

well as outside. The utmost pains have been taken with all the details of construction and arrangement, and the new structure is not only far superior to the old in comfort and convenience, but is at least equal to any other building of the kind in the Dominion.

"The fine gymnasium, which was erected a few years ago is now connected, by a covered way, with the main building.

"On the whole, we think there can hardly be any doubt, that the fire was a blessing in disguise. It is unnecessary for us to say anything about the merits of this well-known school. The Church may well be proud of it, and the country grateful that it has amongst its educational forces one of such strength and with so marked a character of its own. Variety in educational matters is, as Sir John Gorst has recently pointed out, of the very first importance. Our Church schools supply in large measure such variety to the educational forces of Canada. Long may it remain so; and long may Port Hope hold the proud position among those schools, and in our land, that she has done in the past, and seems likely to continue to do in the future."

The new chapel was dedicated on Palm Sunday by the Bishop of Toronto. It is the Bishop's custom to visit T.C.S. annually on Palm Sunday to administer confirmation. That day, therefore, was especially appropriate for the dedication of the new chapel. The building, we learn will, when finally completed, be more beautiful than the old.

#### SAVED ON THE GALLOWS.\*

A MINISTER PRAYING AGAINST TIME WHEN THEFT WAS A CAPITAL CRIME IN CANADA.

The following brief item appeared in an Erie paper:—  
"Richard Carr, an old Canadian octogenarian, who had lived on this side of the lake for many years, died Monday last, and was taken to Ontario for interment."

He was once sentenced to be hanged.

He was seen by Dr. M. J. Clark, and the Doctor furnishes the following account of Carr's escape from the gallows:—

"I had no idea that Carr was living on this side of the lake, or that he was living at all. Not having heard anything of him for thirty years, I supposed him long since dead.

"His arrest, conviction, sentence and escape are events closely connected with my family and childhood, my uncle, Rev. John Ryerson, being the clergyman who attended Carr to the scaffold, and who prayed against time for the purpose of cheating the hangman. He succeeded, and this is how it all happened. I was a child at the time, and it happened at Vittoria, a Canadian village just across the lake, about fifty-five years ago.

"Whom did Carr kill? No one.

"He was a quiet, inoffensive young man and so was Smith, condemned to die with him.

"The affair formed the theme for many atrocious ballads by villainous village poets, just as the execution of the three Thayers in Buffalo did.

"I see by the papers now-a-days a cold-blooded murderer frequently escapes the attention of Her Most Excellent Majesty's hangman through some one point of the law, but in the good old days, no poor wretch, whose suffering family prompted him to steal sheep or oxen, escaped.

"They were swung off promptly, if not artistically.

"One day, I remember well, the village was thrown into great excitement by the discovery of a crime, for which the penalty was death. The whole village of Vittoria was in an uproar. Some one had stolen an ox.

"A diligent search resulted in the discovery of the hide, and suspicion fell upon Carr, who was known to be poor, and in whose house the odour of cooked meat still hung.

"The village Dogberry and shallow dignitaries that were next to deities in my eyes then, succeeded in extorting a confession of guilt from Carr and another poor fellow named Smith.

"The culprits were brought on trial, and a jury of twelve fellow-men found no difficulty in consigning both of them to the scaffold, after the learned judge had expatiated for hours upon the enormity of the crime against God and man.

"Sentence of death was passed upon Carr and Smith, and they would both probably have been executed the next day, but I suppose the sheriff thought it would be regarded as ungentlemanly and unfriendly if he did not arrange the time so that the distant constituency could get to witness the sight. Travel was slow in those days of no railroads.

"Among those who were horrified and shocked at the approaching execution were my uncle, the spiritual adviser of the poor fellows, and Dr. John Rolph, whose memory still clings to the village.

"The Rev. John Ryerson was brother to Egerton Ryerson, D.D., Superintendent of Education in Ontario, who died two years ago—the Houses of Parliament adjourning to attend the funeral.

"Dr. Rolph was more excited than any other of Smith and Carr's sympathisers. He determined to ride to Toronto and intercede with the Governor, who, I think, was Sir John Colborne. Before departing on his hazardous errand of mercy Dr. Rolph was closeted with my uncle, Rev. John Ryerson. The latter subsequently told me that he had agreed to delay the hanging all he could by making the closing prayer as long as his strength and power would permit, provided that Rolph had not returned. Good Dr. Rolph calculated on getting back a few hours before the time set for execution. He set out on the swiftest horse to be had in the village, but the people had little faith in his ability to make the journey, and still less faith in the Governor's inclination to interfere.

"The days flew on, and the people flocked in from the surrounding country. Uncle John did all he could to comfort the doomed men, and lead them to a realization of a greater mercy than man's, but they refused to be comforted.

"The fatal morn came, but without any tidings of Dr. Rolph. The hour arrived and the men were led out to die.

"Private hangings had not come into fashion then. It was considered good and wholesome for the common people to witness the awful and just punishment of the horse, cattle and sheep stealer.

"The gallows was erected out in the open and full view of all. It was none of your patent latest style instruments of death, no sandbag scientific tests were made to assure the quickest death possible. It was a rude structure upon which the village carpenter may not have expended more than two hour's labour.

"Smith and Carr were placed in position, and when the hangman's little preliminaries were over, the sheriff was informed that all was ready for the parson's final blessing or prayer.

"The Rev. John Ryerson got down on his knees and began the longest and most remarkable prayer on record. His voice was low purposely, for he wished to husband his vocal strength.

"He prayed for about twenty minutes without creating remark, for long prayers were not so distasteful then as now. But when he entered upon the second half hour, great restlessness was manifest.

"The sun poured down on the uncovered heads, and many did not hesitate to say aloud that they were getting too much of a good thing. The sheriff was impatient and the hangman looked weary.

"The proceeding made him tired; even the poor wretches awaiting death showed signs of annoyance, for

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