

to have been in the minds of the jury when they made what is tantamount to a recommendation to mercy. But we cannot say less than this—Two years in the second division.

The judge was unable to say less, and he was unable to do more to show his genuine respect for a prisoner's connections by marriage.

The prisoner then was in, and the toil was now to get him out. Seymour's endeavours were ceaseless. Could not, and would not, the Home Secretary think this a case where justice vindicated might change to unhesitating mercy? The prisoner is an old, old man; his health is breaking fast; he is always at the prison infirmary. Here are doctors' reports or certificates—bronchial asthma, asthmatic bronchitis, feebleness of circulation, general debility, etc. etc. He really is very ill. It cannot be that you want him to die in prison. After all, the judge did not pass a death sentence. Yet death is the penalty that you seem to wish to inflict. Cannot you let him out?

Seymour was indefatigable in these endeavours; and at last there seemed hope of success. Yes—we are disposed to strain a point. But do not be in *quite* such a hurry. We also have doctors' reports, and they are far less alarming than yours. On the whole, we take a favourable view of the patient's stamina, and we are under no apprehension that the imprisonment will have a fatal termination. Shall we hint that after another month or two, we will see if we cannot then open our prison doors?

But now comes a question that may not be shirked, that must be answered. When Mr Copland is got out, what is he to do, where is he to go? A shaky, broken-down, muddled old swindler, cast out, friendless, on a mercilessly hard world—a poor old owl, trapped, half plucked, caged in sultable darkness, and then sent flying on feeble featherless wings through the cruel sunlight,—what chance can there be for either? If one thinks of it, perhaps one should not have tried so hard. Perhaps the prison was the safest, properest, best place for A. W. Copland.

Gladys looked at her husband, piteously and sadly striving to find a happy answer for such a question as this. Where, oh, where can poor papa go for the remnant of his days, where can he creep to hide himself, where can he ever find again shelter and kindness?