

*he is old, he will not depart from it ; thy death shall be the echo of thy life ! »* Falling on my knees and weeping bitterly, I deplore my past errors and the sterility of my present life. Left to myself, I drink to the very dregs the bitter chalice of my lowness, of my confusion. In that moment, Thy sweet memory rises before me, and I see that of all my friends, Thou alone dost still love me... O my Jesus, notwithstanding so much love on Thy part, must I continue refusing to love Thee, to give Thee my miserable heart ? No, my dear Redeemer, I now offer and consecrate it entirely to Thee. With that heart I may love Thee, with it I will love Thee, during my life, in the hour of my death, and throughout eternity. Amen.



What is the crying need of home ? Not money. Not intellect. No refinement. Not wisdom. It is *love, and warm demonstration of love*. Life is such a little thing, a short space of years at best, and to live it through and to have missed love in childhood from father and mother, is the saddest thing in all the universe. Most people love their children. Few fathers and mothers would own to a lack of affection for their offspring. But in many homes there is a lack of real living love and tenderness that fill the heart to overflowing with love-words, kisses, fond caresses. The « good-night » kiss, the dear hand upon the little one's head and cheek, how these things expand the child's soul and make it receptive to good influences. To be a father or mother is to hold the keys of heaven and hell for the human race. The relation is a divine one, with infinite demands, and yet how often undertaken with no forethought, no sense of the awful responsibility. Wisdom, goodness, nobility, strength and patience are needed by the parents, and, above all, *love*.