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expire on a shameful cross for our eternal welfare! Now, illumined with lively faith, with the outpouring of my whole soul and the fervor of my heart, I humbly beseech Thee, through the infinite merits of Thy painful sufferings, give me strength and courage to destroy every evil passion which sways my heart, to bless Thee in my greatest afflictions, to glorify Thee by the exact fulfilment of all my duties, supremely to hate all sin, and thus to become a saint.

(*Ind. of 100 days, once a day. — Pius IX. Jan. 1, 1866.*)

HYMN OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

Our Lord in the Tabernacle

I ADORE Thee humbly, O Thou hidden God,
 Who beneath these figures truly dost abide.
 All my light is darkness contemplating Thee.
 Lo! my heart lies prostrate to Love's mystery.

Seeing, touching, tasting, fail in proving Thee;
 But Thy word suffices given sacredly.
 Know we nothing truer ever can be heard,
 Than the words of Jesus Who is Truth's own Word.

On the cross was hidden Thy divinity,
But these veils hide likewise Thy humanity;
I, in both believing, offer my belief,
Praying for Thy pardon with the dying thief.

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