

ANOTHER TESTIMONY TO THE CLEANSING BLOOD.

IN the north of Scotland a *forgiven sinner* lay dying. Say, reader canst thou write thyself down thus? A sinner forgiven, and if so a saint of God, by God's call. Yea a son, and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ!

Like the sinner of the seventh of Luke (whose history he loved to have read to him, over and over,) he had been forgiven much, and he loved much.

Let us draw near to his bedside for a moment, and listen to the lisping stammering tongue, taking up the theme in time, that shall fill eternal ages. Deep was the sense in his soul of the grace displayed toward him. As the fond mother bends over her boy, listen to the divinely taught strain that flows from his lips, so soon to be sealed in death, and so soon again to be re-opened in resurrection glories "conqueror o'er the grave:" "Oh! Mammie, just think of your black Jamie being whiter than the snow, *all through the precious blood.*"

To one of the same craft who called to see him and who happened to say that he had been touching up some of his artistic work, and that it was undying work, his tongue, as the pen of a ready writer at once exclaimed: "Man, Davie, there *was* undying work done on Calvary's cross; the blood of Jesus Christ God's Son cleanseth from all sin."

Ah! my reader, is the language of this dying one thine? Hast thou learnt the lesson of the seventh of