

THIS IS WHAT I WANT.

A CERTAIN man on the Malabar coast had long been uneasy about his spiritual state, and had inquired of several devotees and priests how he might make atonement for his sins ; and he was directed to drive iron spikes, sufficiently blunted, through his sandals ; and, on these spikes, to walk a distance of about 480 miles. He undertook the journey, and travelled a long way, but could obtain no peace. One day he halted under a large shade tree where the Gospel was sometimes preached ; and while he was there, a missionary came and preached from the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (I. John, i. 7). While he was preaching the poor man's attention was excited and his heart was drawn ; and rising up, he threw off his torturing sandals and cried out aloud, "This is what I want !" and became henceforth a living witness of the healing efficacy of the Saviour's blood. Are there not thousands throughout the length and breadth of Christendom trying to get peace by walking on iron spikes ? May God lead them to rest in the precious blood of Christ.

Thine alas ! a *lost* condition !
Works cannot *work* thee remission,
 Nor thy *goodness* do thee *good* ;
Death's within thee, all about thee,
 But the *remedy's* without thee,
 See it in thy SAVIOUR'S BLOOD !