

of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace" (Heb. x. 28, 29.)

The train stopped and we separated, not to meet again in all probability until we should find ourselves in the holy presence of Him whose Person and work are all that the poor sinner has of any value for his eternal salvation.

Reader, the devil exists and desires your destruction; Jesus the eternal Son of the eternal God, came to save you; His blood cleanses from all sin the one who believes in Him.

I REMEMBER hearing of a Hindoo lady who had learned to know the Saviour and to make Him the one object of her desire. She meekly bore persecution and the loss of much for Christ's sake. Her husband forbade her Christian friends to come near her dying bed, and he burned her bible and all her Christian books. But she continued faithful through all. In a few words spoken to her husband before her death she revealed the secret of her peace: "You have forbidden my friends to come to see me; you have robbed me of my bible and my other books, but there is one thing of which you cannot rob me—the story of my Saviour's love—for that is written in my heart."

Is it thus with you? Is Christ precious to you? Is the story of His love the cordial in every sorrow and your comfort when all else fails?