

and strength fast enough, as he strode along towards the terribly visible trysting-place. There had been elaborate preparations, because there was a gossiping rumour that all the men off his late mining-bar meant to attempt a rescue at the last. The town and the authorities believed it the more that they assumed his repentance, which had excited much comment, to be part of the plot, by (as they said) "gulling the parson." However, soon all were convinced that no rescue was thought of, and that some other solution had to be found for the murderer's keeping, in life and at death, so close to the parson. We left all the constables and special-constables far behind, and he and I mounted the steps, before the magistrate and attendants were nearer than some forty yards.

Wall sat on a block and was pinioned by a little-wizened old man, who had come a few days before for the duty, but whom no one had seen. He received £20. This man's face, and grotesque dress (which he put on so that no one might recognize him), and tout ensemble, were of that weird and revolting kind of which one reads in such writings as Sir Walter Scott's romances. I did not wonder that Wall shuddered when such an apparition touched him, at such a time, for such a purpose. After reading God's Word once more, and then kneeling down and praying with Wall, but including all present in the prayer, we stood side by side on the drop. I had anxiously waited for this moment, and it was come. I said, "Now, Wall, you have one single opportunity afforded you, do you think you can speak a word for your God?" He made no sign, but stood silent. I feared that it was as it had been at his trial in court, that he was *gone*, from over-excitement. But the very reverse was the case: he was strangely sobered, and wonderfully strengthened. He was only meditating what to say. Then he began to speak, so calmly that the crowd at first scarcely realized that so ferocious a murderer could be the person who was uttering such calm, warning words. He said what was better there than mere religious sentiment or hysterical rhapsody, to which many of them would have attached no value; so common amongst those present, chiefly Americans or Americanized, was an Antinomian alternation of sensational pietistic sentimentality, with the most vicious and abandoned living. I forget his words, but his tones, and the drift of his pithy, concise address, by such a preacher, from such a pulpit, I am not likely to forget, especially because in his person I was preaching one of my very best