

endearments of the Blessed Sacrement? Why are our hearts so cold? Why is our love so faithless, and our faith so unloving? We try, and still we do not love as we wish to love. We try again, and love more and yet it is sadly short of the love we ought to have. We strive and strive, and still we only languish when we ought to burn. He longs for our love, sweet, covetous lover of souls as he is. He longs for our love; and we long for nothing so much as to love him. There will be a time and place, when both he and we shall be satisfied: this place is heaven and this time is eternity.

Salvation is through the Precious Blood.

When love is humble, it prays with David to be washed more and more from its iniquity, and the washing away of iniquity is in the Precious Blood. When love is bold, it prays to be set on fire with the flames which Jesus came to kindle, and it is the Precious Blood which makes our heart beat hotly with the love of him.

ANTHONY.

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## FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART.

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*By Father Abram Ryan.*

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Two lights on a lowly altar;  
 Two snowy cloths for a Feast;  
 Two vases of dying roses.  
 The morning comes from the east,  
 With a gleam for the folds of the vestments  
 And a grace for the face of the priest,

The sound of a low, sweet whisper  
 Floats over a little bread,  
 And trembles around a chalice,  
 And the priest bows down his head  
 O'er a sign of white on the altar—  
 In the cup—o'er a sign of red!

As red as the red of roses,  
 As white as the white of snows;  
 But the red is a red of a surface