

Suddenly she moved her hand, as if she wished to say something to us. We came very close to her, for her voice was growing feeble, and we hoped to hear some enquiry after Jesus. No; she had quarrelled with one of her neighbours about some trifle, and she wished us to take her part. Thus was she spending her dying breath. Her soul seemed silent against the warnings or threatenings that so often make a sinner tremble. The door of her heart seemed double-locked against the Lord knocking; a thick veil of formality was upon her heart—the growth of fifty years of dry, lifeless, fruitless profession; and now she was going before her Maker and Judge with a miserable lie in her right hand.

She died about two hours after; her light went out in darkness.

We often read of shipwrecks; and often do we picture to ourselves that fearful moment when the perishing one discovers he is *lost*. But there is still a more terrible scene—the shipwreck of a soul. What an awful moment that must be when a soul that has slept on secure in sin, with a name to live, discovers that *all is lost!*—all hope gone for ever!—the false peace shivered to pieces, and the sinner now beyond the reach of mercy; remembered sabbaths—remembered communions and professions, all crowded up to the agonised view of the lost!

Let us give diligence to make our calling and election *sure*.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

“I spoke in Dundee, to the outcasts of that town. The Right Hon. Lord Kinaird and his Lady, were instrumental in getting up that meeting. It was such a meeting, I suppose, as you cannot see in this country; at least, I never saw such an one. If such an audience can be gathered together here, I should like to see it, and to address it. The town missionaries had got together a large mass of men and women, and you would have looked almost in vain, to find one lingering trace of human beauty left. It seemed as if the foul hoof of debauchery had dashed it out. It was a horrid sight to look at. Rags, filth, nakedness—a festering steaming mass of putrifying humanity. A woman sat at my feet and the place was so crowded that I touched her; her nick-name for years, had been “Hell fire” (Sensation.) The boys called her “Fire,” and she was known by no other name, in the vicinity of her wretched residence. Fifty-three times had she been convicted and sentenced for from six days to four months imprisonment. The Ex-Provost of the town, George Rough, said to me, “I never sent *one* policeman to take her. She was never mastered by *one man*. She is a muscular woman, and she will hit right and left. She has been dragged before me, time after time with the blood streaming from her face. Rev. Mr. Hannay, and Mr. Rough, said to me, “if she kicks up a row, as she probably will, you will see one of the most comical rows you ever beheld. It is dreadful, but there is a comicality about it; she has such a power with her tongue that it is amazing. We have seen men who could stand any amount of common swearing, run when Fire “began to blaspheme.” She sat there at my feet and as I went on she interrupted me a little. I told that audience what they had been, what they might be, what God meant they should be. I showed them that they were thwarting God’s good designs towards every one of them. I asked that mother if she did not remember sending that half starved little child for a penny’s worth of oatmeal and four-pence worth of whiskey. I asked that young man to remember what he promised when he married that girl, and to go and look at that bed of rags to which he has brought her. Some of them lifted up their naked arms, and said, “Oh! that is all true.”

“By and by the woman at my feet looked up and said, “Where did you learn all that?” Then she looked as if she had some important communication to make to the people, and she said, “the man kens all about it. Would you give the likes o’ me the pledge?” “To be sure I will,” said I. “Oh! no! no!” said some; “it won’t do for her to take the pledge.” I said, “why not?” “She can’t keep it?” “How do you know?” “She will be drunk before she goes to bed to-night.” “How do you know?” “Madam” I said to her, “here is a gentleman who says you cannot keep the pledge if you sign it.” The woman flew into a rage. Said I, “before you fight about it, tell me can you keep it?” The reply was, “If I say, I will, I can.” I said “then you say you will.” “I will.”