

mother in Scotland, begging him to look out for their lost son, who had been a wanderer for years, during which no word had reached them to say whether he was dead or alive. They thought perhaps he might have come over to America, and asked that Mr. Moody would read the letter publicly at every place where he held meetings, so that their lost Willie might know that nothing but love awaited him if he would come home. This letter was read at the Tabernacle and at Farwell Hall, and Mr. Sawyer was directed to watch for him in the inebriates' meeting, for that was the class among which he was only too certain to be found, if ever found at all.

Last Friday a poor fellow, homeless and helpless, presented himself among the inquirers at the reformed men's meeting, at the inquiry-room in the Tabernacle, whose Scotch accent led Mr. Sawyer to ask his name. He replied, Willie —.

"Oh, you are the very man we have been looking for," said Brother Sawyer.

"Looking for me, how is that?"

"There's a letter for you from your father and mother."

At this announcement the poor young man almost fainted with surprise and joy. He thought he was a castaway, and had no thought that any of his friends would own him again. He had sinned against them so much, and fallen so low; but the love of his father and mother, like the love of the Saviour, had outlived all his abuse of it, and the wanderer was not only found for his parents in Scotland, but also for his father and his Saviour in heaven.

"He is here to-day," said Mr. Moody, "and I wish he would speak a few words."

With such a sad history for an introduction, no wonder the great audience listened with open ears and gentle hearts, while the lost-one-found, a slight, florid, Scotch laddie, of perhaps thirty years of age, gave the following account of himself:—

"Twenty years ago I was a happy boy, starting out from my home in Scotland to a school in a distant city. My father thought to make me a doctor, but my mother hoped I would be a minister. At school I fell in with evil companions, and, as the result, my life has been one long day of debauchery, the memory of which has lashed me with a whip of scorpions. When I was twenty years old I went away to Australia, and rushed through that country as a gold-seeker. Then, growing home-sick, I came back to Europe and landed in Amsterdam. My father came to meet me and after a while secured me a responsible position in a dry-