

silence even a cynic's mouth, and the good they might do eternity alone can tell.—
Congregationalist.

“ HIS BLOOD.”

“ What avails the blood of Christ ? ”

It avails what mountains of good works, heaped up by us—what columns of the incense of prayer, curling up from our lips toward heaven, and what streams of tears of penitence gushing from our eyelids—never could avail : “ The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.”

“ Helps, us to cleanse ourselves, perhaps ? ”

No, cleanseth us.

“ Furnishes the *motive and obligation* for us to cleanse ourselves.”

No, it *cleanseth* us.

“ Cleanseth us from the *desire* to sin ? ”

No—cleanseth us from *ε* n itself.

“ Cleanseth us from the sin of *in-activity* in the work of personal improvement ? ”

No, from *all* sin.

“ But did you say the *blood* does this ? ”

Yes, the blood.

“ The *Doctrine* of Christ you must mean ? ”

No, his *blood* .

“ His *example* it is ! ”

“ No, his *blood, his blood.* ”

Oh ! what hostility the world still betrays towards this essential element of Christianity ! Can anything be stated more plainly in language than the entire word of God declares that our redemption from sin is by the blood of Christ ? And yet what strenuous efforts are constantly made to set aside this plain, essential, wonderful, and most glorious truth, that “ the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.”—*Krummacher.*

HOW I WAS SAVED.

To every wife whose husband is the slave to liquor, I say hope and pray ! Do not give up to despair, and if your husband has any sense of religion or affection for you, he will, by the grace of God, reform.

For ten years alcohol was my master, and for seven years I battled fiercely to

overcome him. Sometimes I would abstain for several months, once for six, then, trusting in my own strength, would fall.

My angel wife bore her troubles without a murmur, and, though delicate and nervous, never gave way to despair ; was always most kind and affectionate, and clinging to my neck, would say, “ Poor, dear John, how I pity you, but let us hope and pray, and you will yet conquer.” We did hope and pray, and God in his mercy answered our prayers, and a happier home on earth than ours cannot be found.

We are now old and grey and are looking forward to that happy home above. No memory of the past is ever allowed to mar our perfect peace, for we know that the blood of the Lamb cleanseth from all sin. My wife says, “ I love you all the more, John, for I know how you struggled, and I feel proud that I was the instrument in God's hands of saving you. I never, even in the darkest moment, regretted marrying you, you, for I thought if I had not you would have been lost ? ”

Oh ! if all wives were like mine how many more might be saved, if they would adopt her course instead of a harsh one.

Dear, Mr. Editor, I will tax you no further, I am an old man, and before I go hence to return no more, I feel that I must give my experience, in the hope that it may, by the blessing of God do a little good. J. R.—*Montreal Witness.*

Ottawa, 1873.

THUNDERING SERMONS.

SOME ministers delight to preach the law of God. I think they are right in preaching it sometimes, but if we are always preaching the law, it would soon lose its effect. Near where I preach, in New Park street, many men are employed in making steam boilers—and the noise is intolerable. But do you know actually men inside the boilers hold their hammer to the place where the man drives the nail ; when first the man goes in, he is obliged to get out in a quarter of an hour, but some men positively can sleep there, while the boiler reverbrates louder than thunder. I believe