

you not lit up in my glowing bosom a million of fires, to burn in unison with the infinite one of your love ?

Your wisdom has determined otherwise, O Lord ; for alas ! I have but one heart to love my Jesus, though he comes in person to reside in my bosom, and unite his heart with mine.

Shall I not, then, O Lord, make the most of this one poor heart which you have given me ? Shall I reserve any portion of it for creatures ?

No, my Jesus ; I offer it entirely to you ; and though I offer it not with that love which you deserve, at least I have the desire of offering it, with all the inflamed ardors which ever burned, from eternity, to your honor, in angels or in men.

Yes, O Lord ! now I feel the wondrous workings of your love.

Now I sensibly perceive the sweets of your presence.

Now I can say that I love you !

Now I can address you with confidence. Thou knowest all things, O Lord ! Thou knowest the secrets of hearts—thou knowest that I love thee.

O precious hands and feet of my dear Saviour, which laboured so much for my sake, I love and embrace you.

O adorable side, from which the tide of salvation gushed forth in plenteous and delicious streams, I love and humbly salute you.

O blessed head, crowned with thorns, and streaming with royal blood ! O Redeeming Head, which was always employed in promoting my interest, I love and salute you with all the powers of my soul !

O sacred Mouth, which so often uttered the sweet accents of mercy and love, I reverently offer you the kiss of peace and love.

O chaste Eyes ! which always sparkle with love, I most affectionately salute you.

O heart of Love, which so often panted for my happiness ! O Heart of pity and reconciliation, which so often pardoned my offence ! O amiable, sweet, endearing, and affectionate Heart ! O Heart of Jesus, forgive my weakness and inability to praise you as you deserve.

O narrow thought ! O barren language ! why do you restrain me from pouring out the full tide of gratitude and love to this adorable Heart, which has arisen in my bosom ?

O my God ! as language fails me, permit my poor, weak heart to offer its tribute of love

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My ardent love, O Jesus, again breaks forth in words, O ! come every tender, faithful affectionate and loving heart, and unite with me in praising Jesus. Come and burn, and be consumed with my heart, that we may present a holocaust of love to our Jesus for his rich legacy of departing love.

O may mine, at least, O Lord, dissolve and melt away at the consideration of your goodness.

Ah, my dear Jesus, language again fails me. I must content myself with expressive silence.

May my heart then beat in silent response to the strong pulsations of your tender and most loving heart

Amen. Amen. Sweet Jesus—Amen.

Poetry.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations sore oppress,
And when I my sins confess—
Sweet spirit comfort me !