of his bachelor shack. Thanking him for his hospitality, I declined the drink, being careful to add that I meant no discourtesy.

Before long the bottle was emptied of its contents, and the liquor seemed to fire their blood and loose their tongues. Conversation flowed freely. The latest sensational news was reviewed; old