

The living, throbbing Blood of Christ,  
His loving Heart's life-tide,  
With all Its yearning tenderness  
Ever unsatisfied.

O sweet Wine ! who drinks of Thee  
Need thirst no more at all,  
For every sweetness after Thine  
Is bitterness and gall.  
Yet thousands perishing of thirst,  
Die at that Fountain's brink—  
With Life Eternal at their lips,  
They will not kneel and drink.

But some there are whose garments bear  
Sweet sign of Holy Rood,  
That over snow-white habits wear  
A scapular of blood—  
Who while we sleep (perhaps in sin)  
Are watchful and awake,  
And night and day before the Blood  
Meek reparation make.

Ah ! many a time when sudden grace  
In direful need was sent,  
We blessed those dear adorers  
Of that Holy Sacrement  
"Sweet worship of the Blood of God."  
All worship ends in Thee ;  
No shield from God the Father's wrath,  
Or hope of heaven can be,  
Save in the shoreless, soundless depths  
Of Thy encrimsoned sea.

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In the Southren hemisphere are stars, yet to be found double, which in the telescope look like drops of blood, all around the constellations of the Cross and Altar, as if to gloriously symbolize the sprinkled Blood of our Redemption.

*Orphan's Bouquet.*