

ing inviting and welcoming all those who come to visit it. "My eyes and my heart shall be there always." O lovely promise, the accomplishment of which is to be found in the Sacrament of the altar where He is dwelling, awaiting us day and night ! Let us here recall that sorrowful moment, when the Redeemer made his last farewell to His disciples before going to His death. They were weeping at the thought of being separated from this beloved Master ; but Jesus comforted them with these words equally addressed to all the faithful : " My children, I am about to die, to testify the love I bear you ; but, even in dying, I will not leave you alone ; so long as you shall be on earth, I will remain there with you : In the Eucharist I leave you my body, my soul, my Divinity, and that Heart which has so loved you."

The Heart of Jesus then is there ; but for how long ? Ah ! it is the Heart of a faithful friend ; it is there day and night, and will be there till the end of the world. But, oh divine Heart ! of what avail remaining in our churches during the nights, since the doors are closed and Thou art left alone ? It would surely suffice to remain there by day. — " No," He replies, " I wish to remain there during the night also, always waiting, so that, in the morning, whoever seeks me shall find me at once and without waiting." The sacred spouse went about seeking her Well-Beloved everywhere and asking of all whom she met whether they had not seen Him. " Show me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou liest." At that time, that is to say, before the birth of our Saviour, the spouse sought in vain, she could not find her Well-Beloved because there was not yet any Blessed Sacrament ; but now, so soon as a soul desires to find Jesus-Christ, she has but to repair to some church and there she will find Him awaiting her, his Heart on fire and desirous of seeing her come to Him. He is there. But what is keeping Him with us ? What is imprisoning Him ? It is the love He bears us. For love, says St. Augustin, is a golden chain. St. Peter of Alcantara, in an ecstasy at the thought of this ineffable love, says : " No tongue can utter the greatness of the love which Jesus-Christ bears to each soul in state of grace ; this is why this tender Lover, on leaving the earth, could not bear