

"We might as well drive down the road a little," said one.

"Say, that's our corner post, isn't it?" said another. "Yes, and Abe McIntyre's line runs that way, doesn't it?"

"That is a poor bit of land; can't grow nothin' on it," Sam chirped in; "but those guys who bought it for town lots think it's the best land in the province."

"Sandy, we had better be turning back," interjected the lady. "What time is it now?"

"Oh, we have a quarter of an hour yet; it won't do for us to be there before everybody else; it won't look nice."

The school came in sight again. A small shack built of rough lumber, and looking as if it might tumble down any moment. Overhead a Union Jack gently lapped in the breeze as proudly as if it were over the parliament buildings. On the door was a weather-worn notice signed by the trustees—"Campers keep out."

After all the precautions they were the first of the congregation to arrive, and they could not open the door so they had to wait a while. Suddenly a little boy appeared, breathless from running, and, without a word, disappeared through the opening in the window, and immediately opened the door from the inside.

Following a little application of the broom, the school house was ready for the service, and within a short time the place was full of reverent worshippers.

The old familiar psalms and hymns were sung with great fervor, accompanied by the music of the missionary's accordion. The Old Book was opened and a portion read from the Gospel. The missionary's text was the words of Christ: "And I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me"; and the appeal made that Sunday morning brought home to the gathering that, notwithstanding distance, time and place, the same power remained in the word of Jesus Christ as many of them had known of old.

Teach me to live! 'tis easier far to die,
Gently and silently to pass away;
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the glorious realm of day.
Teach me that harder lesson—how to live—
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me to conflict now, fresh vigor give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

There is no exorcist of fear like love. Longing for the good of another will carry one through fire and water.—R. W. Barbour.