

Impatient of delay it will brook no division or separation. It must have union complete and entire. What are the countless manifestations of the purest forms of affection here below, but a longing to attain this end? What prodigies have not been wrought by a mother's love for her offspring? But, as it has been well remarked, the one miracle of its desire, the one prodigy which could satisfy its aim has ever been, must ever be, beyond the power of but God in Whom alone love is almighty. In Jesus love was almighty, and could attain its end to be united to its desired, to live in it, to effect a union of substance, a oneness of being. Jesus alone of all men could effect this union, for He alone was God, and since He could, therefore, was He bound, for love must, by its own necessary laws, exert the utmost of its capability. For man's sake He became man, to immolate Himself for man. This was much, but it was not enough. The law of love in Him almighty necessitated Him to still more, to its end, achieved in the Most Holy Eucharist, union with His creatures. Oh, what a thought! By the reception of the Blessed Sacrament we are then united to the very substance and being of Christ Jesus! We are able to realise the meaning of His loving exhortation, "Abide in Me, and I in thee" (J., 16, 14). Joyfully may we then exclaim with the Spouse in the Canticles: "My Beloved to me and I to Him" (Cant., 2), or with the Apostle of the Gentiles: "I live now; not I but Christ liveth in me." (Gal., 11, 20).

The mysterious veil which, of old, shrouded from men the sight of the Holy of Holies, is now, thanks to the Adorable Sacrament, drawn asunder, and it is given us to behold, well nigh face to face, love in its absolute perfection, the Incarnate God in the Tabernacle where He ever abideth as the living archetype of love and devotedness. Infinite Wisdom tells us that this love has been displayed for us to its utmost limits. "What more could I have done for My vineyard, and I have not done?" Behold here the words of an Almighty God! Can we address Him in the same language? Can we, with the least shadow of truth, say that we have ever made the slightest return for so much love? Does not our conscience rather reproach us with coldness and indifference, if not outrages and insults, inflicted on Jesus Christ in the Adorable Sacrament of His love? If, hitherto, by our conduct, we have imitated that of Christ's enemies, who derided Him, by their blasphemous scoffings, whilst He lay bleeding on the wood of the Cross—if, by our sacrilegious Communion, we have reiterated the dread crime of Judas, ah! is it not now time, to repair the past by a life of reparation? Jesus daily immolates Himself on thousands of our altars, and yet He demands but one thing in return, "Son give Me thine heart." Can we refuse so slight a request in return for all that He has done for us? Surely not, for love demands love. *The Word was God and the Word was made Flesh, and came to dwell amongst us poor sinners. He was rich, says the Apostle, and He made Himself poor to enrich us* For us He became the *Man of sorrows*, died on the Cross, shedding the last drop of His precious Blood, but not till He had accomplished His marvellous design of remaining with the children of men, by instituting the adorable mystery of the altar. After such an excess of love can we do too much for God? Oh! if men only persevered in the love and service of God, as they do in that of creatures, how the face of the world would be changed? What will not men do for the object of their affections, alas, too often sinful! They will cheerfully submit to days, aye, years of toil and bitter anguish to prove their fondness for poor frail creatures, yet they do so little for their infinite Creator. Sensible to the least kindness of the creature, they return the love of their Creator by criminal insensibility, often by hatred and insult. Let us, at least, who have the happiness of receiving our dear Lord so often, let us strive to atone for the many outrages, insults, and irreverences daily and hourly inflicted upon His sacramental presence. Let us deem it a privilege to visit our blessed Lord every day of our lives, especially when He condescends to be exposed as at Benediction in our midst. Let us watch as long as our other duties will allow during the Quarant Hour, or Forty Hours, Adoration now established in this Diocese. We need no longer envy those who were faithful in ministering to the wants of our Lord during the thirty-three years of His earthly career. Jesus is still in our midst. The Blessed Sacrament is a continual return of the three and thirty years. Now, and here in New Zealand as in Judea of old, real personal ministries to Jesus are some of the powerful means whereby we may sanctify ourselves and

