



DAILY HELPS FOR DAILY NEEDS

Under whatever aspect we may consider the Holy Eucharist, It recalls to us in a striking manner the death of Our Lord :

It was on the eve of His death that He instituted It, on the very night on which He was betrayed. The name He gives It is the " Testament of His Blood."

*One hour with Thee in silent Adoration,
To taste the sweetness of Thy holy place ;
To bow my soul, in peace or desolation,
Before the pity of Thy sacred Face ;
The world shut out, from sin and turmoil free,—
Only one little hour, my God, with Thee !*

The state of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is a state of death: He is without movement, without will, like a corpse, who must be carried. Around Him reigns the silence of death. His altar is a tomb, for it contains the bones of martyrs. The cross points it out as it points out tombs. The Corporal that envelops the Sacred Host in another winding-sheet. Always death, such is the state of the Blessed Eucharist.

*One hour with Thee—one short and precious hour,
Snatched from the rush and clamor of the day.
O gracious gift of Love, O welcome shower
Of tranquil joy, that melts my soul away ;
Making all things outside of Thee to seem
A vain illusion, an unhappy dream !*

The heart of the communicant becomes His tomb—tomb of glory in the heart of the just but tomb of ignominy in the heart of the sinner.

" Lord, Thou who hast left us in Thy admirable Sacrament so lively a remembrance of Thy Passion, grant that we may treat the sacred mystery of Thy Body and Blood with such respect as to deserve to experience in ourselves the fruits of Thy Redemption."

Published with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal.