From morning to evening, a book for invalids, from the Fr. (La journée des malades). John the baptist, Clewer [M.F. Beaty-Pownall].

by

Henri Léon Perreyve
FROM MORNING TO EVENING
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Address</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>London</td>
<td>Waterloo Place</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oxford</td>
<td>High Street</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cambridge</td>
<td>Trinity Street</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
From Morning to Evening

A Book for Invalids

From the French of L'Abbe Henri Perreyve
Translated and adapted by an Associate of
The Sisterhood of S. John Baptist, Clewer

Rivingtons
London, Oxford, and Cambridge
1868

138. g. 246.
TO

My Father and Mother

I DEDICATE THIS TRANSLATION

M. F. B. P.
To

My Father and Mother

I dedicate this translation

M. F. B. P.
THE following pages are chiefly a translation, but occasionally an adaptation, of 'La Journée des Malades, par M. l'Abbé Henri Perreyve,' undertaken because it seemed that the holy words of counsel and comfort contained in them might, in an English dress, be made acceptable to many sufferers to whom the French original would be inaccessible or distasteful.

All I know of the author is comprised in the underwritten extract: "The Abbé Perreyve, though dying early, had had ample experience of a sick room, both as its tenant and as its visitor. M. Guizot, in his recent discourse at the Academy, makes honourable mention of him as the consoler of the dying moments of M. Ampère: 'A young priest of the loftiest mind and gentlest heart, who had become his friend, and the friend of his best..."
friends, the Abbé Henri Perreyve, brought him the only efficacious consolation—human sympathy and Christian hope. . . . Some months after, the consoler himself, the Abbé Perreyve, died, in the flower of youth, faith, and virtue.’

The chapters on ‘The Sick Man’s Eucharist’ have been considerably altered, chiefly with a view to set forth more prominently the idea of spiritual communion, and here and there to bring them more entirely into agreement with the teaching of our own branch of the Church Catholic, and, as it is hoped, with primitive doctrine. The section on ‘The Priest’ has also been modified, and that on ‘The Physician’ has received certain alterations which seemed called for by the apparently different relations existing between French and English medical men and their patients. In the chapter on ‘Remedies,’ some expressions which appeared, though doubtless undesignedly, to have a tendency towards Pantheism, have been put on a more satisfactory footing, whilst scattered through the volume

1 Literary Churchman, May 19, 1866.
are various minor and less important changes, rendered desirable by the differences in the two languages and national characters.

I cannot but hope that the pleasure I have felt in preparing the English version may be shared by some of its readers, and that the loving teaching of one who, by God's mercy, has attained to rest through suffering, may serve to strengthen faith and patience, and so to lighten the weary hours of pain and weakness. I would also venture to hope that the many notes of unity with ourselves which are found in this little book by a priest of a foreign Church, may tend to inspire thoughts of 'faith, and hope, and charity,' towards those from whom we sometimes seem to be so much divided, and to stir up some yearnings after an 'external communion' when it shall seem good in the eyes 'of the one Shepherd of the one fold.'

M. F. B. P.

October 1868.
Extract from the Author's Preface

'This book has been written, dear invalid, to comfort you, to support and interest you, during the wearisome days of sickness and of convalescence.

'There is but one circumstance which makes it worthy of your notice, and that is the fact of its being the result, not of any mere intellectual effort, but of a lengthened and personal experience of its subject.

