

Thirdly the blasphemies of Scientists who, discarding the Almighty power of God, invoke against the real presence the laws of nature, those very laws that are the eternal plan of a wise God.

Fourthly, the blasphemies uttered by scoffers and incredulous minds who are amused by the fragile appearances under which a God pleases to hide His divinity. What a huge joke it is to them to see intelligent beings bowing in lowly adoration before a little wafer ! Really, dear Lord, did we not know and realize that Thou art hidden there through sheer pity for our weakness and to satisfy Thine own loving desire to unite Thyself to us, we would be tempted to believe that Thou wert doing Thy best to provoke blasphemers the world over.

These blasphemers arouse our indignation, and we have ample reason to feel indignant but we might probably do better by turning our indignation upon ourselves.

We believe that Jesus is really present in the Sacrament of the altar and yet we act on so many occasions as though we had no faith. Let us scrutinize our behaviour in presence of the Tabernacle.

The Sanctuary of the Old Law contained but figures and souvenirs and yet God said : " Pavete ad Sanctuarium " ! Levit. XXVI 2. " Reverence my Sanctuary, I am the Lord ". Deeper and more reverential should be our respect before the sanctuary of the New Law since God Himself is there ; yet how sad it would be if the tender familiarity of our God should lead us to despise Him.

We kneel before Him. Apparently, there may be nothing irreverential in our attitude but where is our mind ? How far from the holy place should we sometimes go to locate it ! It is off in pursuit of its interests, of its passions, its business, its pleasures, its antipathies, its affections ! It has nothing to say to Him who is there awaiting its homage, it does not even think of Him.

Our body, rigid in its posture, feigns recollection, but our eyes turn incessantly from side to side either to satisfy a vain curiosity, or worse still trying to find a flaw in everything and every body that comes under our criticising vision. We register every fault in our retentive memory, not one escapes us. We might at times,