

his allotted time of half-an-hour was gone. But the next day, and the next, the "Momier" was permitted to return; and soon it came to pass that those half-hours in the condemned cell were the brightest moments of the day to him, for at each visit he found the prisoner understanding the way of the Lord more perfectly.

A light shined in the prison then—a light streaming out from the excellent glory, where the Lamb dwelleth, and where angels rejoice "over one sinner that repenteth."

The day before that appointed for the execution came, and again the "Momier" was with the condemned man. He was so taken up with the thought of God's forgiveness, and of the wonderful grace of Jesus which had purchased for him a crown of life, that he seemed to have overcome all fear of that terrible death that was so near. "If I could but tell the other prisoners of this blessed hope!" he exclaimed; and turning to the gaoler, who had just then entered the cell, "I have a last request to make: will you grant it to a dying man? I want you to take me through the prison, that I may speak to every one of Jesus and mercy."

"I have no power to remove your irons," said the gaoler, "or I'd willingly oblige you; for you've given me almost no trouble at all, and that's more than I could say of most that's been shut up here; the only thing I've had to complain of at all has been that you've sung hymns so desperately loud the last few days; and it seemed rather unnatural-like, considering

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