

saint, and added, "Let us go to-morrow to the village, and I will see what he can do for me."

"Very well," replied the husband; "you know that I have not much faith in the power of the saints, but if you wish to try, I'll order the horses to be ready by sunrise to-morrow for the trip."

In the early morning of the following day, quite a party started out for the town of C., some twenty miles distant. It was a slow, tedious journey, for the sun grew hot, and the lady could not ride rapidly; but at last they reached the town, and climbed the hill on which stood the church. Weary and exhausted, the lady entered the church and sank on her knees before the altar over which stood the image. Behind her knelt her servants, who, when they glanced up to the image, began to laugh. "Hush," cries the lady; "you will anger the saint and he will not listen to my prayer."

Still the laughing continued, and one of the maids whispered, "Don't you see that it is our Andre—Andre the old scarecrow?"

Shocked at such an idea, the lady called her husband and told him what they said. Drawing near to the image and examining it more closely, the gentleman exclaimed, "There's no doubt about it; every slave on the plantation would recognize Andre! Well, well! who would have imagined that a scarecrow could ever turn into a saint?"

By this time the lady had lost all hope of being cured by such means, so they left the church, and the gentleman went to the house of the priest to inquire what he had to say of the history of the so-called saint. Here he learned that some parties had found the figure on the banks of the stream, and believing it to have come there miraculously, they took it for a saint and carried it to the priest, who ordered it to be suitably dressed and set up in the church. All the good fortune that came to the people of the place after that time was attributed to the favor of the new saint, and he soon gained the reputation of a miracle-worker.

The gentleman then told the priest there was no doubt about its being the scarecrow from his field, which during the high water of the rainy season must have floated down the stream.

"Yes, it must be the same," acknowledged the priest; "but don't tell anybody, I beg of you. He makes a very good saint, indeed; he brings us in plenty of money, and it would never do to let the people know that he had once been a scarecrow."

As the planter did not wish to promise that he would keep the secret of how a scarecrow came to be canonized, he soon bade the priest good afternoon, and then joined his wife.

The next day the party returned to their home feeling that, hereafter, they would not place their confidence in priests or saints, but would look, in their time of need, to the Lord, who is the Maker of us all. — *Children's Work for Children.*

### THE LOST LAMB.

Dr. Talmage of Brooklyn relates the following:—"How few Christian people there are who understand how to fasten the truths of God and religion to the souls of men. Truman Osborne, one of the evangelists who went through the country some years ago, had a wonderful art in the right direction. He came to my father's house one day, and, while we were all seated in the room, he asked, 'Mr. Talmage, are all your children Christians?' Father said, 'Yes, all but De Witt.' Then Truman Osborne looked into the fire-place, and began to tell a story of a storm that came down on the mountains, and all the sheep were in the fold; but there was one lamb outside that perished in the storm. Had he looked me in the face I should have been angered when he told that story, but he looked into the fire-place; and it was so pathetically done that I never found peace until I was sure I was inside the fold where the other sheep are."

Be not far from me, for trouble is near; for there is none to help.—Ps. xxii. 11.