

was being so presented as to leave no doubt in their minds that they were the men who were in need of the "Love of God which passeth knowledge." The face of the ex-fighter was a study, as he leaned over the seat and drank in the truth that had so lately set him free from sin. The great tide of his life, which had so long hurried him to ruin, now was setting back into the sunny sea of a happy and holy experience.

The sermon ended, then followed the exhortation, and invitation to come to this Christ, "Who loved them and gave his life for them." There was a touching scene in the seat of Jenkins as he turned upon the three friends and with the mighty magnetism of a new born love for God and Man, pleaded that they would submit to the will of Christ and be saved. The struggle was a long one, but when the big fellow cast his arms about the shoulders of the elder brother the victory was won, and together the four young men, who a few days before were the terror and disgrace of two neighborhoods, were kneeling and conquered by the love which "is mighty to compel."

It is not necessary to tell the older Methodists that "there was the shout of a king in the camp" that night. Again and again the preacher tried to close the meeting, but the people would not go and many, besides these mentioned, were, that night, started on the "Good Way."

The next night the little church was overfilled, and many could not gain admission. From far and wide the people came to see the men who had been converted "after breaking up the meeting." The Wolverenes were there with many more from the neighborhood, but Jenkins was absent. There were those who were sure he had "gone back," and some said "we told you so." But at the close of the sermon the matter was cleared up, when the minister told of an interview he had with Brother Jenkins, who told him that "the Lord had called him to go to the place where he had been in the "Lumber Shanty" the previous winter to show there what God had done for him."

The village, (if a few houses, a store, a blacksmith shop, a post office, and the inevitable tavern go to make a village), which was nearly two hundred miles from Jenkins' home, lay in the heart of the pine forests which have yielded, and still yield, a large portion of the wealth of Canada.

This journey James Jenkins had undertaken on foot and alone, only taking with him a change of clothes and few dollars in his pocket. The poor fellow had forgotten to take a Bible, although he was bent on preaching the Gospel to those where he had been such a scourge. On the long tramp he had ample time to take in the whole situation of the past life, his present delightful experience, and, but ah! what did the future hold for him? He thought what a fool he was to start on such an expedition; for he knew nothing about preaching and the people would drive him from their midst as an upstart, or a madman.

From time to time as he met people on the way he hailed them that he might tell of the "Dear Savior he had found," and many of them took him for a poor silly lunatic. Still he did not forget that it was not so long since, he too looked upon Christians in the same light. At one point he met two young men who evidently had been taking a glass too

much, and when our sanguine and new-fledged preacher began to exhort them to "flee from the wrath to come" they undertook to throw him into a shallow pond of water which stood by the wayside. Had it been clear daylight instead of in the gloaming, and had they been sober so as to see the measure of the man they were tackling, it is not thinkable that they would have laid hands upon such a champion; but taking him for a harmless lunatic they, in jovial way, made a rush upon the smiling stranger, who, in an instant, had them by the throat, only to relinquish them without the slightest evidence of passion. The young men were sobered and tried to get away, but they were not done with the stranger till they had been told the story of his drinking and to what it led him.

On the long tramp he slept in the Taverns, which were, in those days, to be found every few miles along the leading roads of the country, and here he saw, in the drunken loafers ever to be found in such places, the likeness of what he was not long since. The smell of the liquor, which flowed freely in these places at times, maddened him as he felt the return of the thirst, which he supposed had been quenched by the water of Life. So intense was his suffering, and so strong the temptation, that he would either hasten to bed or step out into the fresh air and there lift up his heart to God to help him not to taste that which would destroy him did he for but once yield to the craving not yet dead. At times he would fall upon his knees by the way side, and with a loud and pathetic voice, call upon God to help him in his struggle to serve him and to show that he was not the wicked drunkard of the past. The passers by on such occasions would give the strange man a "wide berth," believing that he was dangerous. This was very amusing to our friend, as he realised that he had all his life been "beside himself," and no one thought him so, but now that he had, like the prodigal, come to himself, he thought it strange to be looked upon as a fool. But he had much yet to learn of the complexity of human nature. At length he reached the Pine Groves of the north, and felt that his journey would soon come to an end. How he rejoiced in nature as he looked through eyes into which God had poured the light of life. All his days he had lived in a "bush country," but it had never seemed to dawn upon his mind to behold the beauties of nature in their relation to the Christ who had made the world. The lumber road along which he traveled wound among the rolling hills of what has recently been called the "Highlands of Ontario," and every turn of the tortuous way brought into view the fresh wonders of autumnal loveliness. The sugar maples were in their glory, "as a bride adorned for her husband," and nothing could surpass their effect as they stood about the crystal lakes, as if they were the inhabitants of some far off world, come to give the wearied ones of this earth a glimpse of the "glory that awaiteth."

There was little of the poetic temperament about the lonely traveler, who halted again and again to drink in these scenes as if he had never looked upon the like before. He wondered what it was that made him notice all this now—what had made the change in his eyesight—through what transformation had he passed that the world should look

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so new? These were the questions which rose in his mind, and to which he was not able to give himself a clear answer.

He did not know that the same experience, and the same questions, have been asked throughout the long years of the world's history, for the saints of God have always had to say: "Whereas I was blind, now I see."

The last day's tramp of Jenkins was one long to be remembered, on account of the varied emotions of which he was possessed.

Here he was in the place where he was famous for all that was wicked. He was going into the midst of men who could not appreciate the change which had come to him. He knew of many enemies who had good cause to hate him for the treatment received at his hands the previous year.

How would they receive him, now that he was converted?

Would they listen and be converted, or would they, now that he dare not fight, fall upon him and take revenge for the past?

If they did attempt to molest him, what would he do? Could he restrain his temper so as not to disgrace his Savior?

In any case he knew but two texts of Scripture: "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves," and "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on His should not perish, but have everlasting life." These he remembered, because the first had been taught him by his mother, and the second was the text of the sermon preached by the Rev. Sampson the night the "Wolverenes" had come forward.

But he had neither Bible, Hymn Book, nor Sermon, and what could he do, even if he had? He fell on his knees by the wayside, and the nearer he came to the place of his destination the oftener he prayed.

It was while he was absorbed in prayer in this way that he was startled by a voice just behind him:

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" said the speaker. "Sure one