

what return shall I make for thy love, which has brought thee into my very bosom? S. Augustine, Conf. I. 9. c.

4. Lord, it is good for us to be here! (Matt. xv.) Let us make here three tents; one for thee, another for thee, and a third for thee! For I do not wait for Moses or Elias, or all the Saints. For to thee my heart has said: thy countenance I have sought, thy face shall I seek, O Lord Jesus. Ps. 26.

5. My soul has thirsted after God the living fountain, and my heart has hungered after God the living Bread. When shall I come and appear before thy face? Blessed are those who are called to the nuptials of the Lamb! Blessed are those who shall eat bread in the Kingdom of God. Ps. 41.

6. Then thou wilt behold, and wilt abound, and wilt wonder, and thy heart will be enlarged when the multitudes of the sea shall be turned to thee (Isai. 60), and the Son of Mary shall descend into thy bosom. O royal banquet! O Godlike feast! O banquet of sweetest love! enter into the joy of thy Lord, and not only to adore but to feed on the Lord thy God. —S. Thom. Op. de Beat.

7. My beloved to me, and I to him! What is he to thee? or what art thou to him? Either the bride is exceedingly boastful, or the bridegroom loves very much. 'And I to him! What presumption! But no less so is: 'And he to me!' But both together are the height of presumption. O what will not a pure heart, a good conscience, and an unfeigned faith dare to utter. St. Bernard, Serm. 68 in Cant.

8. I will love thee, O Lord, my strength. The Lord is my bulwark, my refuge, and my God. But oh what strength! whereas in the strength of this food a man may walk to the mount of God, Horeb: Give us O Lord, this bread! Give us this water of which whosoever drinks will not thirst for ever. Ps. 17.

9. My soul melted when my Beloved spoke! This melting of the soul is a most delightful effect of consolation. The soul melts when at the presence of the Bridegroom it overflows with devotion, so that God exercises entire dominion over it. O happy soul to whom he thus speaks! Cant. Origen in Cantic.

10. Who will give me that thou shouldst come into my heart, and inebriate it, that I may forget all my evils, and embrace thee my only and entire good? Come and be inebriated, my dearly beloved, and you who have not money, come and buy without any price. Was it not enough that thou shouldst give thyself to those who sought thee, without offering thyself to those who seek thee not? S. August. Conf. I. 5.

11. Thou commandest thyself to be loved; and unless I love thee thou art angry, and threatenest great misfortunes. Is it then any privation of thy happiness if I love thee not? Do not hide thy face from me. Let me do, oh yes! let me die, that I may behold thee. Aug.

12. If I have found favour in thy sight, show me thy face, (Exod. 34.) Man shall not see me, and live. Well, Lord, may I die to behold thee! May I see thee to die! But, O great consolation! He that eats this bread, although he shall be dead shall live, and shall not die for ever. —John 6.

13. How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul thirsts and languishes after the courts of the Lord. My heart and my flesh have exulted in the living God. Thy altars, O Lord of Hosts! my King and my God! Oh! if any one would taste and feel the savour of these words which are sweeter than honey or the honeycomb! Ps. 83.

14. Jesus, who is the true wisdom of the Father, pours forth in us the copious streams of divine sweetness, and also pours from his fullness the most divine odours, and the most heavenly thoughts, which reach even to the participation of the Divine gifts. S. Denis, Eccl. Hier. c. 4.

15. This I pray, O Father, that as thou art in me, and I in thee, so these may be in us. He that can take, let him comprehend and contain this immensity of the love of Christ, who desires to be in our heart, though he is in the bosom of his Father, and to make us one in him, as he and the Father are one. O unspeakable condescension of thy divine mercy! —John 17.

16. Let my soul enter into the place of the wonderful tabernacle, even to the house of God, wherein the voice of exultation is the sound of feasting. O Sacred banquet in which Christ is received! Were not our hearts burning in us, whilst he was speaking to us on the way, and when we knew him in the breaking of bread? S. Bonav. Intend. Amoris, c. 2.

17. Too late have I loved thee, O beauty so ancient, and so new; too late have I loved thee! Woe to the time when I loved thee not! Thou wert within, and I was abroad. Thou wert with me, and I was not with thee. S. Aug. Conf. x. 27; Solil 31.

18. How good is God to Israel, to those who are of righteous heart! Ps. 72.

Jesus! our hope when we repent;  
Sweet source of all our grace,  
Sole comfort in our banishment.  
Oh, what when face to face,  
—Hymn of S. Bernard.

19. Hast thou seen him whom my soul loveth? I have sought him through the streets. I have found him whom my soul loveth; I have held him, nor will I let him go. O presumption of love! O insanity of love! I have held him, and I will not let him go. For, who will separate us from the love of Christ Jesus? Cant. 3. S. Bern., Rich. de Grad., Car.

20. Blessed is the womb that bore thee! Blessed indeed; but blessed also is the soul which has borne thee, O good Jesus. Oh! how good a mother is charity, which dilates the heart of the lover, and affords the bosom, and enlarges the soul, so that it may be able to con-