



Visiting One's Best Friend.

IT is no hardship to seek the presence of those we love.

It is a joy rather to see and converse with them, to

confide in them; 'tis a sensible pleasure even to breathe the sympathetic atmosphere that surrounds them. The friend of our heart is welcome to us at all times, and we rejoice in the conviction that our presence is also ever welcome to him. And no one is so poor that he may not, if he will, be intimate with the best of all possible friends. When Lord Kames wrote, "The difficulty is not so great to die for a friend as to find a 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 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 the 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 ten 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