

waggoners' frocks and blackened faces. Before us the 'Old Gardener,' sitting on the side of his bed. He wore a red worsted nightcap, a check shirt, and a flannel jacket; his iron-grey face, fringed with a grizzled beard, looking as cool and undismayed as if he had been in the pulpit preaching. A table was by the side of the bed, and immediately in front of him, on a large deal table, was an open Bible, close to which we observed, to our horror, a heap of gunpowder, large enough to blow up a castle. A candle was burning on the table, and the old fellow had a steel in one hand and a large flint in the other. We were all three completely paralyzed. The wild, iron-faced, determined look of the 'Old Gardener,' the candle, the flint and steel, and the great heap of powder, absolutely froze our blood, and made cowards of us all. The gardener saw the impression he had made:

"'What? do you want to rob and murder?' exclaimed he; 'you had better join with me in prayer, miserable sinners that you all are! Repent, and you may be saved. You will soon be in another world!'

"Ryder first recovered his speech.

"'Please to hear me, Mr. Gardener. I feel that we have been wrong, and if we may depart we will make reparation, and give you all the money we have in our pockets.'

"We laid our purses on the table before him.

"'The Lord has delivered you into my hands. It was so revealed to me in a dream. We shall all soon be in another world. Pray, let us pray.' And down he fell upon his knees, close to the table, with the candle burning and the ugly flint and steel in his hand. He prayed and prayed. At last he appeared exhausted. He stopped, and eyed the purses; and then emptied one of them out on the table. He appeared surprised, and, I thought, gratified, at the largeness of its contents. We now thought we should have have to retire; but to our dismay the 'Old Gardener said,—

"'Now we will praise God by singing the Hundredth Psalm.'

"This was agony to us all. After the Psalm the old man took up the second purse; and while he was examining its contents, Ryder, who was close behind Tom and myself, whispered softly,—