AUTHOR OF "COAINA," "FLEMMINGS," "TANGLED PATHS," "MA BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

A BLOW-REVOLT OF THE SLAVES OF HIPPOLYTUS-FABIAN'S VIEWS.

True to his word, Valerian gave re-newed impetus to the persecution by the increased severity of his edicts, threatening extreme penalties to those charged with their execution should they fail to carry them out to the let-ter. Throughout the Roman Empire the tempest raged, losing no iota of its savage cruelty by distance from its

Daily, from the prisons and the dun geons of Rome, like sheep led to the slaughter, the victims of his wrath were offered two alternatives—to deny were onered two alternatives—to deny Christ, or to be given over to the torturers, to the wild beasts of the arena, and to the flames; to be stifled in the cloacoe or drowned in the Tiber; their places ever replenished by others, who in their bonds, fearing not those who destroy the body; while, as through broken prison bars, their glad souls escaped to their eternal triumph, to receive their palms from Him in the likeness of whose Passion they had suffered.

Can we not imagine the angelic sen tinels on the outposts of the celestial country ecloing the plaintive threnody of the Prophet as that multitude, radi nt with solemn joy, approached: Who are these that come from Edom, "Who are these that come from I with dyed garments from Bosra? Why is their apparel red, and their garments like theirs that tread in the wine-press?" (Igaine wine-press?" (Isaias, lxiii. sacred text reads: "Who this that cometh from E Edom dyed garments from Bosra Why is thy apparel red and thy gar-

ments," etc., etc. (By Edom and Bosra, commentators say may be understood cities and places the wicked.)

And yet the daily business of life, its whirl, its struggles, its petty ambitions, went on as usual in Rome's ambitions, went on as usual in Rome's spacious streets; sounds of mirth were in the air, music and laughter in her palaces, peace and love in her homes. The games went on in her amphitheatres; gladiators contended in her circus arenas; the festivals of the gods were celebrated with gorgeous rites; the smoke ascended from her altars of sacrifice in the temples; her Forum resounded with oratory, her theatres rang with applause; while the golden sunshine crowned her hills with splendor, and the tide of human passions rolled on, undisturbed by the fact that rolled on, undisturbed by the fact that a few miserable Christians, who defied the gods and conspired against th were being torn to death by state, were being torn to death by savage beasts, or tortured until life, like the Arctic sun, seemed about to be swallowed up in darkness, but which straightway arose out of the midnight to a new and brighter day.

Fabian had left the place of Nemesian at the praceding ovening, highly

ius on the preceding evening, highly encouraged in his theory that, by cer-tain methods, Fate could be circum-vented in Claudia's case, and her life be made happy notwithstanding her blindness; and he was quite willing to bide the time which it would require to realize his hopes.

Stepping gayly along in the moon-light, a thought crossed his mind which

light, a thought crossed his mind which had once or twice before, in the course of the day, annoyed him. He had a of the day, annoyed certain protege to whom he was much attached, and in whose career he had taken a great interest, but whom he had neither seen nor heard from for aeveral days. This was Evaristus, the several days. of the day, annoyed him. He had a certain protege to whom he was much young orator whom he had one night at the imperial palace pointed out to Lao dice as a budding Cicero, and who since illed the ex had assisted him liberally—for Evaris-tus was poor—determined that the money should not retard his studies, and consequently his advance-ment; in fact, he was his good genius, and felt that he would be more than rewarded by the success which would crown his efforts to renew the golden

age of Roman oratory.
But what had become of Evaristus It was now five days since he had seen him, and as it was not late, he con-cluded to go to his house and inquire what had become of him ; but on arriving there, he found it closed and dark, and to his repeated knocks there came no response whatever. Remembering that this was a reception night at the imperial palace, he turned his steps thither, assured of meeting among the guests some mutual friend who could give him the information he desired.

