

sermons, as far as more than the congregation then present was concerned. This is a resumé: "Gentlemen, I now can feel, and do acknowledge, that my sentence is just; and very merciful has God been to me. I gave my victim no time to repent; but God has been more merciful to me, for He has given me space for repentance. . . . Oh, gentlemen, *if I had only read my Bible*, I should not be standing here before you now, in this ignominious and awful situation." To hear a man speak thus,—whom they saw standing pinioned on a drop, with the death-tree for the frame of the picture they came to see, whilst the hangman stood by his side, holding the rope in one hand and the white hood in the other,—was a tableau to which even the hardened men who clustered beneath could not be spectators unmoved. Some of them were visibly moved. Perhaps, in "the day of visitation," that homily will have had its own value, as a preparative dispensation of conviction. The hangman got me off the drop. I bade my brother a bitter, affectionate farewell; rushed to the back of the scaffold, threw myself down in prayer. There was a concussion as though the whole was coming down, a dreadful shudder, and another murderer was, I trusted and believe, where *he* was to whom the Saviour of sinners said, "To-day shalt *thou* be with me in Paradise." Is not this "a brand plucked from the burning?"

Soon afterwards I left. So ended nearly four years of isolation, trial, anxieties, privations, suffering, and daily bodily toil, which seemed like forty years instead of four. My work was done in British Columbia; and the ministrations, prayers, aspirations, and shortcomings of one of the pioneers of His Church in a new land, were, with the past history and ministry of each of us, gone up to be registered by the Master of the vineyard, in one of the "other books" that shall be "opened" on "that day."

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