

burst: "Rabboni!" Yet, we can make them so by a little earnest, persistent effort, and surely we owe that to the God who stands before us with the glorified wounds which reveal the love that Good Friday's horrors could not kill.

*Our works:* We work perhaps hard throughout the day, our lives are lives of labour; Yet, mayhap, for lack of pure intention we lose much, if not all, of the precious fruits that might be gained of merit here and of reward in heaven. 'Twere sad to toil through life yet reach the gates of death with empty hands. And why should we? If, "Laborare est orare" — "To labor is to pray" why not make our day's toil a long, sweet act of love and desire in view of to-morrow's Communion?

*Our sufferings:* The atoning power of our sorrows is immense — why not use it? In God's intention they are meant to sanctify and cleanse the soul. From within the narrow limits of the Tabernacle, Jesus looks around for souls that are willing to help. He invites us to help those souls who are losing their hold upon Him; others who are bartering their soul's eternal happiness for a transient, sinful gratification; and others again who know not where to find the truth. We can answer the invitation by praying and working but best of all by suffering in union with Jesus and for His intentions. Our daily trials, even the smallest, offered in the state of grace to God, and done for God are equivalent to so much prayer, and share the characteristics of a sacrificial act, for their power is impetratory, sacrificial and eucharistic.

The joy that follows sorrow is sweet indeed. Who realized this more than Jesus' dear Mother and Mary Magdalen in the early hours of Easter morning? How earnestly should we labour on till final rest! The way will not be dark or troublous if lighted by the Divine Presence each day; the way will not be long if He bears us company along the road, and our heart shall not faint or shrink if He is near to cheer and comfort us. Then shall all earthly sorrows vanish like the lowering clouds of Good Friday and our faces reflect the sunlight of His gladness and the beauty of His face as we fall at His feet with our glad cry "Rabboni!"