

be alone with his father and Lettie; then he must go away. The minister came just in time to join the sorrowful little group. He appeared to notice nothing amiss and advanced with a pleasant greeting.

"How are the burns, Sam? Healing nicely?"

"Better, thank you," replied Sam, adding sadly:

"You came too late for the trial. I suppose you know the result."

"Yes, I know; but perhaps I am not too late. You still have a few minutes left to read this," and he placed a long envelope in the bandaged hand.

Sam looked at it helplessly a moment, and his hand trembled. He held the envelope toward his father, who removed the paper, opened it, and tried to read, but his eyes were dimmed with tears. Lettie could not wait. She leaned over Farmer Hawkins's shoulder and took one long look. Then she snatched the paper excitedly.

"A pardon!" she cried. "Look, Sam, it's a pardon! Oh, it's all over, Sam, it's a pardon!" and she fell on her knees and spread the paper on Sam's lap.

The young man gazed at the paper a moment, then at the happy, excited face of his wife, and into the quiet, strong, tender face of the minister. At last his eyes rested again upon the paper in his lap.

"Pardoned!" he whispered. After a pause, he added, softly, "by God and man!"

"Yes, Sam," said Robert Allen, "and may the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious to thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

And the deep bright glow in the young man's eyes as he lifted them once more to those of the minister—his friend—his brother—testified eloquently that the prayer for blessing was already answered.