

THE BLOOD WHICH CLEANSETH FROM
ALL SIN.

A MAN engaged in selling bibles climbed one day the broken stairs which led to the garret of a wretched house in an infamous quarter of a great city. When he reached the top he found himself confronted by a brutal and repulsive looking man who stood at the landing with arms crossed leaning against the wall. There was that in his whole appearance and manner which would inspire terror, and the first movement of the visitor as he saw him was to withdraw, but overcoming this involuntary fear he sought to engage the man in conversation. He told him that he had come with the desire to do him good and to see him happy, and that the book which he held in his hand contained the secret of happiness. This exasperated the wretched creature and he informed his visitor that if he did not at once cease such talk he would pitch him from the top to the bottom of the stairs. Whilst the bible seller sought by kind and gentle words to soothe his furious opponent he heard to his great surprise the sound of a feeble voice from behind a half opened door on the same landing. This voice hardly distinguishable, murmured these words. "Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?" The bible seller did not at once respond to the voice of his questioner as he was intent upon touching the conscience of a hardened sinner—Again the voice from the inner room