

MILES WALLINGFORD

By James Fenimore Cooper

CHAPTER XXVI

"The weary sun had made a golden set. And, by the bright track of his fiery car, Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow."

I was quite as much surprised at my own manner toward Rupert, as he could be himself. No doubt, he ascribed it to my fallen fortune, for, at the commencement of the interview, he was a good deal confused, and his confidence arose in proportion as he fancied mine was lessened. The moderation I manifested, however, was altogether owing to Lucy, whose influence on my feelings never ceased. As for Marble, he thought all was right, and was very decided in his approval of Rupert's behavior and appearance.

"It is not every man can make a seamster, Miles," he said, "for it's a gift that comes naturally, like singing, or ropedancing. I dare say Rupert will do very well above, in the gentleman line, though he's no great catch ahead, as all will admit who ever sailed with him. The lad don't want for stuff, but it's shore stuff 'er all; and that will never pass muster in blue water. I dare say, now, this Imperor-General Bonaparte would make a bloody poor shipmaster, if a body was to try him."

"I made no answer, and we strolled on until dark. Then we returned to our lodgings, and turned in. Next morning we breakfasted with the rest, and I was about to set out in search of a lawyer, to take his opinion on the subject of my insurance, though I had little or no hope of recovering anything, when I was told two gentlemen wished to see me. At first sight, I fancied that more editors were in quest of news; but we were no sooner alone together, than one of these persons let me into the secret of his errand, in a way that was well enough as respects the savvier in modo, while it could not be said to be in the least deficient in the fortiter in re.

"I am sorry to say, Captain Wallingford," this person commenced, "that I have a writ to arrest you for a sum that will require very respectable bail—no less than \$60,000."

"Well, done, my upright cousin," I muttered; "this is losing no time, certainly. I owe half that money, I admit, sir, if my farm and my stock are worth \$50,000, as he says, and suppose an arrested for the penalty of my bond. But as those suit as I thus pursued?"

Here the second person announced himself as the attorney of the plaintiff, excusing his presence on the pretence that he hoped to be of service in amicably arranging the matter.

"My client is Mr. Thomas Daggett, of Clawbonny, Ulster County, who holds your bonds as the administrator of the estate of the late John Wallingford, deceased, a gentleman to whom I believe you were related."

"The late John Wallingford, deceased, a gentleman to whom I believe you were related."

"The late John Wallingford! Is my cousin then dead?"

"He departed this life eight months since, dying quite unexpectedly. Letters of administration have been granted to Mr. Daggett, who is a son of his mother's sister, and a principal heir of the party dying intestate. It is a great pity that the law excludes you from the succession, being as you are of the name."

"My kinsman gave me reason to think I was to be his heir, as it was understood he was to be mine. My will in his favor was left in his hands."

"We are aware of that, sir, and your able presence is thought your personal would descend to us, in part, by devise, which might have prevented the necessity of taking the unpleasant step to which we are now driven. The question was, which died first, you, or your cousin, and that fact, you will easily understand, we had no means of establishing. As it is the duty of the administrator to compel him to proceed, with as little delay as possible."

"I have no alternative then, but to go to jail. I know not the person on earth I can or could ask to become my bail for a sum as large as even that I justly owe, to say nothing of the penalty of the bond."

"I am very sorry to hear this, Captain Wallingford," Mr. Meekly, the attorney, very civilly replied. "We will walk together, leaving the officer to follow. Perhaps the matter may be arranged amicably."

"With all my heart, sir. But, before quitting this house, I will discharge my bill, and communicate my position to a couple of friends, who are waiting in the passage."

Neb was one of these friends, for I felt I was fast getting into a condition which rendered the friendship of even my slaves of importance to me. The worthy fellow and Marble joined us on a signal from me, when I simply let them into the secret of my affairs.

"Arrested!" said Moses, crying the sheriff's officer with sovereign contempt, though he was a sturdy fellow, and one who had every disposition to do his duty. "Arrested! Why, Miles, you can handle both these chaps yourself, and with Neb's and my assistance, could walk 'em up into spun-yarn without a winch!"

"That may be true, Moses, but I cannot handle the law, even with your powerful aid; nor should I wish to go to jail. I am bound to bail, and if you want two there's Neb."

"I fancy the gentleman don't much understand being taken on a writ," the attorney smirked.

