

to be divided, between various objects. We may call that by some other name, but it is not what the heart understands by true love. It is not what God understands by love. He has said that He will not have a divided heart. He will not have a portion of affection. He claims all or none. Then there must be equality in the compact. God asks that of us, poor, helpless, miserable, weak creatures; and what shall we ask of Him that is immense and all-powerful? We shall ask in the measure which He has appointed. Do you find in studying the mystery of the Incarnation, or the death of our Lord, that there is stint, or limit, or end? Can you conceive in each of those the love of God to be more perfect, or carried out more completely, than it was? Did not God himself, through the Prophet, ask the question, "What is there that I ought to do more than I have not done?" (Is. v. 4). And this implies that the people can say, "Yes, Lord; there is more that Thy love can do which must not be refused." What cares one that has a real and true affection for half-communication, if merely there passes those imperfect tokens of love which go from hand to hand,—if there are gifts, however rich, or possessions, however abundant; so long as the unseen affection of the heart which can make itself so well known by a word or a glance, is withheld? No: there must be all. There must be a surrender of heart to heart, of soul to soul. It must be said, as it was said of Jonathan and David, that their souls cleaved together, forming but one heart. The bond of affection was so complete that either was ready to give life, or whatever else was in his possession, for the sake of the other.

And now, my brethren, if thus our blessed Lord had said to me, "What shall be thy reward after I have given to thee whatever I had myself of grace or merit before God, of life, of eternal bliss—if I made all over to thee now, what more dost thou want? Art thou satisfied?" I would reply "No." Wilt thou be satisfied if I raise thee to the ranks of the angels,—if I place thee in the midst of those heavenly beings, partaker of their wonderful qualities, and able to enjoy their happiness?" "Canst Thou not do more for me than this?" "Thou shalt enjoy this happiness for thousands, nay, if thou pleasest, for millions of ages; and thou shalt have such happiness all this time as that all the happiness of earth together cannot equal it. Will that suffice?" "No, Lord. So long as there is anything higher or better which Thou canst give me, my heart, which loves Thee, cannot be satisfied." "Then what wilt thou reward be?" "What care I for millions of ages of happiness, if the bliss which Thou canst give me can be prolonged for eternity,—and eternity alone will satisfy the demands of my heart. And what care I to sing with angels, or to be enthroned amongst them, and to fly above the space of heaven, unless I can see Thy face, for it is that, and that alone, that I covet. Thou canst give me this, and so long as it is in Thy gift, I claim it. For Thou hast loved me with a boundless love, and I demand, in return for my poor and imperfect affection, the fulness of Thy gift of love."

I would say this with that blessed Saint to whom the Lord appeared after a life devoted to His service, and the study of Divine wisdom:—"Thou hast written well of Me. What reward wilt thou have for it?" "O none other but Thee, my blessed Saviour. Though I know how little my labors have deserved, I cannot be content with less than the full and perfect enjoyment of God."

Then, in a similar manner, if our Blessed Redeemer tells me, "Behold, I have given thee all; I have come on earth to be thine; I have made myself over to thee; and My wisdom, My miracles, and all My wonderful works are thine: I have given myself to thee as a ransom; I have paid the full price of life and blood for thee; I have suffered, O, how cruelly! and for thy sake; and to prove My love for thee, I have given my very life therefore for thee—wilt thou content thy love?" "O blessed Lord, not unless I possess Thee. I must not be content with grace and mercy, and forgiveness, so long as it is in the power of Thy Almighty hands to bestow upon me all that flows from Thy abundance—I must possess Thee, the source and fountain of all. It was not the rivers that went forth from Paradise, noble streams though they were, bearing the riches of the earth along their tide, and on both sides bearing the richest fruits of earth,—it was not that those streams had been banished from Paradise, but it was that fountain from which they sprung, and was in the garden now closed to them—it was for this they longed. They desired to quench their thirst at this source and fountain of all blessing, and mercy, and salvation. This, too, my heart longs to possess; and, like the hart panting after the stream of water, I come and desire no other at which to slake my thirst but Thee, my Creator, and my God. Wilt Thou give me this, having bestowed all thou hadst? Give me this in full possession so that I may have the consciousness not merely that at one time Thou didst great things for me, but that now I may have Thee individually, that Thou mayest belong exclusively to me?"

