



JESUS.

O, sacred name of my Beloved,
What mystic beauty, thine !
What depth of pathos in thee lies
That melts the heart, and dims the eyes
Of him who ne'er beheld
The Saviour's face, divine.

Winged from the heart in song or sigh,
Thou floodest souls with light,
Then sink the sigh and song to rest.
While love is folded to Love's breast :
And all grows strangely sweet and still
Within His Presence bright.

Thy flame-encircled, kingly brow,
Thine eyes so wondrous sweet,
O Master, through that name we know
Thy smile, Thy pleading accents low.
Thy name a blessed magnet is,
That draws us to Thy feet.

Invoke it oft, — the soul of prayer,
It sanctifies the breast.
Surpassing sweet, yet mighty still,
It stirs to tears or love at will.
O Jesu ! Jesu ! Let us die
By Thy loved name caress'd.

C. A. C., in the Sacred Heart Review.