

of this wager established for him the name of "The Cat Eater." He lived also largely by crime, and was always in hiding from the police.

Once, when he was sleeping in some bushes on a London common, he woke up to find a band of people gathered together beside a tent quite close to him. The men were in black coats and tall hats. The Cat Eater instantly imagined that they were detectives. When they saw him, spoke to him, and said that they were going to hold a religious service, inviting him to join them, he replied that if it were a job to nab him he would surely murder some of them. Still unconvinced by their assurances, he suffered himself to enter the tent, and there he was converted. He felt a desire for betterment. He prayed for mercy. He told the missionaries the story of his life, and said that he would begin again from that moment. They were kind to him, helped him to make a fresh start, and watched over his new birth. He married one of the women who had seen him in his rags and wretchedness kneeling as a penitent at that first meeting. And now, in his old age, he and his wife are prosperous and happy people, carrying on a good business in London, and following their religion with devotion. Never once through all these long years of incessant labour has the ex-dipsomaniac, the ex-cadger, the ex-unemployable, the ex-cat eater, looked back to his evil life.