

THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

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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THE DIVINE CHILD.

Before Thy crib where love detains me captive,
I humbly kneel, my God, adoring Thee !
Eternal King, laid in this lowly manger,
Thy stable is a stately Fane to me.
O Child Divine.

Creator of the world and starry heavens,
The pain of cold and want Thou dost endure ;
Thy poverty but makes Thee more endearing,
For well I know 'tis love that makes Thee poor.
O lovely Child.

Alone supreme, Thou reignest over nations ;
The sea and winds obey Thy mighty voice ;
Yet here, obedient to Thy humble creatures,
In meek submission Thou dost now rejoice.
O docile Child.

I see Thee leave the bosom of Thy Father,
But whither has Thy love transported Thee ?
Upon a little straw Thou now art lying
Why suffer thus ? 'Tis all for love of me.
O holy Child.

In Mary's arms, or in the humble manger,
Thou sleepest, yet Thy heart is e'er awake.
O tell me, sweetest Babe, of what Thou drestest.
" I dream, " He says, " of dying for Thy sake."
Redeeming Child.