

then, the adoration of the poor mendicant. Rise out of your poverty, and go live in Our Lord, or offer to Him your poverty that He may enrich it, for that is the noble master-stroke of His glory.

You are in a state of temptation and distress? Your whole soul revolts? You are urged to forego your adoration under the pretext that you are offending God, that you dishonor Him more than you serve Him?—Hearken not to that specious temptation. Make the adoration of combat, of fidelity of Jesus against self. No, no! You do not displease Him. You rejoice your Mastér, who is looking at you, and who permitted Satan to trouble you. He expects from you the homage of perseverance up to the last moment of the time that ought to be consecrated to Him.

Let confidence, simplicity, and love lead you, then, to adoration.



In God's Good Time.

SOME always have to bear a load
 Of care along a dreary road,
 From which, on sunny heights, they see
 Those for whose backs no burdens be.
 So shall it always be while life
 Holds fast to happiness and strife.

But sometimes shall a pathway run
 And valley plodders turn and climb
 Out of the shadow into sun,
 To sunny heights, in God's good time.
 Ah, sometime, somewhere, soon or late—
 So, heart of mine, in patience wait!

So come to us whatever may,
 Believe God is not far away,
 And lift your eyes toward the light
 That burns, a beacon, on the height.
 By souls who strive the heights are won,
 The shadow leads into the sun!