

point. Such cases were unquestionably proofs of the truth of the terrible words of Scripture, there could be no escape from that. "But," said the Pilot, after following up this line in a convincing argument, "don't you think it would be much better, since we must just accept these given facts, without pretending to understand or account for their existence, to turn our attention to the other passage, which assures us of the goodness and loving-kindness of God. That is equally true, and equally a matter of experience?"

"Wal," said the cowboy, thoughtfully—he was now sitting on the bunk with his elbows on his knees, and in a genuinely serious mood—"I don't know but what you're right thar'. It ain't much use kickin' agin' facts; and it would be a sight more pleasin' to dwell on the other idee, that's so. If I on'y could do it—thar's the thing."

"You may be able to in time," suggested Campbell. "Perhaps heretofore you have only read the Good Book to find puzzles—"

"When I've read it at all, sez you," interrupted Al. "I hain't done much in that line, I will admit. But I've got one of them books somewhar's in the shack, and I reely hev a notion to look into it careful."

"A very good notion, too," responded Campbell, smiling. "I can safely promise that you will find it a pleasant task, if you go about it in earnest. I suppose you are all pretty busy at this season on the range?"

And with this the conversation drifted peacefully to indifferent topics. The preacher had purposely refrained from touching upon religion directly, but he felt that he had made real progress toward the goal he aimed at. He was sure he might at least reckon on Al's friendship, which was a good start.

At the appointed time the door of the little log school-house in the village stood open, and some glimmering lamps invited whosoever would to enter. Mr. Campbell had begun his pastoral labours by sweeping out the room, and it must be said that he "made a good job of it," considering that he was a tenderfoot in this as in his more important line. He had also trimmed and lighted the lamps, which operation included the polishing of the chimneys—something they decidedly needed. As the hour for service approached a number of the

residents straggled in. Fisk, the captain of the round-up, was amongst the first, and he redeemed the section's reputation for hospitality by coming up and shaking hands with Campbell, and remarking in a friendly way that he "hoped the boys would turn out pretty good." This hope proved to be too sanguine; only some half-dozen of the ranch hands presented themselves—and, as it happened, Al was not amongst them. Nearly all the women of the vicinity—there were not many in that western community—were on hand, and amongst them pretty Bella Balfour, the daughter of old Simon, a canny but also drouthy old Scot, well known in the neighbour-



THE SKY-PILOT SWEEPING OUT
THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

hood. At this fair damsel it was observed that Fisk occasionally cast glances that meant much for such a timorous fellow as he was known to be where the other sex was concerned; though a hero among horses, cattle, Indians, and other elements of the wild west, he was "nowhar," as he candidly confessed, in the presence of feminine charms. Altogether a congregation of a score or thereabouts assisted in the new Pilot's first service, and listened to his inaugural sermon, which was a simple and earnest presentation of the Gospel message. The attentiveness of the little company, and the heartiness of the singing betokened an encouraging amount of interest, and Campbell began to entertain high hopes of a fruitful pastorate. The "offertory" portion of the service confirmed these hopes. It is in the collection that the West