

despise His friendship ; we must correspond to the inestimable love that Jesus bears us. Exiles that we are, let Jesus be our consolation in our abandonment ; then, when death will come, we may truly say : « I lived in exile, but I found a Friend, and I am now going to His home to rest for ever. »

*Forsake not an old friend, for the new will not be like to him.* How true these words ! A long-standing friendship is our most precious treasure ; it alone will influence where every other affection will leave us indifferent. How dear to our hearts the fond recollections of youth ! The family ties are dearest of all, because they were the first. Who does not love to return in thought to childhood days ! To recall a loving mother (perhaps now dead and gone) guiding his first footsteps in the path of life, and listening to his little tales of woe ?

If this be true, how can it be possible to forget so easily, our oldest and most faithful Friend. What earthly love preceded His love for us ? What bosom friend can say : « I have loved you with an everlasting love, therefore I have drawn you, taking pity on you ? » *I have loved you with an everlasting love !* Who, but a loving God, could say that we were the eternal object of His affections. And yet, that old eternal love leaves our hearts cold ! How painful that admission of our guilty indifference. Christ's love for us did not begin at our birth. Nineteen centuries ago, we find Him an Infant in the cave of Bethlehem. He is bound in swaddling-clothes, so that He cannot move ; He is weeping and trembling with cold. What has brought Him to such a miserable position ? He answers : « *Because I have loved you with an everlasting love.* » When we examine His life, we see that it was passed in pain and sorrow. He sorrowed internally and externally from the beginning to the end of His noble existence. He sorrowed in the Garden of Gethsemani ; His Heart bled at the traitor's kiss. Oh ! the shame, the torture of the scourging ; the cruel crown of thorns ; the heart-rending sight of Jesus climbing Calvary ! His sacred hands and feet were nailed to the cross ; He died thereon, because *He loved us with an everlasting love.* — Six thousand years ago, we behold Him creating the universe with its wonders. The heavens with the sun, the moon and the stars ; the