

*Mass — Communion*

What Catholic is there who does not know how the four great wants and duties and worships which the creature owes to the Creator, the petition of his infirmity, the intercession of his brotherly affection, the thanksgiving of his startled speechless gratitude, the intelligent joyous acknowledgment of God's absolute dominion, are supplied to him, with an infinite worthiness equivalent to the worth of the Creator Himself in the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass? The perpetual Real Presence of Jesus with His faithful, His perseverance in the obscure tabernacle, and His frequent benedictions, which preside over evenings of our toilsome days, just as Mass so beautifully fills the morning with its light and love, so that it is Jesus all day long, courting our society, and mingling with us with an intimacy we get to understand less and to prize more, the longer it is vouchsafed—surely this is enough to supernaturalize the whole world, to make hard things easy, and dark things bright, and throw an invisible armor round us which will charm our lives against the weapons and the wiles of hell... But what shall we say of Communion? All idea of familiarity with God, of intimacy with the invisible world, of the spiritual union of heavenly love, fail us here. The creature, trembling, bashful, eager, backward, frightened, delighted, is bidden to kneel down and feed, (not figuratively or by faith), but with an awful bodily reality, upon His Incarnate Creator. And this eating of the Creator by the Creature is the highest act of worship which he can perform. We need not stay to follow out the many-fountained grace of a good Communion, nor to see how it branches out into every faculty of the soul, every power of the mind, every affection of the will, every delicate sensibility of the conscience carrying with it secret blessings multiform and manifold, and insinuating even into flesh and blood and bone, the seeds of a glorious resurrection.

And this miraculous feast on our very Creator may be, and He loves it to be our daily bread.