



“Jesus is There.”



WHEN kneeling before the Tabernacle, have you never heard a sweet irresistible voice whispering to your heart : Jesus is there ?

Jesus is there !

Oh ! how this loving whisper changes the aspect of things ! How it tinges all with the glint of its tenderness ! The Tabernacle fades from our view the Sacred Host is divested of what the church calls the appearances and our happy hearts see and feel the reality : Jesus !

It is really He as my heart pictures Him in the days of His mortal life, Jesus the benign, the merciful, the tender, the compassionate... and He speaks to me, now, as He spoke centuries ago to the disciples who followed Him.

I hear the sympathetic voice saying : “ my poor child why are you so sad, so full of anxiety ” ? Master ! Christ King, how can I be otherwise when Thou dost allow a course of events which scatters perturbation throughout the world, —which threatens my life and that of those I love,—which may mar my future,—spoil my position—and leave me in abandonment isolation, poverty, perhaps even in misery... How can I be otherwise than anxious and sad under the circumstances ? “ You forget then, my child, that I am your Father, that I wish you to be with Me for all eternity and that it is for this eternity I am now preparing your soul.”

“ Child ! ” If you only saw your soul as I see it ! If you only knew how sin has disfigured it !

It has given itself up to affection, scarring it with ugly stains and breeding disease ! It has nourished passions which have inflamed desires and which have given it that livid appearance of a corpse whose blood is vitiated ! It has contracted habits filling it with illusions, lulling it