

juvenile matters and incidentally to gather some beech nuts. We entered the woods, or rather forest, for it was large, and enjoyed ourselves to the fullest extent in all the particulars for which we had set forth. So deeply interested were we in our chat and rambles that we became oblivious to time or space. The twilight in November is brief. We were at length startled by the sense of darkness and at once endeavored to retrace our steps. After wandering on and on, we at last admitted in dreadful whispers that we were lost. We were becoming momentarily more cold and hungry, and putting our arms around each other we cried bitterly. Then we had another impulse to action. "Shout! Someone may hear us." This we did but our voices so frightened us under these dismal circumstances that we trembled from fear. We were hopelessly lost, never to see home and loved ones again. Having seated ourselves upon a log, we remained very silent for a long time, suffering intensely from a sense of cold, hunger and exhaustion. At last my comrade said he was sleepy and would lie down in the leaves but would try not to go asleep. He failed to defy the hand of death that was upon him for in a very short time he was in an unconscious condition. To add to my horrors, those dreadful noises of the midnight forest began to be heard. My imagination gave these unearthly voices visible bodies for I saw ravenous monsters gliding in the darkness in all directions. O God! That was a dreadful night. It nearly drove me mad. At our respective homes we had been missed at tea-time. Inquiries revealed the fact that we had been seen going towards the great woods after school. The alarm was promptly given. "Two boys were lost, perhaps already dead, as the result of some mischance." Fathers and friends gathered together and with torches and lanterns began the search. It was about one in the morning when the boy on the log had his attentions diverted from phantoms and sprites to realities. He saw a peculiar glare in

the far distance. "Was the sun rising?" The light wavered and glimmered and gleamed. Individual lights appeared. They seemed to be marching. The forms of men became discernable. "Here we are, this way," and then as far as that boy was concerned all lights went out, all noises ceased and two boys lay in the leaves as unconscious as in death. Our fathers and friends heard the call and at last found us. Oh the joy of my home that night! The loving caresses, the words of pity and welcome, the bright room, the warm fire and latter the very acceptable meal are experiences that I shall never forget. I never knew what Heaven meant until then. I never knew the love and devotion of my parents until that night. This ecstasy of joy is too deep for language to express.

Now here is a real experience. What is its significance? It was a great turning point in my life. A great part of my knowledge of God, salvation and heaven grew definitely out of that experience. The song of the ninety and nine and the parable of the lost sheep had a new meaning for me now. I saw that God could be my loving Father also and that He was willing to bring me back to the joy and glory of His presence. He was seeking for me by His various providences and was willing to assist me if I was only willing to return. Moreover, that experience removed an obstacle which otherwise would have left me an atheist. I was always inclined to be rebellious when I was whipped by my parents or when I saw calamity fall upon myself or others for any cause or even for apparently no cause. I could not understand how a loving parent could under any circumstances whatever appear to be unkind, nor why God, if all-loving, could permit any mortal to wander into sin and to suffer as an inevitable result. I wandered to the woods and was lost from my own free will but it afforded an opportunity for revealing the full joy and love of my home. God permits his creatures to wander and suffer, but the joy of the redeemed is