

to the cart, I looked up at her from under the horse's bridle, and I said, 'My dear, look to Jesus.' This quickened her spirit, insomuch that although she had not looked about her before, she turned herself round to me and said, 'Sir, I bless God I can look to Jesus—to my comfort.'"

Arrived at the place of execution, he spoke to her again solemnly, "Did you not commit the fact? Had you no concern therein? Were you not interested in the murder?" She said, "I am as clear of the whole affair as I was the day my mother brought me into the world." She was very young, she had all the aspects of innocence about her. The sheriff burst into tears, and turned his head away, exclaiming, "Good God! it is a second Coleman's case!"

At this moment her cousin stepped up into the cart, and sought to kiss her. She turned her face away, and pushed him off. She had before charged him with being the murderer—and he was. When subsequently taken up for another crime, he confessed the committal of this. Her aunt had left to Mary, in the event of her death, more money than to this wretch. The executioner drew the cart away, and Mary's body—leaning the poor head, in her last moments, on Silas's shoulder—dear old Silas, her only comfort in that terrible hour—fell into the arms of death. But he tells how she was cold and still before the cart was drawn away.

We trust our readers will not be displeased to receive these items from the biography of a very remarkable, a singularly romantic and chequered, as well as singularly useful career. References to Silas Told will be found in most of the biographies of Wesley. Southey passes him by with a very slight allusion. Tyerman dwells on his memory with a little more tenderness; but, with the exception of Stevens, none has touched with real interest upon this extraordinary though obscure man, and his romantic life and labours in a very strange path of Christian benevolence and usefulness. He was known, far and near, as the prisoners' chaplain, although an unpaid one. He closed his life in 1778, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. As we have seen, John Wesley appropriately presided over his funeral, and pronounced an affectionate encomium over the remains of his honoured old friend and fellow-labourer.—*Sunday at Home.*