

✠ Eucharistic Thoughts ✠



Those who know the Blessed Sacrament have always found it a source of strength in each day of the unending battle with sin and self. They have been able to come to Him at the day's end, or maybe midday, in the thick of things, to talk their hearts to Him, and get His reply; and they have learned to say again: "The Lord is my help, I shall not fail. Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, have mercy!"

But in another way comes might from the tabernacle to help us make iron of our wills, and hold fast to Him, unbudging in the contest. It is by the inspiration of the Sacred Prisoner's example, the comforting knowledge that here with us He Himself is unchanging, ever steadfast.

For He is always present in the tabernacle, and always the same dear God there, for the food and life of our souls. Men, even His own children, may neglect Him, but that will not move Him to relax His tireless waiting for them. His souls may be exposing themselves recklessly, or others begrimed in filthy sin may be wallowing there and stubbornly resisting His every call. Yet, undiscouraged and heedless of neglect and insult, He remains the unchanged Watcher, alert for the crucial moment to strengthen this weak soul against this terrible allurements, endlessly looking for the least sign of repentance in this fallen one.

His presence, too, in the Sacred Host is a straitened presence, wherein His sight and hearing and other senses are held bound; a lowly presence, where the adorable God is hidden under the species of bread, and for that very reason is scoffed at by unbelievers as a God to be eaten; a helpless presence where He is absolutely in the