'That of which it speaks was suffered before it was written.'
## Contents

THOUGHTS ON SICKNESS: CONSIDERED AS A WARNING, AND A MEANS OF RETIREMENT FROM THE WORLD  

MORNING

*I am the Bright and Morning Star*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ON FIRST WAKING</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE CHURCH BELLS</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE SICK MAN'S EUCHARIST</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ACT OF THANKSGIVING</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY IS THE EVIL THEREOF'</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WE ARE UNPROFITABLE SERVANTS</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COURAGEOUS WORK</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

DURING THE DAY

*The Shadow of a Great Rock in a Weary Land*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>LOVE YOUR ROOM</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANXIETY AND SUSPENSE</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WEAKNESS</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE PRIEST</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE PHYSICIAN</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REMEDIES</td>
<td>127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OBEDIENCE</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PATIENCE</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>READING</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VISITORS</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RUINS</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FANCIED AILMENTS</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SICKNESS IN EXILE</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SICKNESS IN POVERTY</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE GRACE OF CONSOLATION</td>
<td>190</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### EVENING

'I am the Light of the World'

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE HOUR OF LONELINESS</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NIGHT</td>
<td>207</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE DELAYS OF GOD</td>
<td>217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE PRAYERS OF THE GOSPEL</td>
<td>229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MIRACLES</td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ACTS OF DEVOTION FOR THE CONVALESCENT</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RETURN TO LIFE</td>
<td>261</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE ETERNAL PROMISES</td>
<td>268</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Thoughts on Sickness

CONSIDERED AS A WARNING, AND A MEANS OF RETIREMENT FROM THE WORLD

"‘Suffering is learning,’ so of old ’twas writ.'

Rev. W. Bright

‘By all means use sometimes to be alone.’

George Herbert

The first advantage of sickness is, that it shuts us out from the world, and warns us to turn our thoughts to that life which is the only true life.

Many things help to dissuade us from thinking of eternity, but none is perhaps more dangerous than what the Apostle calls ‘the pride of life,’—that proud consciousness of life and vital energy which too often leads us on, dazzled and bewildered, until we reach the brink of the grave, where awakening comes too late.

Think of the manner in which our days are usually spent. From the first moment of our wak-

1 1 S. John ii. 16.
ing, worldly business is apt to fill our thoughts. We rise refreshed for the day's work; letters and newspapers furnish us with absorbing topics of interest; we eat and drink heartily, and feel strong and healthy. Then we turn to business, to which we devote all our energies; our punctuality and decision bring their own reward with them; all goes on successfully; and we glide triumphantly down the stream of life. We meet our friends, we talk and argue, we discuss our own affairs and theirs, as well as those of our neighbours and of half the world besides; our minds are constantly bent upon beginning or ending one undertaking after another; and, when the day's work is over, we join our family circle, and give ourselves up to domestic happiness, or else, it may be, devote ourselves to the search of pleasure in some less quiet form; and, by and by, night comes round, and slumber wraps up and covers with its veil the business and the amusements of another day.

The body indeed rests during this season of slumber, the blood is calmed and cooled, and the vital principle within us is strengthened and renewed,—but when is the soul strengthened? and which amongst all the hours of the day do we devote to its renewal?
Thoughts on Sickness

A little reflection of this kind will force you to confess that the whirlwind of life as it passes carries you along with it, and that you have become so accustomed to its rapid movement that any check startles you, and gives you a feeling of uneasiness, such as a man who had been run away with in a carriage might experience if he woke up with a start, and found it suddenly standing still. To satisfy you, the stream of life must always flow on rapidly and majestically, filling its banks, and sparkling proudly in the sunlight; it must be enlivened by the passing to and fro of many vessels, and by the wonderful stories they bring back from distant lands. There must be the farewells of those who are setting sail, and the happy greetings of newly-arrived passengers; there must be the ardour of commercial enterprise, the unlooked-for chances of fortune, some shade to hide the ruined, some sun to shine upon the successful; laughter, pleasure, glory, noise; above all, something new, and plenty of change, with unceasing movement. Who can deny that such things as these fill the minds of most of us?

If, in the midst of this whirl of prosperity, any attempt is made in the name of religion to turn the thoughts of the prosperous man from all that sur-
rounds him in this world, and to teach him that 'man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth,' but in 'the Life of the world to come,' it is easy to understand that such an attempt will be received with surprise or indifference. Its author is looked upon as a man of gloomy and distorted mind, who is only desirous of making others uncomfortable, and his words fall unheeded to the ground, whilst his hearers give themselves up once more to their dreams of business or of pleasure.

