Have a good vacation--in the state of grace.

The saddest day in the year is Good Friday. Why not spend it in thoughtful reflection? Meditate Christ’s Seven Last Words. Especially, keep silence between noon and three. It was for you.

If the death-bed be one of horrible suffering, struggle as you will to turn away, some impelling power makes you stay. And if the victim dying before your eyes has been brought to death’s door by some indiscretion of yours, or because he tried to save you from some disaster, then every spasm of pain stabs you like a dart of fire.

Draw close to the death-bed of Jesus Christ. You are the cause of His being there. He is dying on this Cross to redeem you from the tragedy of an eternal separation from God. You cannot feel in your body, nor in your soul, what He suffers. Yet every torturing throb received its intensity from your sins.

Oh, the treachery of sin! That it should inflict such gaping wounds on that innocent body! You sicken at the bloody sight and resent it. You long to help Him, to pull out the killing nails, to soothe the thorn-crowned head. But Christ asks for none of that. He begs only for your companionship.

Think of this bloody spectacle as it happened so many centuries ago! Only then will you see what He saw on the first Good Friday: through sacred blood an infinite beyond, through ignominious shame an infinite glory, through frightful suffering an infinite joy.

The Cross is your only hope and greatest honor. Through it death passes into life. The Cross is the victory of sacrifice and of love.

"I thirst." — On sick beds where much blood has been lost, an insatiable thirst sets in. Christ felt this anguish.

In His case there was something more than the fever-stricken cry of physical anguish. Nor was this cry from the lips of God an outburst of weakness.

He thirsted for souls and for the love souls denied Him.

Which one of you will deny Him your love? Then neglect not to feed your soul on His Body and Blood. Hide not the candle of your Faith beneath the bushel of human respect. Slip not from the heights of chastity to the gutter of lust. Give Him no Judas kiss. Give your Redeemer love!

Prayers: (deceased) Aunt of Al Redd (Til.); Father Brophy (Franklin, N.H.); Sr. Mary Joseph (first ast. to Dr. Wm. Mayo, Foch. Minn., for 25 years); Hugh McBrine, uncle of Prof. Fitzgerald. Ill, Johnny Groves; cousin of George Landry (How.); Martin Weidemann (Fresh.); Fred Holl (Mor.); mother of Charles Walter ’33. Four special ints.