

HUMILITY.

How sweetly beneath the shadow of this overwhelming mystery may the soul grow in the grace of humility! It is a humbling thing to feel how much we might have done for God that we have not done, how many opportunities have been wasted, how many graces not corresponded to, how poor and languid and ungenerous has all been that we have actually had the heart to do. It is humbling also to feel how little we have done for God in return for the greatness of what He has done for us, and how little we can do for Him at the best, even if we were saints, considering His Majesty and our nothingness; and it is painfully humbling to think how much we have positively done against Him by deliberate preference of ourselves to Him. But it seems to me that humility grows far more rapidly and blossoms more abundantly in the mere thought of the immensity of God's love for us, and the unintelligible prodigality of His Fatherly affection for us, where there is no thought of self at all, even in the way of merited self-reproach. Humility is never more intense than when it is simply overwhelmed by love; and never can our souls be more completely overwhelmed by love than when they rest, silent and wonder-stricken beneath the shadow of the Blessed Sacrament.

Faber.

O dearest Lord! I wish to rest
As dear St. John upon Thy breast,
And looking up into Thine eyes,
Just tell Thee all the love that lies
Whitin my heart, not great like Thine,
Yet all for Thee, my King Divine,
Jesus, Sweet Saviour mine.