

THOUGHTS ON THE EUGHARIST

THE EUGHARIST AND THE PRECIOUS BLOOD



HERE is too much of God everywhere to allow either of permanent or general unhappiness. He, who can find his joy in God, is in heaven already ; only it is a heaven which is not secured to him, unless he perseveres to the end. Yet is it hard to find our joy in God? Rather, is it not hard to find our joy in any thing else? The magnificence of God is the abounding joy of life. It is an immense joy to belong to God. It is an immense joy to have such a God belonging to us. Like the joys of heaven, it is a joy new every morning when we wake, as new as if we had never tasted it before. Like the joys of earth, it is a joy every evening resting and pacifying the soul. But it has a gift of its own besides. For its novelty grows fresher and more complete.

Let us look into the great joy of the morning Sacrifice and Communion. There the Precious Blood puts on the vesture of omnipresence, and it becomes it well. Multiplied by how many hundreds of thousands of times is it not dwelling, whole, living, and glorified, in the Hosts reserved within the tabernacles of the world? Into how many thousand human hearts does it not descend daily, whole, living, and glorified, in the glory of the dread reality of Communion?

Into how many thousand chalices does it not empty itself from out the Sacred Heart in heaven every day? The very whirling of the earth, as it makes day and night, by turning to or from the sun, ministers to the longings of the Precious Blood. It is bewildering to think of the countless graces of expiation which flow daily from the Sacrifice, or the countless graces of union which flow daily from the Sacrament. This is the great laboratory in which the Precious Blood makes holiness.