

# THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

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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.

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## PUREST OF THE PURE.

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*Pure as the snows, —we say. Ah ! never flake  
Fell through the brooding air  
One half as fair . . .  
As Mary's soul was made for Christ's dear sake.  
Virgin Immaculate !  
The whitest whiteness of the Alpine snows,  
Beside thy stainless spirit, dusky grows.*

*Pure as the stars ? Ah ! never lovely night  
Wore in its diadem  
As pure a gem  
As that which fills the ages with its light.  
Virgin Immaculate !  
The peerless splendors of thy soul, by far,  
Outshine the glow of heaven's clearest star.*

*Pure as the lilies ? Dearest Queen, forgive  
The fond but feeble trope  
Mother of hope,  
Fair love and holy fear ! There doth not live  
. . . Virgin Immaculate !  
In all the grassy haunts where lilies blow  
As white, as rare, as sweet a flower as thou !*