He was successful in his quest, but that which he heard took away his breath, and moved the very centres of Evaristus had his being. with the Christian craze, and in a ringing speech had publicly denounced the gods, renounced paganism, and de-clared himself a believer in the Christus. He was at once arrested, taken before the prefect, where he repeated his blasphemies, and was cast into a subterranean dungeon to await his sentence. He went away, between his sentence. He went away, between his rough guards, smiling as if he were marching to a triumph. That is all Fabian could then learn, and wrapping his toga around him, he drew his head over his head, and went away, speechless with grief and rage. "Fool! fool! insensate fool!" he at last utterred, "to have so recklessly sacrified a noble career!"

ficed a noble career ! He arose the next morning—the fever of his mind not allayed by a sleepless night — resolved to shake the dust of night — resolved to shake the dust of Rome from his feet, and get away for a day, at least, out of this atmosphere of eruelty; for Fabian was an amiable and, secretly, a liberal pagan, with an so sensitive that every thing like violence was as a physical hurt to him—a fact which did not deteriorate the courageous qualities of his nature. If Evaristus was mad, he argued, it was a madness that had a method in it, as the Christians daily leave the city?"

exemplied,—a method like adamant, which could neither be bent nor broken; how, then, could he hope to influence him, especially since, conspicuous for his brillant talents, it would be the policy of his judges to make a signal example of him?

Fabian wrote, however, to the most noted lawyer in Rome to discover the whereabouts of his friend, and to spare whereabouts of his friend, and to spare neither money nor pains in the endeav-or to effect his release; then he break-fasted, and mounting his horse, put him to a brisk canter, which soon brought him to the Urban Way, where it trends up and along the Viminal, towards the rocky and wooded heights beyond. rocky and wooded heights beyond. He meant to visit an old friend of his father's, the Senator Lentulus, who passed a dreamy, secluded life in his cient villa up there among the beauty and silence of the hills.

His long ride had given time for the tumult of his mind to exhaust itself, in a measure; and now the shadows cast by the great trees over the winding road, and the unbroken quiet, refreshed and soothed him.

In the meantime, as Nemesius, who had gone at an early hour to the camp of his veterans, to his daily inspection of their discipline and drill, deter-mined that both should reach the highest point of military tactics before the war began, was riding leisurely down the Viminal, he saw Fabian approaching by a side road that joined the Urban Way, and also observed that his ountenance wore an unusually grave preoccupied aspect.

Fortune has favored me, Nemesius for I was returning to the city to seek thee," he said, after the usual saluta-tions. "Had we not met, I must have gone home and impaled one of my slaves, by way of relieving my mind. "What new absurdity burdens it, Fabian?" asked Nemesius, with a grave

smile.

"No absurdity this time, but thoughts which, by the infernal gods! I must pour out into some friendly ear, or perish," he replied, his usual genial smiles exchanged for an expression smiles exchanged for an expression which Nemesius could not understand. Do me a kindness, my Achates : turn back, and go with me to thy villa on the Aventine, where I may say all that I have it in my mind to say, without danger of crucifixion or something

"Willingly; I am at leisure," h answered, turning his horse's head.
"How far has thou been to-day?" he hoping to find a clue to his friend's strange mood.

"Only to visit that grand old Roman Lentulus, a well-preserved fossil of nobler and better times. He's still harping on the old subject of the Greek conquest, and the evil effects which he insists it has produced on the Roman haracter. It is a strange coincidence that Ben Asa, the Jew, also imputes the first decadence of his people to their intermingling with and living among the Greeks. History is full of singular problems, which are only solved when it is too late for the mistakes of nations to be repaired. Eheu!" signed Fabian.
"I agree with the sage Lentulus.

Greece has avenged herself by the en-ervating potions she has held to the lips of her conquerors," answered Nemesius. "Except her learning and art, she has brought us no substantial good. But such topics have gone out of fashion; they are left to old men who live in the historic Past, and believe that the Present is going to destruc-

When I left the venerable man was so elevated, I assure thee, by the nobility of his sentiments, that I felt as nobility of his sentiments, that I felt as if I had been listening to the utterances of an oracle. The theme composed me, and raised my mind to a more exalted plane than the turbulent one on which it is our misfortune to exist; but, by Hercules! as I approached the Urban Way, my dreams were upset by such a howling and shouting, that I thought Erebus had broken loose. Quickening the speed of my horse, I soon reached the scene of tumult—that old house with pectations of his friends. Fabian, in the scene of tumult—that old house with his own delicate and irresistible way, a tower, which has a tradition of having once served as a fortress, and is nov once served as a total the property of a rich man named Hippolytus. Thou must have noticed it in passing."

"I know it," said Nemesius. "It has not heap long since my late duties

has not been long since my late duties led me to observe it more closely than I desired. I inspected the horrible dungeons under it."

dungeons under it."

