

excess of zeal had struck off, and gave Himself up to their cruel treatment without so much as a word of exposition or complaint ! Was there ever meekness to compare with this ? None, save the meekness of the Blessed Sacrament. Sinners come to the gentle Prisoner and insult Him ; in return for their insults he prays for their conversion and repentance. They approach His altar bearing the cords in their hands — the sins with which they will bind Him when He shall be imprisoned in their hearts ; He goes to meet them, and by no sign or token does He show that He recognises His sworn enemies as He is laid unresistingly upon their tongues. If, in these guilty souls a corner yet remains where the influence of grace may be felt, however feebly — one spot in the seared conscience still tender — the love of Jesus works a miracle and the healing of contrition enters that soul.

We all, alas ! offend the Prisoner of the Tabernacle. Who is there amongst us who can look into the innermost folds of his conscience and say that he is blameless towards the Blessed Sacrament ? That we have never brought hard, angry, proud thoughts into the presence of Him Who has bidden us all learn of Him to be meek and humble ? Jesus is grieved when He beholds the ruffled hearts of His children, yet the sweetness with which He receives us is unvarying, and insensibly we feel the effects of this sweetness ; we feel ashamed as we contemplate our meek Lord, bearing so patiently with our pitiful outbursts of temper, and so meekly distilling balm and soothing into our sore hearts, instead of banishing us from His sight as we deserve.

There are moments when we feel that the pretty trials and constant worries of every-day life are harder to bear meekly than is great adversity. For the latter we arm ourselves with a goodly provision of heroism, but the former fret and chafe our spirit until insensibly all our sweetness of disposition ebb's away, and an impatient irritability takes its place. Our good resolutions are in danger of being broken, our perseverance is in jeopardy, and we feel we should lay down our arms and give up the struggle were it not for the Blessed Sacrament. But a few moments spent in that sweet Presence and we are consoled, refreshed and strengthened. What are our trifling