That desire of every heart that really loves the humanity of our Lord, that truly desires to be associated with Him in the intimacy of most tender affection, the Catholic Church believes, has been answered; that prayer has been heard; that gifts has been bestowed. Before he left this earth, lest it should be said that there was a moment, however brief, in which earth could not possess Him, He was pleased to assemble around Him at the solemn feast His chosen and dear ones. There He took into His hands the bread and the cup, and he spoke over them clear and distinct words which tell at once to every reason and to every heart that, in that Institution, the body and the blood of our Blessed Redeemer are given and are preserved; and still more, in ineffable mystery, may be appropriated to ourselves. And St.

Paul tells us that that bread is the communion of the body of Christ, and that that chalice is the participation of the blood of our Lord. Soon I find the whole Church inflamed with love at the clear and single acceptance of this most noble institution, as the one in which Christ gives Himself to us, and unites Himself to our hearts. "Wonderful!" exclaims one of the older teachers of the Church, "that this food should be so different from all other food, which is incorporated with us, and becomes part of our substance, whereas this food of life changes us into itself, and makes us one with it!" "Astonishing," exclaims one, "that we should be concorporeal, (i. e., having only one body with our Blessed Lord), that we should be bearers of Christ with us, carriers of the Saviour of the world in our bodies!" "Extraordinary mystery," teaches a third, "that in the same manner as wax poured upon wax melts it and unites with it, so that it cannot again extricate it, but all becomes one mass; so when this saving body of our Lord is united to ours, it is, in some sort, incorporated so completely in ours, that our bodies receive a pledge of that resurrection which was the privilege of Him who knew not corruption."

Thus they speak, and thus they wonder. And then, to make more clear how completely they understood this yielding of our Blessed Saviour, they tell us, repeatedly, that in this Blessed Eucharist we have the counterpart of two extraordinary symbols. The one is that of the sepulchre of Christ. He who receives our Blessed Saviour, according to the ancient mode of considering it, receives Him as truly as the tomb received the body of our Lord after His crucifixion. Could reality be more closely described than in such a figure? Imagine to yourself, my brethren, what was the idea of those who spoke thus of the sanctification, the grace that was given to us by that complete yielding of our Lord Himself to all men. Remember how that spot which, after all, was but a hard rock that could imbibe no true and inherent sanctification, became an object of covetous desire to all the Christian world; how pilgrims would go, in days when travel was danger, braving every obstacle, and exposing themselves to every calamity, and thinking themselves well repaid if they could but imprint one kiss upon that cold stone, upon which the body of our Lord for a time reposed. Fancy all Europe in commotion, and kings taking the cross, and whole populations of nobles and of simple men gathering together in large armies, having before them the example of other no less mighty expeditions cut off or destroyed by pestilence, yet hastening there, to rescue, if possible, at the expense of their blood, that sacred spot from the hands of the infidels.

Then, if they who spoke in this manner considered that there had been a halloving of that spot in which the cold remains of our Lord had for a short time reposed, what was their idea of the grace and mercy, and of the abundance of Divine gifts which came into the loving soul; that which God Himself contrasts with the cold stone, when He speaks of engraving the law, not upon stones, but upon living hearts; where the body and Divinity of our Blessed Lord come to rest, not as in the tomb, but rather as He did in the humble cottage in Bethlehem, in a place little fit to receive Him, but still no less chosen by Him, as was that His first chosen dwelling on earth. But, in truth, the Fathers of the Church go farther, and, not content with comparing the Blessed Eucharist to that tomb in which our Saviour reposed, or rather, the recipient of it, they compare it still more mysteriously and still more strikingly, to that residence of nine months which our Blessed Lord was pleased to hold in the chaste body of His Blessed Mother. They tell us that as complete as was that appropriation of her to Him, and as complete as her possession of Him, so complete is that which is granted to us all in this most blessed, this most adorable institution!

Then, my brethren, is it not wonderful that there should be found those who open their hearts to that demonstration of love, and believe that it is not beyond the power of man to claim, or of God to grant? It is by easy steps that we attain it. God, having bestowed His beloved Son as a gift, He having made Himself over to us, it is only the completing, the accomplishment of that gift, and the answering fully of the cravings of tender affection, that he should make over to us Himself in such a manner as that He should become the individual possession of every one, and that each of us, not merely contemplating what He has done, should take possession of Him in our own heart. That Blessed Redeemer has himself accomplished the work, that He should thus, in this most mysterious manner, become our own, and to verify what He Himself has told us,—"He that eateth Me, shall live for ever."

