

to tremble. The warder remained silent, and supported him as he tottered along under the shade of the horse-chestnuts. On either side stretched green banks glowing with flowers and roses, their bright colours quivering like flame blown by the wind. Above was the blue sky with the great burning sun. And all around he heard the songs of the birds. O life! life! He had almost forgotten what it meant—live! He groaned aloud, it might have been either from sorrow or joy. Then he sat down on a bench and paused exhausted. He gazed out into the illimitable light. Tears trickled slowly down his hollow cheeks.

After a time the warder started to go on. Conrad raised himself unsteadily, and they moved slowly forward. They came to a white marble bust standing on a stone pillar surrounded with flowers.

Conrad stood still, shaded his eyes with his hand, looked at the statue, and asked: "Who is that?"

"That is the king," answered the warder.

Conrad gazed at it thoughtfully. And then he said softly and much moved: "How kindly he looked at me!"

"Yes, he is a kind master."

Then joy slowly entered the heart of the prisoner. The world is beautiful. People are good. Life is everlasting. And the Heavenly Father reigns over all. . . .

The warder looked at his watch. "It is time for your return."

Conrad was taken back to his cell. He stumbled over the threshold and knocked up against the table. It was so dark. But his heart rejoiced. The world was beautiful. People were good. . . .

Then, gradually, fear stole back upon him.