

This scheme, however, fell through, like so many before it.

Père Eymard had other subjects also to distress his heart, and his anxiety at times amounted to agony. We may judge of this by the suppliant cries that he sent up to Our Lord at such moments: "*Bone Jesu, salva nos, perimus! Hoc solum habemus residui ut oculos nostros dirigamus ad te!*" — O good Jesus, save us, we perish! This alone remains to us that we lift up our eyes to Thee!"

"*O bone Magister, ubi, quando, quomodo tu volueris!*— O good Master, where, when, how Thou dost will!"

"*Loquere, Domine, et ne derelinquas nos!* Speak, Lord, do not forsake us!"

"*Domine, vim patior, responde pro me!* — Lord, I suffer violence. Answer for me!"

Domine Jesu, tristis est anima mea usque ad desolationem et fletum — Lord Jesus, my soul is sad even to desolation and tears!"

"*Da mihi victoriam, O Rex crucifixus amore! Vincam charitate!* — Grant me victory, O King crucified by love! May I conquer by charity!"

"*Salva nos, Domine Jesu, vince, regna, impera solus!*— Save us, O Lord Jesus, make me hope against hope!"
"Lord, I give myself entirely to Thee! Thou wilt do all, for all human support fails me, and I am in the most profound darkness!"

These trials increased his strength of soul. He was willing to drink the chalice of bitterness to the very dregs that the holy will of God might triumph. "*Fiat voluntas tua!* For Thy love I will courageously drink this chalice of suffering!" Jesus was with him, he would never let Him go, and with Jesus hell is a paradise. "*Mane nobiscum, Domine, et sufficit nobis! et humiliatio et solitudo erunt paradus voluptatis* Remain with us, O Lord, and it is enough! Humiliation and solitude will be a paradise of delight." His love triumphing, Our Lord at last pointed out to him the tabernacle of His choice.