

soul, the more the Saviour yearns to reclaim it. You remember the parable of the ninety-and-nine?"

"Who can forget it?" said the reverend doctor, tears springing into his eyes.

"No one, my dear brother, no one," replied the priest. "Well, my lost sheep have all come back. The invisible Church has helped the visible, and——"

"Is my church then invisible?" asked Dr. Guide, with a quick relapse into his old-time manner.

"My dear brother," exclaimed the priest, "which is the greater? Which exists only for the other?"

"I beg your pardon," said Dr. Guide, his face thawing in an instant.

"Again, I thank you, from the depths of my heart," said the old priest, "and——"

"Father Black," interrupted the pastor, "the more you thank me, the more uncomfortable I feel. Whatever credit is awarded, except to heaven, for the great and unexpected experiences which have been made manifest at my church, belongs entirely to a man who, being the lowest of the low, has set forth an example of perfect obedience."

"That poor cobbler? You are right, I verily believe, and I shall go at once to pour out my heart to him."

"Let me go with you, father—brother Black. I"—here Dr. Guide's face broke into a confidential smile—"I want to go to confession myself, for the first time in my life, if you allow the cobbler to be my priest. I want a reputable witness, too."

Then the two clergymen, arm-in-arm, proceeded to Sam Kimper's shop, to the great astonishment of all villagers who saw them.

That night, at the closing meeting of the revival services, Dr. Guide delivered a short but pointed talk from the text: "Verily, I say unto you, the publicans and harlots go into the kingdom before you."

"My friends," said he, "these words were spoken by Jesus one day when the chief priests and elders, who were the types of our clergymen and formal religious people of our day, questioned Him about His works and His authority. They had a mass of tradition and doctrine, by which they were justified in their own eyes, and the presence, the works, the teachings, and the daily life of Jesus was a thorn in their flesh. It annoyed them so that they crucified Him in order to be rid of His purer influence. We who know more of Him than they, have been continually crucifying our Lord afresh by paying too much attention to the letter and ignoring the spirit. 'These things should ye have done, and not left the others undone.' I say these words, not by way of blame, but of warning. Heaven forbid that I ever shall need to repeat them."

As the congregation looked about at one another to see whom the cap might fit, everybody chanced to see Deacon Quickset arise.

"My friends," said the deacon, "I'm one of the very kind of