

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.

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 Redemp-
tion.

Orphan's Bouquet.