

hills. He had gone far, paying too little attention to his path, when suddenly a dense fog settled down upon him dark and cold, almost obscuring the stones at his feet. His efforts were first directed to an attempt to recall the steps he had made and the turns of the valley he had followed. Vainly for an hour he searched for a little brook he had crossed. Then wildly he struck across country in the hope that he would happen on some road. As the dim daylight began to fall, he was seized with the full horror of his position; and, on the top of a low knoll, his nerve failed him and he crouched down in despair. As he waited for he did not know what, there came through the fog the sound of a voice, carrying with that peculiar intensity due to the dense atmosphere: "Do-you-think-he-could-have-come-across-this-way?" Thrilling every nerve of the poor wanderer and starting the blood to every limb, the realization burst upon him that—someone was searching for him!

In this world we all are wandering about, trying only our own recollections and insight for our guidance, doubling back upon our tracks and passing again and again over the same ground, straining to pierce the mist about us with our own vision, all unaware that along the hills and in the valleys the angels of God are searching for us. And perhaps it is the man whose nerve is gone who through the night hears the voice that is calling him, and rises suddenly all a-tingle with the glorious suspicion that close to him is the Father seeking the lost.

Many a beaten soul has seemingly lost the fight when some kindly providence bearing the message of hope has come, and the lost one has answered the call and been led out into the road of joy and service. Perhaps it has been the friendly hand of a man or woman that has borne the message, perhaps it has been only a spoken word or a printed book—yes, and perhaps but a memory out of the nobler past; but it has been enough. There are others who have put forth their best with hope always in the eyes, who have achieved much for themselves and the world, who yet have felt that they have missed the thing they sought; and to such has sometimes come the thought that there must be means to achieve an end so obviously desirable; and this noble hypothesis has been the call to them that the Searcher is seeking too for such as they. And then those noble souls—of whom the world is so far from worthy—who, though weighted down by troubles and thwarted at every turn, have refused imperiously to tolerate the thought that they have been left alone; and these, like Childe Roland, have, dauntless, set the slug-horn to the lips and sounded a call to the God who *must* be there.

See how we are sought for in the loves of the home, the faith of friends, and in those silent hours when somehow or other we rise to our best selves! Is there no call to answer in the hymns of the Psalmists,