

enemy no more, but because he is commanded to depart from sin, to renounce his idols, his sinful affections, the many things that seem indispensable to his joy and life, and especially when, pointing to the cross, the Holy Spirit imposes sacrifices, pursues him with afflictions, covers him with ignominy. Then that opposition can become so strong and grievous that one would almost say: "He is no more a child of God."

And the Holy Spirit bears all this resistance with infinite pity, and overcomes it and casts it out with eternal mercy. Who that is not a stranger to his own heart does not remember how many years it took before he would yield a certain point of resistance; how he always avoided facing it, restlessly opposed it, at last thought to end the matter by arranging for a sort of *modus vivendi* between himself and the Holy Spirit? But the Holy Spirit did not cease, gave him no rest; again and again that familiar knock was heard, the calling in his heart of that familiar voice. And after years of resistance he could not but yield in the end; it became like fire in his bones, and he cried out: "*Thou, Lord, art stronger than I; Thou hast prevailed.*"

In this way the Holy Spirit breaks down every wall of partition, pouring out His light in all the heart's empty spaces, gradually opening every door, gaining access to the soul's most secret chambers, even to the vaults underneath the structure of our being, until finally, either *before* or *in* death, the outpouring of His brightness is complete in all our personality, and the whole heart has become His temple.

This task is executed only by means of Love. The Holy Spirit allows Himself to be grieved, provoked, and insulted; but He never yields. He is never weary of repeating the same thing to the ear that once was deaf. In our past or present there can be no sin, however base, of which He does not comfort us, which He does not pardon. He gives healing balm for every inward wound. He always has a word in good season for all that are weary. It is Love always filling us with shame; but at the same time ever uplifting, never despairing, unceasing in its devotion.

It is not merely a Love for men in general, but in the most exclusive sense a personal Love for the individual; not only Love for the redeemed taken as a multitude, but a Love individual, peculiarly tinted to meet the special peculiarity of our being. It is **not** only a pity for all who suffer, like that of the nurse for the patients