

unfortunate soul, says St. Augustin, that recedes from Thee with the hope to find happiness elsewhere. Vainly will it turn in all directions; disappointment will meet every effort. Thou hast made us for Thee, O my God, and with Thee only shall we find rest and bliss. Thou alone canst satiate our longing for happiness; Thou alone canst save us from the unending tortures awaiting the sinner after his moments of sinful pleasure; Thou alone, O Jesus, canst free him from conscience's never-dying worm, whereby he experiences in this life the anguish of the damned. »

Listen to the wail of grief from the Prodigal's broken heart, from his betrayed love, from his stranded hopes: « *Who will give water to my head, and a fountain of tears to my eyes? and I will weep day and night* (Jer. IX.) over my present state of degradation. Ah! who will restore me to my Father's affection which I wilfully spurned; who will bring me back my long last joys of childhood? »

Dear Reader, imagine yourself for a moment in the Prodigal's place. Compare what you are now or have perhaps been during your adolescence, with the innocent years of your childhood. Why have you not always remained as reasonable, as sensible as you were when on the threshold of life, knowing the wherefore of your creation and the two inevitable terms awaiting you? How sweet the dear name of Jesus, your Redeemer and your Judge, then sounded to you! How easy it appeared to love Him, how simple to obey Him! You then knew by experience that prayer was the soul's life. Every day when, on bended knees, you said: « Our Father, who art in heaven: » you felt that you were really speaking to a *Father*, and how ardently you longed to go and live with Him! — My God, my Love, what a dreadful change has come over me! I have wandered from Thee, yes! far from Thee, O Lord, and I wished to live like those who seem to live, but who are verily dead in Thy sight! Father, forgive! for like the Prodigal, I will return to Thee to leave Thee nevermore, O Fountain of eternal life!

After having deplored his waywardness, the Prodigal Son cried aloud in bitter sadness: « O ephemereal pleasures, O