

in heart an' far set up wi' pride, an' I taught my boy tae luv the things o' the world—an' ye see—an' I did na teach him tae seek the Lord his God. I did na ask, "Is the young man safe?" till it was too late. An' I wad give—what wad I no give? O my son Judah! my son, my son Judah! Would God I had died for thee! O Judah, my son, my son!"

Down in the pew in Kirkhill Elspeth's both hands were round her man's hand and the strong man's head was bowed, for the hand of the Lord was heavy upon him.

Up in the pulpit Drumshalloch turned back still over the years. "Aye, an' whiles I see Simon turnin' maist loving eyes tae the back o' the kirk where the young men wad be, an' say tae them, 'O lads! If ye will na come tae the Lord Jesus for yir ain sakes, will ye no' come for the sake o' them that love ye?' Then he wad tell them of the boy Judah an' how he learned 'The Lord's yir Shepherd' at his mither's knee, an' hoo the mither's heart broke that day the news came o' Judah's sin an' death. 'O lads,' he wad say, 'there's nae sorrow but has comfort save this sorrow. If ye've wronged ae body will ye no pay the money back? I'm aye glad my boy did that, an' sometimes I think—But, lads, if it's no' for yir Lord's sake nor for the sake o' yir ain selves, will ye no come tae the Lord Jesus for yir faither's an' yir mither's sake?'"

Then Drumshalloch came to his "application": "Ye that are parents here this day, if ye wad na hae the sorrow o' Simon, ye maun seek the Lord wi' all yir heart an' in strong prayer cry unto God till yir children are saved. There are many things ye wad like tae give tae yir children o' the things o' the world, but I warn ye, I warn ye seek this first, seek it first. There's nae sorrow like the sorrow that has no end. I will give you the Lord's ain promise, 'If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall

ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you."

Then to the young men in the back and the gallery Drumshalloch turned. He put before them how loving and patient Jesus had been "wi' Judas an' wi' them, an' hoo lang they had keepit Him waitin'. He died for you an' you have despised an' rejectit Him, yet He was bruised for your iniquities. You have gone astray, you have turned every one to his own way and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. His heart is sore waitin' for you while you bide in the far country o' sin. An' ye ken this day the joy it wad be tae Him an' tae the angels o' His presence, aye, an' ye can hear in yir ain heart the cry o' yir faither an' yir mither's prayers. Ye'll no break their hearts!"

"Wi' you lost for ever, what wad life be tae them? O laddies! will ye no say this day, 'I will arise and go unto my Faither'? Will ye?"

And at that Black Georgie McCrae rose up in his place in the pew and said, "I will," and so did Big Murdoch McLeod and two boys from the Back Road, and three of the lads whose homes were in the Old Land. And the hearts of the people overflowed.

When they got home that day Donald said, "Elspeth, I'm no fit, but can na ye claim that promise for oor Georgie?" And Elspeth answered, "Ye're as fit as me, my man. The Lord He kens oor hearts are wholly set tae abide in Him. Let us claim it baith together." When they rose up from that prayer both faces shone through tears, and Elspeth said, "I'm thinking He's heard us."

And He had. They do not know yet, but that very hour in the far land Georgie's heart was changed, and he's gone to make things right, and then he's coming. They do not know yet—but oh!—when he comes!—The Congregationalist and Christian World.

The drooping seaweed hears, in night abyssed,
Far and more far the waves' receding shocks,
Nor doubts for all the darkness and the mist,
That the pale shepherdess will keep her tryst,
And shoreward lead again her foam-fleeced flocks.

For the same wave that rims the Carib shore
With momentary brede of pearl and gold,
Goes hurrying thence to gladden with its roar
Low weeds bound fast on rocks of Labrador,
By Love divine on one sweet errand rolled.

—J. R. Lowell.