"Those dungeons served Hippolytus a good turn to-day. The tumult was caused by his slaves, who anticipated the ides of August, and prematurely began the Saturnalia. It was, in fact, a revolt. It did not last long. The keepers, well armed, and the taskmasters with whips, assisted by laborers from a stone quarry near by soon from a stone quarry near by, soon brought them to subjection, after some of them were killed and others wounded. They were then manacled, and thrown into the old dungeons under the tower. It was highly exciting, and brought down with a jar from the heights to which Lentulus had sent me soaring," said Fabian, who, as Nemesius thought, still held in reserve a deeper cause of disturbance than the occurrence he disturbance than

had just related; but he only said:

'Slaves require strong discipline;
for, being human, the restraints of bondage must sometimes become in tolerable." Then for a little while Then for a little while

tolerable." Then for a little white they rode along in silence. "Would my sweet little lady Claudia ever forgive me," said Fabian, present-ly, "if she knew that I neglected to ly, "if she knew that I neglected to ask for her before everything else a How is she?"

"Well, but rather timid and fearful," answered Nemesius. "She is as one who has been suddenly deprived of sight, instead of having been blind from her birth. I left her very happy this morning, having told her that, instead of going away to the sea, we should spend the summer on the Aventine, if she preferred it. The excess of her joy was so great that I could readily measure by it the pain it would have

cost her to go elsewhere."
"I rejoice in the change of plan. I soon discovered that the one fixed upon filled her mind with a vague dread; but up there, in the beautiful gardens, she will sip nepenthe, while the birds sing her welcome home. How soon wilt thou

"Almost immediately. I intended to make no change—the weather being pleasant—until we started South; now the sooner we get back to the villa, the better for my child."

"And the Princess?" questioned Fabian, with just the ghost of a twinkle

in his eyes. " She will spend a week at the villa, then return home, where she is sure everything is going to wreck and ruin for want of her presence. She has made me a promise, Fabian, of which I will tell thee presently, as it is connected with an affair with which I am about to tax thy friendship," answered mesius, as they began to ascend the Aventine.

" I am thine unto death, my Achates Princess to throw the matrimonial noose about my neck," said Fabian, laughing. "In all else, I repeat, I am laughing. "In all el Words spoken, but faithfully kept, as event

Such friendship as thine, Fabian takes much of its curse away from life I believe and trust thee," replied

The old steward, who had observed their approach, went out to receive them, welcome beaming on his counten-"I fear, Symphronius, thou hast had

lonely time of it lately," said Nemesius, greeting him kindly.
"That is not to be wondered at, my noble sir ; for we miss our sweet little lady more and more every day.
double loss, truly; for when she
away, we see thee but seldom."

"She is nowhere as happy as here, and is pining for home, for which reasons we shall return to the villa in a few days, to stay until the October frosts have killed the flowers." (Nem-esius little dreamed, as he spoke of the wonderful flowers that were to bloom for him and his child amidst the October frosts.) "Canst thou find us so thing to eat and drink?" he asked. " Canst thou find us some

"That is joyful news—the best I have heard for many a long day. The re-past will soon be served, and the oldest lask of Cacuban wine in the vault before thee," said Symphronius, taking down his keys, over which a busy spider

was spinning its web.

During the prandial repast of cold meats, salads, fruits, and snow-cooled wine, Fabian's wit sparkled and flashed fitfully; one moment he was silent, the next exhibitanted. Never had Nemesius seen him in such a mood, and taking it in connection with certain things he nad said on the Urban Way, he concluded that his gayety was forced; but seemed not to observe anything un-usual, and when they had finished their repast, proposed adjourning to the ardens Fabian swore that it was a happy in-

spiration, and they went out together, sauntering slowly through those scenes, whose lavish beauty was intensified by the fragrance of a thousand flowers, the lickering, golden shadows, the of fountains, and the songs of birds, until they reached the ilex grove, near the grotto of Silenus, where the knarled, mass-covered roots of the ancient trees afforded resting-places of the most gro tesque forms, where one could either sit or recline. At another time Fabian's ensitive nature would have been in harmony with surroundings so perfect, but the sudden shock of the before had struck a note of discord, which still jangled painfully out of tune, and clouded even his love for the beau-

Now my Nemesius," said Fabian, when the two friends had taken seats in the ilex grove, "I will unveil my sorrow.

sorrow."

