

the marauding fox, hastening swiftly to its lair, turns its sly head to look upward with wonder on the Face of the Man of Sorrows. His sacred heart is breaking with unrequited love, He thinks of the vanished home of His childhood of His approaching sacrifice on the Cross, and, again, that touching complaint seems to issue from the lips of the home loving Saviour : “ *The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.*”

O come to me, dear Lord, and rest your weary head upon my poor heart in Sacramental Communion. Come, sweet Saviour ; Your Face divine, is indeed “ that of One going to Jerusalem.”

Ah, unworthy me, I shall drink the heart's Blood of your sacrifice :

“ Come with every needed grace ;
Make my heart a holy place,
Rich in faith and prayer and love,
Pure as happy saints above.
Cleanse all trace of sins away.
Veni, Jesu Domine
Veni ! veni ! ”

Carrissimu.

PRAYER.

TO OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

[2] most holy and afflicted Virgin, Queen of martyrs, thou who didst stand motionless beneath the Cross, witnessing the agony of thy expiring Son, through the sword of grief which pierced thee then, the unceasing sufferings of thy life of sorrow, and the bliss which now more than amply repays thee for thy past trials, look down with a Mother's care and tenderness on thy child, kneeling before thee to venerate thy sacred Dolors, and place all her requests with filial confidence in the sanctuary of thy wounded heart : (Here mention your request.)

To whom can we have recourse, in all our wants and miseries, if not to thee, O Mother of mercy, who, having