

may so speak, of a scene in which there is reality, instead of a representation of reality.

The believer speaks with Jesus—'I see Thee affixed to the cross by thy ineffable love to us, Jesus my Redeemer. Thy death upon the cross passes before me in this thy mystical death upon the altar. We have seen Thee in thy Priest kneeling in the garden. He has shown Thee to us, dragged from tribunal to tribunal, by the midnight torch. He has raised Thee on the cross, in the elevation of the sacred elements. We have heard thy last loud cry: We have heard Thee say, 'It is finished'—and all is over. Now thou liest ready to be consumed. 'We offer, therefore, O Lord, unto thy most excellent Majesty, the gift which thou hast bestowed upon us, a pure host, a holy host, an unspotted host, the holy bread of eternal life, and chalice of everlasting salvation. Upon which vouchsafe to look with a propitious and serene countenance, and to accept it, as thou wert graciously pleased to accept the gifts of thy just servant Abel, and the sacrifices of our patriarch Abraham, and that which thy high-priest Melchisedech offered to thee, a holy sacrifice, and unspotted victim.'

But we are not fit to bear the holy victim ourselves into thy almighty presence; therefore 'we most humbly beseech thee, O God, to command these things to be carried by the hands of thy holy angels to thy altar on high, in the sight of thy divine Majesty.'

Command the gates of heaven to 'lift up their heads,' and the 'everlasting doors to be lifted up,' for we bring a Gift that will secure us an entrance. Unworthy as we are ourselves, choirs of angels accompany us, and thousands of thousands are waiting to welcome us. Already we hear 'a voice as of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder,' and the sound of harpers, harping on their harps,' and the 'song of the hundred and four-and-twenty thousand.' We see the cherubim and seraphim begin to veil their faces, 'circling the throne, and singing: 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, we approach the altar of God—the God who giveth joy.' The holocaust is raised upon this altar.

Now is the golden sceptre held out to us—

'What will ye that I should do unto you?'

Now we kneel within the jasper walls, and on the street of the city whose gates are pearls, lighted by 'a light which is like unto a precious stone,' and which shines from the altar on which our offering is laid, for it is our Lamb which is the light of heaven. We have borne Him hither veiled in the lowly elements of a small piece of bread, and a drop of wine; but now we read his title by his own light, as he lies a burnt-offering for us—'written on his garment, and on his thigh,'

"KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS."

What shall we ask at this fervent moment? Our church teaches us—'that we who partake of the most sacred Body and Blood of thy Son at this altar, may be filled by every heavenly grace and blessing.' Now angels and archangels, saints and martyrs, and apostles, kneel and adore with us around our sacred fire.' Grant to us sinners, thy servants, confiding in us the multitude of thy mercies, some part and fellowship with them—with John the beloved disciple, leaning now once more on his Master's bosom—with Stephen who left not off to pray for others, even amidst torments, surely he prays for us and with us now he is comforted—with Ignatius thy early martyr devoured by lions—and Agnes the sweet child, whose infant hands were too small to be retained within the iron grasp of her persecutors, but whose faith held her bound to the martyrdom she had willingly accepted.

We must return to earthly feelings, and thoughts, and occupations; but let our 'conversation still be here amidst this holy multitude.' Admit us into their company, by communing even while on earth, we beseech thee, not in consideration of our merit, but of thy own gratuitous pardon.

Through Christ our Lord—our sin-offering—'by whom, O Lord, thou dost always create, sanctify, quicken, bless, and give us all these good things—by Him, and with Him, and in Him, is to thee God the Father almighty, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, all honour and glory, for ever and ever. Amen.'

Let us now in the accepted time experience the force and efficacy of prayer; and because we have not words to join in such an august assembly, while they supplicate for us and with us, we take the words which Christ himself taught us, and say, 'Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.'

Deliver us, we beseech thee, from all evils, past, present, and to come. But we are feeble in prayer. Let thy saints continue to pray for us, while the smoke of the incense still rises, O Lord, that our petitions may be worthy to be heard; and that we lose not by our imperfect, dull, lukewarm, manner of asking, the advantage of this season of grace. 'By the intercession of the blessed and ever-glorious Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and of Andrew, and of all the saints, mercifully grant peace in our days; that through the assistance of thy mercy we may be always free from sin, and secure from all disturbance. Through the same Jesus Christ our Lord, who with Thee and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth God, world without end. Amen.'

Hear us now we unite in their solemn cry; hear