

This "Momier"—as he was called in ridicule, as pious people were formerly called Methodists in England—felt the keenest pity for the condemned man, and longed to do something to lessen his misery. But what could he do? He had no interest to obtain a respite in his favor; but he wished most earnestly to bring to the poor perishing soul tidings of a Saviour, who could wash the vilest clean, and make the guiltiest fit for a home with Him in Paradise. Day after day the good man came to the prison, and wandered round its gloomy walls without finding any means of carrying out his blessed purpose. He was told that no one except the gaoler was ever admitted to the condemned cell, and that it would be useless to seek permission of the authorities. Nothing daunted by difficulties, he inquired in which part of the gaol the murderer was confined, and found that a small grating near the ground, in a certain part of the prison walls, was the aperture through which a few rays of light were admitted to his dungeon. Here was the opportunity for which he had prayed.

At once he seated himself on the ground near the grating, and began to read in a clear voice the third and fourth chapters of the epistle to the Romans. He read on without interruption until he reached the fifth verse of chapter iv.: "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness," when a deep, hoarse voice from within the wall called out: "Read those words again." He read them slowly and earnestly, and then, as no further sound broke the stillness, he