

V.

In their children's wailing chorus,
 O the hapless mothers mourn ;
 While their bleating lambs defenceless,
 Clinging from their breasts are torn—
 Shrieking babes that agonize—
 Crushed—beneath those helpless eyes !

VI.

Hail ! ye lovely tearful victims,
 In your hard deaths triumphing ;
 Baby soldiers of the Christ-Child,
 Slain to shield your Infant King—
 'Midst your sufferings who flies,
 Shielded by your plaintive cries.

VII.

Martyrs crowned with pearls of morning,
 Slaughtered, ye, in Christ's defence ;
 Rose-buds bloody red, and shrouded
 White in snows of innocence—
 Jesus wafts on dying sighs
 To His blissful Paradise !

VIII.

Little Saints of God—we pray you,
 Slain for Jesus at His birth,
 From your heaven watch to keep us,
 Children of your native earth,
 White-robed guards of honor—true—
 Near the little Christ and you.

IX.

Help the waifs of heathen nations,
 Withered flowers cast away ;
 O'er each drooping blossom sweetly
 Pour the pure life-giving spray ;
 That each lighted, lifted face,
 Jesus in your ranks may place.

—SISTER W. O. D. C.