

## IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

There is the Face that was once so well known to the fishermen of Gennesareth and was once so piteous in the streets of cruel Jerusalem. There is the very look of reverential fear, which was so beautiful when He prayed in the glens of mountainous Judea. There is the voice of Him who preached and told the parables, cast out devils and gave absolution, spoke seven times words of love from the harsh throne we gave Him on the Cross, and who is saying now many times an hour, "Come blessed soul! enter the kingdom prepared for you before the foundation of the world." It is Himself. If we saw Him eat fish and honey-comb by the lake, we could not be more sure. O how He is drawing our soul to Him! Sweet compulsion, which makes the will more free than ever! beautiful constraint, that emancipates by its captivity! whence comes these attractions that are now drawing us to themselves? They come from the altar-throne and from the Human Soul and Body that are there. "I will draw them," says He in the Monstrance, "with the cords of Adam with the bands of love." O Blessed Sacrament! Thou makest all life now like one continued walk to Emmaus. Our hearts burn, and it is not that we know not why, but that we will not remember why.

I can dream of no perfection like to what I find at every turn in this most Blessed Sacrament. The tapers have a little wasted, and the flowers have a little languished; and amid the silent throng of worshippers He has heard many a secret of the heart, healed many a wound, answered many a petition, and accorded many a benediction. O look upon Him! Girt with the rings of His triple Kingdom of nature, grace and glory, how beautiful He is! And what is more than beautiful, how good! Grace is darting from Him, like invisible sunbeams, from all His little temporary throne and from out His poor crystal prison-palace. Glory is round Him also. He has brought His own with Him. But that is not all.