Even pious people are not free from these dangerous delusions. They have 'indeed the teaching of the Church and the words of Holy Scripture to guard or to cure them; and, twice at least in every day, God, as it were, takes them by the hand, and speaks to them in the silence of prayer; but many souls are too careless to profit as they ought by these warnings. To most, eternity seems but a dream; and meanwhile the spirit is borne down by the weight of the flesh, the fear of death is driven away by the consciousness of bodily health and strength, and the calls of grace meet with no other response than a close attention to the interests of this present life will admit of. But as the unsteady gaze of a reeling man, to whose eyes the stars seem
Thoughts on Sickness

to move, does not in reality change the solemn course of the heavenly bodies, so neither can the intoxication of the soul which hastens on towards death, bewildered by the life, the pleasures, and the tumults of this world, make any change in that eternity to which she is tending, or in that God who awaits her there. Whether we sleep or wake on our road thither, we must in the end arrive at that place where dreams will make way for unchanging and eternal realities. And shall we dare to say that it will be time enough to awake then, or that it will be otherwise than terrible to appear before Him whom Bossuet has called the ‘reasonable God,’\(^2\) whilst we are still plunged in the unreason of passion, and still giddy with the wine of this world’s fascinations! I know not what the ungodly would think of this if they could summon up resolution to meditate upon it, but I do know that it is a thought which has made all God’s saints tremble.

Such being the case, it is surely a manifest mercy to all (to those who try to serve God as well as to the worldly-minded, though the former may need the warning less urgently), it is, I repeat, an act of adorable mercy, when God’s providence permits sickness to withdraw a man from that torrent of

\(^2\) *Raison-Dieu.*
days which is hastening him onward, and takes him for a time aside from the world, placing him in the presence of that God Whom he knows so little, of his own soul which he knows still less, and of that suffering which has such power to turn the body to the soul, and the soul to God.

Think what an effort it cost you in the days of your health to turn aside from the world, and to draw near to God. You needed superhuman strength and courage to break the many tender and sensitive ties which bound you to the things of earth. How much courage was required even to put them out of your thoughts, and to snatch an hour for quiet meditation and prayer from the hurry and bustle of worldly business! But now an opportunity is given you for doing this without any effort of your own; your soul is no longer bewildered by the pulsations of life, and strength, and youth; your bodily energies are brought low, and a very little has sufficed to humble the pride of that beauty which was the pitiful object of so much care, the paltry source of so many brilliant self-delusions. You have been condemned to silence; your physician has prescribed it for the good of your body; take care that you obey his order, and make those around you obey it, for God intends that it should be very
beneficial to your soul. Recollections of your past life will come to you during your long, sleepless, and unoccupied hours; do not try to drive them away, but look back through the days you have spent already, and compare them one with another. Which have been your really happy days? Those in which you have tried to do some work for God, or those which you have spent in seeking your own pleasure? Do you not feel that, in proportion as you have forgotten God, all warmth has died out of your life, and you have grown colder and colder? Go back as far as you can, think of the innocence of your childhood, recall the stifled but still undying memory of your first Communion, remember the first aspirations which bound your soul to the Eternal Friend of mankind. Whither has this Divine Guest withdrawn all the long time that you have driven Him from you? You think, perhaps, that He has been far away; but, on the contrary, He has been always very near you. He is there, knocking at the door of your heart; He is there, and has been there ever since your first ingratitude towards Him; He has foreseen, all along, the time which has now come upon you—this season of silence and of recollection. He has waited patiently at the door of your heart, like a poor man at a
king's gate; He who is the King of kings has waited at your door, you who are the poorest of the poor! He waits, He calls, He entreats, He implores; His Voice has fallen upon your ear; take heed that you despise not so great loving-kindness. 'To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.'

