

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