"I not understand it! That's a bloody poor guess of your'n, my friend. When we had the scrape with Hamburgers, in Philadelphia, it's now coming thirty years—"

"Never mind all that just now, Moses. I wish you to pay my bill here; give Neb the small bag of my clothes to bring up to the jail, and keep my other effects under your own care. Of course you will come to see me by and by; but I now order you not to follow us."

dropping alongside of the attorney, we fell into a discourse on the subject of the arrangement.

"To be frank with you, Captain Wallingford," said Meekly, "my client never expects to recover the full amount of his demand; it being understood your personal are now limited to certain jewelry, the stock of your late farm, a few negroes, a sloop, some furniture, etc. No, sir, we do not expect to obtain the whole of our demand. Certain securities in our hands will extricate much of it, though a large balance will remain."

"As Mr. Daggett has already got a real estate richly worth five-and-thirty thousand dollars, and which brings a clear \$2,000 a year, to say nothing of its advantages as a residence, besides bonds and mortgages for twenty-odd thousand more, I am fully sensible of his moderation. The \$40,000 I owe my cousin will be amply repaid by his heirs, though I pass my life in jail."

"You misapprehend the affair, entirely," Mr. Daggett does not hold Clawbonny as administrator at all, but as a purchaser under a mortgage sale. He did not buy it himself, of course, but has received a deed from a nephew of his, who was a bona fide bidder. The amount bid—\$5,250 is duly endorsed on your bond, and you have credit for it. If no one bid higher, the property had to go."

"Yes, sir; I very well understand how property goes, in the absence of the debtor, at forced sales. But what is the nature of the proposition you intend to make?"

"Mr. Daggett understands you possess some very valuable pearls, that are supposed to be worth one thousand dollars, with a good deal of plate, etc., etc. Now he proposes that you assign to the estate he represents all your personal at an appraisal, when he will credit you with the amount, and suspend proceedings for the balance. In a word, give you time."

"And what idea has Mr. Daggett of the sum I should thus receive?"

"He is disposed to be liberal, and thinks you might get credit for about four thousand dollars."

"My personal property, including the pearls of which you speak, quite a thousand dollars' worth of plate, even at the price of old silver, the sloop, the stock, horses, carriages, farming utensils, and without counting the slaves, all of whom I intend to set free, if the law will allow it, must nearly or quite double that sum, sir. Unless Mr. Daggett is disposed to raise his views, the value of my effects, you should prefer to remain in custody, and see what I can do by private sale. As he will receive every cent of the securities received from my sister's estate, quite \$22,000, and now possesses more than \$5,000 from Clawbonny the balance I shall really owe cannot exceed \$15,000."

"My client is so confident judgment, sir, and leave the property under execution—"

"I do nothing of the sort, Mr. Meekly; on that subject my mind is made up. One forced sale is quite enough for a novice."

"We shall soon reach the jail, sir—perhaps his sight may do you good. Mr. Daggett shall be disposed to receive my property at a just valuation, I may be ready to arrange the matter with him, for I have no disposition to deny the debt, or to avoid its payment; but, as he has adopted his own mode of proceeding, I am ready to abide by it. Good-bye, Mr. Meekly, I see no use in your accompanying me any further."

"I was thus decided, because I saw I had to deal with an extortioner. A rogue himself, Mr. Daggett was afraid I might get rid of my personal property before he could issue an execution by the regular mode; and he anticipated frightening or constraining me into an arrangement. It would be my business to disappoint him; and I assumed an air of confidence that soon shook off my companion. A few minutes later, the key of the old stone debtor's jail was turned upon me. I had a little money, and reluctant to be shut up with the company I found in the building, I soon occupied procuring a small, ill-furnished room, to myself."

"These preliminaries were hardly settled, when Neb was admitted with the bag. The poor fellow had been in tears; for he not only felt for me, but he felt for the disgrace and misfortune which had alighted on the whole Clawbonny stock. He had yet to learn that the place itself was gone, and I shrank from telling him the fact; for, to his simple mind, it would be like forcing body and soul asunder. All the negroes considered themselves as a part of Clawbonny, and a separation must have appeared in their eyes like some natural convulsion. Neb brought me a letter, which was sealed with wax, and bore the impression of the Hardinge arms. There was also an envelope, and the address had been written by Rupert. In short, everything about this letter denoted ease, fashion, fastidiousness, and the observance of forms. I lost no time in reading the contents which I copy, verbatim."

"Broadway, Wednesday Morning.

