

hands of His creatures, and even liable to unspeakable sacrilege. Still, all this means nothing to Him. The one act of love that placed Him on the altar in the beginning has kept Him there, day in and day out, and through each minute of the night, our same unchanged Prisoner, our same ceaseless Watcher, unmoved, always our God with us, there beneath the sanctuary lamp. "I am thy God, and I do not change.

For lovers of the Blessed Sacrament that thought will be a steadying inspiration in the work-a-day struggle. In the pressure on all sides to yield, to ease up the firmness of the will and give way a little to looseness and the easy downward drawings of persons or circumstances, of seasons like the summer time, of moods and passions; when it is easy and apparently "no harm" to give in a bit, and it takes an extra fight to say "no," then the thought of Him who has never relaxed His tabernacle love for us, who never budes from the lowly humiliating position He has taken to be with us, will thrill us with the determination to remain unbudged in the stand we have taken for Him. Is He not our loyal changeless One, and would we not be steadfastly, firmly like Him? Each hour, then, when for a moment we turn and beg: "Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, have mercy on us," we shall think of Him as immovable here on the altar for love of us, and our aspiration will mean: "Make my will firm and immovable in doing right and resisting temptations for love of Thee."

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## Request for Prayers



Quebec: Miss Annie Leonard. — Montreal: Mrs. Michael Carey. — Barrie, Ont: Miss Mary Stritch.

R. I. P.