

An Invitation.

LISTEN. *Jesus is speaking.*

Being in heaven I came down to earth; and then I instituted the Blessed Sacrament in order to be with you always. In Holy Communion I really and truly come to you. . . . And you? . . . When do you come to Me? In Holy Communion I visit you; but, tell Me, My child, when do you visit Me? Perhaps our sacred meeting in the morning satisfies you; it does not satisfy Me. I long to see you here in My presence again before evening, My child. That is why I now invite you. Won't you accept the invitation?

Now listen while I tell you why I beg of you to visit Me. I am your Lord and your God; it is I Who created you; it is I Who preserve your existence; for I am the Ruler of the universe. All created things have Me as their Creator . . . you are but an atom, a bit of dust and ashes. I am your absolute Master; you are

My property; therefore I have the right to command your adoration. I have the right to demand that you prostrate yourself adoringly in the dust before Me. I have the right to be praised, blessed, and glorified by you, even were it at the cost of your annihilation. Remember, the simple whiteness of the Host can give you no idea of My divine nature—oh, no! Could you but cast a glance into the kingdom of heaven, you could see Who I am. Yes; you would see what light, what greatness, what majesty your Jesus really is; you would see how angels kneel in awe in My sacred presence. Here you see but a tiny white wafer of what seems to be bread. But I, your great God, dwell under these humble appearances.

Remember, I accept no sacrifices, I listen to no prayer, unless both the one and the other be accompanied by adoration. Therefore, visit Me often,—to adore Me. Place at the feet of My infinite majesty all that you do, all that you are, all that you have. There let those things burn as incense and

consume themselves before Me. Take to heart this truth, My child: Even to suffer death to procure for Me one moment's adoration were for you an honor beyond all compare.

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Oh, My child, do visit Me! Come to thank Me. If there is any one who has heaped benefits upon you, it is I. Can it be that you have the heart to keep your thanks for creatures who have done infinitely less for you than I?

Come! I ask of you but one little word, one little "Thanks." Yes; I ask it for the existence I have given you and which I have preserved up to this very hour; I expect it for the gift of faith which I have poured into your heart; for the many visits I have paid you in Holy Communion; for the pardon I have a thousand times granted you; for the countless graces and blessings which have flowed to you from My Sacred Heart. Only think of your vocation. Oh, how the world has assailed it from all sides . . . and how I have taken it under My

protection . . . this calling of yours . . . so beautiful . . . so sublime!

Oh, My child, if the stars of the heavens knew, as you do, that to Me alone they owe their existence and their splendor, of a truth, they would straightway hurl themselves towards Me from out the infinite vault of eternal blue . . . one after the other they would come to do homage to their Creator and King; in token of their gratitude they would form a glorious canopy of heavenly brilliancy over My monst'rance here! . . . and you . . . you who have cost Me so much more than all the stars . . . you whom I have ransomed at the price of My Precious Blood . . . can you refrain from saying a simple "Thank You"? . . . is it not a real necessity at least once a day?

This little word "Thanks" is in itself something so commonplace, so insignificant; and yet it means so much to My wounded Heart. It is about the only return that I expect from you for the countless benefits I have heaped upon you. Would you, then, dare to refuse Me even this little?

Ah, if you but knew how painful it is to see a thankless soul before Me! And alas! how many, many there are who have for Me nothing but ingratitude! Tell Me, child, are you perhaps one of those? . . . Oh, rouse yourself! If your heart is so sluggish, spur it on! Come hither. Visit Me. Tell Me that for nothing in the world will you let yourself be numbered among the ungrateful.

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Come . . . in some small measure to repair your sins. Can you even remember how many you have committed? Have you forgotten that through your fault I was nailed to the cross? I know you are ashamed even to think of certain things; but you need never be ashamed to weep over them and to make reparation.

So come to Me. Take Magdalen's place. Come to weep and to ask for pardon. First wash My feet with your tears; then draw slowly nearer to My sacred side. You will see what is hidden in it for you. Only come!

Come; and bring along your reparation. You have something to suffer every day, you know . . . for every day I take a new thorn from My crown and bring it to you. Now I place it on life's path, that it may make the earth bitter for you; then I place it on your brow, to punish you for sins of thought; again, I place it in your heart, to hurt your feelings, or in your soul, to crucify it. So tell Me, what are you going to do with these sufferings of yours? Are you going to let them be scattered to the four winds, inasmuch as you vainly bewail them? Oh, no! Bring them to Me—all of them. Tell Me that at the bottom of your heart you really and truly try to endure these sufferings gladly, or at least with resignation, and in punishment and reparation for your sins. See,—your rashness has brought much misery upon you. Tell Me, therefore, that you are willing cheerfully to bear all physical and mental pains in a spirit of penance. One sigh from a heart full of sorrow gives Me unspeakable joy.

Come. Bring Me your good resolves to sin no more; they are the best proof of true sorrow. But even these would at once slip away from you, did you not deposit them safely. So remember, as soon as you deposit in the tabernacle your poor little promises to be better, you will have put them in the safest possible place. There they will be protected from the sudden attacks of human weakness; for I guard them against all the attacks of the enemy. I strengthen them. I make them effective. Oh, of what use would it be to spend the whole night in prayer and in tears of sorrow, if the morning sun were to rise upon your inconstancy? So come to Me with your good resolutions. I will help you to carry them out.

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Come. Gently force My Sacred Heart. Oh, be convinced that a prayer before the tabernacle is a thing of power always! Here in the hallowed quiet of the Eucharist, I could refuse you nothing. And you . . . you need

so many things. Oh, what do you *not* need!

Why do you speak to Me from afar, when you might so easily come and speak at My very feet? Is there really nothing here that is an aid to recollection, that fills you with trust, that increases your love for Me? Think of what a poor, miserable little creature you are . . . full of imperfections and sins. Why, you are lacking in everything good! Then reflect that to Me all things belong, that I can make you rich in all virtue and holiness,—very rich. Are you proud, vain, impatient? You have at least a tiny bit of all the seven capital sins, surely. I have the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost here. . . . Can you be so foolish as to deprive yourself of them, when they would cost you but a little exertion, a few steps, a moment of time?

Now try hard to understand what I am going to tell you. Listen. You have a means of humbling yourself to the very dust—that means is adoration. Through it you take the one place that is really proper for you in

the presence of My infinite majesty. Moreover, this practice of humility inclines My heart to you. If a beggar does not keep to his place as he should, he has little hope of receiving anything at the hands of the rich man. You are the beggar . . . your place is the dust. Again, through your thanksgiving you prove that you appreciate at their true worth the priceless gifts I give you; and you show Me that I am not lavishing My benefits upon one who is ungrateful. Through your sorrow you purify your conscience ever more and more; and you adorn your soul, which I have chosen as the guardian of My treasures. Now, do you not see that, having thus prepared your soul by means of these three virtues, you cannot make a request that I can refuse to grant? . . .

So come. Spend a little time in My presence every day. A quarter of an hour is so short. Come; and let us have a heart-to-heart talk together. Tell Me about your humiliations; I will give you pledges of glory in return for them. You bring Me your

gratitude; I will reward you with new graces. You place your sorrow at My feet; I will robe you in the royal purple of My Blood. You offer Me your prayers; I will place the treasures of My Heart at your disposal. Come . . . you'll see.