

the falling fruit, the bird that cleaves the air, the ox that bellows, the fish that sports in the water are our masters, the bearers and depositors of germs to sustain and renew our being. Through their instrumentality God continues as long as He pleases His first gift. Yea! indeed, man is but a poor proud creature not realizing his indigence and misery. To confound him and open his eyes, it is only necessary that the animals on which he depends for food fail him or that the aliments he requires be beyond his reach; then, his boasted strength soon gives way, his heart beats weaken, his blood does not circulate properly, his organization relaxes and death inevitably results.

Let us recall in the presence of the Author of life, our nothingness and may the thought engender humility in our hearts. May it also penetrate us with deep gratitude at the sight of Our Saviour's indefatigable goodness.

II — Thanksgiving.

God might have created us with less pressing and continual needs; He might have thrown us, in some manner, deeper into nothingness instead of leaving us palpitating on its brink; He might have given us a little life in deposit and provisioned for a specified time the vessel of our soul and body when He launched it on the ocean of life. He did not wish to do so, and that not only to prevent us being filled with pride as were the angels who did not require food, but again and principally in order to place Himself, so to speak, under the necessity of occupying Himself unceasingly about us, in order that His Paternal Providence would be, as it were, obliged never to lose sight of us. Nothing is so touching as this thought unless it is the fidelity and tenderness with which Jesus discharges those duties imposed on Him by His divine Paternity.

O my Jesus, my Creator, my Saviour, my adorable Preserver, with what care, with what forethought, with what solicitude dost Thou not prepare our daily corporal bread. The completion of the year is but a series of Thy benefits; the four seasons an uninterrupted succession of the gifts of Thy unbounded liberality. Spring scatters at our feet its perfumes and flowers, summer its refreshing fruit and golden harvest, autumn its plenitude of abundant life, winter its mantle of snow to protect the furrows as a mother her sleeping child. We never invoke Thee in vain, Thy goodness begins and multiplies unceasingly. Each aliment of which we partake is Thy gift, also the power of assimilating and