

comings were the visits of a God-Friend, but each one veiled under some figure.

Centuries passed. The veil was rent, and from behind the mysterious curtain was heard the God-like message : " Ecce Venio." And there He was, our Dear Jesus on a visit to His people.

Poor blind humanity ! Awake and realize that your God is with you ! Enjoy His presence for His call will be short, it will be but a passing visit. And Scripture tells the story,—how He passed to the house of Zachary, how he passed on to Bethlehem, to Egypt fleeing to His seven years' term of exile. Thence He passed on to Nazareth, through the cities and the suburbs of Judea, to Jerusalem, and all the while He seemed anxious to get Home—" Again a little while and you shall see Me, and again a little while and you shall not see Me.

*John, XVI, 16.*

And so He kept going and coming for thirty-three years ! Just about one-half the length of an ordinary life. And is that to be all of Jesus' visit to needful earth ? No ? love is prolific in its inventions. Jesus, love itself, finds a means of returning to His Father and yet of staying in the midst of us all.

Beloved Captive ! Upon Thy arms, Thy feet, about Thy neck and upon every member of Thine, Thou bearest the chains which are linked about Thee each morning by the words of a priest. And oh ! the mystery of it all Jesus is willing to be captured and held. There is in Him no longing to escape.

He is our very own. The Eucharist in His perpetual visit to sinful humanity. Dear Lord, may we tell Thee in all simplicity that this is just what we expect of Thee ? Thou art Love—no other explanation is necessary.

Hadst Thou kept Thy human form, we miserable sinners, would find it hard to come to Thee, to look up into Thy dear Face, and the troubled conscience would eventually seek relief in flight. Thou seest us, but we have not to meet the fire of Thine eye. This is another of Thy mercies, dear Lord, this saving us from the terrors that paralyzed the hearts of Thy people under the olden Law.

If Jesus had reserved His visits for the most deserving and devoted of His servants, we imperfect as we are,