

"THAT BLESSED BOOK."

ONLY an old, tattered flower-woman! Withered and weather-beaten, ragged and wrinkled!

How fair and sweet looked the flowers carried by the brown, horny hands! A kindly smile lit up the rugged face, and there was a hearty ring in the words she so repeatedly emphasized, and the old body had still a thought for others and their needs. "Look here, ma'am, *you gave* me some of them little *books* the other day. There's a poor old man near me and he says, '*Ask that lady if she hasn't something for a dying man to read.*' That's just what he says, lady." So I fetched a little testament out of the book-case, and turned the leaf down at the 3rd and 10th of St. John's Gospel, and told her to give it to him.

Some days passed away, and then the old body came again. "Oh! that *blessed* book," she exclaimed, directly she saw me, "he's been a-reading it, and he says '*he's got the peace*, and if *ever* he gets out of his bed he's *a-coming to see you.*'" The withered old face looked quite radiant, as she nodded and emphasized. "He gets up in his bed to pray for you, he does, and he says *that book* has told him *all he wants.*"

Aye! sometimes it tells us more than we want to know. It tells us of the sin so dark, so heinous, that it shuts out from God's heaven, and God's rest. But, if you will listen, it tells us also of the Days-man, the Substitute—the One whose precious blood blots out all sin, until not a spot remains and the soul is whiter than the driven snow.