

would remain insensible to His love. These poor souls He wanted to save, to snatch at any price from hell of which they were to become the prey. This ardent desire He expressed to His Father; "Father, *I thirst*, I have an immense thirst of souls. Give Me souls. I do not want to die before knowing that they will all be saved! Yes, all for souls. For souls, my humiliation; for souls, the injuries with which I have been drenched; for souls, the strips that have furrowed My flesh; for souls, the thorns that pierce My brow; for souls, the nails that fasten My hands and feet; for souls, all My Blood; for souls, My life; for souls, all My annihilations in the Eucharist; for souls, all the outrages I shall receive in It until the end of time! Father, I thirst for souls. My Heart loves them to excess. Father, give Me souls!"

"Father, *I thirst*, give Me souls! And if it be pleasing to Thee that for their salvation, I should suffer more, Father I wish to suffer more. I am willing to begin My Passion all over again, to endure a new agony, a new flagellation, to wear again the crown of thorns, again to mount the hill of Calvary, and again be nailed to the Cross. Still more, I consent to remain till the end of time on this Cross, provided that not one of my children be snatched from Me, not one perish for all eternity."

At this moment, my own soul is under the gaze of Jesus. He saw it. He noted its weakness, its evil inclinations, the dangers it would run of being lost. And the loving Heart of Jesus cried to God: "Father, *I thirst* for this soul, I love it. Father, give it to Me!"

"*Sitio!*" This is the ever blessed word of my Well-Beloved in His agony, which has won for me the grace of being able to know and love Him. It is this "*Sitio!*" of Calvary uttered in my behalf that has drawn me to the feet of Jesus to adore and serve Him. It is this prayer of Calvary that has attracted me so often to the Holy Table that Jesus may apply to me the merits of His sufferings. It is this prayer that will draw me, if I be faithful, to the Heart of Jesus in my true fatherland.

How shall I thank Thee, O Divine Redeemer, for so ardently loving me on the Cross, and for still continuing Thy favors in spite of all my indifference, all my faults? I thank Thee, O Jesus, for so much love! I wish in my turn to thirst for Thee—to thirst for Thy glory, seeking to make Thee known and honored in Thy Divine Sacrament—to thirst for Thy love, seeking but one thing from now till the end of my life, namely, to love and please Thee, to make Thee the only subject of my thoughts, my affections, my labors and my life! I thank Thee, O my Divine Saviour. I thank Thee!

I thank Thee, O well-beloved Disciple, for having related this word which throws new light on the indescribable tenderness of the Heart of Jesus. I thank you, all ye saints of heaven, who, down through the ages, have responded to the Saviour's cry by endeavoring to quench His thirst!

(To be continued.)