

## His Sacramental Throne.

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How calm and strange all is above the altar around His Sacramental throne! The very air seems filled with some great presence, burdened with some weighty secret, entranced by some unseen power. The garish light of day is excluded from the sanctuary. The pictures of the saints are veiled, as the stars hide themselves down in the blue deeps of ether when the sun shines. Men are silent, or deepen the silence by speaking in whispers. The tapers are wasting away at His Feet, like loving souls. The flowers shed their odours on the warm air, as if to make atmosphere of Eden around their King. And there, behind those veils, is the Soul that holds all those abysses of grace, there is that living union of God and Man, there are Five glorious wounds, whose bright scars are the unspoken eloquence of the Sacred Heart, there is Mary's Son and Adam's Saviour. One who knew me from all eternity and loved me, and made me, and redeemed me, and will one day judge me, more indulgently I believe than even my own mother could do, who saw no evil in the child of her foolish love. What shall I ask of Him? Shall I be so close to the fountain of grace, and not drink of its abundance? Thy kingdom come! O King of grace, Head of the church! let there be no corner in all Thy vast dominions where Thy royal rights are less disputed than in our generous and loving hearts. If they that have sinned much love much, oh what should our love be like? But the wind is chill, and the world is wintry, and our hearts wax cold. Let us nestle closer to the King of Grace, and evermore closer still and warm ourselves at the fires of the Sacred Heart in this Blessed Sacrament.

FABER.

