

especially about preachers," said Mrs. Montague apologetically. "But he likes to see them just the same. And he ought to like you."

"How's that?" demanded Mr. Montague.

"Why, father, don't you know? This is the gentleman that saved Roland's life."

"You don't say!" said the old man opening his eyes.

"It was hardly that, Mrs. Montague," said Mr. Hewitt deprecatingly.

"Oh, yes, it was," said Mrs. Montague, "and you did more good perhaps than you know. Roland is so changed."

"So he is, so he is," interjected Mr. Montague. "He was a lad before he went into the camp. Came home in them days regular drunk!"

"Oh, don't talk about it," said Mrs. Montague, throwing her apron over her face.

"Well, it's true," persisted the old man. "He was a terror and he could fight like an old she-bear. Had to bail him out regular."

"Thank God," said the mother, "that's all over now and, under God, Roland says it was you. Here comes Roland now and we'll ask him!"

Roland came into the room, laid his hat on the rack and, as he swung off his coat, said:

"Sorry that I've been away so long. One of my old cronies, Jim Edwards, got into a quarrel down town with another drunken fellow. One had a knife and the other an empty bottle. Jim broke the other fellow's nose with the bottle, but the other fellow has slashed Jim very badly with the knife. Poor Jim has been very mad at me lately because I would not go and drink with him as I used to do. When I told him that he ought to change as I did, he cursed me up and down the town. But they say, that, as soon as the fight was over and he began to realize his great danger, he called for me. After the doctors are through with him, I'll take you down to see him, Mr. Hewitt. You helped one poor sinner out of the ditch and you can help another."

"Pass the good work on, Roland," said Mr. Hewitt.

"God help me, I will," replied Roland. "But, do you know that I might have been the fellow who fought Jim if I hadn't met you. How kind you were to me. May God reward you, I never can."

"What did he do?" asked the father, "You've never told me."

"I've started to a dozen times, but you always said it was like a Bible story or a

sermon, and you wouldn't listen," replied Roland laughingly.

"Well, go ahead now," said his father.

"You will tire Mr. Hewitt," protested the mother.

"His mind needs refreshing on this story," replied Roland, "and he can bear it. I was scaling logs for Goldsmith when a tree fell on a team of horses and they ran away. I was ahead of them in the bush road and tried to stop them, but failing, I stepped in the snow at the road side. As the horses went flying by, the sled slew against me, and a cant-hook, which had caught in the fore part of the sled, caught me, ripped an awful gash, and my clothes holding, it dragged me. I was banged senseless in no time. Mr. Hewitt here was riding in to visit the camp. He saw the runaway horses and the man dragging at the side of the broken sledge. Turning his horse broadside in the narrow road, he forced the horses into the snow and stopped them."

"Bully for him!" exclaimed the old man.

"But that was just the beginning. He soon tied the horses to a tree and had me off the hook. Other fellows came rushing up and he had me restored to consciousness and carried back to camp. They took my clothes off and saw what a tear the cant-hook had made. Some of the fellows were horrified when they saw me, but Mr. Hewitt washed me, put the sides of the wound together, and with some silk thread and a needle, which the cook happened to have, he put in ten stitches. He did his work so well that the doctors in the hospital didn't have to do it over again. He took his own white shirt off and tore it into bandages. It was some time before they could get a sled to bring me down, but he stayed with me, waited on me and talked to me so kindly. I swore at my luck and did lots of things that I am sorry for now, but he was patient."

"Yes, and sarcastic, telling you that the devil wouldn't answer any of your calls for help, no matter how hard and long and often you called to him," put in Mr. Hewitt.

"Yes, but you also told me of One who would hear, and, thank God, I listened, and Christ has put a new spirit in me. You stayed with me, talked with me, soothed the raging fever, sang to me, nursed me, and then helped them to take me to Burk's Falls, where they put me on the train and sent me home."

"He did!" exclaimed the father. "Then I'll never say a word against preachers no more."