

blessed hands and feet; the print in His spear-pierced side; all this will be plainly seen as in bodies of glory like His own we behold Him there, surrounding His adorable person throughout the ages of ages. But let me ask WILL MY READER BE THERE ?

Can we wonder then as death draws on apace, that with this dear soul there was no tossing anxious fear, but that quiet, calm, settled peace that told that all was well; the blood had done its blessed work in heart and conscience. "His blood can make the foulest clean, His blood atones for me." Can you say so ?

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A POOR blind man was sitting by the way-side reading these words, from God's word: "whosoever believeth." He passed his finger over the raised letters and said again and again, "whosoever, who-so-ever, what does it mean!" A boy was passing by, on his way to school, and the blind man said to him, "My boy, what does WHOSOEVER mean?" "Everybody, sir; you and I," said the boy. Then said the blind man to himself, "whosoever means me." "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (Jno. iii. 16).