

difficulties, who understands us, and knows by experience the trials we have to bear." God Himself has implanted in all hearts this longing for true friendship. He alone can satisfy this yearning. To do this the Sacred Heart dwells day and night in lonely Tabernacles—all through the long, weary hours of night He waits there for us. You are grateful, and with good reason, to the kind friend who in time of sickness watched by your bedside at night. Jesus has watched and waited for you every night of your life. Are you grateful to Him? Do you prove your gratitude by frequent visits to His Sacramental Home? you would not leave a dear friend, one whom you really cared for, alone; yet how often our best Friend is without a visitor, lonely and neglected. What heart is there that is not drawn by a powerful attraction to love one who is good, noble, kind, beautiful?—all these qualities in creatures are but reflections of God, a dim shadowing of His perfections: The Heart of Jesus possesses them in their fulness. If we only knew that Heart, and the love that it bears us, our lives would be one ceaseless act of joyous thanksgiving. If we could realize the wonderful love that the Sacred Heart is this moment pouring into our souls, we would go wild with joy. Devotion to the Sacred Heart must be practical, it must become part of our lives, it must be the stimulus to do right; let "Omnia pro Te" be our watchword and all will be well.

You envy those happy children whom Jesus called to Him and blessed; you are equally favored every time you assist at Mass. Jesus blesses you at the consecration. The same loving, kind, tender, Heart that comforted the widow of Naim, that pardoned Magdalene and took up her defence, that went about doing good, the graciously promised haven to the good thief—that same Heart throbs in the Consecrated Host, and is thrilled with joy every time you visit Him in His Home of love. And at Benediction He comes from behind the Golden Door and waits on the altar that He may win your trust, your love. Do you ever think of the meaning of the last lines of the beautiful O Salutaris—

*Qui vitam sine termino,
Donet nobis in patria."*