

figures, I am here a High Priest, a magnificent King, and most wise legislator. From me all creatures derived their beginning, to me they should tend, as to their only and ultimate end. By me the world was created, by the word of my power it is upheld, and by me it will be judged. I am the head and crown of martyrs, the light of doctors, the spouse of virgins, the saint of saints. What can you desire that is not to be found in me to an eminent degree? Do you love beauty or goodness? I am their essence. Are you charmed with pleasure? I am its source. Do you admire magnificent or grandeur? The pillars of heaven tremble at my presence, and its brightest princes are dazzled by my splendor. By me the kings of the earth reign, and lawgivers decree justice. Do you wish for every perfection? You shall find it in me.

He that spared not even his own Son but delivered him up for us all, how hath he not with him given us all things? Romans viii. 32.

Love of Appreciation for Jesus in the Holy Eucharist.

All you that pass by the way, come and see if there be any sorrow like unto mine. My soul is sorrowful even unto death. It is thus I am wounded, even in the house of those who love me. Lament. i. 2. Mark xiv. 34. Zachr. xii.

In the Eucharist I am still humbled and wounded for sinners. I undergo the humiliation and poverty of Bethlehem, together with the anguish of Calvary. Even in my humble state at Bethlehem the angels on high hymned my praises; a brilliant star pointed out my abode;

I was adored by Joseph and Mary, by the numble shepherds, by the sages of the East. In the Eucharist I am born over again, my adorable Incarnation is renewed and perpetuated. I am placed in another Bethlehem. All is poverty, all is humiliation. I am divested of all splendor. I descend from the glory in which I reign with my Father, and conceal it all under the appearances of bread and wine. Even amidst the ignominy of the cross, all nature went into mourning for me and acknowledged me to be its God; my very enemies confessed that I was truly the Son of God. But in the Eucharist I suffer the most unheard of outrages, and I suffer in silence. I am exposed to continual insults, my wounds are open afresh, I am crucified over again, and turned into mockery; heretics deride me; wicked children of the true faith desert me, insult me, receive me into their polluted breasts. And yet, nature does not mourn; the earth is not darkened; the rocks are not rent asunder; the graves do not send forth their dead. O! faithful soul wilt thou not make some reparation to my wounded heart, that thus suffers so much for thee?

A fainting hath taken hold of me on account of sinners, who offend thee, O Lord. Ps. cxviii. 53.

Desire to make acts of reparation to Jesus in the Holy Eucharist.

He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, remaineth in me and I in him. John vi. 57.

No language can describe the intimate union that subsists between me and the faithful soul, in the holy communion. When you receive me worthily, I remain in you, I abide in you, and you dwell in