"Dear Wallingford: It has just occurred to me that the enclosed may be of service to you; and I recommit myself to not having thought of my own probable necessities when I saw you. I regret it is not in my power to ask you to dine with me on family to-day; but Mrs. Hardinge has company, and we are engaged out every other day in the week. I shall fall in with you again, some day, however, when I hope to be less engaged. Lucy has just heard of your safety and arrival, and has gone to write a note to my mother, who will be glad to learn that you are still in the land of the living. The general, who lives with us, desires to be mentioned, and hopes when he returns to England, it may be as your passenger. Adieu, dear Wallingford; I shall never forget our boyish pranks, which, I dare say, sometimes cause you to smile."

"Yours, etc.,

"RUPERT HARDINGE."

"This letter contained a bank-note for \$20. I see, the man to whom I had given \$20,000, sent me, in my distress, this generous donation, to relieve my wants. I need hardly say I sent the bank-note back to

him by the hands of Neb, on the instant with a cold note of acknowledgment. I had no occasion for his charity, at least."

I passed a most uncomfortable hour alone, after Neb was gone. Then a turnkey came to inform me that a gentleman and lady—a clergyman, he believed—was in the private parlor, and wished to see me. It was doubtless Mr. Hardinge—could his companion be Lucy? I was too anxious, too eager, to lose any time, and rushing toward the room, was at once admitted. There they were—Lucy and her father. Neb had seen Ohio, in calling at Rupert's door—had heard much and told much. Mr. Hardinge was on the point of going in quest of me; but learning where I was, he had barely given his daughter time to put on a hat and shawl, and conducting her across the Park, brought her himself to visit me in prison. I saw, at a glance, that Lucy was dreadfully agitated; that she was pale, though still handsomer than ever; and that she was Lucy herself, in character, as in person."

"Miles, my dear, dear boy!" cried the good old divine, folding me in his arms, "for this mercy, may God alone receive the praise! Everybody gave you up, but I could not believe you, too, were lost to us forever!"

As my former guardian still clasped me to his bosom, as if I still remained a child, I could perceive that dear Lucy was weeping as if ready to break her heart. Then she looked up, and tried to smile; though I could see the effort was made solely on my account. I caught her extended hand and kissed it over and over again. The dear, dear girl trembled in every fibre of her body.

"All my misfortunes are forgotten," I cried, in finding you thus, in finding you unchanged, in finding you still Lucy Hardinge!"

I scarce knew what I was uttering, though I saw Lucy's face was covered with blushes, and that a smile, which I found of inexplicable signification, now rose readily enough to her beautiful mouth. On the whole, I think there must have been some eight or ten minutes, during which neither of the three knew particularly well what was said or done. Lucy was both smiles and tears; though Lucy anxiety to know what had occurred, and how I came to be in jail, was strongly expressed in her countenance, as well as in some of her words. As for myself, I was beside myself, and soted like a fool."

After a time, we were all seated, when I narrated in the way in which I had lost my ship, and the reason why Clawbonny had been sold, and why I was thus arrested."

"I am glad my cousin, John Wallingford, had no concern with these transactions; though I deeply regret the reason why my bond has passed into other hands. My misfortunes still harder to be borne, could I suppose that a kinsman had laid so deep a plot to ruin me, under the semblance of kindness. His death, however, sets that point at rest."

"I do not like his talking of making you his heir, and neglecting to do it," rejoined Mr. Hardinge. "Men should never promise, and forget to redeem their words. It has a suspicious look."

"Lucy had not spoken the whole time I was relating my story. Her serene eye beamed on me in a way to betray the interest she felt; but not a syllable escaped her until her father had made the observation just given."

"It is in your power to sell, as you said, 'what may have been the motive of Mr. John Wallingford. With Miles, I thought him a rough but an honest man; but honest men may be pardoned for not foreseeing their own sudden deaths. The question, now, my dear father, is, how Miles can be got out of this wretched place, in the shortest possible time."

"Aye, Miles, my dear boy; heaven forbid you should sleep in such a spot! How shall we go to work?"

"I am afraid, sir, I shall sleep many nights here. The debt I really owe is about \$13,000; and the writ, I believe, is issued for the entire penalty of the bond. As the motive for arresting me is, probably, to drive me into a compromise, by confessing judgment, and giving up my personal property to be sacrificed, as Clawbonny has been, it is not probable that bail for a less amount than the laws allow the plaintiff to claim, will be received. I do not know the man who will become surety for me in that amount."

"Well, I know two—Rupert and myself."

"The idea of receiving such a favor from Rupert was particularly unpleasant to me; and I saw by the expression of Lucy's face that she entered into my feelings."

