

THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

You were not redeemed with corruptible gold or silver,.... but with the Precious Blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled.

1 PET. 1. 18, 19.

VOL. 3. ST-HYACINTHE, QUE., FEBRUARY 1898. NO. 4.

Written for "The Voice of the Precious Blood."

By Harriet M. Skidmore.

THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Ah ! list to the Voice of the Precious Blood,
That floweth adown o'er the Woful Mount,
From Love's unceasing and boundless Flood,
From white-winged Mercy's Bethsaida-Fount.

Over the desert Its torrents pour,
Through wastes once seared by the serpent's trace,
And lo ! Life blossometh evermore,
In the fair, new home of His Blood-bought race.

Pure hearts ! where lilies of Paradise bud,
(Nourished and fed, by Its Manna-Dew,)
Ye list to the Voice of the Precious Blood,
To Its matchless melody pulsing true.

And sin-dyed spirits ! washed whiter than snow,
By the cleansing laver of Mercy's Fount,
And e'er, in meek gratitude, bending low,
On the Cross-crown'd height of the Mystic Mount.

O, ye, too, list to the Voice so sweet
Of the Blood that flows in an endless Tide
From Love's rent Hands, And His mangled Feet,
And the cruel cleft of His lance-pierced Side.

San Francisco, Cal.