

multitude," we read of Him, and well they knew where to go for help and sympathy. The sick, the grief-stricken and the sinful came instinctively to Mary's Son for relief, comfort or forgiveness, and were never disappointed.

Our Blessed Lord, moreover, while loving all mankind, also had His more intimate friends, with whom He liked most to be, to whom He looked with confidence for that comfort and sympathy His human nature needed. Such, for example, was the Baptist, such were Mary and Martha and their brother Lazarus, and, even among the Apostles, Peter and James above their fellows, but, most of all, St. John the Evangelist, who does not fear to speak of himself as the "disciple whom Jesus loved."

If these are some of the traits of our Saviour's character as we find it portrayed in the New Testament, they are His traits still. He has not changed. In the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar Jesus is as winning, powerful and sympathetic as when He walked among men. Nay, more so. The sacrifices He makes in abiding always with us indicate a tenderer attachment and a warmer love. He seems readier now than ever to strengthen the weak and comfort the sorrowful. He seems to long more now for human companionship than formerly. For He constantly remains in countless tabernacles expressly to be near us, and submits to all kinds of humiliations in order to meet at the altar-rail, as often as He can, His chosen friends.

This longing for our Blessed Lord, after all, is but an artifice of love, so to speak, to win our hearts; the most generous souls in the Church, the salt of the earth, are already His; moreover, the self-sufficient God has need of nothing. It is we, rather, who stand in vital need of His friendship. No matter how many faithful friends we may call our own, there are times when a merely human friendship is quite inadequate to meet the wants of our souls. How imperfectly, for instance, do even our nearest and dearest understand us! How often, too is our soul ruffled on the surface or stirred to the depths by emotions which we cannot express or others comprehend? We can seldom tell even our most intimate