

are but a single threadlike ray of the tender, melting love which burns in the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord as He is daily Victim and Priest on the mountain of the altar, the Hill of Sacrifice. Like the incoming tide of a mighty river, no barrier can stop it, no obstacle impede its progress and its rising. Like a wide, deep ocean whose waters never reach the shore; a fathomless sea whose farthest depths are never sounded; like a desert whose sandy reaches are ever receding, whose horizon is ever retreating, it is a world which cannot be measured, the edges of which cannot be scanned under even the clearest sky.

“And the light shall always burn and never go out on the altar.” The first altar was in the bosom of His Father. Cycles before the angelic world swifter than lightning flashed from the Father’s love and power, sparkling with new created life more brilliant than the first-born rays on the mountain-top, that love for us burnt fiercely in the only begotten Son in the Father’s bosom. “Yea, I have loved with an everlasting love,” we are told in Holy Writ.

The love of the Sacred Heart is no barren sentiment, no sterile affection; its type is the mother’s love which prompts the feeding of her child with the milk of her breast.

When Moses had led the people out from the slavery of Egypt across the Red Sea, and they were in the desert without food, “all the congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron in the wilderness.” “And the Lord spoke to Moses saying: I have heard the murmuring of the children of Israel: say to them: ‘In the evening you shall eat flesh, and in the morning you shall have your fill of bread.’” At the dawn for forty years God fed His people in the desert. As they wandered over the barren sands, fought their enemies, were defeated one time and triumphed at another, as generation came and went, daily at the dawn God fed His people.

Here is the type and figure of the Master’s love for us on the mountain of the altar in the New Law. At times our enemies, like those of the Hebrews of old, are many and strong, and in fierce battle and desperate struggle do