

guilt, which they would rather die than have known by their nearest and dearest on earth. He knows it all already, and He tells them so with such kindness from the Blessed Sacrament, that He wins them back to Himself, and pours unmerited peace on their passion-stricken hearts. How many a mourner comes to Him, and He soothes them as He was wont to do upon earth? He whispers to them that He it was who sent the affliction, who took their dear ones away, and can they doubt that it was in love? Is not He to them father and mother, brother, sister, spouse? O Blessed Lord, earth would be unbearable if Thou wert not with us in the Blessed Sacrament. Life with all its temptations and sorrows, with the chance of hell at the end, would be too awful if Thou didst not live amongst us.

Above all, this gives us a clear notion of what is Holy Communion. It is the union with the living Jesus, and its result is the infusion of the life of Jesus into us. What a comment is all this upon the words of Jesus — "He that eateth Me shall live by Me" "I am the Bread of Life." "My flesh is meat, indeed, and My blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood dwelleth in Me and I in him, as the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, the same shall live by Me"? When I think of Holy Communion, I can only look upon it as the antitype to the miracle of old, when the prophet stretched himself upon the child, and applied his mouth, eyes, and hands on the mouth, hands, eyes of the dead. His heart is applied to ours, and communicates to it that fire which He longed so touchingly to kindle upon earth. No earthly union can compare with this blending of two lives into one, this infusion of the life of Jesus into ours. O Lord Jesus, evermore give us this bread that we may live for ever, since the Bread which Thou dost give us is Thy flesh, which Thou hast given for the life of the World.

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