

and thought and worked at a system which should eradicate it. With great faith in him she submitted to his attempts. He put her into a greatly heated room and subjected her to the influence of powerful chemicals. The stain went deeper and deeper but underneath also something of it remained. At last he found too late that it penetrated to the very centre of her being. In his attempt to eradicate it he went so deep that he killed her. Sin is like that. It is a blemish upon us. We can rub and scrub and struggle to wash it away but it goes too deep for such methods. Each layer removed shows another beneath. How true is the scene in Macbeth, where Lady Macbeth in the agony of remorse trying constantly to wash from her hands the blood that she imagined upon them, cries out "All the water in the ocean cannot wash these hands clean".

God invites freely that all humanity should turn from sin to Him. That we should partake freely of the *happy and worth while* life he intended us to have on earth here, and of the glorious *Eternity*, that lies ahead. We have no fit garment to wear. We are stained with sin. We fall far short of the holiness that He requires. A vision of God can only provoke in us as it did in Isaiah the cry "Woe is me! for I am undone".

Where can we find a method of cleansing ourselves, a way of fitting ourselves to take the promises of God? There is nothing that we can make which will accomplish this. No human method, no moral uplift, no