

THOUGHTS

FOR THE

Month of September



O one can kneel long before the Blessed Sacrament without having his thoughts tinged with sadness. Our Blessed Lord's Eucharistic life is so compassed with insult and neglect, His abjection is so complete, His surroundings are so unworthy, His worshippers so few and thoughtless, that those who love Him, as they kneel before Him, often alone in a deserted church, cannot but feel their hearts mourning with His over man's ingratitude. The Sacrament of His love is the memorial of His passion, and so it colors our thoughts, no matter what be their character, with the recollection of His sufferings; but apart from this connection, His sacramental life is one of such humiliation that it forces all to realize that on the altar, as on the cross, Christ is a Man of Sorrows. Knowing this, we come to console Him. The shame with which we at first steal into His presence to confess our share in His abandonment comes to be mingled with compassion, sorrow forms a link between us, for we, too, have known sorrow, and we offer Him our poor love, not because it is worthy but because He asks it in reparation and atonement.

Surely, it must sweeten the pain of those who have to bear much of life's heaviest burden to know that each of their sorrows can give to their hearts a greater power to compassionate their Saviour and a deeper sympathy with His humiliation in the Blessed Sacrament. In the day of His bitter passion the heart that beat most in union with Christ's was His Blessed Mother's. Her sympathy was worth more to Him than the sympathy of all the rest, and the reason was, at least in part, because