

obliterated it. I knew points of compass almost as well as an Indian. We started in the direction of the agency. The country was full of little coolies, and soon I had both horses down in snow-drifts. After great efforts we got back on the prairie.

Night had come on, not a star, the wind howling like wolves. I knelt down and said my prayers, wrapped myself in buffalo robes, threw the reins on the dashboard, and prepared to let the horses walk where they would until daylight. About midnight old "Bashaw" stopped so suddenly it threw me on to the dashboard. I jumped from the sleigh, and found an Indian trail which looked like a snake under the snow. I knew one end of it was at the agency, but which, I knew not. We followed the trail until we saw a light. Never did a horse neigh more joyously as he sprang toward it; we were saved. Dear old fellow! as I put him in his stall he nipped me with his lip, with a marvellous look out of those grand eyes, as much as to say, "Master, all's well."

The stage drivers of Burbank & Co.'s coaches knew, admired, and loved him. The honest, kindly fellows were my best friends, and I believe, thought me a better preacher for "Bashaw's" sake.

You will not blame me for my tribute of love to this dumb servant of God. I am half tempted to tell of some speculation which have come to the wisest and best of men as to the immortality of these sentient beasts. John Wesley, B'shop Butler, and a host of others believed it. One of the most charming lectures I ever read was written by Judge Wilder to prove it. Revelation was given for men who have sinned, to bring them back to God their Father, not to tell us of the future of the brute creation. Memory is the faculty which blends our life into a harmonious whole and carries with it the proof of a future life. A horse has it for all purposes, and can use it as much as we. The fact that there are wrongs which are never righted here, is a strong presumptive proof of another world where they are redressed. The brute shares in the evils which come from man's wandering from God. Just as man falls into the power of the devil and mars God's image, the poor brute suffers; and just as that image is restored, love, goodness, and mercy overflow on the brute creation.

Pardon me telling you so much of my dear old friend, who was, for more than

twenty years, my missionary companion, and without whom I could not have done my Master's work.—*Shattuck Cadet.*

OUR DWELLING PLACE.

BY BISHOP WILLIAM TAYLOR.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." This secret place is the sanctuary of the saints for sweetest fellowship with the Most High, beyond the gaze of the unsaved world.

Here, under the shadow of the Almighty, is home, sweet home. We do not come in here as renters, or on a limited leasehold, but we shall abide in blessed filial union with the Almighty forever.

"I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in Him will I trust." This home is a refuge into which all returning prodigals may run and be saved. Our house is defended by an impregnable fortress, so that we can say to every dweller, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath the everlasting arms." Surely we should "trust and be not afraid." In our outings for drill, and for conquest, we are assailed by all the forces of the prince of darkness, but if we remain true to our King and trust Him to be true to us, we may rest assured that He will "deliver us from the snare of the fowler and from the noisome pestilence." "As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings," so we can assure every resident of this home that "He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust."

Here we are safe amid all the storms of life and death. When the material universe shall be enveloped in flame, we can peep out from under the wings of the Almighty and calmly view the furious blasts that sweep creation, and quietly retire to our eternal home and dwell forever under the shadow of the Almighty. Glory to God.—*Sel.*

A FOOL'S heart is in his tongue; but a wise man's tongue is in his heart.—*Quarles.*

How hardly men keep a mean either in knowledge or conversation, some overreach, some reach not home.—*Lake.*

MANY so speak that a man may well fear the Devil hath charge of their lips, for their words honor him.—*Origen.*