

dropped. I was carried back to my father's house. Then came to me a vision of my mother stealing softly into my room—thinking me asleep. Leaning over me tenderly she touched my hair and the tears dropped upon my face. In a voice of agony I heard her whisper, "O blessed Jesus save my boy." I felt those tear-drops burning into my flesh and heart. I could stand no more. Rising from my seat I left the church to drown all memory and thought in drink.

When the Band services began I went one evening just to hear the singing. Every word seemed directed to me, and when they sang, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" terrible conviction seized me. Again my mother stood beside me with, oh, such a sad, grieved, accusing face. I cried, "Oh, God, let me die and quit this misery?" On reaching home I tried to read my Bible, but every word condemned me. I argued, cavilled, but truth stared me in the face. Two days and nights of suffering followed. Starting from troubled sleep I cried, "Too late, too late." All day Saturday I wandered from place to place, seeking rest and finding none. At night I passed over to the church, but did not go in. I was challenged a number of times on the strangeness of my appearance, but retorted in anger, and in my desperation denied Christ and the Bible. But fear and trembling seized me at my awful words.

On Sunday morning I hurried from home before my family was astir, not returning until after church at night. Standing at the saloon bar I was asked, "Are you sick?" "Are you under conviction?" I answered, "Yes, curse you! and I wish you were in my place." I left the place instantly. Towards evening I was sitting in a store with my most intimate friend. Suddenly I sprang to my feet exclaiming, "I'll do it." He said, "Do what?" I replied, "I am going over to the church to ask them to pray for me. Do you think they will? I do believe God can save me, but *will* He. If God does not have mercy on me, I am lost. I feel as if this was my last chance." I was advised to take some stimulants. But no. I had hell enough without any more. I went over to the church. Several persons came to me, but I paid little attention to their pleadings. I trembled as though seized with an attack of chills. I felt afraid of God and of His people. Rising to leave the church, Charlie Storey took my overcoat and insisted on my remaining. May God ever bless him. Miss Boomer, of the Band, came and told the Wandering Boy that Jesus loved him still. She led me like a little child to the altar. O

the despair of that hour! No friend in earth or heaven. My terrible life rose in judgment against me. How could I call on the Lord whom I had denied and blasphemed, upon Jesus whose name I had scorned. I said, "If justice must be visited upon me let it come here and now, even to the termination of my miserable life."

Brother Balmer and Brother Murdoch with others whispered words of hope and pointed me to Jesus and His blessed promises. O how little I knew of the loving Saviour then, and when those dear friends asked me if I was willing to forsake all my evil ways and surrender fully to God, how gladly I said "Yes, I am." With anguish I said, "Lord save me, save me. This is more than I can bear." I had by this time forgotten my surroundings, friends, family, all. *Suddenly a quiet peace came to me.* I can never explain it. I hardly understood it even then. But I was at rest. Hardly daring to look up, I whispered, "Yes, dear Jesus, I do believe in and trust you." Glory be to God. I will praise Him every day of my life. I will praise Him until I die.

How wonderful is the power of God. The people of God and the things of God, which I once hated, now I love. With Christian friends I am happy. With God's people I wish to live and die. I must not omit to put it on record that in the moment God, for Jesus' sake, gave peace to my soul, all thirst and desire for liquor was mysteriously taken away, and has not for one moment returned. Wonderful, wonderful! How can it be? I am a new man in Christ Jesus, and His precious blood has cleansed me from all sin.

My heavenly Father has truly opened the windows of heaven and poured out such a blessing that there is not room in my heart or home to contain it. My daughter Carrie, 21 years of age; Bertie, 20 years; George, 17 years; my wife and baby boy Lee, have all given their hearts to the Lord. And daily we read God's word, sing songs of praise, and unite in words of thanksgiving. We think we are the happiest family in the world. My heart goes out in love and gratitude to the dear friends whom God, as I believe, sent to Tawas City on a special mission of mercy to lead myself and family to the feet of the blessed Saviour. Tears of gratitude drop on the paper as I write. That we may all be preserved to meet and rejoice together in His heavenly kingdom is the prayer of your friend and brother,

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