

This is what a lost world needs -- the application of the blood of Christ. He has done all that could be done. Our justification has been purchased. We have been redeemed from our vain manner of life. Earth has been potentially redeemed from the curse which was brought upon it by man's sin. Let us make His blood our daily meditation. Let us think constantly of how He did the very utmost, pouring out His precious blood for us. Let us spread this message to the ends of the earth.

When I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God.
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.