

Our all in all.

MANY a time when a man is wild with the questions, the doubts, the uncertainties, the fears with which a view of life has surrounded him, and which keep barking and baying at him, like so many dogs, he goes by an instinct of grace to the Blessed Sacrament, and in a moment, without effort on his part, all these shrill voices are silent. His Lord is with him, the waves are still, the storm is abated, and, not after further voyage but straightway, he is at the haven where he would be. One look at the face of Jesus, and the clouds fall away, and there is light. The light of the Tabernacle illuminates the Church, and the illumination deepens the darkness of all that is outside. Thus the Blessed Sacrament is everything to us. We have our dearest Lord, the Light of the Tabernacle with us, what care we for aught else? Darkness is only pleasant shade when He is nigh. Disquietudes are worth their pains, for the extreme sweetness of having His gentle hand to smooth them down. Difficulties were desirable to go through, if it were only to see Him come forth, the sun of truth, and illuminate all things with so sudden and so radiant a beauty. And the repose of it all is so wonderful! For it is there, at the door of the Tabernacle, that we find our true place in creation, that our pride is tamed while our wounds are being dressed and healed, and our restlessness is made ashamed while it is rebuked by that voiceless love. In a word, to have God so given up to us, to be with us and to be ours, as He is in the Blessed Sacrament, is our all in all.

Faber.

The Eucharist is the Keystone to the Church's truth; the corner stone of the authority; the hearthstone of her life.