

Wreaths of glorious angels are round His Sacramental Presence, adoring with wonder ever new the depths of this infinite compassion. To their vast intelligence the Mystery of the Mass and of the Blessed Sacrament is never familiar. It is we only to whose cold love it is familiar, and to whose weak faith it is so little interesting.

He wants nothing of me but my love; and I want nothing of Him but more love to love Him with. Why can we not agree? He is always lovely, but never so lovely as in the Blessed Sacrament. All blessings be to Thee most Holy Sacrament! for that Thou art God and for that Thou art Man, and for that in love of us Thou art so lovingly and humbly veiled, yet withal so indubitably distinct and clear.

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"THY KINGDOM COME!"

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May the reign of Christ be established in us! The public Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament is the highest of graces. After Exposition, there is but heaven or hell. Man is attracted to whatever shines, whatever is brilliant.

Our Lord upon His throne is now casting His beams around. We can all see Him. We have no longer any excuse: Ah! if we leave Him, if we pass before Him without being converted, Our Lord will retire, and that grace will be lost forever.

Let us, then, serve Our Lord. Let us console Him. Let us enkindle the fire of His love wherever it does not yet burn. Let us labor in His Kingdom, in the kingdom of His love. May Thy kingdom come, the kingdom of Thy love.