

again; I know I don't want to; I hope they're all right down there, and will never come up any more, *that I do!*"

And Old Ben was so much in earnest that his voice trembled as he spoke.

Jack was surprised at seeing him show so much feeling; but, as he could not make him out, he turned off with a short laugh, and walked up and down again, muttering, "Well, Old Ben *is* a queer sort!"

But Ben had not done with him.

"Don't you want to know what I mean, Jack?" said he, a few minutes after, when they met again.

"I don't mind," said Jack. "What *is* it of yours that you hope is at the bottom?"

"My *sins*," said Ben solemnly.

"Oh, your *sins*! I wasn't thinking of *sins*. But how can your sins be at the bottom of the sea?"

"I'll tell you. Have you got a *Bible*, Jack?"

"I've got one somewhere—at least, I know I had; but I don't rightly know where it is."

"Then you don't often read in it?"

"Can't say I do; I won't tell no lies."

"If you'd kept to your Bible, you'd have come across *this* in it: 'Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea.' *That's* what I mean. There's where I hope my sins are, cast down in the depths of the sea."

"I shouldn't mind if mine were along with 'em."

"Well, you may get 'em there, if you go about it the right way—least, that's what I believe. If mine are there, I don't see why yours shouldn't be."

"Well, what *is* the right way then? You seem to know all about it."

"If I do, it's only because God has showed it to me. What I know about it, I've learnt it all out of my Book. You see, messmate, it isn't that my sins are *really* down there, but that's how it's put in the Book, to show us they're *gone*. It's Christ that takes our sins away. He washed 'em away in His Blood, when He died to save us. It's Him I look to. He's my Saviour. He takes our sins right away, so that they're as much gone as if they'd been thrown into the sea. There, now you know about as much as I do; but that's a *lot* to know, to know *that*. I can't teach you much—I don't know much myself; but I do know one thing—that God 'll be as good as His word, and He has promised to forgive all who trust in Jesus, and to take all their sins away. Just you think of what Isaiah says: 'All we like sheep have gone astray' (I know *I* have); 'we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on *Him* the iniquity of us all.' Bless His Holy Name for *that*!"

Here the talk ended for that night. Jack said nothing, but I don't think it was the last talk they had.

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THE POWER OF SONG.—Many years ago, Dr. Forrest, the present Dean of Worcester, was preaching in his London church one Sunday evening. At the close of the service a lady came to the vestry to thank him for his sermon, which had greatly moved her. In the course of conversation it transpired that she was Jenny Lind, the well-known singer. Dr. Forrest took the opportunity of telling her that he was visiting a youth in his parish who was dying of consumption, and who was an earnest Christian. One day Dr. Forrest asked him "what had led him to know Christ as his Saviour?" He replied that "some time before his illness he had gone to the Leeds Festival, and there heard Jenny Lind sing 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that then and there he had yielded his heart to Christ, and had been His faithful follower ever since!' Tears sprang into Jenny Lind's eyes, and after a long pause she thanked Dr. Forrest for telling her this touching incident. Then she added: "It is not the first time that I have heard of a similar result from my singing of that song, and I never do sing it without first asking God that it may be blessed to at least one soul in my audience."