



The Blessed Sacrament

JESUS veiled, in His own great mystery of love, offered by our priests, dwelling on our altars, feeding our souls, this is the sacred and venerable truth which we are now about to consider. The wisdom of the cherubim cannot fathom the depths of this adorable Sacrament, neither can the burning love of the Seraphim adequately praise the inventions of compassion which are contained therein. It is our daily Sacrifice, and our perpetual Food, and our constant adoration : and the more we know of it the greater will be our love of that most dear Lord whose veiled Presence we possess therein ; and to know Jesus a little more and then to love Him a little more, let the little be ever so little, — is it not worth a long life of sadness and care ? Jesus veiled ! let us kneel down before Him in adoring awe, while our Mother teaches us His beauty, and His sweetness, and His goodness, and His nearness. When we think we know Him we shall not know the half, and when we speak of Him we shall stammer as children do and when our hearts are hot with love of Him, they will be cold in comparison of the love which is His due.

Let us suppose it to be the Feast of *Corpus Christi* We have risen with one glad thought uppermost in our minds. It gives a colour to everything round about us It is health to us even if we are not well, and sunshine though the skies be dull. At first there is something of disappointment to us, when we see our dear country wearing the same toilsome look of common-place labour and ordinary traffic. We feel there is something wrong, something out of harmony in this ; but somehow our very disappointment causes us to feel more touchingly the gift of Faith, and the sense of our own unworthiness