atone for the irreverences of others. How well has Infinite Love understood our wants! How marvellously well has the institution of the Blessed Sacrament answered the longing aspirations of the human soul! With the great St. Augustine we too know that, earthly as our affections are, nothing can satisfy us but the living God. Without Him our life would be death itself. Our soul unceasingly yearns for union with its Creator. No shadow can content it, God, and God alone, is its desire. Throughout the whole range of man's history, we find in all times and places a longing for intercourse, nay even for union with the Godhead. Has a God of infinite love abandoned His creatures to a heartrending despair? No, no, a thousand times no, for is there not something in the Heart of God akin to the longing aspirations of His creature man? What it is we know not, we cannot say, save that God himself assures us that within His own Sacred Heart there is an impassioned, unutterable yearning for union with the noblest work of His hands, and that our love and yearning for Him are but a shadow, the echo and reflection of His love and longing for us. And both does He satisfy despite our waywardness and sin, and this as only a God could. "For God," says the Angelic Doctor, "is love and goodness, but He is infinite love and goodness, and therefore it became Him to communicate Himself to His creatures in the highest possible degree." "O God, my God, for Thee my soul hath thirsted. For Thee my flesh in a desert land where there is no way and no water. As the hart panteth after the fountains of water, so my soul panteth after Thee, O my God! My soul hath thirsted for the strong living God, when shall I come and appear before the face of God?"—(Ps. 42).

Such is the cry, which even of old the want of God and of union with God rang from the soul of man. Has not God well answered this burning appeal? Has He suffered His creatures to wander to and fro on the brink of despair, seeking to slake their thirst as best they could? No, dearest in Christ, for that very longing comes from God Himself. The desire for union derives all its strength, burning thirst, from Him. The impossibility of being happy without Him comes from His own act, whereby He made Himself the end of man. He gave to human affection all its tenderness and strength. He, too, so fashioned our souls that not even all the forms of holy love which are His own creation could satisfy our hearts. He alone was to be to us more than father, mother, sister, brother, wife or husband. Nay, as we have seen He yearns for us with unutterable love.

Where is God's answer to this cry of man, and the proof of His own incomprehensible yearning for union with His creatures? One glance at the lowly Tabernacle and from its inmost recess the silence of Jesus speaks more eloquently than the most powerful language. It reveals to us the distinctive characteristic of the Old and the New Law. There was the time of fear and expectation—ours of love and union. What the prophets longed to see and saw not, we see and possess. This is why the Saints of the Catholic Church so far outnumber those of the Old Law.

Is it not from the Adorable Sacrament of the altar that countless virgins find the grace to become the chaste spouses of the Guest of the Tabernacle? Where have the Martyrs of Christ drawn the heroism of their courage, the generous Apostles and holy confessors dauntless confidence, strength, and patience to encounter the perils of the deep to preach Christ crucified, to nations long seated in the darkness of idolatry and in the valley of the shadow of death? Trace all these and the many other wonders of the Catholic Church to their source, and will you not find it in the Adorable Sacrament, which has brought back to earth the voice of earth's God, no longer heard in accents of wrath, but in those of mercy and love?

Shall we, alone, dearly beloved brethren and children in Christ, approach this life-giving Banquet, this heavenly furnace, without being inflamed with the burning zeal of Divine love? Oh, no! for our interests require that we approach, and approach frequently, only bringing with us the proper dispositions, a horror of sin, and a desire to serve God more earnestly, whilst abandoning ourselves to His adorable will. Our life is strewn on all sides with sharp thorns, which seem to spring up and surround us at every step we take. Day after day some new difficulty is to be removed, some new obstacle to be surmounted. To whom shall we have recourse, save to the Throne of all mercy? To Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament, who is ever lovingly inviting us saying: "Come to Me, all ye that labour and

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(IMPROVED AROMATIC.)