"Sorrow! Why hast thou kept it back until now, my friend? It is, indeed, difficult for me to realize Sorrow and thee hand in hand."

"It is true, nevertheless. Not all my vaunted stoicism has made me impervious. Thou hast heard me speak of Evaristus and his wonderful elocateore?"

have been entranced by it. What of

Thou hast not heard, then?' "Since my return yesterday, every moment of my time has been so occu-pied, first with the Emperor, then at the camp of my veterans, that no curthe camp of my veterans, that no cur-rent news of any sort has reached me. I trust that no ill has befallen Evaris-

"Thou mayest judge: he has become a Christian! Not satisfied to be one secretly, he was mad enough to declare his error openly from the rostrum, when the Forum had hardly standing room for the people who had come to hear his speech. Swept away by the torrent of his eloquence — how well I can imagine it!—they at first failed to catch the significance of his word; and even when they did, so grand was his effort that their impulse was to applaud. But the fact that he had blasphemed the gods, denounced the cruelty of Valer-ian, and declared himself a Christian, was not to be ignored; and with sudder fury they rushed upon him where he stood smiling and fearless, dragged him from the rostrum to the prefect, who heard the accusation and his dauntless confession, after which he was beaten on the mouth with a heavy stone, and on the mouth with a new underground cast into one of the filthy underground cast into one of the filthy underground cast into one of the nitry underground dungeous, to await sentence. That is all I know. I loved the boy; I was proud of his genius, and the glory his renown would have shed on the Roman name," said Fabian, while a slight tremor quivered around his sensitive

Except that his mad act has brought riexcept that his mad act has brought pain to thee, Fabian, I should say he is rightly served. He knew the penalty of his offence, and his audacity in declaring it in the manner he did proves his willingness to accept the consequences," said Nemesius, in grave, low

tones.

"By the furies! I say it's a small thing to extinguish such a life for; and the extinguish such a life for; and the extinguish such as the extension of proportion. altogether out of proportion, if measured by the honors his brilliant career would have brought the State, to nothing of services which might some day save it. The loss is Rome's, not his," exclaimed Fabian.

"Rome can afford to lose disloyal men," said Nemesius.

"I deny that Evaristus is a disloyal nar. No citizen of the Roman Empire ed its glory, its power, its prosperity, nore at heart than he," replied Fabian, in tones of positive conviction. "How can one be loyal who defies the law and insults the gods?"

"I deny that loyalty is a matter of sentiment: it is a principle that is proven by a man's acts, not his beliefs. If he prefers to worship one god or none, instead of twelve or a thousand, I do not see how it affects his loyalty, his acts all being loyal. History give us many examples of men, who were devout worshippers of the gods, overturning the Empire by their treasons; but, Nemesius, no treason has ever yet been proven against a Christian. It is beyond question of doubt that they have been brave in war, wise in council, just in administering the laws, and invulnerable to corruption, until some edict against their sect is published, or it is suddenly discovered by envious and covetous persons that they have all along been Christians—then all past services are forgotten; their lofty virtues, so often compared with Cato's, are ignored; they are pronounced traitors, tortured and put to death like the vilest criminals—aye, far more cruelly—for—a belief!"

"I trust thou art not infected with the insidious poision of their belief," said Nemesius, a dark glow rising to

"No," replied Fabian, laughing; "I am a loyal Roman citizen according to thy own definition, and worship only the gods — with a reservation, however "Even so, my Fabian, these are

dangerous times to indulge in eccentric sentiments," said Nemesius, with a sense of relief; "but explain—"

"My reservation? I may presently, interrupted Fabian; "provided thou wilt patiently bear with me while I dis-burden my mind of its long-accumulated impressions. It is better that thy friendly ear should hear them than that friendly ear should hear them than that I should explode them some time in public. Thou dost kindly assent? Well, then, the first question I would have solved is; To what end is this dreadful slaughter of the people known as Christians? If it is, to exterminate them, do not results prove the attempt a failure? If the gods willed to avenge their insulted majesty on the Christians for refusing to worship them, being gods, could they not exterminate them by a single blow? That they do not do so proves, in my opinion, that the gods are not so jealous of their own supreme honor as mortals suppose, or that—which honor as mortals suppose, or that—which seems incredible—they are not omniscient. Or it may be they know that all fallacies expend themselves, as flame expends the fuel on which it feeds, leaving only aches; and with sublime indifference leave mankind to the folly of their own conceptions. These things their own conceptions. These things may or may not be; we can only shape hypotheses where there's a lack of dogma. Therefore, we will leave the gods, and descend to things we do know, and consider the war against the Christians as a measure of state policy.

