

with a puzzled look. "Ye don't know who's in it I'm after thinking," said Dewire, "but it's ma father's son, that'll never forget the kindness ye did an ould man when he was in trouble." "I have no remembrance of ever seeing you before," said Jenkins. "No, it may be that you did not see much of me, for the night was a dark one when you came along and found the drunken crew from the shanty making ready to beat the life out of me, because I wouldn't drive wild them." "Sure, you it was, that knocked them to the four corners of the earth, and scattered them like chaff before the wind; and there's no man in this country more welcome to the house of Dan and Mary Dewire than yourself."

"Arrah, its myself that's had many an argument about the same 'broth' as a boy," as we used to say in ould Ireland, there's not a good bone in your skin, but I'm thinking its because there are some of them who felt the weight of that fist at the end of your arm. More power to you, so long as you protect those who are wake, and not able to stand against such villains as I met that same night."

While Dan Dewire was delivering himself of this speech, his wife stood by him looking the young man from head to foot, and thinking of the many things she had heard about his drunken spees while in the lumber woods hard by, but above all she thought of the way he had come to the rescue of her husband, when he was being roughly handled by a number of half-intoxicated teamsters.

When her husband stopped to draw breath, for he was by no means through, she stepped forward, and, holding out her hand to Jenkins, bid him welcome to her home as long as he would be willing to remain, for, she said, "the young man who could run the risk of being severely beaten that he might save an ould man, and a stranger, has much that is good in him yet. The men give you a hard name, and many of them hope you may never come back to this camp, but I think you have found the secret of a better life. May the blessing of Christ rest upon your coming." While all this was being said, Jenkins stood as if in a dream, his past life passing before his mind. "I had forgotten all about that little racket on that night when I came along and found the drivers about to make mincemeat of somebody, but I never knew who it was. I am glad to come to your home, and I thank you both for your kindness, and I am glad to tell you, Mrs. Dewire, for I see you are a Christian ('that she is,' interjected the ould man), that since I left this country I have been converted to God, and I have come to preach the Gospel to these men with whom I spent my time in wickedness." "The Lord have mercy on us," exclaimed Dan, "sure they'll give you no quarter when they find you have turned Methodist." For, in the ould man's mind, to "get converted" and to become a Methodist, was one and the same thing. "No! No!" said his wife, you need not be afraid of any opposition, "for the Lord will go before you," and "the God of Jacob will be your refuge." "Amen," said Dan. "But the boys will be mighty surprised to find you turned preacher, and its meself that's thinking that you have a tough job before you, if ye think of converting the same men; but why should I be spaykin when its my own soul that's not saved?"

The supper was soon over, and Mrs.

Dewire brought the ould Bible, and handing it to the young man, nodded for him to conduct the family devotions, a duty which had fallen to her lot through long years; for, as it will be seen, while Dan had renounced the Church of Rome, he had never found the Kingdom of God. The fervency of Jenkins was the flood of the soul of a new born child of God. The passion which had made him fearful in evil, now made him almost irresistible in the work to which the Lord had called him.

When he ceased praying, Mrs. Dewire began to pray for the conversion of her husband, and when she finished the ould man prayed in a tremulous voice that he might see the light, and though it was not to be at that time he was one of the many who found the Lord before James Jenkins turned his back upon the lumber woods.

When the young man retired to the small, but neat room, in which he was to sleep, he found, to his unspeakable joy, that his mother had put, in the bundle of clothes which he had brought, her own Hymn Book and pocket Bible. These were treasures for which he would not have taken ten times their value, and, as he turned the leaves of the ould Bible, he found the texts which had been marked by his mother through long years.

There was one person in the home of the Dewires which the young man did not see till the next morning.

When he made his appearance every thing was in readiness for the morning meal; but he was not prepared for the vision of perfect loveliness which appeared at the open door of the general living room.

Lottie Wilson was the granddaughter of the Dewires, and she was the teacher of the little village school at Pinedale, more for the health and delight of the country life, than for the meagre remuneration which was paid for her services. Although brought up in the city, she had lived much with Grandmother Dewire, and she was company for the ould people. But, above all this, Lottie, now a young woman of eighteen, was a lover of nature in its untouched wilderness.

When James Jenkins first caught sight of her, she was coming from the fields where she had gathered the autumn wild flowers, which still flourished in the secluded dells of the clearings; he thought he never had seen anything half so beautiful, and he also wished himself anywhere but there. He had never associated much with the gentle sex, and he would prefer at any time to meet an enemy in battle.

But there was no way of getting out of the meeting, and, when Mrs. Dewire introduced the young people, Miss Lottie took his hand in such a friendly manner he felt himself at ease in a moment.

The breakfast over, it was the hour of prayer, and again the preaches, as the ould man called him, was asked to conduct the service.

He had, at the table, learned that Miss Wilson was a teacher, and he was covered with confusion with the thought of his lack of learning.

How he got through the reading and prayer he never knew, and, he afterwards said, it was the trial of his life.

"So you are the young giant that saved the life of Grandfather," said the teacher, as she assisted to clear the table after the morning worship, "you shall have the gratitude of him and his friends

as long as they live."

"They said that your life was in danger from the men, who were badly used up after you got through with them."

"I heard it when I came here, and I have heard that the same men have vowed to have revenge if ever they see you; and they are now in the shanty to which Grandfather says you are bound. I should think you would be afraid to go under the circumstances. There are dreadful men when they get drunk, and they are drinking nearly every night."

"I suppose you heard that I was one of the worst of the crew when I was here?" said Jenkins. "Yes they do say some hard things about you, but those who were your friends say you were always on the side of the weak against the strong."

"Well that is so, but I have no good word to say for myself, but the Lord has pardoned me, and I hope these men will not compel me to fight, for I fear I might not get right again."

The young woman soon left for school duties, and Jenkins was about to make his way to the place of his destination, when Dan Dewire came in from the morning chores. "Not a foot will ye move out of this house this day," said Dewire. "Sure it would be a purty hearing that Mary Dewire allowed the man who saved her ould man from being kilt a'most, to stay no more than the end of a night in her house. The neighbors would think that we must have given ye could comfort when ye left us so soon. Make yourself easy, and you will be rested for the tug o' war, which I'm thinking ye have ahead of ye."

So Jenkins stayed, and was much helped by the wise counsel of Mrs. Dewire, who, not only had a long experience in the service of Christ, but had a well stored library of the works most suited for those beginning the life of a worker in the field of the Master.

How greedy was his mind for the Word of God, and how his heart cried for communion with those who were

T. N. HIBBEN & CO.

Booksellers and Stationers,

67-71 GOVERNMENT STREET, VICTORIA.

.....

Teachers Bibles, Methodist Hymn Books and Bibles combined. Blank Books, and Staple and Fancy Stationery in Endless Variety Kept Constantly on Hand.

.....

ORDERS RECEIVED BY MAIL

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.