

sinner has hopes of forgiveness. Without hope, the world would be dwelling in a night of gloom and misery, which not even the midday sun could brighten. And hope buoyed up the prisoner on this occasion.

The prisoner, however, knew that his case was a most serious one, and determined on writing to his friends in Montreal, asking them to help him, if possible. He had already sent letters to them, containing money, some of which only had been received. His friends received this letter with much distress, and enlisted the sympathies of Lieut.-Col. —, of the Garrison Artillery, a member of which he had been formerly. This officer wrote to the Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. army, a letter containing a number of names of officers and men of the above corps, who testified to Cunningham's good character as a volunteer while in Montreal. But this letter either had no weight, or it arrived too late, to be of any service.

In due time a court-martial was held, for the purpose of considering the charge against the prisoner. The court was unanimously of the opinion that the prisoner was guilty, and sentence of death was accordingly pronounced against him; the sentence to be carried out in eight days from that time.

The chaplain was deputed to convey the verdict of the court-martial to the prisoner, and to offer the needful religious consolation. The prisoner bore the news at first with fortitude; but before the chaplain left him, he shed tears freely.

All hopes of escape had now faded from the prisoner's mind, and he gave way to the bitterest grief. He had brought this trouble upon himself, through ill temper and self-will. He had not a friend near to console him, except that great Friend, whom as yet he did not know.

It is in the time of the deepest trouble that Jesus can give that true consolation which no earthly friend can give. Some try to bear their troubles alone; but happy