

GOD'S BLOTTING PAPER.



DEAR FRIENDS :

As I had so large a share in your "SPECIAL" last month, I cannot venture to take up much room this time. I will therefore just copy a few verses for you, which, I think, the railway men of Canada will value as being the production of a comrade in the Old Country. George Benfield has been for a long time in the service of the Midland Railway Company, and is well known around Derby for his unceasing energy in the cause of God, and his labours of love in behalf of his fellow-employees. He was formerly an engine-driver, but has lately received a well-deserved promotion as yard inspector. George Benfield's own life is a daily practical sermon on the words: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and the widows in their afflictions, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."—James ii. 37.

EONA.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own name's sake, and will not remember thy sins."—Isaiah xliii. 25.

Another page of life
Is now about to close;
I come to lay it at Thy feet,
Before I seek repose.

If lowly acts of love,
Upon its page may shine;
With humble prayer and tuneful praise,
The copy, Lord, was thine.

But there are many stains,
I cannot wash with tears;
Unholy doubts and plotted sins,
And base, unloving fears

And many blots so foul,
That, Lord, I blush with shame,
To think this page was clean and white
When from Thy hands it came.

Then on this page, my Lord,
The blotting paper lay,
Of Thine own blood from Calvary,
And take each stain away.

And, lest my life should close,
And God my volume claim,
Oh, write in blood, on every page,
Thine ever blessed name!

Then, guard me while I sleep,
And sweet will be my rest;
For with my Saviour ever near,
I shall be doubly blest.

And, when in death I sleep,
Oh, let me wake in Thee!
And, with life's history washed in blood,
I shall Thy glory see.

GEORGE BENFIELD,
Midland Railway, Derby, England.

"TO EVERY MAN HIS WORK."



AN old negro preaching in a Maine town recently condemned the general tendency of men to wish they had other opportunities to do good, and asked: "What would de hummin' bird do wid de eagle's wings? And what could de eagle do wid de hummin' bird's wings? Bredren, use de wings of faith God has gibben you, and God will care for both the eagle's and de hummin' bird's flight." Many periods of greater pretension contain not half the beauty of this.—*Baptist Teacher.*

THREE THINGS.

1. Degrees of sin cannot affect the natural state of man before God. It is not a question of DOING, as Luther puts it, that is, of *state and nature*.

2. No amount of external reformation can lighten the condemnation, or change the condition.

3. Man is utterly powerless, in any, and in all respects, to effect his own salvation. Left to himself, unaided from above, he must perish.

God stamps us all with one word—
"GUILTY."

He places us all under one name—
"SINNER."

On every brow is written, "COME SHORT."

There is, of course,

A difference as to *offences*, but no difference as to *guilt*,

No degrees as to *the fact of guilt*.

No difference as to *where we stand* before God.

"He that offends in *one* point is guilty of all."—*Selected.*