

"Why, you know well enough. You related to-night before the whole congregation what occurred to me a few days ago about the quail."

"To you, good man, did that happen? Do you think that any one told me about you?"

"Yes, indeed. Don't keep it back. I will know who told you."

I stood amazed and astonished. Without saying another word to the man, I fetched Schubert's work, opened it at the page, and gave it to the man to read. At first he did not know what to make of the book,—he was boiling over with rage; but when he saw the page and read the story, his fury changed into the deepest emotion. He could scarcely hold the book, and told me, in a voice choked with tears, that the very same thing had happened to him when, with like intent, he was crossing the field in the evening, and had heard the quail's cry.

Now I had an opportunity to work upon his heart, and the Lord blessed it. He who makes winds and flames of fire His servants, who aroused St. Peter through the crowing of a cock, here in two cases had used as His instrument the cry of a quail. Thus the Lord, whose name is Wonderful, helped me. That man did not leave my room until we had bent our knees before Him. This was the first case of conversion in my parish, and the Lord gave a Pentecostal air and the fire of His Spirit in further blessings.

THE LOST AND FOUND CHAPTER.



READ the 'lost and found chapter' to me, if you please," was the request made by an invalid with whom I loved to read and pray and offer my few weak words of consolation.

"What do you mean by the 'lost and found chapter?'" said I.

"Oh, I mean the chapter about the lost sheep, the lost piece of silver, and the lost

son—the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel. See if I am not right in calling it the 'lost and found' chapter."

So with fresh interest I opened the holy volume, turned to the chapter, and began to read the wonderful parables of Him against whom the Scribes and Pharisees had been murmuring because, as they said, "This Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."

I felt, as I read, that I was among the friends and neighbours who rejoiced with the man who had found the sheep which was lost, and then with the woman who had been seeking diligently for the missing piece of silver; and my tears fell fast upon the sacred page as I mourned for the lost son, and went with the father who saw him a great way off, and rejoiced with him to meet the returning prodigal.

"Thank you," said I, closing the blessed book. "I never before read those wonderful stories with half the interest. I shall always remember where to look for the 'lost and found' chapter."

"Well," said my suffering friend, "I am sure I am very glad; for to me it is a most blessed and encouraging chapter. No doubt you have often noticed in the newspapers whole columns headed, 'Lost and Found.' Some one has lost a valuable watch, or article of jewellery, or a pocket-book containing money and papers; some a pet dog or bird; and sometimes even a lost child or missing friend is advertised; and their return is watched and waited for, often hopelessly, for a long time. And then again, among the notices, 'Found,' we feel glad with the owners. This chapter is just like it. 'Lost and found' follow each other all the way through; and how thankful ought we to feel that 'there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.'"

"Yes, James, you have given me some new ideas," I answered. "Each and all of us were among the lost sheep; and Jesus Christ Himself has left His home of glory and blessedness to come to earth to seek and save us all. His offers are to all; and yet how many will not come to Him that they may be saved. It is marvellous to think that so many will persist, like the lost son, in taking all the good and perfect gifts which the heavenly Father sends to them, and waste these blessings in sinful and selfish indulgence, until at last body and soul are among the lost—lost for ever and ever. All have erred and strayed like lost sheep; and we must pray that all may be brought back into the way of holiness, and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd."

MY BIBLE TELLS ME SO.

WHEN, faint and weary with the strife,
Temptations to o'ercome,
I long to leave this toilsome life,
And lay me down at home;
Then sweetly comes this thought to me,
What'er betide, I know
That as my day my strength shall be:
The Bible tells me so.

When sin brings clouds of doubt and fears,
To spread before my eyes,
And faith grows weak, and scarce can pierce
Those clouds to reach the skies,
My heart cries out in trembling tones,
Oh, whither shall I go?
"Come unto Me, ye weary ones!"
My Saviour tells me so.

Yes, I will come, I'll trust Thee, Lord,
The needed strength to give;
Oh, let me never doubt Thy Word—
I'll trust Thee while I live,
And when I lay me down to die,
I need not fear to go;
I have a home beyond the sky:
My Bible tells me so.