

Zeal to propagate the love of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist.

---

With desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you before I suffer. Having loved my own who were in the world, I loved them to the end.—

Luke xxii. 15. John xiii. 1.

For on the eve of my passion, knowing that my hour was come, I wished to leave my children some precious memorial of the cruel death I was about to suffer. some rich legacy of dying affection to console them for my loss, and to cherish in their hearts my perpetual remembrance. Nothing could exceed my desire to institute this pasch of the new covenant, Should not thy desire to join me at this paschal feast be proportioned to mine? And as greater love than his no man hath, that a man should lay down his life for his friend, shouldst thou not eagerly desire to commemorate in the Eucharist my sufferings and death, these irrefragable proofs of my friendship and love?

What have I in heaven, and besides thee, O Lord, what do I desire upon earth? For thee my flesh and heart hath fainted away.—Ps. lxxii. 25, 26.

continual desire to receive Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, because it is his will.

---

as the good shepherd.—John x. 14.

I go before my sheep and conduct them into beautiful pastures. What shepherd ever fed his sheep with his own flesh, or nourished them with his

own blood? There are even many mothers who do not nourish their children with their own substance, but deliver them to nurses. I feed my sheep with my own body and blood. I have given my life for them, and that sacrifice of my life is renewed every day for the salvation of my sheep, on the altar of my love. Wilt thou not reward the cares, the anxieties, the sufferings of thy good shepherd, by listening to his voice, and faithfully obeying his injunctions?

The Lord rules me, and nothing shall be wanting to me, in the place of pasture, there he hath placed me.—Ps. xxii. 1. 2.

Faithful docility to the Inspirations of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist.

---

I am alone and poor.—Ps. xxiv. 16.

In the sacrament of my love, night and day I dwell amongst the children of men, yet they visit me not. My temples are deserted, my altars are abandoned. No one comes to adore his God in the solitude and poverty to which he is reduced by love. I am frequently for whole days and weeks in the tabernacle and there is no adorer, not one faithful heart to pour out its affections at my feet. I am poor; I dwell in poverty, in ruined and desolate temples, on altars destitute of all ornament. My body is often consecrated on sordid linens, & my blood poured out in unclean vessels. There is no abode of wretchedness and misery upon earth into which I will not, and do not enter through my love for men. Ah! wilt thou be so ungrateful as to leave me in solitude? Wilt thou desert me in thy ingratitude?