

Haskins's Camp was situated in northern Minnesota. Raymond was a new hand, having arrived but three weeks before. His fellow-workmen saw at once that he was not one of them. They resented his correct speech, personal neatness, and especially his refusal to join in their rough amusements. His silence regarding his past was also looked upon with suspicion. The men were rough and uncultured. Many of them were addicted to drink, while oaths and Sabbath-breaking were the rule rather than the exception. There was nothing in their surroundings to inspire them to better living.

Tim had been a member of the crew for many years. Notwithstanding his dulness, he was a general favorite. To the surprise of all, he seemed attracted to Raymond. He expressed his preference in many unobtrusive ways and

Tim would not live until the doctor arrived, and his suffering was great.

When he had been laid on a rude bunk near the great stove he looked up wistfully into the faces of his companions.

'It's death, boys. And on Thanksgivin'. Tell me 'bout God, him I've never thanked. But no one ever told me.'

A strange silence fell upon the group of men, a silence broken only by the howling of the wind outside. Tim spoke again.

'Ray, tell me. It must be ye know, 'cause ye're different from the rest of us.'

All eyes turned toward the young man. He bent lower over Tim, asking:

'What is it you want to hear?'

'All 'bout him. Will he be mad 'cause I never thanked him? You see I don't know much, and nobody ever told me. Can't you tell

to pray, and he had said there was no God. A groan broke from his lips.

'Tim, I cannot. I—' and he paused, unable to say that he did not believe in the God to whom, in the hour of death, even the half-witted Tim had turned.

'Can't! Why, I 'sposed ye knew him. Ye've had a chance.'

Raymond could bear no more. Turning away, he rushed out into the storm.

For hours he strode back and forth through the trackless forest. He heeded not the wind nor the snow. Face to face he met and grappled with the problem of man's relation to divinity.

Raymond Lee was alone with God. In that hour his boasted skepticism fell from him. The theories of science and law, upon which he had rested, gave way beneath him. There was but one sure foundation for man's life—trust in God as Creator and Father and in his Son as the world's Redeemer.

Shadows were beginning to gather in the room where Tim lay when the door opened to admit Raymond. With a firm step he crossed to the side of the dying man.

'Tim, I have been with God. He has forgiven me, sinner that I am. Now I have come to tell you of His love.'

Simply, tenderly, he told the story of salvation. Others gathered round the bed. Could they doubt the truth of the words spoken when they saw the light that came to Tim's face?

'I see,' he gasped. 'He'll remember that I never had a chance. Tell Him that, please.'

Raymond knelt down. First one and then another of the rough men dropped upon their knees.

Never had Raymond Lee prayed as in that hour. God was with him. Round him were men who in Tim's own words had 'never had a chance.' He prayed with a faith born of absolute relief in God's willingness to save.

'It's all right,' Tim murmured, 'I'm going to Him. Ray, you tell everybody.'

'Yes, Tim. I will spend my life telling this story.'

'It's Thanksgivin', the dying man went on feebly. 'I thank Him.'

A few moments more and all was over. Raymond faced his fellow workmen.

'Tim is gone. Boys, I have gone back to the service I pledged to God many years ago. You heard my promise to Tim. Will you forgive the spirit I have shown toward you and let me begin by telling you?'

'Yes, we will,' was the reply of the leader among the men. 'When we come where Tim is we will wish we had heard.'

Before Raymond slept he wrote a long letter to his father. He would remain where he was until he received an answer to the letter. The next night he held a meeting and began to tell the story of Christ's life, death and resurrection.

The third evening came. At the close of Raymond's informal but heartfelt talk, the door opened to admit a stranger, a tall, spare man with snow-white hair.

'Father!'

'My son! I came to help you here,' and Raymond Lee was clasped in his father's arms.

The work begun on Thanksgiving day at Haskins's camp went on until seventy souls were born anew into the kingdom of God.

Raymond Lee had found his life's work. Doubt and disbelief were forever laid aside in that hour when a dying man begged him to cry unto God for assurance of salvation.

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RAY, MY BOY, WHAT DOES THANKSGIVIN' MEAN, ANYHOW?

won a kindly tolerance from the young man.

Thanksgiving day came. On that morning Raymond woke from a troubled sleep. All night his dreams had been haunted by visions of the glad Thanksgiving days of his past.

Snow was falling rapidly, for winter had already come to that northern land. Raymond and Tim were working with a large party of choppers.

Fifteen minutes more and it will be time to start for dinner—a real Thanksgiving dinner—one of the men cried with an oath.

At that moment a monarch of the forest came to the ground with a resounding crash. Above this noise rang out a cry of terror and pain.

It was Tim. He had chanced to stand where the great branches swept him from his feet and pinned him to the earth.

Raymond was the first to reach his side. Carefully the men freed him, finding the poor bent body fearfully mangled.

'I guess it's all over with me, boys,' he said, trying hard to keep his voice steady. 'Ray, stay by me. Oh, be careful!'

They carried him to the camp. A man was started on horseback to the nearest village, twenty miles distant, for a doctor. All feared

him so? Can't you, my boy?'

Raymond Lee's face grew stern and white. His father was a minister. He had himself been a theological student. The influence of a skeptical classmate and the reading of books loaned by him had instilled doubt into Raymond's mind. Dominated by an idea of his own mental superiority, the youth went on, until a day came when he scoffed at the faith of his dead mother and denied God.

There had been a stormy interview with the college president. This man laid so much stress on the righteous wrath of Raymond's father that the son resolved to cut himself loose from home ties. He wrote defiantly to his father of his change of views and went out into the world, leaving no clue whereby he could be traced.

Dark days had followed. It had not been easy to find work. Raymond Lee had learned the emptiness of a life without hope in God or confidence in man. He hungered for the sound of his father's voice, but was too proud to return home and beg forgiveness. In a fit of desperation he had hired out to the foreman of Haskins' lumber camp.

All those things flashed through his mind in a moment. This dying man was asking him