

senses, it is undoubtedly certain, that even through the closed door of the tabernacle His inward ear hears, and His inward eye sees us. His infused science knows us; by a special exertion of His power He can cause His soul to be conscious of our presence even by acquired knowledge. When we enter into a church, and come before the Blessed Sacrament, all heaven bestirs itself at our approach. The angels around Him, watching before the tabernacle, whisper to Him of us. The science by which He knew us, even when in Mary's bosom, attends to our prayers. If by no other means, at least by sympathy with its acts in heaven, His intellect in the Host recognises His sinful child. His old human love, intensified by the burning fire of the Godhead, gushes out from His heart. All this is true, even supposing it were as certain that His senses were closed to our approach, as we believe it to be probable that His eye discovers us, and His ears are physically affected by our prayers.

Thus, then, we can trace the operations of that wondrous life. We know what He is doing. So passionately does He love earth and its guilty race that He comes down from Heaven to live over again the life He lived on earth. He adopts Himself to the wants and circumstances of the souls which come before Him. When a sinner approaches to kneel before Him, He is again at once the Good shepherd. From the depths of the tabernacle there come to our hearts sweet whispered words, such as He spoke to the woman of Samaria by Jacob's well. No noontide sun can now fatigue Him with its burning rays; no thirst can parch His lips, and make Him long for the cool, clear water. Instead of being beneath the cloudless eastern sky, pouring down its fierce light upon the mountains of Ephraim, He is on His altar in the tranquil church. But His heart is the same. The lights and shadows on the hills, covered with wine and olives, the solitary valley, the expanse of green corn, and the gushing fountains, are nothing to Him now. But the thirst of the soul remains. How many human beings stained with sin, like that guilty woman, come to Him there? Yet, though He is God, they do not shrink from pouring out before Him the tale of all their