

## THE CLEANSING BLOOD.

A visitor among the poor was one day climbing the broken staircase which led to a garret in one of the worst parts in London, when his attention was arrested by a man of ferocious and repulsive countenance, who stood upon the landing-place, leaning with folded arms against the wall. There was something about the man's appearance which made the visitor shudder; and his first impulse was to go back. He made an effort, however, to get into conversation with the man, and told him that he came there with the desire to do him good and to, see him happy, and that the Book he had in his hand contained the secret of all happiness.

The ruffian shook him off as if he had been a viper, and bade him begone with his nonsense or he would kick him down stairs.

When the visitor was endeavoring with gentleness and patience to argue the point with him, he was startled by hearing a feeble voice, which appeared to come from behind one of the broken doors that opened upon the landing, saying,--

"Does your Book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

And it was repeated in urgent and thrilling tones,--

"Tell me, oh tell me, does your Book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

The visitor pushed open the door and entered the room. It was a wretched place, wholly destitute of furniture, except a three-legged stool, and a bundle of straw in a corner, upon which were stretched the wasted limbs of an aged woman. When the visitor entered she raised herself upon one elbow, fixed her eyes eagerly upon him, and repeated her former question,--

"Does your Book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

He sat down upon the stool beside her and enquired,--"My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

There was something fearful in the energy of her voice and manner as she replied, "What do I want to know of it! Man, I am dying! I am going to stand naked before God! I have been a wicked woman, a very wicked woman all my life. I shall have to answer for everything I have done," and she groaned bitterly as she thought of a lifetime's iniquity seemed to

cross her soul. "But once," she continued, "once, years ago, I came by the door of a church, and I went in—I don't know what for. I was soon out again, but one word I heard there I never forgot. It was something about blood which cleanseth from all sin. Oh, if I could hear of it now! Tell me, tell me, if there is anything about that blood in your Book."

The visitor answered by opening his Bible and reading the first chapter of the first epistle of John. The poor creature seemed to devour the words; and when he paused, she exclaimed, "Read more, read more." He read the second chapter—a slight noise made him look around; the savage ruffian had followed him into his



mother's room, and though his face was partly turned away, the visitor could perceive tears rolling down his cheeks. The visitor read the third, fourth, and fifth chapters before he could get the poor listener to consent that he should stop, and then she would not let him go till he promised to come again the next day. He never from that time missed a day reading to her until she died.

Every day the son followed the visitor into his mother's room, and listened in silence, but not in indifference. On the day of her funeral he beckoned the visitor on one side, as they were filling up her grave, and said,--

"Sir, I have been thinking that there is nothing I should

so much like as to spend the rest of my life in telling others of the blood which cleanseth from all sin."

Thus the great truth of free pardon through the blood of Christ sinks into the soul and saves it. Thus grasped, when all else is gone, it has power to sustain the drowning spirit, and lift it up above the floods that are going over it.

## HOW TO MAKE PATCHWORK QUILTS.

Now, little maidens, what say you to making some patchwork? It is just the right kind of occupation for winter afternoons, because then we have time to cut out the patches and to select and arrange the different colors and patterns. My friends are

these materials rove quickly, I think it is best for young beginners to try their hands upon colored cotton patches. It would seem to me great extravagance to buy any kind of material for this purpose, or even to take large pieces of which other use might be made.

Most likely you will be able to find some bits left from your washing dresses—print, cambric, or piqué (muslin is too thin to use). If you cannot discover any you must ask your dressmaker, and I feel sure that she will supply you, if you remember to say "If you please." My mother had what she called a "bit drawer," into which she used to put all kinds of odds and ends, and into this deep drawer I was allowed to dive whenever I wanted materials for a doll's new garment or patchwork scraps. Now I have a drawer of my own of this description, and most useful do I find it.

Well, suppose you make a counterpane for a doll's cradle or bed. The pattern shall be stars of colored cotton surrounded by patches of white calico.

Fig 1 shows the exact size of each patch. This must be cut in stiff cardboard, and used as a pattern by which to cut all the paper patches you require.

It would be wasteful to take clean, unused paper, and as newspaper is too thin for the purpose, I always have a stock of old envelopes and printed circulars. This preparation for the work is the most irksome part of it, but it can be got through quickly if you adopt the plan of folding the paper several times, and in this way half a dozen hexagons or diamonds may be cut at once.

Exactness and neatness should be particularly observed when making patchwork—exactness in cutting out the papers, for unless every paper is precisely alike, it will not fit in with its next neighbor when placed in close position, and, when this happens, the awkward one has to be turned out as useless, and a perfect one found to put in its place.

I should cut out at least a hundred papers, for quite that number will be wanted, and it is so much less trouble to prepare them all at once. Let us now look over the white and colored cottons, and cut out a quantity, the material has to be turned over, and tacked down on to the paper, so that it must be cut larger. When you have got little piles of papers, and

quite amused at my fondness for doing patchwork. I carefully collect every scrap of satin, velvet, silk, or printed cotton, which comes within my lawful reach, and on a wet or gloomy day, or when I am alone, I always bring out my bundle of pieces, and spend a few hours in this to me very interesting employment. I could show you a counterpane made of white and colored cottons, and two eider-down quilts which have had their faces covered with small patches of colored silks and black satin. But I must not chatter about my own achievements, but rather help you to accomplish something of the same kind.

As pieces of silk and satin are not so easily procured, and as