

remorse for the numerous cruelties he had practised on his fellow-creatures, and earnestly besought his injured wife to procure for him, if possible, a priest to afford him some consolation, and to render him assistance in preparing for that awful eternity into which he was about to be launched. The confiding woman, at length won by his repeated solicitations, consented to seek a clergyman for him as he so earnestly desired it, flattering herself that even at the eleventh hour it had pleased the Almighty Ruler to have given him compunction for his misdoings. Taking a circuitous route, she arrived at the cave in which the priest was concealed; three particular knocks were followed by the removal of a sliding flag by one in the interior of the cave, and she was admitted into the presence of him whom she sought. The venerable man stood amidst a few of his persecuted flock, who had assembled together, imparting to them that consolation which was, alas! a stranger to his own breast. In person he seemed of the middle size and apparently about 56 years of age, but sorrow and sufferings had effected much more than time in causing his ample brow to be furrowed with deep and careworn wrinkles; as he stood in the midst of them, with his flowing locks thrown carelessly behind him, he looked as one of the ancient patriarchs instructing his children in the knowledge of the promised Redeemer, and was a living exemplification of that character described by Goldsmith in the following lines:—

As some tall rocks that lifts its awful form,  
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the  
 storm,  
 Though round its base the storms of winter  
 spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Having noticed the entrance of the woman, he demanded whether any particular business had brought her to the cave at that time, she replied that her husband lay dangerously ill and that he eagerly and earnestly called for him to impart to his dying soul the spiritual consolations he stood so much in need of. On hearing this the aged pastor, knowing what kind of a character this man was, hesitated. It was however but for a moment; all care and anxiety for himself had passed away; he knew he was still in the hands of the Lord whose power was infinite, and urged by the enthusiastic desire of securing per-

haps one soul from perdition, he consented to go. The persuasions and entreaties of his humble friends had no effect in causing him to swerve from his purpose, though they continued to represent to him in lively colors the inveterate malignancy this man had heretofore borne against them. "My people," said the reverend pastor, while the tear which glistened in his eye bespoke the poignancy of his feelings, "I go in pursuance of a higher motive than that of self-preservation, if through my humble endeavours one unhappy soul is rescued from the yawning gulf of perdition, amply am I repaid though my life should fall a sacrifice in the interim." Thus saying he prepared to accompany the woman.

During the time which elapsed after the departure of the ruffian's wife, he had by a preconcerted signal given notice to his two confederates of the approach of their intended victims. Placing them in ambush they waited in silence his arrival, and in order to cloak appearances and in some measure cover his depravity in the eyes of his deceived wife, he still pretended to be unable to leave his bed. Immediately on the entrance of the unsuspecting clergyman the villains darted from their hiding place and seized him. "Avaunt unholy men," exclaimed the priest, "would you deprive an innocent fellow creature of the short remnant of days which these grey hairs shew is allotted to him?" "Cunning fox," replied they, "you have too long deluded victims by thy papistical trumpery, and gladly wouldst add another to the number; thy errand is for this time needless; we will find other work for you than increasing your flock at present, most reverend humbug. Away! away! with him," said they. "Scoffers, revile not," said the priest with animation, "the purpose which brought me here was a holy one. Alas! for the unfortunate being who has mocked the judgment of the most High. Oh! may the innocent blood you are about to shed never rise in judgment against him; fain would I speak a few words with him before I leave the house," continued he, "perhaps when he who now addresses you has crumbled to his parent earth they may tend to arouse his guilty soul to a sense of his wickedness." With a great deal of persuasion he prevailed on them to accompany him to the room in which Craig still lay. On their entrance the sight