And as for you, Christians, who have endeavoured to live as God's children, and whom sickness does not find enslaved by the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, do you also receive it as a choice blessing, and prepare yourselves duly to profit by it. You hold the Faith, and your soul is filled with the hopes of immortality, but has your life always been in conformity with your principles? Your soul may not have been lulled into torpor by the temptations of the senses, but has she not yielded to that numbness, and to the beginnings of that spiritual slumber from which the hand of God alone can deliver His elect? Carried away by the stream of business and pleasure, stunned by their tumult, have you not lost that peace which belongs to a heart stayed on God? Have you been able to hold yourself detached from the things of this world, and to keep your spiritual gaze steadily fixed

8 Psalm xcv. 8.
on those things which belong to the everlasting future? ‘Call thine own ways to remembrance: and turn thy feet unto God’s testimonies.’ God calls you for a time to close communion with Him; do you accept willingly the suffering which will purify your heart; and, uniting your sufferings to ‘the afflictions of Christ,’ seek to share in the benefits of the One Expiation, and open your soul to holy converse with your Saviour. So doing, you will profit by this salutary chastisement, and by and by you will be able to see with thankfulness the great benefit it has been to you, and you will bless the days which have been so blessed to you.

The joy of the reaper must be bought by the toil and sweat with which he sows the grain in the furrows of his field.

4 Psalm cxix. 59. 5 Col. i. 24.
MORNING

'I am the Bright and Morning Star'
On First Waking

'Lead Thou me on,
Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.'

Lyra Apostolica

THE INVALID. 'O God, Thou art my God:
early will I seek Thee.' Lord, be Thou my Help from the first dawn of day, for Thou knowest that even then my strength faileth me, and that I shrink from the thought of the long hours of pain and weariness which are before me.

It was not always so with me; in the days of my childhood I awoke to happiness, and rejoiced in 'each returning day,' for I thought each day would bring me only joy, and I was impatient to decipher the happy mystery of that one which was opening before me. All the world was full of promise, and I believed in the happiness of life, though not in its care or suffering.

But, Lord, I have learned to think differently as

1 Psalm lxxiii. 1.
time has passed on. Thou hast taught me that he who has not suffered understands but little of the mystery of life, and Thou hast laid me on this bed of suffering, where the hours seem long and hard to bear. And now how changed are my waking thoughts! When the weary endless night is over, and I see the first streaks of dawn, I can no longer look forward with hope and confidence to what the new day may bring me, for I see nothing before me but the same dreary, monotonous round of suffering, and weakness, and disappointment.

The burden of these heavy hours oppresses me at my first waking. O my God, wilt Thou not pardon me if I complain to Thee of their weight? I know so well beforehand all I shall have to bear. I foresee the same obstinate wearing pain which nothing seems to relieve, and which, like some pitiless, merciless creature, is deaf to all entreaties, yields to no efforts, and grants me not even a moment’s rest or respite when my strength and courage fail me most! There will be the same enforced inaction, which tires me more than the hardest work; I shall see once more the grief of those who are near and dear to me, and feel again that the continuance of their sorrow is more try-

2 ‘Complain to God, not of Him.’
On First Making

ing than my own anxiety; I shall have to listen to indifferent and commonplace condolences and assurances with a cheerful face, and to smile, as if I really believed them, at promises which belie themselves. There will be the same remedies to repeat or to give up, experiments to be borne which have been already sadly and vainly tried, and the same exhortations to listen to from the mouths of those who have never known suffering themselves. I shall hear from my sick-room the merriment of happy passers by, and yet have to remain a close prisoner till night comes round again, for the room of the sick man is his universe, and the world ends for him where his power to take part in it ends.

