

the worship of pure adoration. For, beyond her pale, men may praise God, or address Him, or perform other religious acts, but they cannot know nor make that special homage which His presence, as we possess it, inspires; when, without word spoken, or sound uttered, or act performed, the soul sinks prostrate, and annihilates itself before Him, casts all its powers, and gifts, and brightest ornaments, as worthless oblations, before His altar, and subjects its entire being as a victim to His sole adorable will. When first, then, you approach the place where He is solemnly worshipped, as you humbly bend your knees, and bow your heads, let this deep and silent adoration be your first act. Speak not in words, forget all selfish thoughts, repress even all eager longings of your hearts; and receive the benediction of your mighty Lord in solemn stillness; while you reputing yourselves but dust and ashes at His feet, a nothingness before Him, tender Him the homage of loyal vassals, humbled as the clay before the potter (Isai. xxix. 16), as the creature before its God. Then raise up your eyes, those keen eyes of Faith, which, through the veil of sacramental elements, see, as John did, "in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, one like to the Son of Man" (Apoc. i. 13); yea, the adorable Jesus, the king of your souls, and there feast long your sight upon that sacred Humanity which love hath given Him, and with it kindred and brotherhood, and ties of tenderest affection with you. And now speak to Him, but with outpoured souls, with the unrestrained familiarity of warmest friendship, face to face—no longer with the awful Lord, like Moses or Elias on Horeb