

Rich and immense but ever claiming new riches and domination ; ever striving to pass its limits, always forced to return, imprisoned by grains of sand ; is this man's heart or the ocean ?

Ocean ! Human heart ! After mighty thundering, after terrific chafing of your banks, you carry away as booty some worthless fragments which are speedily swallowed up in your depths.

VEUILLLOT.

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### ALONE.

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“**W**HO to him that is alone ” says Holy Scripture. Alas ! How many, though surrounded by relatives and friends, are still alone ! He who is without God is alone ; he who is deprived of divine charity is alone !

This isolation, endurable perhaps while in health and in the enjoyment of an easy prosperous life, becomes a horrible solitude when pain and sorrow commence to be felt. At such a moment how acutely one regrets his folly in having forsaken Him in whom reside strength and consolation. Vainly do love, friendship and devotedness keep watch at his pillow ; he feels himself alone. O, you who suffer, profit by the first touch of adversity to escape from your terrifying solitude. Do not ignore God's hand weighing on you ; above all, do not murmur at it. Kiss it lovingly and from the hand you will reach the heart of Him who wounds only to heal. Imitate a certain father of a family stricken in the vigor of life by a long and painful malady. “ At my first visit,” said a holy priest, “ I was horrified by the complaints and blasphemies he uttered in his pain. A fortnight later I found him still suffering, but calm and resigned. My face probably betrayed a degree of wonder at this happy transformation, for the invalid, stretching a wasted arm in the direction of a crucifix he had placed opposite his couch, said : the other day I was alone, now I have God.”

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