

"Thou hast wandered far in the paths of sin,
 Thou art weary, and sad and lone;
 But my blood can cleanse, and my blood can win,
 May I make thine heart my own?
 The world it has given thee care and pain,
 Often famine and misery;
 I offer thee treasures of priceless gain—
 Wilt thou open the door to me?"

"If thou *wilt not* answer my pleading call,
 If thou *wilt not* open' to me.
 Thou *wilt* sadly repent thy wilful choice,
 Through a lost eternity!
 And *thy* bitter cry will arise too late—
 "Open, O Lord, to me!" [me wait,
 While the door of grace, where thou mad'st
 Must be shut forever to thee?"

"Behold, *now* is the accepted time, behold, *now* is the day of salvation." (ii Cor. vi. 2.)

HE has washed me from my sins in His own blood. Do I believe this? Oh yes! I do. I believe that every one of them is washed away, and that He has done it, as it is said in Hebrews, "By Himself purged our sins." Ah! you say, if I only felt this! But let me ask you, will your feelings add to the value of Christ's blood? Oh no! Then why not rest in it as that which has perfectly satisfied God, on account of the sins?