

He took occasion to ask for the sympathy of the people, and beg the pardon of everyone he had in any way injured. This was the appeal which swept away the last vestage of bitterness which lingered in the hearts of the people, and, when the last hymn was sung, they crowded about him and declared he could preach as well as he could fight, which was, in their minds, no small compliment.

The young man looked to find the lady who had so unexpectedly come to his assistance, both in the overthrow of his enemies, and in the singing, but she was nowhere to be seen, as she had slipped away in the closing moments of the service. Jenkins reached the shanty with several of the men who had been at the meeting on the street, and there were not a few who were glad to see the fighter back again, and some thought it as well that he was not the same man. Being a skilled axeman our friend was put in charge of a gang of men, and his work was before him. Each day as they sat by the fire, built at the root of some majestic tree, the "lead" chopper would read the Bible to his men and kneeling in prayer would ask God's blessing on the Word and on the men, "that they might see their way to receive salvation through believing."

At first some of the men left the party, but this was not popular, and Jim Jenkins was such a "jolly good fellow," that it was but a short time till the whole gang fell in with the wish of the leader, and it became part of the business of the day. Each night the large dining room of the shanty was turned into a church, and the men, for the most part, came in from the sleeping apartments to hear what the boss chopper had to say. The news of these meetings brought not a few people from the village and adjoining neighborhood, and the place was often taxed to its utmost capacity.

The preacher had none of the new ideas about sinners holding up the hand to show that they were willing to be saved, but he insisted that a man must not be a coward but come to the "penitent bench" and there seek salvation.

A long bench was provided, and on the third night, after a powerful exhortation, when Jenkins was inviting sinners to come to Christ, a powerful man, with his nasal appendage reclining on one side of his face, from a terrible blow he the fist of the preacher when in the shanty before, stood out from the rest and said, "do you think I could seek salvation when I have a wicked feeling in my heart against you for what you did to me in the past? I'll never be a Christian till I get even with you, Jim Jenkins." "Then I'll give you the chance this moment, for I now beg your pardon for the injury I did you, and I will let you strike me in the face if you wish," and suiting the action to the word he stepped over the penitent bench and stood before the astonished man. "I beg your pardon, Hank Throll, for what I did to you," said the preacher, "and now, if it will help you to forgive, and give your heart to the Christ who is willing to forgive us all our sins, you are at liberty to strike, and I shall not return the blow." There was a silence as of death for a moment, and a storm of passion shook the huge frame of Hank Throll. It was a battle between the good and the bad, between love and hate. But the Spirit of God prevailed,

and two hands were stretched out and clasped, and together the foes knelt at the rude penitent form in prayer.

When Jenkins called the meeting up from prayer, to his delight he found Dan Dewire, who had slipped into the room unseen, kneeling at the other end of the bench, his long white hair falling over his aged face.

Each night there was a meeting and the seekers increased, as time went on, so that the penitent form had to be lengthened, and still they came.

To many of these woodmen, the Gospel, as preached by Jenkins and all who look for the present salvation of the sinner, was as water to a thirsty traveler.

They sat as if hypnotised, while the strong man plead with them to come and be saved; and they did come, and were converted, and praised God for his wondrous love. Men, steeped to the lips in sin from childhood, young, strong and hilarious, they were not cramped by the conventionalities of refined society, and they made the place ring with the shouts of joy, and at times with exhortations to their comrades to accept the "offers of mercy."

The man who did the preaching was a wonder to all, but to none more than to himself. Where the sermons came from he could not tell, as he was at work all day long, but he was of the opinion that God gave him something to say just as he had fed the prophet in the wilderness. The fact was the young man might be seen, long after the men were asleep, standing by a candle reading his Bible and throughout the day, while he was passing from one part of the work to another, he was engaged in the study of the Word. No gold miner ever worked with a greater greed for the yellow nuggets, than did James Jenkins "Search the Scriptures" for the nuggets of truth.

The meetings went forward night after night for four weeks, at the end of which the dining room of the shanty was too small to hold all who attended, for the settlers came from far and near, and more men were being brought for the more extensive work of the approaching winter.

It was at this time that the Rev. Enos Langley came to the village of Pinedale. He was the missionary stationed at some distance, but, hearing of the good work being done, he paid the people a visit, and it was with joy that the two preachers met and conversed about the work which God was then doing.

Jenkins felt that he had no more work to do in the place since the minister had come, and besides he had decided to return to his home to commence his studies for the ministry, to which, he no longer doubted, the Lord had called him.

It was evident to both that the meetings must be taken to the village as the most central place, so together they secured a large dance hall, and as Dan Dewire remarked, "There would be a different kind of dancing there in the future, if the meetings went on as in the past."

When it was known that Jenkins was about to leave, there was not a little dissatisfaction, but, when it was understood to be for the purpose of entering the ministry, all were satisfied to lose the man whom many had grown to love, and all to respect. When the dance hall was fitted up for the services, it was announced that the first meeting

held there would be the last one for the man who had done the work of soul saving among them. The place was filled, and with as motley a crowd as could be found in the world.

The new minister preached and, having been in his early days in the lumber woods, he knew how to speak to the hearts of that class of people. Then came the words of parting by Jenkins. He reminded them of what he had been, and what Jesus had made him through his conversion. He exhorted those who had found Christ to hold out to the end, and they would meet at last in the land where there was no sin.

Then he asked all who had been converted since he started the meetings to stand up, and twenty-six stood out as trophies won for Christ. Jenkins remarked, that it was a strange thing that there were as many souls saved as there were meetings held.

As the Rev. Enos Langley was about to close the meeting, Dan Dewire came slowly to the front and handed a small package to Jenkins, then turning around to the congregation he said: "Well, boys it's meself that's not much at the spakin, and if I could spake like the prophet Jeremias at any other time, it's niver the word I could get out of me throat to-night, for there's a lump in it as big as a goose egg, or an Irish pratle. But we're all mighty sorry at the goin' off of this 'broth of a boy' that's turned the world upside down since he came to the place. And it's himself that used to turn it down in another way, but thank God that's all past now, and we can say the Lord go with you, and you're no longer 'Buffy Jim.' Dan's sentences were punctuated with such expressions as "that's so Dan," and "He's the man for us," and "praise the Lord." Jenkins thanked them with deep emotion for the gift, which was a roll of bills and some of large denomination. The last words were said, and out into the glorious October night James Jenkins walked; but at the door he heard the rattle of a chain, and felt the soft tongue of an

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