

Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament renews in our midst, especially in big cities His flight. Many a priest, after the Vespers hymn, kneels near the Tabernacle and whispers to the Son of God: come, my Beloved, fly with me and bears Him to a more secure abiding place lest some Herod might lay sacrilegious hands upon Him. Though Jesus could easily rout His enemies, He will not; neither will He defend Himself nor frustrate their evil designs. Consequently, His ministers must watch over Him, protect Him, and often do as St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin did centuries ago: Fly with Him into Egypt. Jesus is satisfied to fly and hide, but, will not reveal the incognito of His love... Why not? Oh! if you could only understand the devotedness this conduct implies. He models, so to speak, His life on ours: He wishes to suffer because we must suffer;—the disciple is not greater than the Master; He shares our sorrows in order that loneliness, persecution, exile be less bitter for us.

There is another flight, I might say, a present flight, that recalls the first, and to which St. John Chrysostom refers in the following words: "Come to Bethlehem, the house of peace, but, let it be with the intention of honouring and not insulting the Son of God. Do not resemble Herod, nor say like Him: I will go and adore, at the same time intending to outrage." That is what unworthy communicants do. Craftier than the tyrant they think to reach the Son of God in a perfidious embrace, but fear not, Jesus does not fall into their toils: "You may destroy this body," said the Philosopher Anaxarque to the tyrant who threatened to kill him, "but Anaxarque himself you cannot harm." Likewise they can destroy, break, ill-use the adorable host but harm the Son of God? no, never. He falls back on Himself, He retires into the inaccessible depths of His Sacrament leaving to their malicious fury only species without substance, appearances without reality.

Does that mean that your sorrow is vain, your reparation unnecessary? Emphatically no! Let your tears fall... They do what they may, if not what they would; moreover it seems to me the very thought of the hatred in these hearts is enough to draw forth the imploring cry: "Who then will give us a fountain of tears!"