


that His absence should cause Him to be forgotten by His beloved spouse, and He left her, as a remembrance, that divine Sacrament in which He resides Himself. This good Saviour then would not have the remembrance of Him kept alive in the heart of His spouse by any other token than Himself." The Heart of Jesus then is our Captive, as St. Theresa calls it, the Tabernacle is its prison, and its love is the chain which binds it there.

ST. ALPHONSUS.



— MASS —

o me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend masses for ever and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words — it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the scope, and the interpretation of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends ; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are the instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on, as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick, for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go, for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon, as when it was said in the beginning " What thou doest, do quickly. " Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another ; quickly they pass ; because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass, for they are as the words