

what's before you; but, as I said, I dare not take off the irons."

"I do not wish it; let me go as I am," said the prisoner. And so, his poor limbs weighed and crippled by the clanking fetters, he went slowly and painfully from cell to cell, telling to the amazed inmates that he had found mercy; that though there was no earthly pardon for him, God had, for Christ's sake, forgiven all his sins, and that he had a hope of glory so bright and blessed, that he cared little for the shame and agony of the scaffold to-morrow. And after bearing this glad testimony to the power of Jesus as a Saviour to the uttermost, he went back to his cell for a few more hours of darkness and loneliness. Then came the bitter pain and infamy of a malefactor's death—now cheered by the hope of life and immortality through Jesus Christ.

You think this wonderful, dear reader; had you been amongst the crowd that watched the dying agony of that murderer, you would probably have thanked God that you were not such a miserable sinner; and yet that miserable sinner was one who had sought and found mercy. Are you sure that you are washed and forgiven, as that poor convinced and converted man? He was a great culprit, doubtless. He had broken the law, and had deserved to die. Thus the human law had its due. He had violently hurried a fellow-being out of life, and in return was justly put to death himself. But oh, blessed be God, here the difference begins between human and divine laws. For the murderer there was no forgiveness at the bar of man's