

TO JESUS CRUCIFIED.

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“ O Wounds of Jesus, source of grace,  
Within you let me find a place ;  
There's on this earth no spot so sweet,  
As in those Hands, that Heart, those Feet.

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Thou knowest, dear Lord, how oft in pain,  
I've sought relief elsewhere in vain ;  
Thou'st seen my heart in anguish bleed  
Oppressed with woes by Thee decreed :

Dismayed and saddened at the share  
Thou gavest me in Thy Cross to bear ;  
But do Thou sweetly draw me here,  
Increase my love and calm my fear ;

Then I'll find courage to go on  
And take the journey Thou hast gone ;  
O sacred wounds, in you I'd live,  
In you, I would my last sigh give !

And when my Judge before me stands  
To ask for graces His demands,  
I'll strive to screen me from His eyes  
By running here where mercy lies.

Nor shall I seek my crimes to hide,  
Nor plead how sorely I've been tried,  
Till He who bore those wounds has given  
My weary soul a place in Heaven. ”

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“ LET MY BELOVED COME INTO  
HIS GARDEN.”

Canticles. V. I.

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**D**ARK and lowery opened that June morning. The wind, damp and chill, betokened drenching showers which would hinder our procession of the Blessed Sacrament.