

often aroused them, as they once aroused Felix on his throne; but, like him, they put off repentance to "a more convenient season." The door of hope was opened widely to them by the hand pierced on Calvary; but they lingered without until that door was shut.

There will be an especial bitterness in the fate of those who destroyed themselves by their own procrastination. They will be tantalized for ever by the recollection of what they so strangely threw away. The spectre that will haunt them in their abode of despair will be the ghost of a LOST OPPORTUNITY! That spectre they can never lay. It will rise-up before them for ever. It will ring the peals of Sabbath-bells in their memories and remind them how they profaned those Sabbaths by refusing God. It will whisper in their ears the sweet voices of a mother or a sister who once urged them to a better life. It will point them back to the very time and place where they finally refused the tender of eternal life and sealed their own doom. The words which it will echo and re-echo in their hearing for evermore will be, "*too late—too late—too late!*"

We began this little essay in a playful vein, but you will perceive, my reader, that the subject has sobered us as we went forward. It is too serious a one for playfulness. It involves too vast results. We do not mean to intrude a sermon upon you, but we would affectionately warn you against meeting in eternity the skinny finger and the hollow voice of a lost opportunity. It may then point you to the distant city of the blest in its celestial glories, and say to you, "The time was when you might have had a seat in yonder heaven. The gate was open; but you closed it. The Cross was offered; but you despised it.—The Saviour called; but you refused Him. You were almost in yonder region of the raptured. You might have been there; but you were *too late!*" God grant that your future endless years may not be tormented by such memories as these.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—*It might have been.*"

Those who would make the way of salvation difficult and free from sin impossible, should remember the evil report and fate of the tau spies.

THE MIDNIGHT MOVEMENT.

The promoters and friends of the Midnight Movement Committee held their anniversary meeting on Monday evening, May 5th, at Freemasons' Hall. It was a scene and a season of jubilee to its promoters and friends.

The following is an authentic list of results of the Midnight Movement in London, since its origin in February, 1860:—25 meetings held. 6000 women have heard the gospel. 29,000 Scripture cards, books, tracts, and Mr. Noel's address circulated. 123 females restored to friends. 211 placed in service. 27 in homes. 2 set up in business. 2 emigrated. 8 married. 1 sent to France. 1 to Holland. 1 to New York. 30 left the "Homes" after a short residence. 36 enabled and assisted to obtain a livelihood. In London, 440 have been reclaimed; in the provinces, 600. Total, 1042.

To illustrate the working of the Female Prevention and Reformatory institutions in London, take the following statistics recently furnished by Mr. Thomas, the secretary of the "Home" at 200 Euston Road:—"Up to the close of 1861, 707 poor young women were admitted to the homes supported by this institution; of these 137 were fatherless, 114 motherless, 208 had both parents living, and 45 were uncertain about their parents' existence; 128 left the homes before the period of their probation expired, 509 were provided for or restored to their friends, and 80 were in the homes in December 31st, 1861. Income of the institution, £2464, 1s. 4d. Thus far has the Lord led his servants in the management of this cause; in many instances giving them to see the fruits of their labours in the true conversion of many poor outcast females." A remarkable instance of Christian compassion and courage has lately come to light. At a meeting of converts in the east end of the metropolis, a poor girl, who had been "lost," but now "found," instantly responded to a summons publicly made for a volunteer nurse to visit on a poor woman dying of infectious fever. That sufferer was a child of God, and died in Christ. The pillows were smoothed, the burning brow and parched lips of that woman and her six children were cooled by the ministrations of one who had lately been the devil's willing slave, but who now, amid the pestilential air of that chamber, fearless and loving-hearted, whispered to the departing one, who had often shared her scanty fare with penitent ones, of Jesus and his unsparing love, of an opening heaven and a joyful eternity. This incident is as true as it is touching, and is but one out of many instances of self-sacrificing devotedness on the part of converts who have been recently brought to Christ at George Yard Ragged School and Church, Whitechapel.