

but they agreed with her that there had been no reason for fear.

She started for home early next morning; a half-mile on her way she passed a smoldering fire, and guessed that this was the camp where her strange companion had spent the night.

She had been riding nearly half an hour when she caught sight of him, riding slowly and looking back along the road. When he saw her, he stopped and waited for her. Then as she came up with him, his horse resumed its canter; and so they rode on just as they had done the day before.

It was drawing on toward noon, and no word had been spoken between them, when Miss Anne came in sight of her cosy little cabin. It looked so cheery to her—for she was tired from her long, hard journey—that for a few moments she forgot herself and her surroundings in her meditations on 'home, sweet home.' Then, too late, she looked for her companion, but he was gone. She did not see him again, nor could she get any clue as to his identity.

Three years afterward Miss Anne was at a Choctaw camp-meeting—'Big meeting' they call it—and in obert William (or Billy, as he was commonly called), a young candidate for the ministry, she recognized her mysterious traveling companion, and he told her, in very good English, too, why he took that long ride with her. She tells the story thus: 'For five or six years Robert has been a student at the Mission School for boys, and is a well-educated and noble young man.

He tells me he had been called up to court that April as a witness in a murder case, the shooting having happened while he was home on his Christmas vacation. He was hanging around court waiting to be called to the stand, when he heard me say that I wanted to put that whisky-seller in jail. My imprudent remarks reached the ears of the whisky-seller, and Robert heard him and some of his friends plan to shoot me while I was on my way home, to prevent my testifying.

'I had already left court when he heard this, and he knew of no way to warn me except to ride after me as soon as he could; but before he overtook me he happened to think that I might be scared if he told me why he came. So he rode with me all the way, till he saw me safe home; and he refused to talk for fear I might learn his secret from him.

'The men who were sent after me came up behind us just as I reached Mary's, but rode on, camped a few miles beyond, and waited for me there. But when I rode past next morning, and they saw I was not alone, they were afraid to shoot. A United States officer arrested the whisky-seller there at court for some of his many crimes, and he never troubled our settlement again.

'Robert said that after he left he rode hard; got back to court that same night, and had not been missed at all.

'He was very much embarrassed when I thanked him, and when I said, 'Why, Robert, what made you do so much for me?' he smiled in that reassuring way, 'You more good than whisky man for us Choctaws. I think I take care of you.'

'I do not doubt that he saved my life by his presence with me on that ride, and that mysterious silence of his saved me from a good deal of anxiety. I have been wondering if any thought of his own danger crossed Robert's mind. I asked him, and he fell into that sullen silence that I knew would be hard to break. In a minute he laughed and walked away.'

Surely, Miss Anne's travelling companion ought to make us think better of the capabilities of Indian character.

Finding the Book.

Mary E. Bamford writes this story for 'In His Steps':—

'I went to hear Mr. Walback, Sunday morning,' said Mrs. Gordon, as her visitor, Edna, reached the parlor door, on the way out into the hall.

'Did you?' returned Edna, giving a backward glance at a great, red, plush parlor-chair that added its cheerfulness to the bright carpet, the bronzes, and the lace curtains of the room. 'How did you like him?'

'He preached a real good sermon,' answered Mrs. Gordon. 'I liked him and his sermon, too. It was about "finding the book." He had that text, you know—something about the time they found the book in the temple, didn't they?'

'Yes,' answered Edna, 'you remember—the time they found the book of the law in the temple. King Josiah had the book read, afterwards.'

'Yes, that's it,' went on Mrs. Gordon, 'and Mr. Walback preached real well. He wanted to know if they had "found the Book"—if the congregation had, you know. He said: "Some of you might say, "Why, yes, I have a bible, one my mother gave me. It's in my trunk." Or you might answer: "Yes, I have one in the bay window at home." But Mr. Walback said, "If that's all you can say, you haven't "found the Book."'"

Mrs. Gordon's dark eyes were alive with her report of the sermon.

'And he said: "If you put off reading the bible, every day, until you are so sleepy and tired every night that you don't know what you are reading, you haven't "found the Book." I've done that, haven't you, Edna? I've read a verse over and over, and my head would be so tired and sleepy that, by the time I'd read another verse, I'd forget what the first one was about. Haven't you?'