Lord, a foreboding of all these things comes upon me when I awake in the early morning, and this is why my waking is a heavy trial, instead of being a source of joy to me. But, O my God, I will not murmur nor complain of this trial, for it is the point of the Shepherd's staff urging on my soul to throw herself into Thy loving hands. My heart would fain be submissive to the teaching of pain, and turns to Thee in prayer before the labourer has begun his day of toil, before the watchman of the night has left his post. O God, hear my cry, and turn Thy Face towards me, for
Thou alone art my strength, and I dread the day which is opening before me.

_The Consoler._ My son, remember and think upon My words to the chief of My apostles: ‘When thou wast young thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shalt gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not.’ In these words is set forth the deep mystery of My union with the soul; they call her to the highest degree of confidence in Me of which she is capable, to that definite and perfect act of Love which consists in placing herself entirely in My hands. Remember, My son, that these words of Mine were not spoken to My servant until I had three times proved the depth of his love, and had three times received from his mouth the promise of persevering faithfulness. By this thou mayest see that these words are not to be listened to lightly, and that it is only to faithful and chosen souls that I address them.

‘When thou wast young’ thou walkedst according to thy human will, seeking and finding thy joys and thy consolations on earth, amusing thyself

* S. John xxi. 18.
with the pleasures of this world and the sweetness of life, as children amuse themselves with a toy, and weep if it is snatched from their hands. Then thou thoughtest to dispose as thou wouldest of thy days and of thy life; liberty was the great desire of thy heart. It pleased thee to forecast the order and the consequences of thine actions, and to plan all as seemed most agreeable to thine own mind and senses. Youthful health and vigour gave a colour to those forecastings, and nothing was admitted into thy plans which could disturb the course of thy hopes and wishes. In those days 'thou walkedst whither thou wouldest.'

But canst thou think that the soul is called to no higher degree of perfection than this? Whither would such a proud spirit of independence lead thee? what service could I look for from a heart entirely given up to its own desires and its own selfish happiness? Doubt it not, My son, that as the alabaster box must be broken in order that the precious ointment may be poured forth, even so must the heart be broken in order that it may be enlarged and enlightened, filled with charity to man, and made fruitful in My service and to My glory. For this reason I have permitted the course of time to bring upon thee the trial of suffering and
sorrow. Thou wast not long in learning that the first bright visions of childhood could not last, and that the first passionate longings for liberty must be followed by an acceptable, willing, and chosen obedience, which makes man a 'living sacrifice' in the service of God and of his fellow-men. From the time when thou wast first able to realize this, thou mayest have felt the approach of that Divine 'Another' of whom My Gospel speaks. Thou mayest have understood that the 'one thing needful' was to do, not thine own will, but His; not to accomplish thine own fleeting designs, but to have a share in the working out of His eternal purposes.

And Who, My son, is that Divine 'Another' but Myself! Myself, thy Friend and thy Brother, Myself, Who suffered and died for man, that so not one of all thy sufferings might be unknown to Me. Let Me, then, draw near to thee; let Me order thy life for thee. Close thine eyes, O My disciple, close thine eyes; stretch forth thine hands, let Me gird thee with the girdle that I have chosen for thee from all eternity. Whether it be a girdle of cords, or of iron, or of fire, whether it be the girdle of penitence or of 'great tribulation,' or of pain and sickness, stretch forth thy hands and let Me gird
thee; give up thyself wholly to My will. Nay, thou must do more even than this; thou must suffer Me to lead thee blindfold by the hand, there 'whither thou willest not,' and there whither thou canst not will to go. What sign is there, My son, of thy readiness to go to pain, to inactivity, to a life hidden from the world and forgotten of men, to the prolonged suffering of lingering sickness? All thy human nature revolts against this, and refuses to tread this road. Thou must overcome this disinclination by Faith and Love; and, like the little child who walks quietly through the darkness if he may but hold by his mother's dress, so do thou walk calmly through the seeming gloom of thy trials, certain that in My Presence is Light and Comfort, and assured by My words that 'he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness.'

