

condemned to lose its radiance and its life as soon as it is deprived of the warmth of the Eucharistic Sun.

We are told of little birds that sing only when intoxicated by the ardent rays of the burning sun, that never give out a note under sombre skies, seeming at such times to have completely forgotten their instinctive art. Our heart is like those songsters, it sings love and remembers its art only when the divine fire of the Sun of the Sacred Host warms and intoxicates it.

Jesus is the one Friend, infinitely perfect, infinitely amiable, who only gains on better acquaintance, consequently the more we visit Him, the more we shall feel our hearts enamoured of his perfections and amiabilities. Furthermore visiting the Eucharistic Christ is putting ourselves in direct contact with this great source of divine love, lent by heaven to earth. Would it, I ask, be possible for us to approach this divine Furnace without little by little feeling its ineffable ardor? What wood is to the fire, our heart is to God. As wood must be thrown into the fire to become fire itself, so our heart must be thrown into God, who is love, that it may become love itself. After Communion there is no more efficacious means of thus immersing our heart in God than by putting it in contact with the adorable mystery in our visits to the Tabernacle.

How constant and ardent is love thus ignited at the fire of the unchangeable love of God Himself burning here below in the Eucharist! The source whence the saints and martyrs drew the love which made them so firm and courageous in suffering and trial, so heroic in face of torments and death!

Sweet Jesus, I understand now why Thou dost complain so sorrowfully to Blessed Margaret Mary, of the abandonment and neglect Thou receivest in the Eucharist; because when we no longer visit Thee, we cease to love Thee and not to be loved by us, Thy creatures, is for Thee the greatest of all sorrows.

Let us multiply our visits to the Blessed Sacrament since they satisfy the love of Jesus and since without them our love for Him only lives in languishing when it does not die in forgetting Him.

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