

version, and stole gently down the side of Jesus, kissing the flesh which it had animated so long.

COMMUNION.

When the beams of the morning sun come in at the window of the church and fall for a moment into the uncovered chalice, and glance there as if among precious stones with a restless, timid gleaming, and the priest sees it, and the light seems to vibrate into his own heart, quickening his faith and love, it is the Blood of God which is there, the very living blood whose first fountains were in the immaculate heart of Mary. When the Blessed Sacrament is laid upon your tongue, that moment the blood of Jesus is throbbing there in all its abounding life of glory. You do not feel the strong pulses of his immortal life; if you did you could hardly live yourself. Sacred terror would undo your life. But in that adorable Host is the whole of the Precious Blood, the blood of Gethsemane, Jerusalem, Calvary, the blood of the Passion, of the Resurrection, and of the Ascension, the blood shed and re-assumed. As Mary bore that precious blood within herself of old, so do you bear it now. We believe all this and yet our love is so faint and fitful. We may well tremble to think what sanctuaries we are when the Blessed Sacrament is within us. Our very fires are frost in comparison with such a faith as this.

THE TABERNACLE.

The Blessed Sacrament is God. In the hands of the priest, behind the crystal of the monstrance, on the tongue of the communicant, now, and for a thousand times, there are the hands and feet, the eyes and mouth, the swift blood and living heart of Him whom Thomas touched, and Magdalen was fain to touch. There behind those veils are the five glorious wounds whose bright scars are the unspoken eloquence of the Sacred Heart. There is One who knew me from all eternity, and loved me, and made me, and will one day judge me more indulgently, I believe, than even my good mother could do, who saw