Think deeply on these things when the morning dawns, and let thy first waking be the first brave step on this road of faith and submission to the leading of My Love.

*The Invalid.* Lord, I place my life, my body, my soul, in Thy hands. 'Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.'

---

*S. John viii. 12.*
The Church Bells

Wherefore, O wise Master-Builder,
Death's Destroyer, strong to save,
Raise our hearts from this poor building
To the Church beyond the grave;
To the bright abiding City,
Where the Father, ever-blest,
Gives his children joys which fade not
In the everlasting Rest. Amen.'

The Primer

If you have ever been kept a prisoner to your sickbed during the whole of some great festival, have heard the bells ring for Church whilst you lay there, and have seen your friends or your relatives set off to join in the holy services of the day; if you have watched from your window the company of your fellow Christians going to and from 'the House of the Lord,' and have longed in vain to leave your solitary chamber and be 'among such as keep holyday,' then you will be able to enter into what I am now going to write.

'Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy
House: and the place where Thine honour dwelleth.'

From my childhood I have loved 'the fair beauty of the Lord;' yea, I loved it, and sought it, and delighted in it, even whilst the beauty of this world had still charms for me, and whilst I was still able to take a part in this world's rejoicings. I loved Thy holy services, the solemn pomp of Thy festivals, the chanted psalm and the pealing organ, the flowers and lights, the sacred vestments and sweet odours of Thy sanctuary. I loved to look towards Thy holy altar, where Thy priests receive from Thee the blessing which they in their turn bestow upon Thy people; I loved to kneel in prayer, and, forgetting the world and myself, to think only of Thee.

Lord, even then I loved the beauty of Thy House, but how much more do I seem to love it now that sickness keeps me away from it, and I am in some sort banished from Thy tabernacles. Alas! why is my love for Thy courts thus turned into bitterness and sorrow? I dread the return of Thy holy days instead of welcoming them with joy. At such seasons a feeling of sadness which I cannot overcome takes possession of me; I grieve and fret, solitary prayer wears me. As I read the Psalms

1 Psalm xxvi. 8.
alone, I long for the well-loved melodies of the Church's song, and I pine for the brightness of Thine Altar even in the midst of my endeavours to think of Thee and praise Thee. A prisoner at home, I hear the everyday noises in the streets below sounding sadder and more dreary on Festival days, and I look upon the dull walls of my sick-room, with its well-known contents, in all their wearisome same-ness. Lord, forgive my complaint, and cast not away Thy servant in the hour of weakness.

The Consoler. My son, I have compassion on thy sorrow, and the purity of thy longings touches My Fatherly Heart. Thou grievest that thou art not able to join the company of My children on My holy days, that thou canst not sit with them at the banquet of My holy Mysteries. This sorrow is a proof of thy piety towards Me, and places thee in the number of those faithful servants who cannot 'sing the Lord's song in a strange land.' Blessed be thou for this faithfulness, hard to find in these days amongst the children of men, but let it comfort and strengthen thy heart, instead of discouraging and weakening thee. The taste for external things that appeal to the senses, the delight in the beauty which is to be found in My earthly taber-
nacles, in the music, the flowers, the outward pomp and ceremonial, all this is the beginning of piety, but it is not its end. It is the religion of those souls to whom I have as yet made known only a portion of My secrets, and who, being, as it were, children in spiritual things, need to be fed gently with milk, for they would not be able to bear stronger food. The weaker and more childish a man is in My sight, the more do I multiply symbols and external ceremonies between him and Myself, and this out of consideration for the feebleness of his nature, and in order to lead him gently on to the comprehension of hidden things. At first I let him stand in the outer courts of My tabernacle, I give him, to aid his devotion and to draw him on to Myself, the allurements of sound, of rhythm, and of colour, and thus I lead him to the contemplation of those holy mysteries which he would not be able to bear without the help of his senses. But all souls do not always, nor equally, need such helps. Some among them have learned to require fewer external aids to devotion, and, being less influenced by outward circumstances, can at My bidding find My presence in solitary meditation, even though they be for a while deprived of those holy services by which
My Church on earth sets forth, in type and figure, the glorious and enduring Ritual of the Church in Heaven. There are several means by which souls may be raised to this higher form of Love, but none is more powerful or more efficacious than sickness, when it is borne in a spirit of true submission and self-sacrifice.

