

heavens, those hills, rocks, fields, and flowers. It is then that heaven seems nearest to earth, and the glories of the temple above are reflected in the temple below.

“How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hopes of one that ne’er shall end !”

The next time I saw Edmund, was under still more painful circumstances. I had been several days serving on the jury, at the Manchester Quarter Sessions, and, perhaps in consequence of my name beginning with “A,” was appointed foreman. There were many persons to be tried for stealing, and amongst the number I was sorry to find the name of my old Bible-class mate. The charge against him was that, along with three others, he had stolen a sack of malt. Edmund was the least guilty ; he had nothing to do with the stealing, but part of the malt was found in a bag under his bed. The trial did not last long, for there was no doubt of their guilt. Being the foreman, it was my duty to pronounce the finding of the jury, and when the court-cryer, with a loud voice, cried out, “Gentlemen of the jury, do you find Edmund ——— guilty or not guilty ?” with a heavy heart I looked at Edmund. Our eyes met, and in his eyes I could read the working of his soul ; they plainly said, “Have pity on me !” A choking sensation arose to my throat, and I was very near breaking down before I could pronounce the word—“Guilty !”

The rest of the jury seemed surprised at my emotion, but I did not tell them that the prisoner at the bar was once a happy, innocent lad in our Sunday-school class. Edmund’s sentence was six weeks’ imprisonment, with hard labour.

Jurymen, after their work is done, have the privilege, if they wish it, of going through the cells, wards, and workshops of the prison. On this occasion we all agreed to go together and see, what I am sorry can be seen in any part