

was tired and lay down for a little on the straw. The key grated in the lock. Conrad started to his feet in terror. What was coming? What was coming?

The father entered quickly and cheerfully. Swinging the manuscript in his hand, he cried: "Glad tidings! Glad tidings!"

Conrad's hands fluttered to his breast. "Glad tidings? It had come? Life—to live again?" So he cried aloud. He stood for a moment motionless, then he sat down on the wooden bench.

"Yes, my son," the monk continued. "We will call the book, 'Glad Tidings,' I.N.R.I. Glad tidings of a poor sinner. That will suit the Gospel; that sounds well, does it not?" He stopped and started—"Ferleitner, what is the matter?"

Conrad had fallen against the wall, his head sunk on his breast. The breath rattled in his throat. The father reached quickly for the water-pitcher to revive him. He reproached him good-naturedly for losing heart so quickly, and bathed his forehead tenderly. Then he noticed the stillness of the breast and the eyes—how glazed they were! He shouted for help. The gaoler appeared. He looked, paused a moment, and then said, softly: "It is well."

There was silence. Suddenly the old man cried out: "It is well. Thou art merciful, Holy God!"

Later, the Franciscan passed through the long passages thanking God sadly for the blessed miracle of the misunderstanding. At the gate he met the governor. Heavily, supporting each step by his stick, he came along. When he saw the monk he went up to him: "My dear father," he said hoarsely. "I am sorry, you will have a heavy night of it. Ferleitner the criminal will need a