

dude, coming with glittering gold to the door of a Toronto haven of refuge, to tempt and decoy a winsome Magdalene out of that refuge of mercy, where she was trying to struggle upward out of the reflux waves to the foot of the cross—waves that threatened to engulf her forever. Can you think of midnight assassin more cruel? Call me extravagant! Brand me as mad! "I am not mad, most noble Festus!" Not mad, for I speak what I do know, and testify what I have seen.

What is the life of every city pastor? I do not speak of your *dilettante* gentry that prate about clerical dignity and æsthetic society. What is the life of every true pastor but a prolonged and agonized conflict with ever-revealing vice? I tell you that ministers are not the sweet innocents that your bar-room libertines and politicians imagine. They unwillingly track the footsteps down to the damning darkness of many a man who carries a bold and audacious front. It is the sorrow and burden of the ministry that they are obliged to uncover so much of this social iniquity. Of all insanities that ever possessed the mind of a young man, no delusion is greater than to suppose that he can hide his iniquity. Hide it? It is suspected; it is breathed; it is whispered; it is spoken.