

who love Him and grieve because He is not loved, are consoled by the thought that even in the midst of those who hate Him, He is adored with an adoration that far surpasses our most fervent moments before the tabernacle. It will be well for us to make friends with the Angels of the Viaticum, that they may watch for our dying moments and guide the Blessed Sacrament's minister to our bedside in our time of supremest need.

Then, too, there is the Angel of the Mass, the Angel of the Holy Sacrifice, the Angel whose office and privilege it is to bear up to the sanctuary of the Most High the pure, the holy, the immaculate Victim, the sacred bread of eternal life and the chalice of eternal salvation. Every morning, at every Mass; every priest, conscious that he is unworthy so much as to lift his eyes to the divine majesty of God, humbles his soul in the presence of the adorable Body and Blood of Christ, and calls on the Angel of the Mass, the most favored of all the angelic hosts, to take from the altar of earth up to the altar of Heaven the saving Victim just immolated to the Glory of God. Theologians have often wondered who this Angel of the Mass may be; we ourselves shall know him with certainty only when faith has been replaced by vision, and we have passed from the land of shadows to the land of reality.

Ah! if we had the eyes of angels seeing our Lord Jesus Christ present on the altar and looking at us, how we should love Him! We should wish never more to be separated from Him; we should wish to remain always at His feet. This would be a foretaste of heaven; all the rest would become insipid to us. But it is faith that is wanting. We are poor, blind creatures; we have a mist over our eyes, which faith alone can clear away. When Jesus sees pure souls coming to Him with eagerness, He smiles on them. He wishes only our happiness; He has His hands full of graces, seeking to whom He may distribute them; alas! no one cares for them. Wretched are we, not to understand these things. One day we shall understand them well, but it will be no longer time. It will be too late, too late! — Blessed Curé of Ars.