

After weeks of this agonizing strife, exhausted, subdued, repentant, he returned to the camp he had so shamefully deserted.

Here the situation was wonderfully changed and showed him at first glance how unfounded had been his want of confidence in God.

The Sacred Host

A flash of white, unleavened bread,
Upheld by consecrated hands,
O'er which the Saviour's words were said
Responsive to His dear commands!
And thousand hearts, bowed low in silent prayer,
Thrill with the thought the "Hidden Lord" is there!

O hour of glory! Hour of gloom!
Of that stupendous Thursday night!
And Oh! the agony, the doom
To follow on the morrow's light!—
Yet spoken then those words of power divine,
Which changed to Flesh and Blood, the bread and wine.



«Let your only sorrow be the deprivation of this sacred nourishment.»

St. John Chrysostom.