

went away with a gleam of hope in his heart. Was it not said in the book: "The entrance of thy words giveth light"? He returned again and again to his post by the small grating, until his reading attracted notice, and he was brought before the governor of the prison and questioned concerning his conduct.

"I wanted to tell the prisoner where the mercy he cried for can be found," was his explanation.

"And where is that?" asked the governor with a smile.

"In Jesus," said the "Momier," simply and bravely: "For 'God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

"Well, if you have anything to tell him that will do him good," said the governor, "I will grant you admission to his cell for half-an-hour each day; it will be better than your making a disturbance outside."

It was a wonderful favor; but the "Momier" knew that all hearts were under God's control, and he accepted it gratefully, as an answer to prayer. He was taken into the prison; and, in charge of the gaoler, he traversed its gloomy passages, until at length they reached an iron door, and the key being turned, he was admitted into a place about eight feet square, too dimly lighted for him at first to discover any object; but when his eyes became accustomed to the gloom he saw the prisoner sitting on a straw bed, his limbs heavily ironed, and his whole attitude betokening the utmost dejection of spirit. The "Momier" spoke, and his voice at once was recognized by the poor fellow,

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