

their felicity, not finding their way to return, it being necessary that the Divine oracle should show it to them in their waking dreams.

Soul! prostrate thyself after having communicated at the feet of this Child-God, presenting Him thy three powers, with the incense of contemplation, the gold of thy affections, and the myrrh in memory of His sufferings. Offer Him a lively faith, a brave hope, and a burning charity. Give Him the incense of obedience, the gold of poverty, and the myrrh of chastity. Honour thy God by prayer, assist thy neighbour with alms-deeds, and thy own self, with mortification.

In Thanksgiving.

The wise men proved themselves liberal of their gifts, and no less so in their gratefulness and praises of the Lord; they proceeded in every way as befitted Kings, for that which rendered them dumb about informing Herod made them eloquent in their praises, blessing the Lord, publishing in all their lands the wonders of the King Whom they had found, for undoubtedly the lips that had pressed those tender Feet could never more be closed to the Divine praises, but for ever rendered Him their grateful homage.

Oh, you who have communicated, act in a kingly manner, not as a low being; prove yourself wise by being grateful, and thankful, returning praises for His favors, over and over again letting this food of Heaven repose amidst the slumbers of contemplation. Return by another road to a new life, laden with virtues in exchange for your offerings, marching on to the orient of fervor, and not to the occident of tepidity!



*When all looks dark and hidden,
And through the clouds, thou can'st not see.
Say: O Sacred Heart of Jesus,
I place my trust in Thee.*