"I am afraid, sir," I said, after thanking Mr. Hardinge by a warm pressure of the hand, "that you are not rich enough. The deputy sheriff has told me he has instructions to be rigid about the bail; and I apprehend neither you, nor Rupert, can swear he is worth \$50,000."

"Bless me! bless me! Is that really necessary, Miles?"

"If required, I believe the law insists on security to the amount of the judgment claimed. Rupert lives largely, I see, and yet I doubt if he would be willing to swear to that."

Mr. Hardinge's face became very sorrowful, and he paused a moment before answering me.

"I am not in Rupert's secrets, neither is Lucy," he then said. "I hope all is right; though the thought that he might possibly play, has sometimes crossed my anxious mind. He is married to Miss Merton; has purchased and furnished a Broadway house, and is living at a large rate. When I spoke to him on the subject, he asked me if I thought 'English ladies of condition gave empty hands in marriage?' I don't know how it is, my dear Miles, but I always fancied that the Mertons had nothing but the colonel's salary to live on."

"Major Merton," I answered, laying an emphasis on the bracketed name, and living at a large rate, actually possessed, 'Major Merton has told me as much as this, himself.'"

Mr. Hardinge actually groaned, and I saw that Lucy turned pale as death. The former had no knowledge of the true character of his son; but he had all the apprehensions that a father would

naturally feel under such circumstances, I saw the necessity—nay, the humanity, of relieving both."

"You know me too well, my dear guardian—excellent Lucy—to think that I would deliberately deceive either of you. What I now tell you, is to prevent Rupert from being too harshly judged. I know whence Rupert derived a large sum of money, previously to my sailing. It was legally obtained, and is, or was, rightfully his. I do not say it was large enough long to maintain him in the style in which he lives; but it could so maintain him a few years. You need fear neither odds nor positive dishonesty. Rupert has no disposition for either; he dislikes the first, and is too prudent for the last."

"God be thanked for this!" the divine exclaimed devoutly. "I had really frightened myself with my own folly. So, so, Master Rupert, you have been making money and holding your peace! Well, I like his modesty; Rupert is a clever, Miles, and I trust, will one day take an honorable station at the bar. His marriage has been a little too early for one of his means, perhaps; but I feel encouraged now that I find he can make money honorably, and legally, and justly."

"I had said nothing of the honorable, or the just; but what weakness will not parental affection encourage? As for Lucy, her countenance told me she suspected the truth. Never before had I seen on those usually placid, and always lovely features, an expression of so much humiliation. For a single instant, it almost amounted to anguish. However, she was the first to turn the discourse to its proper channel."

"All this time we are forgetting Miles," she said. "It would seem, father, that he thinks neither you, nor Rupert, rich enough to be his bail—can I be of any use in this way?"

"I scarce know what I was uttering, though I saw Lucy's face was covered with blushes, and that a smile, which I found of inexplicable signification, now rose readily enough to her beautiful mouth. On the whole, I think there must have been some eight or ten minutes, during which neither of the three knew particularly well what was said or done. Lucy was both smiles and tears; though Lucy anxiety to know what had occurred, and how I came to be in jail, was strongly expressed in her countenance, as well as in some of her words. As for myself, I was beside myself, and soted like a fool."

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Mr. Hardinge listened attentively, and then he left the room, telling Lucy he would be back in a few minutes. It might have been an awkward situation for most young ladies, thus to be left alone with a prisoner in jail; but Lucy was so much accustomed to the intimacy that he had with her, that she did not think it peculiarly striking her at the moment. When her father went out of the room, she was in deep thought, nor did she appear to rouse herself from it, until he had been gone some little time. Lucy was seated, but I had risen to see Mr. Hardinge to the door of the room, and was walking slowly back and forth. The dear girl arose, came to me, took one of my hands in both her own, and looked anxiously into my face for some little time ere she spoke.

"Miles," she said, "I will say no more of the pearls, no more of my own money, and will prevent all allusions to Rupert's appearing in your behalf, if you will accept his offer, and provide for me. I know a gentleman who will accept my word as his surety, who is rich enough to be received, and who is under a deep obligation to you, for I have often heard him say as much. You may not know how ready he will be to oblige you, but I do, and I will ask you to give me your word you will not refuse his assistance, even though he should be an utter stranger to you."

"How is it possible, Lucy, that you can have any knowledge of such a person?"

"Oh! you cannot imagine what a woman of business I am becoming. You would not refuse me for your ball, were I a man and of age, Miles?"

"Certainly not—feeling as I do toward you, Lucy, I would sooner receive such a favor from you, than from any human being. But you are not a man, thank God, nor of age."

