

going on. Through terrific spiritual struggles and agony the man emerged, quiet and steady to face the future whatever it might bring. So marvellous was the change that came over him that a prison official borrowed his Bible from him, read it as he patrolled the prison corridor at night, became a Christian and was baptized. As the official said to me, "We are used to crime here; it does not touch us much, but we never saw *repentance* before."

The man was finally given a life sentence, which was commuted, to twenty years at the time of the Emperor's coronation. He was sent to another prison, and my connection with the prison where I had seen him while his trial was going on naturally ended. I did not wish it otherwise. I did not dream that the year's special experience would react otherwise than in the deepened vision it had given me of God's power to save to the uttermost. Shortly