

scripture plan—to “Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness”—and then to stand firmly upon the promise. He followed instructions—sought earnestly and found peace. He started out praising God and praying, and secured a little job of work before he had gone a block. He came back that evening to the Mission and praised God for his deliverance. Said that he had walked the streets day and night without anything to eat till foot-sore, weary and worn out when he sat down in despair and went to sleep. A policeman came along and clubbed him unmercifully. Feeling himself forsaken by God and man, he decided to jump in the river and end his miserable existence. On his way to the dock his eye rested upon the Mission sign in the window and a voice seemed to whisper, “Go in and ask God to direct.” Since then his wants have been supplied, and he has been praising God at public meetings at every opportunity.

Another case that came under our observation was that of a German man, who in an hour of despair jumped into the North river, but was pulled out and resuscitated. He was angry at the one who risked his own life in saving him, and determined at a late hour of night to seek some unguarded place and jump in again. As he passed the mission, bent on destruction, the singing attracted his attention, he came in, gave himself to the Lord and testified that he was a changed man, that he now desired to live to glorify God by doing all the good in his power for others. That is an infallible remedy for suicide, to live to glorify God by pure, holy lives in doing good to our fellow-men. A man that has the ability to amass a fortune in Wall Street, has the ability to accomplish a great deal of good in the world and the Lord requires it at his hand, but, if he violates the very first commandment by making a god of his money, he takes himself from under the protection of the Almighty. No earnest Christian who has learned to “trust in the Lord, and do good,” ever commits suicide. Such persons see too much good to be done for their fellow-men, to consider for a moment *the cowardly thought* of taking into their own hands the life which God gave them.

Salvation in Christ and the gift of the Holy Spirit is a sovereign remedy for every sickness, sorrow and trouble of every description that afflicts humanity. Try it and you will rejoice for evermore.

“All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.”

Christ died for all, and is not willing that

any should perish, but that all should come to repentance; but you must make the choice yourself. If you refuse to fear God and keep His commandments, you will find that the way of the transgressors is hard.—*The Gospel Banner.*

A BISHOP'S HORSE.

The story of a bishop's horse is told by Bishop Whipple to the boys of Shattuck Hall, Faribault, as follows:—

When I was elected bishop [of Minnesota], the state was still staggering under the panic of 1857. There was not a mile of railway. Our shipments of wheat, then very small, were by steamers on the Mississippi. We had a daily mail from Hastings, and twice each week one from St. Paul and Owatonna. I have been a week travelling from La Crosse to Faribault, and two days to St. Paul. A kind friend gave me a noble horse named “Bashaw,” own cousin to the famous “Patchen.” He was a kingly fellow, and had every sign of noble birth; a slim, delicate head, prominent eyes, small, active ears, large nostrils, full chest, thin gambrels, heavy cords, neat fetlocks, and black as coal. He was my friend and companion in nearly forty thousand miles travel, always full of spirit and yet gentle as a girl. I never struck him but once, and that was to save his life and mine on the brink of a precipice; and when saved the tears filled my eyes. He knew how I loved him, and he loved me as well as horse ever loved his master. He never forgot any place where he had ever been, and many a time he has saved our lives when lost on the prairie.

In summer heat and winter storm we kept every appointment, and it was done by heroic effort. It was no easy task to travel in winter over prairies without a house for twenty miles. I recall time after time we were lost. I left New Ulm for the Lower Sioux agency when the thermometer was thirty-six degrees below zero at noon; there was an ugly, freckled sky and long rifts of clouds. I remembered the adage, “Mackerel backs and colts' tails, lofty ships take in sails.” For seven miles there were houses in the distance, and then it was twenty miles across the prairie without a house.

We were in for it; our motto was, “No step backward.” In about an hour we came to a place where the snow had been blown away; it was a stubble, no sign of a road. I was lost. I turned the horses back to follow my sleigh track; the wind had