

trict magistrate. Then he left the man, and sent two small officials to interview him and warn him of the law. This they did, and even shut him in prison, without avail.

"So on Monday morning, September 17th, all started for the Kelung Yemen. They had proceeded scarcely a mile when the man's courage, rather boastfulness, failed him. He expressed himself as now willing to make amends for the past, and entreated them to return. Mr. Giam expressed himself as now unwilling to go back, so they went on about one third of a mile further. Then the two other heathen brothers came running and entreated mercy. At length all returned. The necessary writings were drawn out, and the property shared among all brothers alike, the Christian included.

"After this, Mr. Giam went to interview the Christian's wife. At first she would not see him, but, along with her husband, he followed her to the kitchen, and began to speak first sternly. He spoke to her of the relative duties of husband and wife in such a way that she was soon melted, and accompanied them to the front room, where many heathen had assembled to see and hear. Here the talk was continued, and all the heathens present pronounced what the Christian teacher said to be excellent doctrine. The wife was prevailed on to take the old, torn, and soiled, clothes her husband was wearing, to wash and mend, and to give him in return clean and whole garments. When Pastor Giam left, which he did that same day, everything seemed in a fair way to a satisfactory, peaceable settlement."

CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

JAMES GRAHAM had fallen into bad company. At first it was a game of cards, just to pass the time, a social drink here and there. But the habit grew on him, the gatherings of fast young men at the club parlors had more attractions for him than anything else. He drank more, kept later hours, and played cards—no more for pastime, but for the money he might win. And then he went down, step by step; he be-

came a hard drinker, a profligate; and, after repeated warnings from his employer, he lost his position. His descent was rapid now. He grew to be a sot and a gambler; his good qualities and finer sensibilities were drowned in vice.

One day he committed a theft of a large sum of money, and was shortly afterwards traced to a distant city and arrested. He had been on a protracted spree, and had a fierce quarrel with a brother gambler. Now, on awakening in his cell, the effects of liquor gone, the fire had died out in him, his limbs shook, his brain reeled, horrible figures danced before his eyes. Then the key grated in the iron cell door, the jailor and the sheriff appeared and took their shaking prisoner between them to the court.

There was an immense crowd there, and a murmur ran through the mass of humanity at Graham's appearance. The Judge read the charge—it was murder! An able attorney defended the prisoner, witnesses appeared for and against, and gave their testimony; then the jurymen were closeted, and finally gave their decision: "Guilty in the first degree." Graham sat as if turned to stone; his throat was parched—his dry lips could not even utter a sound.

"James Graham," began the judge, in cold measured tones, "this jury of twelve disinterested men find you guilty of murder in the first degree. Have you any statement to make?"

Graham's head sank upon his breast, his misery and terror, his weakness and remorse for his wasted life were too much for him; he could not scream. Cold perspiration gathered upon his sallow brow; his body swayed to and fro; his hands trembling and palsied, clasped and unclasped over his battered hat. The old gray-haired Judge, accustomed to human misery as he was, waited, tapping the desk with his pencil; then after a long pause, he arose and spoke;

"This jury having found you guilty, I now pass this sentence upon you. On the twenty-fifth of November next, you shall hang by your neck until you are dead, dead, dead."

Each of the Judge's words fell upon the