

lifted up his hands and prayed, "As truly as thou, O Jesus of Nazareth, art the true Prophet and Messiah, I will be thy disciple! Have mercy, upon me! Have mercy, as thou showest mercy to the thief at thy right hand! Pray for me, as thou prayedst for thy murderers.—Father, forgive him?"

This son of Abraham, now in his heart a believer, longed now with an increased desire after the day of his acquittal, of which, conscious of his innocence, he had not the least doubt. This desire was not so much owing to his natural love of liberty, as to a wish to confess publicly with the mouth, what he believed with his heart, and to be added, by baptism, to the followers of Jesus Christ. He spent his time every day in reading the New Testament, which now had become his invaluable treasure; he repeatedly perused it from the beginning to the end, with increasing interest and joy.

His trial for the murder at last took place. He defended himself with freeness, but modesty; even his judges confessed that his conduct bore testimony to his innocence; and the visible calmness of soul he showed when the bloody knife found in his pocket was produced, and his modest declaration on that occasion, staggered the judges. He was remanded to prison. As to the final issue, he was without fear, quietly waiting for the day, when God himself would be pleased to make his innocence manifest by some providential incident. After having been detained in prison for fifteen months, he received sentence, by which he was condemned to be whipped publicly before the town-hall, on three different days, and then to one year's hard labour in the citadel. A tear dropped from his eyes when the sentence was communicated to him, but he returned calmly and resigned into his prison.