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come into the Room has been arrested and sent to prison for five years. He has shot a gamekeeper.

It was a long, thrilling story, fresh from the annals of the County Court. It was not lacking in tragedy, either, for the man appeared to have been desperate. "Oh! how helpless I have been! How I have wasted my opportunity!" I exclaimed in dire distress. "I tried to do him good, and to persuade him to another course, but I have had no influence at all. It is too distressing." It certainly was a great blow to hear this news. But now the incident was closed, for I could do no more.

A few days later a message came: "Will you call on a gamekeeper who is very ill? He was wounded by poachers in the discharge of his duty."

It meant an expedition of some miles. But that afternoon the keeper's lodge was visited, an ivy-covered cottage by the roadside, beside a gate which opened on a park and extensive woods. There on a bed, in a little room, lay the keeper, his wife in sore distress leaning over him. The man who had been the poacher's victim was deadly pale, the result of severe hemorrhage from the lungs. His large, dark eyes were fixed upon me.

"Leave us alone," he said to his wife in a whisper, and then he turned to me.

"Will you pray?" he said.

And then I remembered him. He had been present at one of our Saturday prayer meetings, when the texts given for the evening were two bracketed together: "I am the Light of the world" (St. John viii. 12).

"Let your light so shine before men" (Matt. v. 16).

"Yes," I said, as I sat by the sick-bed. "I will pray with you. But what am I to pray for?"

"Pray for the man who shot me," he gasped out, for he could only speak with difficulty. And then he tried to explain the scene that had taken place in the wood at midnight.

"I knew he was my enemy. . . . I often prayed for him. . . . Now he is a burden on my mind . . . in prison . . . a cell . . . only think of it! . . . I cannot bear it . . . makes me so ill . . . worse than all my sufferings. Will you pray for him?"

I did so and he joined in with a sort of intense fervour that seemed to rack his poor frame and brought a burning spot of colour to his pale cheeks.

A few comforting words of assurance from God's promises, and the glorious certainty of trust with definite declarations of answer to prayer, seemed to comfort him, such as:—

"Only believe! All things are possible to him that believeth."

"I love that poor fellow with all heart," he continued. "You see, I have prayed for him often before. That is why I seem to feel it so dreadfully."

Time went on and the keeper began to recover.

"I feel that my prayer is answered," he said sometimes. "But I wish I could see him. Oh! I wish I could!"

My home was now changed and I left the place. Two or three years later I was paying a short visit to it again, when I thought I would visit

the men's prayer meeting on the Saturday night.

An astonishing event took place, for who should walk in with a Bible and hymn book under his arm, followed by his wife, but the poacher of old days! Benjamin we will call him, as we must not give his surname. He took part in the meeting, as they all did in their quiet, homely way.

"I thank Thee, O God, that Thou didst let the light shine in," was a sentence in his prayer.

Afterwards I told him of my delighted surprise at seeing him there. "Yes, I have been in prison," was his reply, "and have just come out on ticket-of-leave."

"How did this change in your mind come about?"

"Through this. Look here. Don't you remember, under the lamp in the street Did you ever see that writing?" He took a brown notebook out of his pocket and from it drew a piece of paper.

"There!" he continued in a triumphant tone. "Read that! It has all been granted!"

I read what I had entirely forgotten, this simple prayer:—

"O Lord, let Thy light shine into my heart. I am very dark, but Jesus can save me. Let me have the light. Amen."

"One night," he went on to explain, with emphatic gestures, as we stood there, "I was in such misery—my soul so miserable! You know I tried to murder a man, a keeper over there in the Markham Woods. Well, I knelt down and said, 'O God, I want an answer. I must have an answer. Here in this cell, O God! let the light shine into my heart.' I prayed that little prayer. And there, yes, there at that very time the light came. Yes! it did. It shined right into my heart, and I became quite different. I was a new man. I wanted to do my tasks now. I wanted to do them well. I did, indeed. I used to hate them before. And I wanted to learn to read, too. I was a very bad scholar. So I set to work—and mind you—the light was shining in my heart all the time—and upon my word, I did get on well; I learnt so fast. And I got good marks, too! So here I am."

His hearty smile as he wrung my hand, thanking me for that "bit of paper," of course, I can never forget. But the sequel had yet to come. A week later he called on me, twirling his cap in his hand rather awkwardly, as though some difficult question was about to be discussed.

"I have had an invitation to Burwood," he began. "My uncle lives there. He is a farmer. (This was the village on the property where the keeper was employed.) He wants to give me a supper and ask all our relations and friends. Then after supper he wants me to tell my experiences. Shall I go or not? Will you advise me? Had I better keep away? What do you think?"

My advice was that he should accept the invitation and give his testimony very simply, how God had answered his prayer and shown him the True Light; that his soul was saved, and now he wanted others to be saved, too.

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He said he would think about it. He described very well, later on, what had happened and made quite a picture as he stood there, so animated with a look of real joy on his face. "I was just going to stand up," he said, "when I saw, standing at the door just outside"—for the door was open, and the moonlight was shining in—"Mr. Jones, the keeper! 'I cannot speak,' I said; 'I cannot go on, for I see someone at the door.' Then I stopped and asked right out: 'Mr. Jones, can you forgive me?' I could say no more. But Mr. Jones, he came striding through the room, a head and shoulders over everyone else, and he said, 'Yes!' This was what he said: 'Forgive you, my brother? Why, this is the most wonderful night of my life. God has, indeed, answered my prayer. I have always loved you, my brother, and so often prayed for you.' Then I just stumbled on and told my broken story," Benjamin continued, "as best I could. I think it went down pretty well. For they gave us both a good cheering."

From this time these two stalwart men, both over six feet in height, one dark and the other fair, used to be seen in the evening constantly together. They were always called "the brothers," for their friendship was a David and Jonathan one.

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