

O House of Gold ! How sweet and clear
 His words fall on enraptured ear :
 " My child beloved come to Me
 That I may give myself to Thee ;
 My heart with love of Thee is burning,
 To dwell in Thee, its fondest yearning. "

O House of Gold ! what wonder this !
 My spirit thrilled with perfect bliss
 Can find no voice wherewith to say
 A welcome meet for Him to-day ;
 And yet he comes ! His love caressing
 My trembling soul with every blessing.

O House of Gold, He is all mine !
 A palace for the King divine
 This heart unworthy, — may it be
 A home for Him, always, like thee
 Through life till death my sweetest pleasure
 To guard my Sacramental Treasure.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA !

O GOD Benignant ! smiling high
 Above our trembling, troubled hearts :
 O Radiant Whiteness ' Jesus Fair !
 Thy blessed, shining Presence parts
 The shadows gathered o'er our way ;
 Thou breathest o'er us Thy " Peace, be still ! "
 And unrest and rebellion die
 In glad surrender to Thy will.

Mary Kavanagh.

MAKE SUNSHINE wherever you can. Lift the curtains. Let in the light. The world is dark enough. Cheering words, words of counsel, words of peace, mildness, meekness ; acts of simple love for each other, sympathetic helps over every rough place that our neighbor may be compelled to walk, are blessed ministries in our pilgrimage, beneficial alike to giver and receiver.

God gives us always strength enough and sense enough for every thing he wants us to do.

Robertson.