

thirst. It mitigates the exile's loneliness ; when tasting It he feels that suffering has its charms.

Ah, let us draw unceasingly from the living Sources of the Saviour ; let us plunge lovingly into this torrent of delights ; let us sink confidently, into this abyss of salvation ; let us cast our whole soul into the Precious Blood ; there let it be engulfed, lost and recovered in Heaven.

O Blood of Jesus ! Thou art the Blood of my blood, the Life of my life. The remembrance of Calvary excites all the faculties of my soul and arouses a craving to participate in my Redeemer's anguish by giving my blood in return for His. The violence of this desire consumes and makes me die to all else. Ah ! I shall die of regret at not being able to love as I would wish ; but this craving too, I bury in my Saviour's Blood."

O Celestial Dew ! fall on our minds and dissipate their darkness that we may discover Thy divine essence and our own nothingness ; fall on our hearts, producing tears of repentance and love ; fall on our bodies, that, covered with this sacred crimson, they may escape the shafts of the world and the demon ; and may our ravished souls unceasingly chant a hymn of gratitude to the Lamb who redeemed us in Blood : *Adoremus in Æternum.*

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Written for The Voice of the Precious Blood.

### " MY SACRED HEART IS THERE ! "

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In many a stately temple,  
 In many a lowly shrine,  
 The figure of the Master  
 Points to his Heart divine ;—  
 And still, with voiceless pleading,  
 He moves each soul to prayer,  
 As though His sweet lips murmur'd  
 " My Sacred Heart is there ! "

And thus He shows us ever  
 His Heart that loved mankind—  
 So full of tender mercy  
 For sinners weak and blind :