

"Which art in Heaven," he laughed; and so, with alternate phrases, while the crowd waited in awful silence. And then I said the *Gloria*.

"Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will toward men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great Glory, O Lord God. . . . Have mercy upon us . . . for Thou only art holy. . . . Thou only, O Christ. . . ."

I had my courage, and stood back, telling the judge to go on, for the prisoner was ready.

"Convey these words," he said, and his voice quivered. "The prisoner will stand."

"He shall not stand," I said. "He can not stand."

"Prisoner," I repeated the words in Blackfoot, "you will be taken back to the place from which you have come, and there you will be hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

Then I heard the prisoner whispering in Latin:

"Into Thy hands, O Lord, into Thy hands!"

v

On the morning after his trial the prisoner sent for a priest, who confessed and shrived him, taking