

that she believed she would have lost her life, but for Atkinson; when her husband had been shot by one of the gang, and he was about to fire at her also, Atkinson prevented him, saying that he would shoot the first man who raised his hand to strike or fire; that he came to rob, but not to murder.

When I heard these statements, I thought there must still be something of remorse or feeling left in the man, and I felt that I must go to the jail and see him, and talk with him about his soul. I strove to get rid of the conviction by saying there were a number of ministers in the city, and that it was their place, not mine, to go and see the man. Still the impression upon my mind remained. I retired to my room to seek Divine direction and the conviction became deeper that I must go. Accordingly, I went to the jail, and told the keeper for what purpose I had come. He said, in reply, he was sorry he could not admit me; that the Sheriff had been there, and he had given strict orders to admit no one without a pass from himself, as the prisoner had broken jail before, and might attempt it again. I immediately hurried off to the Sheriff's office, and told him for what purpose I had come. He asked me if I knew the prisoner. I said no; I had never seen him. He said he thought there was little use in seeing him, he was such a bad man. I said, bad as he was there was mercy for him, if he humbled himself before God, and sought pardon through Christ; and that if he (the Sheriff) prevented a minister or kind friends from seeing the prisoner and speaking with him about his soul, he would have to give account therefor to God. He said he would think of it, and immediately entered his carriage and drove away.

Between eight and nine o'clock, the Sheriff sent his servant with a letter saying, if I wished I might take a friend with me and go to see Atkinson, but that I must remain locked up in the cell all night. I thought this was rather hard, and that probably the Sheriff had several objects in view:—If I went, his prisoner would be safe; it would be a good way of testing the sincerity of "those Methodists;" if I declined the condition it would be an easy way to get rid of me.

On my way to the jail I called upon the Methodist Minister, the Rev. Mr. Irwin, and told him the whole affair. He immediately said he would not let me go alone, so we went together. The jailer was very courteous, prepared seats and lights, and introduced us to the condemned man's cell. After telling the prisoner who we were and for what purpose we had come, the jailer bid us a kind good night, and retired, and we found ourselves alone with the doomed man. I shall never forget his wild, haggard looks. He was heavily ironed, and was just about lying down on his miserable bed. I have no doubt he would gladly have excused us; but we felt it was now or never. We read suitable portions of Scripture, conversed, and prayed with him several times during the night. He said but little, except that he had intended to commit suicide that night by means of poison which had been given him before he left the Court-house. We pointed out the great sinfulness of such an act, and he at last gave up the poison.

In the morning Mr. Irwin left, but I remained for some time longer. I told Atkinson it was well-known he had been connected with several robberies of late, and that if he had any of the stolen property in his possession, or knew where it was, it was now his duty to confess it, so that it might be returned to the rightful owners. I also told him that he need not expect pardon from God, so long as he had such property in his possession; and that the interest I took in this matter could be prompted only by a desire for his salvation. I saw these remarks affected him considerably, and I left him to consider them.

About 11 o'clock a messenger told me that Atkinson wished to see me. As soon as I entered his cell he told me that he knew where a quantity of stolen property was concealed, and that he now wished to have it restored to its proper owners. I then took down, at his dictation, a list of 15 or 16 horses and cows, and some other property, which he, with others, had stolen. He gave me a full description of the animals, the names of their owners and the places where the property was concealed. Atkinson and his gang were connected with another gang near Belfast. Each gang would