

MY REFUGE



may be apparently very near to Jesus, while I am in reality at a great distance from Him. My thoughts and my heart are where my treasure is. If I love the world, it keeps possession of my thoughts and affections, and I bring nothing to the Tabernacle but a dissipated mind and a dry and barren heart. In the Tabernacle, Jesus does not only desire to receive our homage ;

He desires to have our heart, as a place of delight, where He will show forth His power and mercy. But if my heart, open to the attacks of vanity, formally opposes His Spirit, He departs ; for the Holy Spirit, who is wisdom and light, loves to dwell in peace and humility, whereas pride produces trouble and darkness. If Jesus implores me so earnestly to return to Him, it is because He appreciates the value of my soul. It is His heritage, His temple.

Jesus came into the world to save souls, and He dwells here in order that they may know Him and love Him better. Why, then, should we fly from Him ? why so rarely approach Him ? He is not come to punish, but to heal me. Alas ! each day, each hour, how many graces, which were offered to me, are lost through my carelessness and malice ! Of how many others do I deprive myself through my own want of gratitude. Often I think myself doing well in not abusing the bounties of God, sometimes even in consenting to receive them ; and I forget a duty no less sweet than sacred : that of gratitude to our Blessed Lord, who pardons my offences, who covers me with His grace and mercy, who redeems my life from death, in offering Himself unceasingly for my salvation. But when Jesus calls me, where shall I go ? Wearied with the vain glitter of the world, turning from