"Then promise me the small favor of accepting this service from the person I shall name to you. It would break all our hearts to think you were remaining here in jail, while we are living in luxury. I will not relinquish your hand till you give me a promise."

"That look is sufficient, Lucy; I promise all you can ask."

"So intense had the feelings of the dear girl become, that she burst into tears, the moment her mind was relieved, and covered her face with both hands. It was but a passing burst of feeling, and a radiant smile soon showed every trace of sorrow from her sweet, sweet countenance."

"Now, Miles, I am certain we shall soon see a ray of light from the horrid place," she cried; and before the execution they tell us, on our case, as they call it, we shall have time to make some proper arrangement for you. I shall be of age, by that time; and I can at least become your creditor, instead of that odious Mr. Daggett. You would not hesitate to owe me money, Miles in preference to him?"

"Dear Mr. Lucy, there is nothing I would not be willing to owe to you, and that in preference to any other living creature, not even excepting your revered and beloved father."

Lucy looked deeply gratified; and I saw another of those inexplicable smiles marking around her lovely mouth, which almost tempted me to demand an explanation of its meaning. Ere there was time for this, however, her countenance became very sad, and she turned her tearful eyes toward me."

"Miles, I fear I understand your allusion, when you spoke of Rupert's money; and I am sure, if I could see you, you would do this; and I know you would strip yourself of every dollar to comply with her wishes. I wonder the idea never occurred to me before; but it is so hard to think ill of a brother! I ask no questions, for I see you are determined not to answer them—perhaps have given a pledge to your father, and we cannot live under this disgrace; and the day I am twenty-one, this grievous wrong must be repaired. I know that Grace's fortune had accumulated to more than \$20,000; and that is a sum sufficient to pay all you owe, and to leave you enough to begin the world anew."

"Ere there was time for you to fancy true, do you think I would consent to rob you, to pay Rupert's debts?"

"Talk not of robbery. I could not exist under the degradation of thinking any of us had your money, while debt and imprisonment thus hung over you. There is but one thing that can possibly prevent my paying you back Grace's fortune, the day I am of age, as you will see, Miles."

Again that inexplicable smile passed over Lucy's face, and she was resolved to give it meaning when the approaching footsteps of Mr. Hardinge prevented it.

"Mr. Harrison is not in," cried the divine, as he entered the room; "but I left a note for him, telling him that his old acquaintance, Captain Wallingford, had pressing need of his services. He has gone to Greenwich, to his country place, but will be back in the course of the day, and I had desired he will come to Wall Street the instant he can. I would not blazon your misfortunes, Miles; but the moment he arrives you shall hear from him. He is an old school-fellow of mine, and will be prompt to oblige me. Now, Miss Lucy, I am about to release you from prison. I saw a certain Mr. Dredg walking the streets of Wall Street, and had the charity to tell him you would be at home in ten minutes."

Lucy arose with an alacrity I could hardly forgive. The color deepened on her face, and I thought she even hurried her father away, in a manner that was scarcely sufficiently reserved. Ere they left the room, however, the dear girl took an opportunity to say, in a low voice, "Remember, Miles, I hold you, justly to your promise; in one hour, you shall be free."

TO BE CONTINUED

Man's religious life is warfare against the world, the flesh and the devil. In this warfare we must fight not only singly but collectively, for we have been organized into the army of the Lord.—Bishop Busch.

We say we believe that in the tabernacle Jesus Christ is bodily present, dwelling quietly and patiently, a Prisoner of Love; but do we believe this? How can we believe this? How can we believe He is there, and yet neglect to visit Him, to watch with Him?

DAILY COMMUNION—WHY?

Paper read before the Diocesan Eucharistic Congress, St. Thomas, May 23, by Rev. Gilbert P. Pitts, of Woodstock.

The institution of the Blessed Eucharist beautifully tells the substance of Christ for man. Surpassing all the wonders of Creation it brings man especially close to his Maker. Jesus striking the sun in its course; Moses striking water from the rock; the fire coming down from Heaven to consume the victim, were the action of the Creator on the creature; the Blessed Eucharist is the action of the creature on the Creator. A few words from the priest the bread and wine are robbed of their substance, yet of their very name; they are what He names them, the Body and the Blood of Christ. Really, truly, substantially Jesus Christ, the Consecrated Host makes the heart of the communicant a living altar; makes it like to heaven. For heaven is the enjoying of God's presence, and without God heaven is hell. Yes, after feasting on the Body of our Lord, our heart beats on the heart of Jesus. This is His love! Having loved his own who were in the world He loved them unto the end."

