

❖ The Real Friend. ❖

«He is not at home.» This is the answer we receive when we have inquired for some dear friend, with whom we expected to spend a few pleasant hours. The same reply greets us again and again the same day, and in sore disappointment and disgust we make our way home, vowing that before we make another call we will be sure that our friend will be at home.

But why is it that we forget to call at the house of another Friend? Why is it that in our day's journey we have passed His House several times, and have not even stopped to inquire for Him? Would we be at all likely not to find Him there? Would we not find a welcome there? "Come to Me!" "says that Friend," at any time of the day or night, and I will refresh you. You need not make any appointment with Me; I am always at home to receive you".

Suppose, accepting His invitation, we go to His house? We kneel in prayer and speak to Him; we close our eyes, and suddenly there steals over us an indescribable feeling of pleasure, of joy, of sweetness. We seem to be surrounded by a peculiar kind of atmosphere, which presses in upon us, making it difficult for us to breathe. Our eyes fill with tears which bring sweet contentment, our lips are sealed, but our heart sends forth prayer unceasingly. We are in Communion with our friend.



Receive Jesus without fear, yet without pride: without fear, because the God Who comes to thee is meek and humble; without pride, because thou hast not deserved to touch Him so familiarly. Open thy lips to eat the flesh of the Son of Man and to drink His Blood; for thus He Himself invites thee to the banquet.

Père Lacordaire.