

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JESUS.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary;
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for me.

Precious blood, that hath redeem'd us
All the price is paid;
Perfect pardon now is offer'd,
Peace is made.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Let it make thee whole;
Let it flow in mighty cleansing,
O'er thy soul.

Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood can make them
White as snow.

Now the holiest with boldness
We may enter in,
For the open fountain cleanseth
From all sin.

Precious blood! by this we conquer
In the fiercest fight,
Sin and Satan overcoming
By its might.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Ever flowing free!
O believe it, O receive it.
'Tis for thee!

Precious blood, whose full atonement
Makes us nigh to God!
Precious blood, our song of glory,
I raise and laud.

Frances Ridley Havergal

“WHILE PASTOR GOSSNER WAS LIVING WITH FENNEBERG, one day a poor traveller asked the latter to lend him three dollars, as he had expended all his money sooner than he had calculated. Fenneberg at the time possessed only three dollars, but as the poor man asked him in the name of Jesus, and with much importunity, he lent him all he had even to the last penny. Some time after,

when in extreme want not knowing what to do or how to help himself he recollected this fact while at prayer; and with child-like simplicity, he said, “O Lord, I have lent Thee three dollars, and Thou hast not given them back to me, though Thou knowest how urgently I need them. I pray Thee to return them to me.”

The very same day a letter arrived containing money which Gossner delivered to the good man with these words “Here, sir, you received what you advanced.” The letter contained the sum of two hundred dollars, which were sent him by a rich man, at the solicitation of the poor traveller to whom he had lent his all.

Fenneberg, quite overcome with surprise, said in his simple way, “Oh, dear Lord, one cannot say a simple word to Thee without being put to shame.”—*Gossner's Life.*

EVERY TENTH BARREL OF RUM LANDED IN MADAGASCAR is handed over to the Custom House, because it is the plan there, that duty should be paid in kind; but the authorities will not handle the evil thing: they will not commute it for a money payment, and so the rum is poured upon the sands. The Nova Government of Madagascar disapprove the importation and would gladly place it under heavy restrictions, if not stop it altogether: but their hold over the coast tribes is limited, and they fear a collision with the French on the subject.

Thus while the civilized Frenchman pours his flood of drink into the country the simple inexperienced native prince stands silently by, unable to resist but refusing to soil his hands with the unhal- lowed gain!