

IN A LONDON GARRET.

A visitor among the poor was one day climbing the broken staircase which led to a garret in one of the worst parts of London, when his attention was arrested by a man of peculiarly ferocious and repulsive countenance, who stood upon the landingplace, with folded arms, against the wall.

There was something about the man's appearance which made the visitor shudder, and his first impulse was to go back. He made an effort, however, to get into conversation with him, and told him that he came there with the desire to see him happy, and that the book he had in his hand contained the secret of happiness.

The man shook him off as if he had been a viper, and bade him begone with his nonsense, or he would kick him down the stairs. While the visitor was endeavoring with gentleness and patience to argue the point with him, he was startled by hearing a feeble voice, which appeared to come from behind one of the broken doors which opened upon the landing, saying:

"Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

For a moment the visitor was too much absorbed in the case of the hardened sinner before him to answer the inquiry, and it was repeated in earnest and thrilling tones:

"Tell me, oh tell me, does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

The visitor pushed open the door and entered the room. It was a wretched place, wholly destitute of furniture, except a three legged stool and a bundle of straw in a corner, on which were stretched the wasted limbs of an aged woman. When the visitor entered, she raised herself upon one elbow, fixed her eyes eagerly upon him, and repeated her former question:

"Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

He sat down upon the stool beside her, and inquired, "My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood which 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! I have been a 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 of iniquity seemed to crush her soul. "But once," she continued, "once, years ago, I came to 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 I could never forget. It was something about blood which cleanseth from all sin. Oh, but if I could but hear it now—Tell me, tell me, if there is anything about that blood in your book!"

The visitor answered by 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 man 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 the poor listener to consent that he should stop, and then she would not let him go till he promised to come again the next day.

He never from that time missed a day read-

WHY THE MINISTER DIDN'T RESIGN.

Rev. Theodore Sherman sat in his pulpit looking wearily down on his parishoners as they filed into the church for the Sabbath morning service. His face was clouded with sadness and disappointment. In his hand he held his resignation.

The minister bowed his head and closed his eyes, but he could still picture the complacent, self-satisfied men and women walking sedately up the broad aisles to their cushioned pews. He could feel their icy reserve, and he mentally shivered. He had tried hard to be an evangelical pastor. Why had he never been able to break through that shell of proud self-esteem?

Of one thing he felt certain: he had been a failure. He would give place to an abler or a more consecrated man. The church was large, and so was the salary, but he would give them up and seek some tiny corner in the Master's vineyard, where he might labor. He had been a failure.

The minister opened his eyes. The organ was playing. It was time for the service to begin. As he looked over the familiar faces, he noticed with a pang the absence of three boys of whom he had been particularly proud and hopeful. He sighed: "Had they, too, turned back?" His hand closed tightly around his resignation, and he arose to his feet.

As he stepped forward about to speak, the door at the foot of the centre aisle swung noiselessly open, and the minister's eyes brightened at the sight of one of the missing boys. And by the side of Thomas Whipple, as he walked quietly down the aisle was a stranger, a lad about the same age, who looked curiously about the noble building as one unused to such surroundings.

At the moment two more boys came in at the side door, and the minister recognized one of them, Richard Wright. The lad with him was a stranger also, a cripple, who walked with a crutch. Before they were seated the centre door opened again, and the third of the missing trio, Robert Fleeting, escorted a third stranger to a pleasant pew. The minister put his resignation in his pocket.

People remarked after the service on the depth and feeling in the pastor's sermon. One or two persons were heard to say that they believed they would attempt to come out to the evening service that night.

When the minister came into his pulpit the following Sabbath morning, the resignation was still in his pocket, but he did not take it out. He waited.

The scene of the preceding Sabbath was repeated, but with one variation. When Thomas Whipple entered the church he escorted not only another lad, but a very old lady, who leaned heavily on the strange boy's arm.

Young Whipple led the pair slowly up the aisle, and the minister watched them with interest. The old lady was bent and wrinkled. There were many looks of surprise and whispered words from the men and women in the pews, but a tear glistened in the minister's eye.

On the day of her funeral, he beckoned the visitor to one side as they were filling up her grave and said: "Sir, I have been thinking there is nothing I should as much like as to tell others of the blood which cleanseth from all sin."—*Ex.*

long, carpeted aisle. The old lady was bent and wrinkled. There were many looks of surprise and whispered words from the men and women in the pews, but a tear glistened in the minister's eye.

Thomas piloted his guests to his father's pew, near the front of the church, the pew of the Hon. Richard Whipple. His wife smiled cordially and made room for them. The Hon. Richard Whipple looked a trifle disconcerted, but made no comment.

The minister left the pulpit at the close of the service, and hurried to the vestibule, where he grasped the feeble old lady by the hand. She looked up into his kindly face, and a tear trickled down her wasted cheeks.

"It's the first time I've been in a church for ten years," she said, "but, please God, I'm coming every Sabbath now if I'm spared. And, best of all, my Walter is coming, too. And I am so happy," she finished, smiling through her tears.

Some of the handsomely gowned ladies of the congregation had been standing near, waiting for an opportunity to speak to the pastor. The good man saw several dainty lace handkerchiefs suddenly brought to view.

"An old woman's tears," he said to himself, "have touched hearts which my preaching has failed to reach."

At the close of the Sabbath school session, the minister found Thomas and Richard and Robert in close conversation.

"Come, lads," he remarked; "don't you think you owe your pastor an explanation? At least won't you let me into the secret?"

"Well, sir," replied Thomas, with a slightly embarrassed laugh, "it is this way. We heard you speak the other evening about holding up the minister's hands, and we began to wonder if there was not some real work that we could do for the Master. We got together and decided—"

"It was your suggestion," broke in Richard.

"Don't interrupt," said Thomas. "We decided to form a 'Get-One-Club,' and each member pledged himself to try to induce at least one other boy to come to church regularly. Now we have just voted to extend the membership list of the club. Do you think we have done right, sir?"

Rev. Theodore Sherman went home and burned his resignation.—*Archibald McDonald, in Michigan Christian Advocate.*

JEWS TURNING CHRISTWARD.

There seems to be an unmistakable trend of the Jews away from their ancient faith and toward Christianity. The tone of the Jewish press throughout the world shows the alarm that is felt by Jewish editors, both in Europe and America. The repeated appeals and warnings that are sounded out to the orthodox Jews are indicative of the great crisis that has come to the Jewish nation. The Jewish (Yiddish) Daily News published a long article on the subject of Christianity among the Jews. The caption of the article was striking: "Two Hundred and Four Thousand Baptized Jews in the Last Hundred Years. Mournful Figures Published by a learned Jew at Wien." "The Learned Jew" referred to is Dr. Zaisson, of Vienna, Austria, who admitted that 204,000 Jews left their ancient faith and accepted Christianity in the past hundred years. Of this vast number 22,000 were in Germany, 28,000 in England, 44,000 in Australia, 84,000 in Russia, and 13,000 in America.—*Missionary Review.*

"The devil seldom misses the church supper."