

blade. Yet he was terror stricken at the idea of being attacked by several ferocious bloodhounds, so he could only trust in God, which he did. At that horrible moment his supplications were not in vain, for God was with him as he was with Daniel in the lion's den in Babylon. The High and Holy One delivered this black man from his awful enemies. While resting from his tiresome journey, the hounds came up with him, and instead of taking hold of him, simply looked at him and walked around. He sat on a log and snapped his fingers and all the hounds came to him, looked at him and laid down at his feet. They did him no harm and were soon sound asleep. This may seem strange to my readers, but we must remember that our God will never change, for He is the same now as in the days of Daniel and the other Hebrew children we read of in Holy Writ. Bloodhounds were trained to obey the sound of the horn. When at a great distance, the owner would blow his horn and the hounds would habitually return to their master at once. This black man heard the horn several times while the hounds lay at his feet snoring. The hounds did not move and the black man, after getting a rest, proceeded on his journey towards Canada, the land of freedom; the dogs never attempted to follow him. The north star was the only guide of this man, and the best of all is the very man that acted this part is now a resident of Vancouver. The circumstances were related to me by himself, therefore I do not hesitate to