

most influential Committee was formed, for the purpose of carrying out the above-named object.

It was resolved that, should the funds placed at their disposal permit, the following should be the form of memorial:—

1. Marble statue (with the permission of the Dean) in Westminster Abbey.
2. Bronze statue, to be erected on a conspicuous site in some much-frequented thoroughfare. Lord Shaftesbury's life work to be shown in bas-relief on the pedestal. A drinking-fountain to be combined therewith, if possible.
3. A National Convalescent Home for Poor Children, bearing the name of Lord Shaftesbury.

The list has been opened, and contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Sir R. N. Fowler, Bart., M. P., 50 Cornhill, E. C., or by H. R. Williams, Esq., Hon. Secretary, 6 Lime Street, E. C.

Many friends of the British and Foreign Bible Society will doubtless gladly aid to perpetuate the memory of its late distinguished and beloved President.

AN ENGLISH BIBLE READER.

He lived and laboured in the great city of London. With his Bible under his arm he was visiting one day a large tenement house occupied by the poor. As he reached the landing in the fourth story he saw a rough looking man, with his arms folded, leaning against the wall. Holding the Bible in his hand he went up to him and said, "My friend, I have a book here which tells the secret of true happiness. May I not read some of it to you?"

With a frown upon his face the man replied, "Get away with your book, or I'll kick you down stairs."

Several doors opened into that landing. One of these stood ajar. From the room to which it led he heard a feeble voice saying, "Come in here with your book."

He entered the room. In one corner of it he saw a sick woman lying on a heap of straw. Picking up a wooden stool he went and sat down by her side. As he did so she looked at him earnestly, and asked, "Does your book tell anything about the blood that cleanseth from all sin?"

"And why do you want to hear about that blood, my friend?" asked her visitor.

Leaning on her arm and looking earnestly towards him, "Why do I want to know about it?" she asked. "Why, man, I'm dying. I have lived a very wicked life, and with all my sins about me I'm afraid to go into the presence of God. One day, in going through the streets, I was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. Seeing an open door near me I stepped in to avoid the rain. It proved to be a church. It was the only time I ever was in one. The minister was preaching about 'the blood that cleanseth from all sin.' This is what I need now. Oh, sir, does your book tell anything about that blood?"

Her visitor turned to the first chapter of the First Epistle of John and read it. In the seventh verse of that chapter are found these precious words: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin." Then he talked to her about Jesus, and prayed with her. While he was doing this he noticed that the man who had spoken so roughly to him on the landing had entered the room and was listening to what he was saying. It seemed he was the son of the sick woman. The Bible-reader visited the poor woman every day for a week. Then she died a happy death, rejoicing in the thought that her sins were all forgiven through the precious blood of Christ.

The Bible-reader attended her funeral, and at the close of the service the son of the poor woman came up to him and said, "Sir, I want to thank you for your kindness to my mother. The words that were such a comfort to her have been a great blessing to me. They have brought me to Jesus. I am now happy in him. And I wish to spend the rest of my life as a Bible-reader."—*Selected.*