

Life of Jesus

IN THE

Blessed Sacrament



O near us, so always with us, so full of love towards us, so many widowed, orphaned, tempted, tried, weary, sin-worn, and broken hearts pouring their griefs into His ear, and yet He speaks not; though He knows one word would make a heaven in the most aching heart, and be a spell of peace and power such as the world did not give and cannot take away. He is called down from heaven; and He comes when He is called. But He comes in silence, obeys in silence, is broken in silence, remains in silence, and in silence is consumed. Nay, even in miraculous manifestations, He has spoken many times by pictures, images, and crucifixes; but hardly ever, or very rarely, has the Voice been heard from the Host, and when it is, it is not His own voice we hear. So deeply does He love His characteristic silence, that we can think of nothing more silent than the Blessed Sacrament. Neither do we know of anything more hidden. It is the very deepest of His hiding-places.* His Divinity was hidden in Judea; His Humanity also is hidden in the tabernacle.

The method of His sacramental life itself is hidden, and the doctrine of it hidden, and even the very truth of it hidden from multitudes of men, He was not so hidden at Nazareth, as He is in the secrecy of His predilection. In the days of His Three and Thirty years He was sweetness itself to all who came near Him. The darker were the poor penitent's sins, the more sweet was the welcome and the mercy of his Redeemer. Yet, where or when was He so sweet as He is now in His Sacrament of love? Sweet-