

tionate subjects, and the ardent expressions of their thanksgivings and love for all his innumerable mercies, and especially for the Institution of the Sacrament and Sacrifice of his Body and Blood. The Church—his Palace—will be decked out as well as our poverty can afford; but our exterior manifestations will be all in vain, unless we adore our God in spirit and truth. To each and all we therefore say, *Venite adoremus*. Come let us adore, the Lord our God, for we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. Come, let us return love for love, to the Great King of suffering and love, who was born for love, and who died for love. Come let us adore and love Him, who first loved us, and who delivered Himself into the hands of sinners, and to the ignominy of the Cross, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and make us unto Himself an acceptable people, following good works. Come let us make reparation and atonement for all the sins of our lives, and implore from our Hidden God, on the Throne of His mercy, forgiveness for the past, determined resolution for the future, a hatred and sorrow for sin, an enkindling in our Hearts of that Divine Fire which He came to cast upon the earth, and, above all, let us ask for the great gift of perseverance in His love and holy service, until the hour of our death. Oh! these are blessed days, inestimable hours, precious moments! This is the acceptable time, these are the days of salvation. Some amongst us will never more enjoy this heavenly opportunity. What graces and blessings may we not hope to draw down on this city and Diocese, by our fervent prayers during these forty hours? What a harvest time for the conversion of sinners, for the enlightening of the ignorant, for the reclamation to the One True Faith of our dear, though separated brethren, for the establishment and preservation of charity, peace, order and discipline amongst the children of God?

"Truly there is no other nation so great that hath its Gods approaching unto it, as our God is present with us," that infinitely-amiable and ever-adorable God who said: "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world," and, "Come to me all you who are burthened and heavy laden, and I will refresh you."

-At the present moment there are 19 Jesuits in the province of Nankin.

The Eucharist: a Poem. (For the Cross.)

THE INVOCATION, &c.

O Thou, who in those sacred shades of Faith,
Vestest thy inborn splendour, and the charms
Divine, with which, before creation's dawn
Clothed as with a garment, 'Thou didst reign
Co-equal with Thy Father!—God of Might
Omnipotence's Mirror! Wondrous Fruit
Of Virgin Womb! Flesh of the Eternal Word!
Blood of Redemption! Sun of Sacraments!
Thou Miracle of Faith, and Gift of Heaven!
Ransom of the lost universe! Endearing Pledge
Of Love, that far transcends all other love,
My heart is Thine! all Thine, and fain would pour
Its bursting tide of gratitude to Thee,
In sweetest melody. Oh! who will give me
Or Angel's tongue to chaunt thy boundless Love
In verse immortal; or a Pen of Fire
To write that Love in characters of gold
And on the tablets of all grateful hearts,
Print them for ever! May the Paraclete,
Spirit of Truth and Love, inspire my song;
Inflame my words, and regulate my thoughts;
Light up my soul with his most glorious beams
And there imprint those truths my verse shall
paint!

That I may fitly celebrate thy praise,
Thy attributes unnumber'd, and Thy glory,
For ever equal, and for ever bright.
That so Thy living Flame may constant burn
In thy lov'd children's hearts, and shed the light
Of clear conviction o'er those darksome souls,
Who know Thee not; or will not recognise
In this great Mystery, their Hidden God!

Four thousand years a fallen world had groan'd
Beneath infernal bondage, since the Tyrant,
Envious of man, had lured him to destruction,
And reign'd the Prince of darkness o'er the earth.
In vain did guilty man send forth his pray'r,
In vain his victims bled, his altars smok'd;
The Eternal's wrath, for infinite offence,
Nought finite could appease; hence Sacrifice
And holocaust for sin, were made in vain
The blood of bulls and goats could ne'er efface
The deepen'd stain; man languish'd, pin'd and
died,

Under hell's ruthless influence, the gates
Of day celestial op'd no more to bless
And cheer his pilgrim steps; when, lo! the time
Of plenteous, bright Redemption, sudden gleam'd
O'er all the darkened earth; and horrid night
Fled with its hellish train, as, proud arose
THE SUN OF JUSTICE!

This glorious Day did Abraham see, and died
Rejoicing. David wept, and Isaac pray'd