

Lost in the solemn sweet delight
Of holding thee, my Saviour bright,
My spirit, faint with joy would say,
Stay with me Saviour!—Saviour stay!

Stay! for while resting on my heart,
All thoughts of lowlier things depart,
Gladly to earth's affections, dies
My prostrate soul, where Jesus lies.

Love, that I hold upon my breast
Oh, love! the brightest and the best,
Worthless and dull each vision bright,
Where Thou art not, my soul's delight!

Yes, while thy spirit blends with mine,
While mingles thus my soul with thine,
I envy scarce the bliss that's given
To see Thee face to face in Heaven!

Oh! that I had some secret spot,
Where, all forgetting and forgot,
My spirit rapt in ecstasy,
Could, Jesu, say Thee, only Thee!

Thee, only Thee! it still should say,
While the sun went its onward way,—
Thee only Thee! when midnight shed
Its mists of darkness round my head.

Thee, only Thee! my gladsome voice
Should make the desert wilds rejoice,
Till every echo learned from me
Still to repeat, Thee, only Thee!

Lost in the sweets of love like this,
My soul should spurn all lowlier bliss,
Till face to face, exultingly,
Once more it said—Thee, only Thee!

M. C. A.

THE PROSE, INVOLATA, IN HONOUR OF THE B. V. M.

O Mary, spotless, chaste and pure, to whom it
has been given,

To be for us the portal fair, and shining gate of
Heaven;

O Mother fair, Christ's Mother dear, and wor-
thiest of all love,

Do Thou our lowly praises hear, and herald
them above.

Thine aid, with hearts and earnest lips, devout-
ly we implore

To keep from sin our hearts within, and cleanse
us more and more;

That by thy prayers, that sound so sweet, and
have such power in Heaven,

The pardon that our sins require for ever may
be given.

O Mary dear!

O Mary! Hear!

O Mary, Mother mild,

Thou who alone of all hast been, for ever upda-
fied!

Feast of St. Augustine, Apostle of England, 1843

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