Sickness separates the Christian from the world and from all that charms the senses, and makes 'a great calm' around him. His body is no longer a source of temptation and of self-delusion, but an instrument of his correction and sanctification. Sickness overthrows all the obstacles which vanity and folly too often raise between Myself and the soul, and makes all things to be done in singleness of mind and for My Sake alone. The praise of man is no longer looked for and sought after, the spiritual gaze is turned inwards, and the soul of the sick Christian naturally finds herself alone with Me.

Now, if thou wilt reflect, My son, on the noteworthy efforts which My saints have made to gain this blessed solitude, and on the complaints they have left behind them as to the difficulty of obtaining it, even for a short season, then thou wilt be able to understand the uncommon and surpassing
value of this great blessing which sickness brings with it. It leads the soul which knows how to profit by it to that increasingly spiritual worship of which I spoke to the woman of Samaria when I said to her, ‘The hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. . . . The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.’

Do thou trust in Me, and believe that I can more than make up to thee all that thou losest by thine enforced absence from My earthly House. Symbols must pass away, My son, for ‘when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.’

Temples of stone will be exchanged for ‘Heaven itself;’ even My sacraments, which are necessary now because the state of man is not the state of angels, My sacraments themselves will be replaced by ‘the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God,’ and by the Life-giving Joy of the Beatific Vision. Faith and Hope shall pass away, as I have said by the mouth of my Apostle, but what will not pass away, that which

---

9 S. John iv. 21, 23, 24.  3 1 Cor. xiii. 10.  4 Rev. ii. 7.
will remain for ever, is 'worship in spirit and truth,' that is to say, perfect charity and the soul's eternal rest in Me.

Look upon sickness then, O My son, as an initiation into the perfect religion which will one day be that of the saints in Heaven. Be content to have such a share in My sacraments as sickness does not deprive thee of, since I have so ordered that they may be brought to thy very sickbed, and do not regret overmuch all that pleased thine imagination and gratified thy senses in My material temple. Offer to Me thy longings and thy regrets. I accept them and love them because they are pure and innocent; but be not any longer entangled or weighed down by them, and remember that there is not in the whole world any temple or tabernacle so dear to Me as a holy soul.
The Sick Man's Eucharist

'T Evermore a Priest above,
Thou art pleading, in Thy love,
That same Offering of might
Which we show in bloodless rite,
Christ, the same, and changing never,
Yesterday, to-day, for ever.'

Rev. R. F. Littledale

One common trouble of earnest-minded people
who are kept away from Church by sickness
is that they cannot join in the Sacrifice of the Holy
Eucharist. They feel this privation all the more,
in that being called by God to offer up themselves
to Him on the altar of suffering, they have thus
gained a deeper and higher insight into the Mystery
of the Altar.

Some go no farther than these regrets. They
imagine that they can have no share in the Holy
Eucharist, because they cannot be present at its
celebration, and so end by thinking nothing more
about it. Thus they altogether lose the blessing
they might gain in the time of sickness, by their greater conformity to the One Divine Victim.

These Christians do not sufficiently realize that their very weakness gives them a direct share in the Sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and that in ascending the altar of pain and sorrow, to which God has now called them, they may there celebrate, in union with the Sacrifice of the Cross and the Sacrifice of the Altar, another very real sacrifice, by which God may be honoured, their own salvation promoted, and even a blessing and saving grace poured through them on the whole militant and suffering Church.

