

to think of the kind advice and instruction I got, while an inmate there—great is the change in me to what I felt before I went into the Refuge. I am now going into the world afresh, and with the help of God, I will so conduct myself as to meet your approbation. I would thank the Ministers and pious gentlemen, who were in the habit of visiting us, and for their wish to save our souls, especially Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Johnstone, Dr. Robinson and dear Mrs. B——, I hope they still continue their work of love. I remember a great many chapters she used to explain to us for our instruction, and I remember the nice stories she used to read to us. It is my delight in this lonesome place to think of all I heard in the Refuge, and I would thank the Matron for her kindness to me and my sisters, for she was ever ready with a kind word of advice and encouragement when we most needed it. My sisters and I owe much to all the ladies for their continued kindness to us, and I hope our conduct for the future will be such as always to merit it. I am sure your reward will be in heaven. * * *

My sister was very glad to see me; it was some time before she knew me—she said I had grown so tall and looked so much better than when she last saw me. Her husband was glad to see me, but I would not advise M. or A. to come here, for it is only in a hurried time of the year that they need servants, and this would not suit my sisters, who have to earn their living as servants. I would have no interest in telling a lie. My sister and I would be very glad to have them here, but I would not encourage them for the worse. We live eight miles from the village, and I feel it lonesome, but then, I sing my hymns and read my Bible. I shall seek to have the presence of my Saviour always with me, and then I shall never be alone, or to do *that* which is wrong.

My sister returns her thanks to the ladies for their kindness to her sisters. I am sorry to give them little encouragement, but if it is poor, it is true. My sister got none of Mrs. B.'s letters till to day, I should like to have a few consoling words from Mrs. B.

I am, your obedient and humble Servant, &c., &c.

In the words of one (Dr. Guthrie,) who has "sounded the depths of a city's sins and a city's sorrows," we close our Report:—"As a preliminary step, says Dr. G. to a new effort for the reclamation of fallen women, and the protection of such, as are willing, Magdalene like, to bathe Christ's feet with tears, and wash away their deep sins in his blood; we have procured accurate statistics of the extent of this great sin and sorrow of our large cities. Of them, I will say nothing more than this, that while they were read, men held down their heads with shame, or held up their hands in horror, or burst out into expressions of deep indignation. By that ravening wolf that wastes our folds, I have seen once fair and promising flowers cast forth, and as vilest weeds trodden in the mire of the public streets. I had seen the fall of a daughter, that bitterest of domestic miseries, blanch a mother's head, and still more terrible to look on, turn a father's heart to stone. I had known how a mother, when we were all sleeping in peace, with weary feet and weeping eyes had gone, Christ-like up and down these streets, searching many a den of sin to seek and save her lost one. I had seen