

acts of adoration in which there is little love or devotion, we take leave of Him, and go away from Him, without giving Him an opportunity to speak to our hearts. If we will but tarry a moment longer and, after telling Him our needs and showing Him our poverty, or confiding to Him our doubts and fears, pause a while, gently and calmly, words will take shape in our hearts, as plainly as though they were spoken by mortal lips, and we shall find that the doubts which troubled us are suddenly cleared away, that the sorrow is lightened which pressed so heavily, that a new impulse is given to our failing energy, and our soul filled with so bright a light that we feel as if a sudden ray of heavenly sunshine had burst upon us, illuminating every dark corner and changing the very features of our lives. Such lights as these, however, lights of grace, consolation, hope, love and union with Jesus,—need quiet—the quiet of the house of Nazareth, the calm of an interior spirit. Solitude and recollection are required to quicken our hearing and to awaken our perception of spiritual things. As we kneel before the tabernacle, pouring out our woes, our heart-aches, our loneliness—telling our dear Lord that our trials weigh sorely upon us and that they seem almost more than we can bear—do we not feel that comfort comes forth from the tabernacle, that an indescribable consolation sinks gradually and gently into our hearts, that a fresh proof of the love of Jesus has come to fill the void left by that earthly love—that worldly wealth and honor, the loss of which we are mourning so bitterly? O Jesus, Thou Thyself hast taught me how to bear sufferings with submission to the will of the heavenly Father. Grant, my dear Lord, grant me the grace no more to lose, in idle complaints regrets and murmurings against Thy will, a portion of the time that Thou hast given me to suffer for Thy love.

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