



THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.



Precious Blood ! O rosy rain from heaven !
 O quenching of the thirst of desert years !
 O melting of the fiery thunder-levin
 Of God's stern anger in His heart's warm tears !
 Should not Thy month, in whatsoe'er it wears
 Of crimson livery, remind us of
 Thine own quick hue, flushing that Heart with tears
 Such blooms and dawns diving of rosy love ?

Are not red roses like Thee. quickened through
 With fragrance, as with Godhead Thou art so ?
 And rosy dawns, are they not like Thee, too,
 Flushing a heaven-heart with their living glow ?
 Ah had our souls but eyes to see withal,
 Nature doth glass her God alike in great and small.

FRANK WATERS.

