

she had known more sorrow than they. He was the Man of Sorrows and she was the Lady of Dolors. Her heart by its sufferings had not only learned but merited the privilege of going out to Him in His agony with most perfect compassion. She atoned best, because she felt most for Him; and her feelings were most like His because, as the lance opened His Heart, so the sword pierced hers.

So shall it be with us. As we grow in suffering, we grow in the ability to sympathize with Christ. If we consult our daily experience we shall find this to be abundantly true. It is not mere kindness of heart that we look for in those to whom we go for sympathy; it is, rather, the ability to appreciate the character and intensity of our affliction. They who have been humbled will know best how to sympathize with us in the day of our humiliation; they who have stood at the bedside of her whom they loved best and caught her dying sigh will feel most keenly for us when we are called on by God to give up our nearest and dearest. It is the motherless who know best the loss of the orphan; it is the poor who realize most fully the pinch of poverty.

We should, therefore, prize and treasure up the trials that make us like our Blessed Lord. If we have been insulted, we shall know better how to grieve over the insults offered to His Sacred Heart; if we have lived in obscurity and been unknown and unappreciated, we shall find ourselves more filled with abiding sorrow for the neglect and indifference which is the constant portion of the Blessed Sacrament; If we have known what it is to give and to get no return, we shall enter more certainly into the feelings of Christ when He complains of the ingratitude which He receives from those He loves. This is a hard lesson, but if we learn its meaning from the Lady of Dolors, our moments before the tabernacle will be more consoling to our Blessed Lord and more precious in the sight of God.