His was a desire of intimate union with man. He is the vine, we are the branches, and unless vivified by Him we wither and die. St. John clearly speaks the mind of His Master. "This is the Bread that came down from heaven. Not as your fathers did eat manna and are dead. He that eateth this Bread shall live forever." Crossing the drear vast land of the desert the Jews were fed on the Manna shaken from the clouds. Our Manna in this vale of tears, is the "Bread that came down from heaven," the Consecrated Host. Vitalizing the body the Manna was no preventative of death, but this new Manna is a safe antidote against death. Yet not unlike the Jews the Manna we must feed by day upon the Body of Christ, that our strength might not dwindle. "The soul," reads the catechism of Trent, stands in no less need of spiritual food than the body material."

An astonishing effect of Divine Charity, the Blessed Eucharist is eclipsed by the Sacrament of Communion. To be present in the closest proximity face to face with His chosen ones seemed not all His desire of actual union with each soul. A mother not only watches and tends her helpless offspring, but she draws the puny infant to her bosom. Not satisfied with "kissing it with the kisses of her mouth," she offers it her breast. Incorporating here very substance with that of her child, she makes him live by, feed upon, and wax strong on her flesh, Christ, motherlike, draws us tenderly to Himself and by Communion becomes part and parcel of our being. "I live no not but Christ liveth in Me and I in Him."

Well might we exclaim, "Is there any other nation so great that hath gods as high as our God?" "His delights are to be with the children of men," and He would penetrate, saturate, us with His presence like the water, the sponge. "No," says St. Augustine, "as a wise man of He is not give me more; God as rich as He is has no greater treasure; God as powerful as He is has here exhausted His power."

Indeed so extraordinary was Christ's doctrine, and so wonderful was His gift that the bewildered Jews, unable to realize the possibility of what seemed to them a will, failed to follow Him. "I am the Bread of Life," He says. "Your father did eat Manna and are dead. This is the Bread which cometh down from heaven; that if any man eat of it he may not die. I am the living Bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of the Bread of Life, he shall live forever. For the Bread that I will give is My flesh for the life of the world. The Jews, therefore, strove among themselves, saying: How can this Man give us His flesh to eat? Then Jesus said to them; Amen, Amen, I say unto you; except you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My Blood liveth in Me and I in Him. As the living Father has sent Me and I live by the Father; so he that shall live by Me. This is the Bread that came from heaven. Not as your fathers did eat Manna and are dead. He that eateth this Bread shall live forever." (John vi. 48-58)

Plainer or more emphatic words no man could utter. Mark how forcibly He brings home to us the necessity of frequent Communion. "I am the Bread of Life," mark how He urges us, "He that eateth this bread shall live forever," mark how He threatens those refusing to feed on His flesh: "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you." In face of these promises and threats, he is a bold man who shall remain indifferent.

Christ's whole life is one continual plea for the heart of man. Yes that He likens Himself to the pelican that was believed to feed her young with the blood from her own breast, to the vine giving life and nourishment to the branches is a cogent argument for His solicitude for us. Such indeed are His longings for us. "Oh how often as the heavens her little ones under her wings, I have called but you have not hearkened. Come to me, all of you that labour and are burdened and I will refresh you: Come and I shall pour the waters of peace over your soul: You shall drink the sweet milk of My consolation, as a come that they may have life and may have it more abundantly. Compel them to come in that My house may be filled." Oh like the early Christians "persevering in the doctrine of the apostles, and the communication of the breaking of the bread" let us know the "gifts of God."

Unlike the teaching of the intellectual giants, which after creating an aroma of emotion, left but faint impressions on the intellect of the world, the words of Christ promulgating the New Law still fashion man's destiny. Sapped by the tides of time, empires erected on the quicksand of passions have crumbled to ruins, while the Church of Christ built on the rock, stands a glorious and triumphant monu-

ment of God's gift to man. Not one "lot" of the law has passed. The same that was, is and shall be, and Plus' decree on daily communion is no innovation.

Paul's teaching is clear and emphatic. "When you come, therefore, together into one place, he tells the Corinthians, "it is not now to eat the Lord's Supper." No great strain of the mind is wanted to grasp the Apostle's meaning. For the preserving of the Christians in the breaking of the bread was, he tells us, the partaking of the Body and Blood of Christ. "The bread which we break, is not the partaking of the Body and Blood of the Lord." He testifies, also, that