

ous, the august, the venerable day which the Lord himself has made, this is the day whose dazzling brightness shall be dimmed by no sunset, the day which 'Abraham saw and he was glad,' the day for which the Saints of old sighed through the long vista of years, the day on which the only-begotten of the Father fully proved the divinity of his origin, the day on which that Eternal Father can say to him with confidence, 'With Thee is Principality in the day of thy might, in the brightness of the Saints. Ps. 109. 'Thou art my Son: This day I have begotten thee!' Heb. I.

This being the solemn time selected by the Church for all the faithful who have arrived at the years of discretion to approach the Holy Communion, millions of Catholics throughout the world sit on this day at the table of the Lord, and feast on the bread of Angels. And with what devotion, gratitude and love should not the adorable Body of Jesus be received on this day—that Body which was exposed to so many indignities and treated with so much cruelty for the ransom of our sins—that Body which was basely sold, betrayed with a kiss, delivered into the hands of sinners, buffeted, spit upon, scourged, crowned with thorns, nailed to the cross, pierced with a lance, and deposited in the tomb. No doubt all true lovers of our crucified King who have the happiness to be prepared to receive Him in the Holy Eucharist on this auspicious day will in imitation of the de-

vout women and the faithful Magdalen come early in the morning with their ointments to honour his sacred body. And when they shall receive it, when they themselves become the monument in which the Body of Jesus is laid; Oh, with what heartfelt and ardent love will they not strive to embalm it—with what holy eagerness will they not endeavour to make it every atonement in their power for all it has endured in this week from the hands of sinners, for the many occasions in which perhaps it has been outraged and irreverently treated by themselves! And what ineffable peace will not Jesus speak to the heart on this day in the Holy Eucharist, and say to it as he did to his Disciples after his resurrection. 'My Peace I leave you. My Peace I give you. Not as the world giveth, do I give you. Mine is a Heavenly peace, the peace of God which surpasseth all understanding; a peace of heart and mind; a peace which the world can neither give nor take away.' And how the soul tasting this delicious peace, and inebriated with the fruition of this 'Prince of Peace' will pour itself out in transports unutterable at his feet, and salute his precious members one by one, and kiss with burning love the marks of his cruel wounds, and rejoice that he can no more neither die nor suffer, and congratulate him on the termination of all his sufferings, and the accomplishment of all his triumphs. And what intimate and mysterious communications will not take place