

go to Communion as frequently as our confessor will permit us; and to assist at Benediction every evening in honor of that Sacred Heart *which has loved us with an everlasting love.* Amen.

F. J. S., C. SS. R.



After Communion

« ad quem diu suspiravi. »

« Him for whom my soul has panted, »
 Jesus, my embraces hold ;
 To my earnest longings granted,
 Granted to my prayers bold.
 Powers by which my soul rejoices,
 Shout in one exulting chord !
 Shouting loud with jubilant voices
 Greet the entrance of your Lord.

Sad I was, my heart dejected,
 Joy nor hope my spirit moved ;
 Keft of Him my soul's elected,
 Rest of Him my best beloved.
 When he came and lowly entered
 'Neath the threshold of my breast,
 Oh, how sweetly round Him centred
 Solaces of heavenly rest !

Not so bright o'er shadowy mountains
 Bursts the radiance of the sun ;
 Not so sweetly do the fountains
 O'er the withered herbage run,
 As the lonely soul down-drooping
 Kindles at her Lord's embrace,
 As, beneath her burdens stooping,
 New born powers the spirit grace.

Blessings teem, the day adorning,
 Jesus, when 'Thou com'st to me ;
 Light and beauty deck the morning
 Bounteously to welcome Thee.
 Every joy Thy presence bringet !,
 Every wish the spirit gains ;
 For in Thee a fount upspringeth —
 Fount which store of bliss contains.

T. E. BRIDGETT, C. SS. R.