'Yes, sometimes,' answered Edna. 'I suppose a good many church members ought to read the bible more.'

She said 'Goodbye' to Mrs. Gordon and to her pretty, year-and-a-half-old girl whose curly head smiled from the parlor. Then Edna ran down the steps and out on the sidewalk. As she went toward home, the girl's face grew sober.

'Have you "found the Book?"' her conscience asked her.

Edna frowned a little.

'Well,' said the girl to herself, 'at least I know enough about the bible so I wouldn't make such a mistake as Richard Hunter made the other Sunday in the bible class. The lesson was about the wise men who came from the East to Jerusalem, and about Herod's being troubled. Our teacher asked, "which Herod was this?" And Richard Hunter answered, "Well, it was not the Herod mentioned in the Old Testament." Just as if any Herod were mentioned there! And Richard Hunter intends to be a minister. He has even preached a little bit, I believe. I should think he would better read the bible enough so he won't make such mistakes as that, in the pulpit! The teacher of our bible class knew better, I'm sure, but I suppose he didn't want to hurt Richard's feelings—he's grown up to be quite a man, now—and so the teacher never corrected that answer at all, and I suppose Richard, to this day, thinks that there is a Herod mentioned in the Old Testament! If it were a book that Richard didn't have, and couldn't afford to buy, that he made such a mistake about, it would be different, but one does expect a young man who is going to be a minister to know more about the bible than that!'

'And you,' persisted her conscience, as the animation produced by her recollection of Richard's mistake passed away, 'have you "found the Book?"'

Edna's eyes followed the lines of the cement sidewalk.

'A while ago'—she continued her soliloquy—'our bible class was without a teacher; so Mr. Butler taught it that Sunday, and as he was talking along, he spoke about the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea. And he was expatiating upon the subject in his usual voluble style, and he said he presumed that it was muddy walking after the waters were divided! I looked at Mrs. Clark. She was sitting right next me in the class. She must have known about the mistake, I know, but she's so discreet a person she wouldn't show any astonishment in her face. I just turned back in my bible to see if I wasn't right in my thinking, and I found the place—"And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon dry ground." "But the children of Israel walked upon dry land in the midst of the sea; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left." I just longed to read that out loud, but Mr. Butler was going on talking, talking, and I knew he'd out-talk most anybody, and I couldn't have said anything without interrupting him, so I kept still. But a man ought to know his bible better than that, if he is going to undertake to teach a bible class, even for one Sunday. The idea of the children of Israel walking in the mud!'

Edna smiled.

'You know better than that, because you had read that passage, often, when you were a child,' rejoined the inward voice. 'How much would you know if you depended on the hasty way in which you read the bible now? Have you "found the Book?"'

Had she? A swift vision came before Edna of the hurried way in which she always read the bible now. She did not wholly omit reading, usually. A few times the days had been so filled with other things that she had forgotten her bible altogether. But she had felt guilty, and had not meant to do that again. Yet this other matter of reading hurriedly, almost impatiently at times, had not seemed to impress her as so very hurtful.

There was always something else she wanted to be doing. She would read a few verses with her mind half on other things—the way she meant to make or, trim a dress, the reading of a story presently, the writing of a letter. She had time enough to read her bible quietly, only she had formed a habit of having a hurried feeling while she was reading that book. It is a lesson in one's own fallibility to notice how quickly one can form such a habit. Edna hardly realized it. And yet, coming face to face with the question, she hardly dared to say that she had 'found the Book.'

'I should think,' murmured Edna, a little annoyed at the persistence with which the question followed her, 'that I had gone to hear Mr. Walback's sermon myself, instead of having had it reported to me! I declare next Sunday afternoon, I'll sit down and read two chapters in the bible! May be I'll read three. I really must not neglect it so.'

And with a feeling of relief in her new resolution, Edna dismissed the subject from her mind. The next Sunday, however, was several days away; and when Sunday afternoon came a friend called, and Edna did not read her chapters. She did not even remember them.

And so, imperceptibly to herself, the soul-