

occupant of the cow-shed at this moment—the death-struggle was being enacted. I was suddenly summoned to the bedside of this poor victim, to see him breathe his last, and deliver up his mortal body to the grave. When that last long-wished-for moment of mortality arrived—when the emissaries of the devil were hovering over the carcass they were to waft away to eternity, that heap of clay seemed to concentrate all its dying energies in that broken, breathless voice, that told me, in fearful accents, the utter impossibility of salvation to him in the Saviour's blood, and in pointing out to me, with a boney finger and a fiendish countenance, the imaginary demon that had gnawed away his vitals. Oblivion can never damp in my memory the screams, the moans, the fearful gesticulations of that dying man.

In the awful stillness of the following early morning, there was heard on deck the solemn step of the collecting soldiers; then followed the plaintive words of the officer, as he paid the last earthly tribute to those remains of mortality as they lay on the death-slide, sewn up in canvas and shrouded in the Union Jack. Then came a pause—a splash—and it was launched into the waters of the bottomless deep.

I will not draw any inferences from the above consequences of lust's sin I have endeavoured to describe; that I will leave to your own reasoning powers. The few plain truths there expressed are, I hope, sufficiently vivid to make a lasting impression on the minds of some of you; and, I think, sufficiently fearful to be remembered by you all, if it were only for a time.