What is the doctrine of the Church with regard to the Eucharistic Sacrifice? In considering this we shall see that the suffering Christian may be able to apply every part of it to himself, not indeed in a direct and literal sense, but in a moral and figurative, though still very true one. For the doctrine of Jesus Christ is true in many senses, and the mind of man may wear itself out in endeavouring to discover the meanings it is capable of bearing, and yet fail to exhaust them all.

The Holy Eucharist, then, is a true Sacrifice, by which the celebrant renews the memory and continues the efficacy of the One ‘full, perfect, and sufficient Sacrifice, Oblation, and Satisfaction,’
offered on the Cross 'for the sins of the whole world,' and applies the merits of the One Eternal Victim to the wants of the whole Church and of individual souls.

True to this spirit of memorial and continuation, which joins by an indissoluble tie each particular Eucharist to the First Eucharist of the Cross, which is the foundation and support of each, the Church teaches, that whenever the Holy Sacrifice is offered, three offering persons meet in the person of the one celebrant, are represented by him, and act in and through him.

The first who thus offers is Jesus Christ, Eternal Victim and Eternal High Priest, Who bestows upon His priests a portion of the everlasting Priesthood which He has received from His Father, and who is so really present with His ministers that He commands them to say, in the act of consecration, not 'This is the Body, and this is the Blood of Christ,' but in direct words, 'This is My Body, this is My Blood;' so true it is that His Person is really represented in the persons of His priests.

And next, the whole Catholic Church joins in offering this Holy Eucharist. She communicates to her priests the commission she has received from her Divine Spouse, to continue the efficacy of His
Sacrifice, and she acts and speaks through them, as a people acts and speaks through its ambassa-
dors. Thus all souls which are united to the Church by the bond of charity join, even without
knowing it, in the Holy Oblation offered on every Altar throughout the world, and they all have a
share in its benefits.

Lastly, the priest himself offers, he being the un-
worthy instrument of so divine a work.

Let us pause now to consider these three points,
and we shall see how the suffering Christian may,
in a certain way, unite them all in his own person.

If the first who offers in the person of the priest
at the Altar is Jesus Christ Himself, I may also
dare to say that the first who suffers in the sick
Christian is also the same Jesus Christ, and that the
sacrifice of the faithful soul who bears all and suffers
all for the love of God, is, like the Holy Eucharist
(though in a less perfect way), a memorial and con-
tinuation of the Sacrifice once offered on the Cross.
This is what the Apostle means when he says
plainly, 'I fill up that which is behind of the afflic-
tions of Christ in my flesh.'\(^1\) Not assuredly that
Christ's Passion was incomplete, or that it needed
perfecting in itself, but that, being the Eternal

\(^1\) Col. i. 24.
Sacrifice of the whole Church, it only needed to be continued by a voluntary acceptation of it on the part of God's children. In every sick Christian, then, we may see Christ Who suffers, as in every celebrant we see Christ Who offers up Himself. He alone gives to both these sacrifices a value above that which belongs to the doings of men; He alone obtains for each oblation a blessing which shall never end. 'My son, in thy sickness be not negligent;'\(^2\) for in as true a sense as those martyrs of primitive times who took the name of 'God-bearers,' or 'Christ-bearers,'\(^3\) do you also bear within you the Suffering Christ, and perpetuate by your sacrifice the Sacrifice of His Passion. You are too weak and too miserable, it may be, to think of yourself and your sufferings without deep affliction, but turn your eyes from yourself, and, as the priest at the Altar, whilst filled with the sense of his own unworthiness, still acknowledges in himself, with awe and reverence, the Presence of the One Spotless High Priest, so may you, who are vested with the priesthood of suffering, see and adore Christ Jesus who suffers and offers up Himself within you.

\(^2\) Ecclus. xxxviii. 9.
\(^3\) 'Theophorus,' e.g. S. Ignatius. 'Christophoroi' are mentioned by Eusebius, book viii. chap. 10.