

Purity of Heart.



WHAT lessons can we learn as we gaze on St John leaning on our Saviour's breast! Does it not teach us that purity attracts Jesus to us as the magnet attracts steel? He who feedeth among the lilies, must feel drawn to unite Himself to a pure soul. Do we love purity, do we shrink instinctively from anything which might sully our soul? So often in Holy Communion, like St John, we, too, have pillowed our heads on His sacred breast—nay, more, we have received Him into our souls when “He came unto His own.” But there are moments when we fall, when we fail to accomplish our resolutions, when we quit the path of duty, then penitent love will give us a place with Mary Magdalen at the feet of Jesus. All cannot aspire to lean on the breast of Jesus, but all can hope to kneel at His feet, where we find souls who are especially dear to Him.



*A heart, O God, clean, undefiled,
Create in me, I pray,
Then shall I be indeed Thy child,
And childlike duty pay.
Would that the purest thoughts alone
Found shelter in this breast,
Which is the Holy Spirit's throne,
The Dove's beloved nest.
O God, Thou knowest—knowest well
Thy feeble creature's heart,
Yet here dost Thou delight to dwell:
Come Lord, and never part.*



Watch over whatever might sully the purity of your soul.