

Eucharistic Thoughts

FATHER RUSSELL.



It is a good and a holy and a beautiful thing, soothing and delightful to steal a few moments every day from the buzz and crush, from the worry and frivolity of life, its laborious duties and scarcely more laborious pleasures, steal them from their wrongful owners and spend them where your Treasure is and where your heart ought to be.

When, on entering, your eye sends an affectionate glance of recognition towards the lamp that is privileged to glow mid the twilight of the sanctuary you may be prompted to adopt those words of the royal pilgrims from the East : " Lord we have seen Thy star and have come to adore Thee." Or else Mount Thabor may lend us St. Peter's ejaculation ; " Lord it is good for us to be here "—here where Thou for our sake dwellest day and night, the patient Prisoner of love. This devotion will be one way, the only literal way, of entitling ourselves to that peculiar benediction : " Come, ye blessed of My Father, for I was in prison and ye visited Me."

But the day will come when the Captain of our altars will burst through His bonds in order to visit us when we ourselves lie in prison. Chained down by grievous sickness we shall no longer be able to go to Him, but He will come to us to be our Viaticum on our last journey—not a long one, very short, but perilous, perilous ! the journey from the death-bed past the judgment seat.

If we wish Jesus to be then, in effect, as He now yearns to be and will then yearn to be, our loving Redeemer and merciful Judge, let us at fitting times, and for most of us the fitting times come often—pay loving homage to our Eucharistic Lord, kneel before His altar, as often as possible kneel at His altar-rail and when we cannot thus be closely united to Him, let us in spirit fling ourselves at His feet, into His arms, upon His Heart.

