

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

By *Enfant de Marie.*

All the melodies of reparation, gratitude, love, which arise from earth, and all the canticles of saintly and angelic praise above, cannot be so sweet to the Divine Heart as those ever vibrating o'er the silvery chords of Mary's Immaculate Heart.

In Bethlehem or Nazareth, in the public life or during Passion-time, as a holy writer says, she "lends (or adapts) herself" to her children's needs, attractions, aspirations.

Now the beautiful May-time with its light and joy, its azure skies and fair white blossoms, the Resurrection-time in grace and nature, we will echo her sweet "Summer Psalm,"* and rejoice in God our Saviour. When in spirit we watch Him ascending into Heaven, let us remember how He tells us that wherever our treasure is, there also shall be our heart, and therefore like Mary, all our aspirations should ascend to "things that are above." But while awaiting them, let us live in and for His Eucharistic Heart, as she did in the exile-years that elapsed before the longed-for summons, "Arise, my love, and come."** Our earnest prayer this holy month will be, to love Jesus more and more with Mary, and to love her in union with Jesus.

"O Jesus, that I could love Thee as Mary loved Thee! O Mary, that I could love thee as Jesus loved thee!" What are all the lovely titles by which we salute her,

"Morning Star," "Refuge of Sinners," etc., in comparison to that which styles her, not merely Lady and Queen in the realms of nature, grace, and glory, but even over the boundless kingdom of Jesus' Sacred Heart! May she open to us its treasures in this life, and "after exile," unveil the beauty of Jesus' Face!

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BLESSED BENEDICT POPE AND CONFESSOR.

(Feast June 6th.)

From a solitude monastic
Where the mystic rose-buds fair
Breathe sweet fragrance to our
Lady

In its silent, tranquil air,
Came that white-robed Son of
Dominic

Walking through those ways he
trod,

On to rule, as King and Pontiff,
O'er the Holy Church of God.

Like the morning star his shining*

Or pale, silvery moonbeams calm

Like sweet roses in the spring-time

Which its gentle air embalm.

Pure as lilies by clear streamlets,

Noble as the cypress high,

Or the olive and the palm-tree

Waving in soft zephyrs' sigh.

Light of great Saint Dominic's Or-
der,

Shining in God's holy place!

"Blessed" in thy name and virtues,

Gazing now in God's own Face!

Pray for us, O glorious Pontiff!

Guide us to that restful shore,

Where the billows of life's ocean

Sink to rest for evermore.

Enfant de Marie.

* Magnificat.

** Canticles.

* Ecclesiasticus I.