

tioned : what is that little golden door ? you could as truthfully answer, it is my soul's provision-house. Who holds the key thereof, who makes the provisions, who prepares the banquet, who waits on table ? The priest. — And the food ? — It is the precious Body and the precious Blood of Our Lord... O my God ! my God ! How Thou hast loved us !...

Behold the power of the priest, changing bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ ! It is more than creating the world. It was remarked of St. Philomena how she obeyed the Curé of Ars. Well, indeed, she might, since God Himself obeys him.

Whenever you see a priest, you can say : it is he who has made me a child of God, he who has opened heaven for me by Baptism, he who has purified me from sin, he who gives food to my soul.

At the sight of a Church steeple you inquire, what does that Church contain ? The Body and Blood of Our Lord.—Why is He there ? Because a priest has celebrated Mass therein. The priest feels the same joy when he holds Jesus Christ in his hands as did the Apostles when the beloved Master appeared to them radiant and glorious after His triumphant Resurrection. We greatly value relics which have touched the sacred sanctuary of the Child Jesus and His Blessed Mother at Loretto. But the priest's fingers which have touched the adorable flesh of Jesus Christ, which have been immersed in the Chalice of His Blood, in the Ciborium wherein was His Body,—are they not far more sacred. The priesthood has been justly styled the love of the heart of Jesus. When you see a priest think of Our Lord whom he represents and act towards him as you would towards Our Lord.

These words of the venerable Curé of Ars, so full of faith show us with what respect and affection we should treat the priesthood in itself and in its ministers. During this month let us meditate on the sublimity, the grandeur, the divine power of the priest's mission, and let our conduct towards him be actuated by the sentiments of obedience and veneration which we owe to God whose place he holds and whom He immolates daily on our altars.

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