

"See"—his voice was a mere whisper now—"the rain has stopped, the shadow of the rain has passed, the Sun God lights the rain-drops, even the dirty little rain-drops along the window-frame. Dirty they are, and yet they shine like stars; small they are, yet big enough to reflect the figures and glory of their God, who made them in His image. The Sun-heat will dry them up, so that their bodies die, and yet their spirits rise into the heavens.

"I am no more than that, I am no less—a thing from Heaven, stained and shamed with dirt in this world, and yet reflecting God, who burns my body to call my spirit up, cleansed, freed, eternal."

The prisoner's face was changed. He seemed remote from our world, withdrawn to a great distance, looking down, his smile a benediction.

"Poor little laws!" he said, ever so gently. "Men in earnest, groping through the dark in search of right and truth, children playing at 'Let's pretend to be God.' Play on at your game, your tiresome game, in your stuffy, dirty court room, with your old worn-out rules. But let me go, for I am weary of this mock trial, in a sham court, where little children play at make-believe. I go to take my trial at the Court of God, whose law is truth. You have nothing but death to give. He gives life."