

“He Whom Thou Lovest is Sick.”



T is Morning. Men and women hurry to and fro, too engrossed with the interest of the new day to notice a priest passing silently through the thorough fare.

What is it that gives to his countenance that nameless peace? Whither is he going so early this morning?

See! A street-sweeper at one of the large crossings seems to know. Quickly his torn hat is lifted and eyes somewhat blurred by dust gaze with awe upon the figure turning toward the dwellings of the poor.

Only a street-sweeper! But the humble tribute of faith is balm to the Saviour passing through the unbelieving crowd as He goes on His mission of mercy to the sick.

Just as of old! But more abased is His Divine Majesty to day than when in visible manhood He visited the sick of Judea.

In the thoroughfares of Palestine, Divinity shone in the marvelous beauty of His human countenance. It vibrated in the magic cadence of His human voice arousing souls from the lethargy of sin.

Independent of human ministry He could seek the dwellings of the afflicted, whether in palace or hovel, as He willed.

But in the Host all is changed! The light of His countenance, the music of His voice are veiled and hushed.

Voluntarily deprived of His natural powers, He must depend upon human representatives to bear Him upon His wonted mission of mercy.

The Incarnate Creator dependent upon a feeble creature to fulfil the ministries of His love!

Do His Priests understand? Do they divine His heart's desire? Surely!

Regardless of self, in all seasons, at all hours, they hasten to bear the sunshine of the Saviour's Presence into homes darkened by the gloom of sickness.