

The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power, and divinity, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and benediction. To him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, benediction, and honor, and glory, and power, for ever and ever. Amen.

PIOUS EFFUSIONS AFTER COMMUNION.

O Heart of Jesus! burning furnace of love! what fervent thanks do I render thee, for assimilating me in some degree to thy most sacred Mother, by instituting thy sacrament of love.

Yes, blessed Mother, you had the happiness to bear him in your womb whom the heavens cannot contain; but I, too, share in that happiness by receiving him also in my bosom, as often as I approach his ever adorable sacrament.

Tender Virgin, teach me some of those ardent throbbings of affection with which you cherished this amiable Babe, in your womb, that as he has entered into my heart, I may move him to set it on fire with a spark of his flaming love.

O lips! through which this virginal Body so often enters, let nothing escape you that is not sweetened and chastened by his holy love.

O tongue! which has been so often the throne of his Majesty, and the resting place of his glory, may you cleave to my palate, if you ever cease to celebrate and sing the wonders of his love. O heart! burn, burn, O heart! be consumed by the fire of this love.

What is there in heaven, or what on earth, that I should desire, before thee, O Lord?

O delight and joy of the heavenly choirs, I now possess you with all your treasures.

Is it possible, O Lord, that you have ever commanded unhappy man to love you? Ought we not consider it our greatest felicity to be allowed even to aspire to your love? O, ocean of goodness and perfection! I am ashamed of the weakness of my nature, when so sublime and amiable a being as you should, in your wisdom, command it to love you.

But when I consider this legacy of overwhelming love which you intended from eternity to bestow on man; I am confounded with blushes, and covered with confusion, at the necessity you were under of imposing this obligation on your creatures—"Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God!"

O Treasure of Perfections, I require no such command to love you.

For all your gracious mercies, but particularly for this inestimable proof of your affection, I love you with all the powers of my soul.

But most of all, I love you for your own internal, immense, infinite, amiable, and adorable attributes; and I will to all eternity continue this love.

I am only concerned that I have nothing to offer you as a testimony of my affection—nothing worthy of your infinite Majesty---no rich present befitting your magnificence, and commensurate with your love.

O love! love! O Jesus! consubstantial Son of the Father! O King of heaven and earth! O thou the mighty, the strong, and the just one! O consuming blaze of love, seeing you are so lovely, so amiable, so tender, so merciful, and so infinitely perfect and worthy of all love, why have you not given me a million of hearts, all flaming with love, in order that I might make something like a suitable return of love? Why have