

My dearest good ? Who dost so bind
 My heart with countless chains to Thee ;
 O sweetest love ! my soul shall find
 In thy dear bounds true liberty.
 Thyself Thou hast bestowed on me,
 Thine, Thine forever will I be.

Our tabernacle is holier than the Holy of Holies, yea,
 than the Ark itself ; for it contains the most sacred and
 life-giving flesh of Our Saviour Jesus-Christ. —

S. NICEPHORE.

Sweet Jesus ! by this Sacrament of love,
 All gross affections from my heart remove ;
 Let but thy loving kindness linger there,
 Preserved by grace and perfected by prayer ;
 And let me to my neighbor strive to be
 As mild and gentle as Thou art with me.
 Take Thou the guidance of my whole career,
 That to displease Thee be my only fear :
 Give me that peace the world can never give,
 Ah ! show me always, Lord, Thy holy will,
 And to each troubled thought, say :

“ Peace be still.”

Never cease from giving thanks to Jesus-Christ for the
 infinite love by which, in order to be your support and to
 load you with His benefits, He wills to give Himself to you
 as food ; love this generous Benefactor more by actions
 than by words.

LANCISIUS.

Oh ! see upon the altar placed
 The Victim of the greatest love !
 Let all the earth below adore,
 And join the choirs of Heaven above.
 Sweet Sacrament, we thee adore :
 Oh ! make us love thee more and more.

Our Lord, the good shepherd, gave His life for His
 sheep that in our Sacrament He might give us His body
 and blood, and that He might feed with the nourishment
 of His own flesh the sheep whom He had redeemed.

ST. GREGORY.