

Guard of Honor

OF THE

The Blessed Sacrament

(Thoughts on the Institution of the Blessed Eucharist.)

Jesus was at table in the upper room of the holy Cenacle. He kept the great Jewish festival; He ate the Lamb, His type; He fulfilled His last prophecy when, suddenly, as if oppressed with intolerable anguish He exclaimed: "Amen, I say unto you, one of you is about to betray Me." Jesus had felt a cold, nervous hand near Him, in the dish wherefrom He took for the last time something to sustain His mortal life. It was the traitor's hand, the hand of death on the table of life, this satanic hand that barely an hour ago had clutched the thirty pieces of silver.

Then looking lovingly at His flock, His cherished family, on those He calls His friends, He assures them that He will not leave them orphans—"non relinquam vos orphanos."

But, how will this be done? Death is already so near Jesus? The cohort has been engaged, provided with torches and clubs; in the distance resounds the clamour of the infuriated multitude. Will our Lord elude them once more? Will he say to the storm that threatens Him as formerly to the raging waters: Be still! He can, for He is the All-powerful God. Is He not the mighty One who has fixed as rampart to the unloosened waves that engulf the giants of the sea, a grain of sand they may touch but not ride over. Yet, how sad would be our fate if Jesus recoils before His enemies, or annihilates them; what then will become of the work of our salvation?