

"My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood that 'cleanseth from all sin?'"

There was something fearful in the energy of her voice and manner as she replied,—

"What do I want to know of it? Man, I am dying; and I am going to stand naked before God! I have been a wicked woman—a very wicked woman, all my life. I shall have to answer for everything I have done!" And she groaned bitterly, as the thought of a lifetime's iniquity seemed to cross her soul.

"But once," she continued, "once, years ago, I came by the door of a church, and I went in; I don't know what for. I was soon out again; but one word I heard there I have never forgot. It was something about blood which 'cleanseth from all sin.' Oh! if I could hear of it now! Tell me, tell me, if there is anything about that blood in your book!"

The visitor answered by opening his Bible and reading the first chapter of the First Epistle of John. The poor creature seemed to devour the words, and when he paused she exclaimed,—

"Read more! read more!"

He read the second chapter. A slight noise made him look round. The savage-looking ruffian had followed him into his mother's room, and though his face was partly turned away, the visitor could perceive tears rolling down his cheeks. The visitor read the third, fourth, and fifth chapters before he could get his poor listener to consent that he should stop, and then she would not let him go till he had promised to come the next day.

He never from that time missed a day reading to her until she died, six weeks afterwards; and very blessed it was to see how, almost from the first, she seemed to find peace by believing in Jesus.

Every day the son followed the visitor into the mother's room, and listened in silence but not in indifference. On the day of her funeral he beckoned him to one side as they were filling up the grave, and said,—

"Sir, I have been thinking that there is nothing I should so much like as to spend the rest of my life in telling others of the blood which 'cleanseth from all sin.'"

GOOD TEXT FOR A FAREWELL SERMON.

John iii : 30—"He must increase, but I must decrease."

1. *What a minister said of his successor.* John's ministry is ended and he gives place to his cousin from Nazareth. He has had his day. He has done his work. He has

reaped his harvest. Now he is content to stand aside and be forgotten. "All men came to his cousin's baptism" (v. 26). Let them. It is well. Let the coming ministry increase in favor and power and blessing. The old must decrease. There shall be no rivalry. Better for the people to love and revere a living presence than a memory. More honor when His decree of providence is thus ratified by willing hearts.

2. *What a minister said of his Saviour.* For John speaks these words of one who is not only his successor in ministry, but also his God and Saviour, whose name was called Jesus, because He *saves* His people from their sins.

Let the Saviour increase; let the minister decrease. Enough for the preacher to "stand behind the cross." Give all the glory to the Lamb. To the King bend the knee. Let Him increase in love and praise of His worshippers. "Who is Paul and who is Apollos but ministers by whom ye believed?"

This doctrine, important at all times, is especially pertinent and impressive when declared—as John declared it—as a farewell message from a minister beloved. These pastoral charges might then become true blessings in disguise by drawing the eye of the man to rest upon the "One altogether lovely."—*Selected.*

SYMPATHY.

Those of us who have lost little children feel a prompting within us to speak a word of comfort to every parent who is passing through a similar experience. We cannot do good to others save at a cost to ourselves, and our own afflictions are the price we pay for our ability to sympathize. He who would be a helper must first be a sufferer. He who would be a Saviour must somewhere and somehow have been upon a cross; and we cannot have the highest happiness in succoring others without tasting the cup which Jesus drank, and submitting to the baptism wherewith He was baptised. Every real Barnabas (Son of Consolation) must pass to his vocation through seasons of personal sorrow, and so again we see that it is true that by "these things men live." The most comforting of David's psalms were pressed out of him by suffering, and if Paul had not had his thorn in the flesh we had missed much of that tenderness which quivers in so many of his letters.—*Rev. W. M. Taylor, D.D.*

The Emperor William has requested that horse racing be suspended on Sundays and on all the holy days of the church.