

the midst of His glory a form apparently so unworthy of Him. It is nothing of the kind, my dear friends. On the contrary, nothing proclaims more the grandeur, the excellence, the divinity of Christ, as does this mystical figure, which He prefers to every other. It is because He has been the Victim for the world, because He has duly and with all equity paid the enormous debt of humanity towards His Father, that it behooved Christ to be God. An infinite expiation alone could satisfy the justice of the Most High rightly irritated against His rebellious creature; only a God could make such expiation, such satisfaction. Therefore by manifesting Himself as Redeemer, the Lamb of heaven strongly asserts His divinity and imperiously claims from the Blessed the adoration due to Him, and they are only too happy to pay Him their homage.

Besides, nothing reminds the Blessed more eloquently of the infinite love of Jesus than this vision of the Lamb "standing as it were slain". After all it is the drama of Calvary that is unfolded to them, it is the humility of the poor Convict of the Pretorium, the indomitable patience of Him, who, despite betrayal, denial, calumny, mock trials, repeated blows and the ignominious death of crucifixion, never even opened His mouth to complain. At the sight of these grand scenes of the past wells up in the hearts of the Blessed a stream of love that shall never run dry.

Moreover the Lamb "standing as it were slain" is the constant memorial, the undeniable proof of the final victory of Christ over Satan and the world. Our dear Saviour seemed, it is true, well crushed and conquered on the night of His death. All His plans seemed completely foiled. Men boasted of having destroyed His work. But the voice that issues forth from the heavenly spectacle of the Lamb "standing as it were slain" is no other than this: "*Ubi est, mors, victoria tua? ubi est mors stimulus tuus?*"—O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? Hence the Blessed forever sing His victory and His triumph.

Now, my dear friends, if from the consideration of the Church triumphant, we turn to the Church militant, here again we meet with and enjoy the same scene. Only make use of the eyes of faith, dear friends, and peep through the dark veil that hides the sacramental Christ. In what state do you behold Him? Does He not appear to you in the state of immolation, as the Lamb always sacrificed for our salvation? Tell me, is it not by the door of sacrifice that Jesus always enters when, from the bright realm of our heavenly fatherland, He comes to visit us? To take birth on the altar, He must annihilate Himself, so to say. For is not the condition of Host, which He assumes