

Risen Christ is awaiting us to call us by name in the Sacramental touch of the daily Communion. Every day should the watching angel be able to say of us as of the Risen Saviour: "He is not here; He is arisen". He is risen to other heights of loyalty to God's cause, despite the obstacles that cross our path especially when planning and preparing for our Daily Bread. Every day has its own temptation, without and within, therefore, the need of the Daily Antidote. If, like our Great Model, when He was tempted, we are only wise enough to put the temptation behind us, we shall be able to go on our way rejoicing. There are real heroes of the Eucharistic table around us every day, but we do not call them heroes. They are fighting the enemy "Self" and it is a mighty combat.

The man or woman who governs a hasty temper, subdues a proud spirit, masters a stubborn will, stifles a sensual inclination, deserves a laurel-wreath more than he who dies on the battlefield, for it is hard, very hard to wage a daily warfare with self and sin. He who with strong passions remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly power of imagination in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself and forgive — these are strong men, the spiritual heroes. Peace possesses the soul that has eaten the "Bread of the Strong" and, only because it has eaten It, is it strong to do and bear all things for Christ's dear sake. It is submissive in God's hands; it is strong to wait as well as to work, for with every appointed task given by the hand of God, comes also the blessing of patience. Peace is one of the sweetest gifts of the Risen Saviour to the faithful little group. "Pax vobis" was His daily greeting to them as He favoured them with the presence of His glorified Body.

The "Pax vobis" will be ours too if we come close enough to catch the soft tones and that must be by frequent communion. Peace will come in our daily preparation through three Sources: Our Prayers, our Works, our Sufferings. We must get the Easter spirit into *our prayers* — those prayers which, let it be said with down-cast eyes, are so often cold, hurried, negligent. How little fervor we get into them! How unlike Magdalen's loving out-

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