"Yesterday," continued Fabian,

"Yesterday," continued Fabian, "Evaristus was the idol of Rome. By some inscrutable agency he becomes a Christian: to-day he is chained in a into which no ray of noisome dungeon, light can penetrate, and will doubt explate his mistake by a cruel death, which he will bear with undaunted heroism, as they all do. We know how the Roman people deify heroism—how they adore that higher quality of cour-age which yields nothing except mortal-ity to death, looking upon the sacrifice not as a defeat, but a triumph. The boute courage of gladiators, which sometimes makes a spectacle for a Roman holiday, is quite a different thing: for their motive, like their courage, is ignoble: they risk their lives or a price : to kill or be few ounces of gold, is their trade. spectators bet on the chances of their struggle; money is lost and won on the bloody game; the savage instincts of the people are satisfied when it is over,

"Yes; not only that, but I myself are been entranced by it. What of im?"
"Thou hast not heard, then?"
"Thou hast not heard, then?" will be cast to the lions, without a weapon to defend himself against their hungry rage; he will meet his fate with exalted heroism; he will even chant the exulting hymns of his faith while his flesh is being torn and his bones cracked by their cruel teeth, until he dies-not for gold, like the gladiator, my Neme-sius, but for his belief. Nor does it end here, as in the other case when the spectacle is over; for in the minds of many who witness it the questions arise: 'Why does this man die? What is this belief for which he suffers,-a strange belief that is of more value than life, and stronger than death? It must be

something greater than we know of.'
"One such death — one Christian dead - and ten are converted by his example. For every ten converted by fits one, a hundred may be safely counted. From this induction, it is plain that computation by numbers is an impossibility for so it has been going on since the days of Nero. But it is a statistical as well as historic fact that this sect multiplies and increases its followers a thousands times more in times of perse-cution than in the few decades of peace cution than in the few decades of peace that occasionally intervene. I look upon these persecutions—I call them such for want of a better name—as more destructive to the strength of the Empire than its wars, by the profuse waste of good human material, which might otherwise be used for its defence and the glory of its arms. Under certain emperors it has been so utilized. tain emperors it has been so utilized, and inone were found more loyal, and brave, and just, than the Christians in the performance of every duty assigned them, whether civic or military, until the hue and cry of a fresh persecution cut short their usefulness by their sud-den destruction. I contend that there is no government so powerful that it can afford such wholesale destruction of

"They deny the gods, which is incompatible with true loyalty. The religious system of a State is the keystone of its safety. The link that binds the two together must be indissolubly preserved," said Nemesius, with lowering how.

"Consider, as I said before, my Nemesius, the power ascribed to the ods. Is it omnipotent? Evidently they are indifferent to a sect so con-temptible that it has but one God, and according to report, the most senseless forms of worship; otherwise they would

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE REAL PRESENCE.

SECOND SERMON OF FATHEF M'DERMOTT'S COURSE ON THE BLESSED EUCHARIST.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times, 1I. (CONTINUED.)

When, however, an investigation proved that the marriage was valid, that Henry's trouble was not, as the poet says, that "his marriage with his brother's wife had crept too near his conscience," but that "his conscience conscience," but that "his conscience, but that his conscience, but that his conscience, but that his conscience, but that "his conscience," but the but that "his conscience," but the but Church realizing what great evils an abrupt refusal might bring on her chil-dren, in order to avert these calamities and at the same time maintain the law, acted prudently. She courted delay in the hope, no doubt, that time, which cures all things, might remove the difficulty by bringing Henry and Anne to a sense of duty, or that death might change the situation by the removal of one or the other party to the sinful love.

But when the question had to be faced of granting a divorce from a lawful wife and sanctioning an adulterous union, the Pope peremptorily refused, maintained the law of Christ and the right of a lawful wife though to do so cost him the friendship of Henry, the loss of England and brought upon the children of the Church a relentless persecution which lasted for centuries.

