



To serve, the Eucharistic God is to reign! Love carries with it its recompense.—He is sufficiently happy who loves Jesus and who is loved by Him.

Père Eymard.

*The word, within the Host,
Gives me the pledge of peace;
The promise well assured,
Of joys that never cease.*

Mary served Jesus with the purest, the most devoted, the most disinterested love, loving and serving Jesus only for Himself. Thus ought we to serve Jesus, our Master.

Père Eymard.

I find that the spread of daily adoration is the best adapted means to the end of winning victories in the actual struggles, and awakening languid faith in the hearts of the faithful.

Mgr. Richard.

*The fleeing hart, by hunter's prest,
Thirsts for the lake, the brook, the spring;
So yearns my soul, so pants my breast,
For Thee, O living God, my King:
Come and abide with me.*

Oh, what a gift! What can be said of the Eucharist. We adore, we possess, we live, we love; the soul, speechless, loses itself in an abyss of happiness.

E. de Guérin.

*Apart from the surging thousands who throng the city street,
From the noise and glare and tumult and the tramping many feet;
I seek Thee, my heart's own Treasure, upon Thine altar-throne,
For here would I lay my burden and speak with Thee—alone.*

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