

min his guest, and to receive him who is ban-
ded by no spare. Luke ii.

21. Before the face of the Lord the earth is
moved; before the face of the God of Jacob.
Who turneth the rock into pools of water, and
the hard stone into fountains of water. Ps. lxxv.
—Why, therefore, O Lord my God, does
my heart melt, why do not my eyes pour out
fountains of water, before the face of my God
whom I carry in my bosom?

22. When the Queen of Saba saw King So-
lomon, and his countenance, and the edifice
which he had erected, and the food served at
his table, and the order of the attendants, she
confessed her spirit no longer. I may one
day shall see his hidden God in his glory, and the
fire of his love, shall he not cry out with St.
John: And I wondered when I saw him, with
exceeding wonder. Great, truly, is the Lord,
and worthy of praise in the city of our God—
in the heart of his servant which is now be-
come the city of God. 3 Kings 10. Apoc. 6.
Ps. 47.

23. O Man! understand thy dignity, and be-
ing now made a partaker of the divine nature,
do not by a degenerate life return to thy an-
cient misery and baseness. Recollect the head
of which you are the member. S. Leo. Serm.
l, de nativ.

24. O inestimable and inconceivable conde-
scension, that so great a height should deign to
descend into the horror of this prison, and the
corruption of our mortality! O wonderful
goodness of a God that seeks us thus! O ad-
mirable dignity of the soul that is thus courted.
—S. Bernard, S. Bonav.

25. Behold, O Lord, thou hast made me,
thou hast redeemed me, thou hast promised
me thyself. I therefore owe all that I am to
thy love. Nay, I owe thee as much more than
myself, as thou art greater than me, for whom
thou hast given thyself, and to whom thou pro-
misedst thyself. S. Angel. de Medic. Redempt.
c. 7.

26. What God is so great as our God, of
whose greatness there is an end? Now, we do
not preach, Great is the Lord, and worthy of
praise; but, little is the Lord, and worthy of
love. O unspeakable sweetness, that he who
created me should repose in me! O hardness
of my heart, who loved so little him that loved
me so much! S. Bern. S. Bonav.

27. He that eateth me shall live by me (John
vi.) O abyss of love! Was it too little to
vouchsafe to give us thyself to eat, but thou
must also as a reward for this sweet task, pro-
mise us eternal life? As if indeed thou dost
gain anything by us when thou givest us
thyself, for which we ought to give ourselves a
thousand times over, and even more than our-
selves.

28. A bundle of myrrh is my beloved to me;
he shall abide between my breasts (Cant. l. 12).
Love is forgetful of Dignity, is rich in conde-
scension, powerful in effect, and in persuasion
effusions. What is more violent than love?

It triumphs over God, because he hath hum-
bled himself, and you may be certain that if the
placitude of the Divinity was poured out it
arose from love. Alas! where was it poured
out? In our hearts, whereas he has given us
his Body, and his most precious blood. S.
Bern. Serm. 22, in Cantic.

29. O Love who canst do all things! when
what thou makest love our Lord Jesus with
my whole heart, with my whole mind, and with
all my strength.

30. When my soul possesses thee, O Lord my
God, its desire is filled, and because it is capa-
ble of containing thy majesty, there is then
nothing external which it desires, but its joy is
complete; for Thou art its plenitude, and all
its desires, and its entire good. S. Aug. Sol. c.
22, Conf.

31. Thou commandest me, O Lord, to come
to thee, and to feed on thy Body. Ah! Lord!
what am I then, and who art Thou? Give me,
O good Jesus, what thou commandest, and
earn what thou pleaseth.

32. My soul refused to be comforted; I was
mindful of my God, and I was delighted. Ps.
76. For what can I love, or what can I wish,
after having eaten my honeycomb with my hon-
ey, that is, the Body of Christ with his Divi-
nity? Taste and see that the Lord is sweet,
and that of his sweetness there is no end. Ori-
gen in Cantic.

33. What ought I to have done more, that I
have not done? (Mat. 5. The Father bestowed
his only son. The Son himself came. The Holy
Ghost afterwards descended. What more
could God have done? Or what besides could
he have given? O goodness! O love! O in-
exhaustible ocean of liberality!

34. O Blessed Fire
And ardent desire!
O sweet refreshment,
To love the Son of God!—Cant. S. Bern.

35. I cannot tell what it is that prevents my
life from rushing into your embraces, O life of
my soul, that I may be hidden in the secret part
of my tabernacle. This at least I know, that my
heart exceedingly loves thee, and most ardently
desires to love thee more than itself, and to love
nothing but thee, the entire love of our heart. S.
Aug. Conf.

36. Who will give me wings like a dove, and I
will flee away and rest in the Heart of my God,
whilst he reposes in the heart of his servant. Ps. 56.

THANKSGIVING FOR SUNDAY.

1. Imitate the Holy Angels, and repeat slowly,
and with a great feeling of piety, Glory be to God
on high, and on earth peace, &c.

2 Offer to God all the merits of Jesus Christ
which he has bestowed us; likewise those of the
Blessed Virgin, and of all the Saints and the Just;
and in union with so many merits offer whatever
you are, or shall be, all your power, or will, or de-
sire. Make this offering from your heart, and
from the inmost recesses of your soul.

3 Pray for something worthy of God, and of
the most sincere love of him, either in words of
your own, or in the language of David or St Au-
gustine. I love thee O Lord; but because this
love is too little, may I love thee O God more
sincerely and more purely.

4. Resolve to do something for the love of God.