Thus Henry's attempt to evade the law of Christ on marriage has made it impossible for all time for any civilized man to be ignorant of the unlawfulness of divorce, has made it impossible to misrepresent the position of the Church on matrimony, has made it impossible to say that the hope of extending her dominions, or fear of losing them, con induce the Church to attempt to put asunder what God has joined together, has made it plain that the Church would no more try to prevent the operations of Christ's law on marriage she would try to stop the motions of

the solar system.

This illustration shows how opposi tion to a doctrine may fix its meaning, prove it, make it universally known. This illustration will enable you to understand how the opposition to the teaching of the words of promise concerning the Eucharist not only elicited from Christ a repetition of it in stronger and stronger terms, and thus proved its meaning beyond doubt, but it will also show you that Christ would not modify that teaching in order to keep with Him the disciples who, scandalized at this doctrine, went away and walked no more with Him. Before showing this in detail it will be nece sary to give a brief description of the events which preceded the of to Christ's teaching. And in opposition in this matter it is well to bear in mind that noth ing in all the circumstances happened fortuitously, that Christ made the promise after events which ought to have enabled those who listened to it to regard His promise as both credible and possible.

PREPARATION FOR THE PROMISE. Christ's personality and preaching had drawn all classes to Him, had made men declare that no man had ever men declare that no man had ever spoken as He spoke, had made men so eager to hear Him that great multitudes had followed Him into the wilderness and remained with Him for days without having taken thought of the wants the body. Seeing the multitude suffer ing from hunger, having no bread for them, and fearing they would faint on the way if He sent them home, our Lord worked a miracle by which five loaves and a few fishes were so multiplied that they sufficed to feed five thousand men, besides women and children. After this miracle, when the multitude wished to make Christ their King, He went in a boat to the other side of the lake. The next day when the multitude followed Him Christ upbraided them for following Him, not because of His miracle, but because they did eat and were filled. He told them that their fathers had eaten manna and were dead, but that those who would eat the bread He should give would not die. He exhorted them, therefore, to seek not food for the body that perisheth, but food for the soul,

which shall live. We cannot imagine a better preparation for the promise of the Eucharist than the teachings which approved Christ as a teacher of truth to them and the miracle which prefigured the Eucharist, which made it easy to be lieve that He who multiplied five loaves so as to feed to satiety five thousand men could also multiply His Body so as to feed the souls of all men; we cannot imagine a more propitious moment for announcing that He would give them His Flesh to eat and His Blood to drink as at this time when they were so enamored of those teachings which prepared the way for belief in His promise by accrediting Him as a prophet, when they were in such ad-miration of His power that they be-lieved that in His miracle God had risited His people.

It was under those circumstances that

Christ said : "I am the living Bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this Bread he shall live for ever; and the Bread which I shall give is My Flesh for the life of the world." But so astounding was this promise, the Gospel tells, that the Jews on hearing it began to dispute among themselves, to contend and murmur against it; they began to declare this promise both incomprehensible and impossible, to ask: "How can this Man give us His Flesh to eat?" to say: "This is a hard saying!" and ask: "Who can hear it?" The Gospel tells us that His promise caused the Jews and disciples to forget His teachings and miracles, to lose sight of the authority of the Great Teacher in the difficulty of it began to dispute among themselves of the Great Teacher in the difficulty of the doctrine He proposed; caused them to refuse positively to believe Him, to go away and walk no more with Him.

The objections which the Jews urged against the words of promise find an echo in the objections which our separated brethren urge to-day against the Real Presence. The Jews asked: ated brethren urge to-day against the Real Presence. The Jews asked: "How can this Man give us His Flesh to eat?" and said: "This is a hard saying," and asked: "Who can believe it?" This is precisely what our dissenting brethren say about the Eucharist. They tell us that the literal interpretation of the words: "This is My Body" involves an absurdity, that the Real Presence as a matter of fact is an impossibility; that no one can believe the Catholic doctrine without denying his senses, insulting his reason. denying his senses, insulting his reason; in the words of a minister, that no one can believe it unless he has reached that state of credulity which renders hims incapable of deciding between truth and error.

