

friend worth dying for," he was leaving out of consideration the One Supreme Friend who is not only worth dying for but who has actually died for us.

In the tabernacle of each of the thousands of Catholic churches, chapels, and oratories throughout the land, there dwells perennially, really present with His divinity and His humanity, the Friend of all friends—our Blessed Lord Himself. His presence there is incontestable evidence of our Saviour's love for us, is convincing proof that His delight is to be with the children of men. Do we give Him any love in return? Do we sometimes show that our delight is to be with the Eucharistic God? How often from Sunday to Sunday do we visit our best Friend? Of the thousands of Catholics who in city or large town daily pass by from two or three to half a dozen churches, how many turn in to the entrance to spend fifteen or even five minutes in adoration of the Lord whom they unquestionably believe to be really there? And yet should not our urgent need, if not our gratitude and love, bring us frequently to His feet? Who among us is not burdened from day to day with crosses and cares, with trials and troubles in the spiritual or temporal order, or in both? Business anxieties, financial difficulties, unsuccessful projects, accumulating debts, household vexations, family worries, exhausting physical or mental labor, coldness and indifference and neglect from those we love most fondly,—does not some such burden often leave us ailing in body, heavy at heart, depressed in spirit? Why not, then, accept the invitation lovingly proffered to us from every tabernacle around us, "Come to Me all you that labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you?"

Are we weak and fainting from interior struggles with our spiritual enemies, with the world, the flesh, or the devil, or, haply, with the combined forces of all three? Is the strength with which we have been keeping our latest good resolutions palpably waning? Have the stormwinds of passion lashed us until the waves of temptation threaten to engulf our souls? Why not seek the actual presence of that Divine Master who, now as of old, is ever ready at the cry of His disciples to calm the tempest and bid the waves be still?