

require for his perfection. We read in the chronicles of the order of St. Dominic, that a young virgin, a model of purity and innocence, having one day received the Child Jesus in her arms, her heart was so enflamed with love that she almost fainted. Then our amiable Saviour who loves to dwell amongst the lilies, delighting with His smiles and caresses this pure soul, whom He called His spouse, said to her: "My sister, dost thou love Me more than the goods of this world?" — "Yes, Lord; Thou art my all." — "My sister," continued the Divine Child, "dost thou love Me more than thy sight? For love of Me, wouldst thou consent to be deprived of the gift of sight?" — With all my heart, O Jesus." — "My sister, dost thou love Me more than the sense of hearing: wouldst thou consent for love of Me to hear no longer the human voice, nor listen to harmonious sounds?" — "Yes, Lord; there is nothing that I would not willingly sacrifice for Thee." — "My sister, wouldst thou give up thy life for Me, in order to testify thy love?" — "Yes, Lord; Thou art my life, and to die to be united to Thee, would be happiness."

Jesus accepted the sacrifice of the young virgin; she died through the violence of Divine love. They opened her chest, and found her heart broken by the strength and ardor of that sacred fire. Happy death! which allowed this innocent and generous soul to take its flight to heaven and join that angelic band which follows the Lamb of God.

This pious legend artlessly expresses the generosity of a soul ready for any sacrifice, that it may be united to its God. It is an instance of Christian fervor so touching, that our readers will pardon us for having cited it; nothing could so well depict the fervor of a Christian heart.

O Jesus, in contemplating this virtue, can we forget that Thy Divine Heart has been wholly inflamed with love for us, that It was consumed with the desire of our sanctification? Thou hadst not need of us, since Thou art infinitely