

Then loud the answer echoed by them all :

"We are full weary of the lesson (mild  
And beautiful and good we know),  
But heard so oft we fain would some new lore  
Diffused from lips that ever speak of "*Love!*"  
The old man smiled. A ray of heaven's own light  
Beamed o'er his features, and his soft blue eyes  
Seemed limpid lakes, within whose pure, bright depths  
Lay gems all shining with celestial light.

"A lesson new?" And once again he smiled.

"Well, will I heed your oft-repeated prayer,  
And teach you something new, unlearned by all?"  
Then, seated at the saintly master's feet,  
They wait with beating hearts that lesson new ;  
They hang upon his very looks as though entranced,  
And, with his eyes upraised to heaven's dome,  
He says, his tone as sweet as angel's harp,  
"My little children, God is love!" and then,  
In words of thrilling eloquence, expands  
Before their gaze his very soul, and, rapt,  
He breathes forth strains of a seraphic love.

"My little children, pour your hearts in love!  
Love one another, as the Holy One,  
The Crucified, has loved, e'en unto death!  
And from His Heart, the fountain-head of love,  
Draw light and strength, and love in endless draughts!  
Oh, Sacred Heart! the source of life and light,  
Of heaven's bliss, of all we dream and dare,  
Give of Thy strength, and bid us love like Thee.  
Oh! give to me once more, my Master sweet,  
The boon to lay my head upon Thy breast;  
Once more from out Thy Sacred Heart to draw  
The draughts of love, that kept this feeble frame