

TO JESUS CRUCIFIED.

" 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.

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. "

" LET MY BELOVED COME INTO
HIS GARDEN."

Canticles. V. I.

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