

Is there devotedness to His cause at the cost of personal sacrifice? Does all that touches Him affect us more than it did once? Is He coming to be almost unconsciously to ourselves, the main need of our life?

And what about our work for Him—about the anxiety common to us both for those we love, those whose names He sees upon our lips whenever we come to Him? He wants to know all. Have we come to Him that He may share our gladness? Or is it the old sympathy, the sympathy of years on which we must draw still. Oh that fellow-feeling of His Sacred Human Heart, not only ready ever, but fresh as ever a constancy impossible in other friends! They must tire. They do tire. They brace themselves up to give us a patient hearing once again. They try—what more can they do—to draw upon the resources of their faithful hearts. But they are sensible, almost as much as we are, how feebly, almost mechanically, the words of sympathy come not from fault of theirs, but simply because the strain has been so long.

“Oh when the heart is full, when bitter thoughts

Come crowding thickly up for utterance,

And the poor common words of courtesy

Are such a very mockery—how much

The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!”

“Come to Me when it is not well with thee.” His invitation is as pressing the hundredth and the thousandth time as it was at first. “Come to Me you who are heavy-laden, and I will refresh you.” His Heart does not sink when He sees us coming. Nay, His delight is to see us take up our post before the Tabernacle, too weary, perhaps, to pray—but just to sit before Him, our eyes upon the little door, waiting for our refreshment. Thy sympathy of the Heart beating there is infinite.

I thank Thee, O dearest Lord, for all Thou hast given me, and for the love with which it has been given. I thank Thee for all Thou art to me, for all Thou wilt be to me in eternity. What return am I going to make—a personal return for a personal gift.

I offer Thee, O Lord the joy Thou wilt have to-day in the Communion of those who love Thee best; I share in their love, in their thanksgiving, in the welcome they will give Thee. I offer all this as if it were my own.