



THE VICTIM.

ALONE, alone, within the tabernacle
Sweet Jesus mourns His tender Heart away,
None, no not one, will pay Him homage,
Not one will come to watch with Him and pray,
The lonely Victim waits—how long O Lord,
Wilt Thou thus suffer Thee to be abhorred,
O God, my God ?

Plaintively Thy gentle voice is calling,
Thou fain wouldst give Thy Sacred Heart away,
None will receive It, none will bow before It,
Within Thy bleeding bosom It must stay ;
Thy Heart, Which for our own hath ever yearned,
How long must It be seeking yet be spurned,
O God, my God ?

—BY I. A. M.