THE VOICE

OF THE

PRECIOUS BLOOD

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

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ALL LOVE TO THE REDEEMING BLOOD!

(Selections from Faber.)

Ι.

Who can tell? Eye has not seen, nor ear heard. It is a rescue, and from such a shipwreek. It is a rest, and in such an unimaginable home. It is to lie down forever in the bosom of God in an endless rapture and insatiable contentment.

"Thou shalt call bis name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins." Who else but Jesus can do this, and what else even from him do we require but this? for in this lie all things which we can desire.

Of all miseries, the bondage of sin is the most miserable. It is worse than sorrow, worse than pain. It is such a ruin that no other ruin is like unto it. What is a life of sins, a death in sin? What the irrevocable eternity of unretracted sin?

From all this horror whither shall we look for deliverance? In the abysses of the eternal wisdom it has been decreed that without shedding of blood there shall be no remission of sin. It is from Jesus Christ alone, from his Precious Blood that our salvation comes. Out of the immensity of Its merits, out of the inexhaustible treasures of Its satisfactions, we, miserable sinners, are raised out of the depths of our wretchedness, and restored to the peace and favor of our Heavenly Father.

What a gladness must salvation be! For as there is