We contend that the Jews and disciples understood Christ's language, that they possessed every means of ar-riving at the true meaning of His words, and that they understood Him to promse them His flesh to eat just as non-Catholies understand that in receiving the Eucharist in the Catholic Church we are taught that we receive the Body and Blood of Christ. We contend that the Jews and disciples objected to Christ's promise for the same reasons that non-Catholics object to the Real Presence, because they consider it incredible and impossible. They objections were: "How can this Man give us His flesh to eat?" "This is a hard saying, who can believe it?" We contend if Christ's words do not teach the doctrine of the Real Presence then there is nothing in the whole range of His teaching against which the objections of the Jews can be urged.

THE JEWS UNDERSTOOD HIM. From the fact that there is no doctrine but the Real Presence against which the objections of the Jews and of non Catholics also can be urged, it follows beyond a doubt that the Jevys and disciples understood Christ to promise them His flesh to eat. We contend, further that they made no mistake in so understanding Christ's promise, that this is evident as well from what Christ

this is evident as well from what Christ failed to say in reply to their objections as from what He did say.

Our Lord's invariable rule in dealing with men was this: When they objected to His teaching because they misunderstood it, He always removed their objection by correcting their their objection by correcting their mistake. For example, when He said : Unless a man be born again he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven, and Nicodemous, who understood Him literally, asked; 'How can a man be born ngain when he is old?" Christ removed the difficultly by saying Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. But when men correctly understood His teaching and objected to it as something hard to believe or difficult to practice, He invariably répeated the disputed doctrine in the most positive parties. terms. For example, when the Phar-isees said; "This man blasphemeth, isees said ; no one can forgive sin but God alone, because Jesus had said to the man sick of the palsy: "Thy sins are forgiven thee," He immediately replied: "Is it easier to say thy sins are forgiven thee or to say arise and walk? That you may know that the Son of Man nath power on earth to forgive sins, He said to the sick man: arise and walk Thus proving the correctness of their understanding of "thy sins are forgiven thee "and vindicating His power

to forgive sins.

According, then, to this rule which followed by all men, Christ would have been bound to correct their mistake, if mistake they had made, in order that His teaching might be properly understood: and He would have been bound to defend His doctrine, if they understood it aright and objected to it because it appeared incomprehensible to

them.

If they had objected because they misunderstood Him Christ would have been bound to say to them; "You do not understand My meaning; you object to something I did not say; I am not promising you My flesh to eat; if I did you could well say that My promise is impossible for Me to perform and for you to believe; on the contrary, I am only promising to give you bread as the figure of My flesh; certainly there is nothing in this promise difficult for Me to fulfil or for you to

ise difficult for Me to fulfil or for you to believe." Had they misunderstood Him Christ would have removed their objection to His teaching by correcting in this way their mistake. Did Christ thus correct as erroneous

their understanding of His promise?
No; on the contrary, He not only confirmed their understanding of the promise as correct, but with asseveration amounting almost to an oath He repeated that the bread He would give them is His flesh, and commanded these very ones who were murmuring against His promise that they must eat His flesh and drink His blood or they could not have life in them. In reply to their objections, Christ said: "Amen, objections, Christ said: Amon, amen, I say unto you who contend about this promise, who refuse to believe it; amen, amen, I say unto you who say it is impossible for Me to fulfill this promise. ise and for you to believe it; amen, amen, I say unto you who ask: 'How can this Man give us His flesh to eat?' to you who say: 'This is a hard saying,' and ask: 'Who can believe it?' Amen, Amen, I say unto all you that unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood you cannot have life in you. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day. For My flesh is meat inthe last day. For My flesh is meat in-deed and My blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me and I in him."

When the Jews heard Jesus thus positively and solemnly reiterate that He would give them His flesh to eat they saw there was neither escape from their understanding of His promise nor escape from participation in this sacrament except by not only rejecting the promise but also Him who made it. They then did what every one who has imitated them in rejecting the doctrine of the Eucharist has sooner or later done, they rejected all His doctrin us : " After this went away and CHRIST'S PERSIST Can we imag

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ing the Jews had labored to by one word have retained Him whose Div these souls wi allowing them t correction of have retained Him who said God the Fathe of all He hath Can w His disciples turn, because trine if He co without sacri we imagine Hi self as the G the ninety and in quest of the gathered into lost without them? Can a most cruel c tributing to ciples by all from Him becatheir misund As the sa than grant H the indissolu oss of discip

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