

The priest chants the Hymn of Praise, whilst the congregation stands. Soon, the church will empty, the people will seek their homes. Even now, the priest and acolytes are slowly passing to the vestry. Oh ! my Saviour must Thou be left alone? Must I too, go? The candles will soon, be extinguished, and Thou wilt be left in darkness, save where the tiny Sanctuary light, like Bethlehem's Star keeps its watch over Thy lowly dwelling-place. I cannot leave Thee as I have too often done. My Soul seems to cling to that *locked door*, behind which dwells "He, whom Heaven and Earth cannot contain," and yet a *Prisoner* !

What *Love* ! what meekness and what mercy ! Ah, cold, wordly heart how often have you turned away, forgetful of this unfathomable Love !

Yet, how unutterably sweet it is to kneel here even for a few moments after the last candle has been put out.

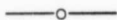
*My Jesus and I alone !!*

Alone? did I say? Ah, as myriads of angels bow before that closed door ! Yet, I feel, I *know* that He looks beyond those Angel forms to where I, poor, weak earthly form still kneel, scarcely daring to breath, not, even praying lest that holy, beautiful silence be broken !

A moment longer. Goodbye Sweet Jesus, I murmur at last, rising from my knee ; I must leave you, and sweetly comes that Voice to my Soul :

" Go in peace my child ; thy sins are forgiven thee. "

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N. S.



**What God Wills.** — A truly Christian soul suffers in simplicity whatever God wills ; it neither indulges in self-pity, nor does it dwell on its own sufferings or seek earthly consolations. Provided that the will of God be accomplished, it is well content to suffer.

Father PESCH, S. J.