



*He*

He who first scattered like seed and cast the Heavenly bodies into space and peopled the wide, deep water with myriad beings, He Who bade light to appear from the depths of nothingness, He Who designed to fashion the innumerable varieties of flowers that adorn our world, He in fine, Who, with some ineffable instrument, chiselled the beauteous human statue, animating man with His own Spirit, abides there under the silent sacramental veils. He stays there to call us to duty and to bring to our minds the virtues we should put in practice—virtues of which He Himself first gave us the example. Under our very eyes He still continues to fulfil these holy acts. We find them every one there in the Sacred Host, as in a resplendant mirror. He is there to offer help to the weak, to warm all hearts, to gladden every soul with spiritual joys. He is there to contemplate our efforts and to encourage them, He is there that He may witness our sorrows, He is there that He may lead us nigh to His Sacred Heart—in Holy Com-