Then, is it wonderful that we should frequently approach, that we should love to be seen constantly in the neighborhood of the altar, where we believe this sacred gift is ever kept for us? Is it wonderful that we should love to receive through holy communion the entire surrender of our Blessed Redeemer to the desires of our souls, and that we should consider it the greatest work of our holy religion, its most solemn mystery, its most censured dogma, and, to us, the most precious possession?

Come, then, dearly beloved, come frequently to this banquet, and love and worship your Saviour, where, above all other of His institutions, He has been pleased the most fully to prove to you His love. You are of different characters, of different dispositions, and you fancy perhaps that you are not fit, that you are not equal to those dispositions which He may naturally require of purity and holiness in those who approach Him. But O my brethren, this is the manner, the bread of life. It varies its taste according to the wants, according to the dispositions, and, in truth, according to the very nature and character of each. It is the bread of the strong, it is the food of

the weak; it is the staff of the warrior, it is the first nourishment of the child. All may partake, and all will find it full of life, and suited to their peculiar necessities—to their special desires.

Come, then, thou spouse of Christ,—thou, who, from morning till night, dost nothing but meditate on His laws, and seeking in what way thou mayest approach Him nearest by purity and holiness of life—who hast thy Saviour ever in thy thoughts, His praises ever on thy lips, His works of charity ever in thy hands,—O come and receive Him here! I know that from the very morning watch thy thoughts have been looking forward to this hour, that thy heart is exulted at the thought of coming to meet thy Saviour; and thou comest to Him at last with a heart trembling with emotion, and a soul filled with love. When he enters there is all joy and happiness, and bliss within. It appears as if that presence expanded into a view of Paradise itself. There is that Blessed Saviour, thy spouse, still smiling upon thee, and bidding thee be of good cheer, for the time is not far distant when He will come and hail thee by that name of love, and say, "Come;" and thou wilt likewise say to the Bridegroom, who will present Himself in that same form, "Come Blessed Lord, come quickly."

And after she has approached—after the one whose whole life is but a preparation of love for this sweet communication of affection with her Saviour—who shall come next? who else shall presume to approach? But come thou, who but a few days ago was the object of scorn; who was buried in the depths of sin; whose heart was almost seared; who durst not enter within that door, but must stand afar off, like the publican, to pray. But, within these few days, God touched thy heart. He has sent a ray of love which has melted and softened it. And thou hast gone to hear His ministers, and thou hast, like Magdalene, poured forth the whole bursting weight of thy sorrows. Thy contrite prayer has been heard. Thou hast been pardoned; and no wonder that thy poor heart has been led to approach this day, and to receive the purest and holiest of beings. Dost thou come? O yes; with downcast eye, and beating heart, and contrite spirit, come and take thy place by the side of the thrilling and exulting soul that has been accustomed day by day to feed upon this more than food of angels. Come and see that that Blessed Saviour is meat to thee, and to all others who, like thee, have repented. Open thy lips and fear not. The Lord of glory, full of love, enters thy heart too. And what does he find? O, indeed, none of those bright virtues, none of that exulting love; but He finds tenderness, and self-reproach, and an affection that scarcely dares speak. At His feet thou wilt sit, and He will ask thee, "Does any one accuse thee?" and thou wilt say, "None, Lord, except thee;" and He will smile upon thee, and say, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." And joyful thou shalt follow in His train in which is not only Mary the spotless, but Mary the penitent. Hand in hand thou shalt follow, drawn by the cords of love, following ever the footsteps of that Saviour, even to the cross, who, not content with forgiving, is pleased to give to those, even the vilest objects of His wrath, the most complete assurance of pardon,—to give them even Himself!

And who is this that now presents herself to receive this wonderful gift? Fear not, my child; come forward, little one. I know by that white veil and timid look that it is the first time that, after careful preparation, thou comest to receive into a yet spotless soul, the God of holiness and of purity. Thou dost not know fully what it is thou comest to receive. Thou knowest it is thy Lord, thy Saviour; He whom as a child thou hast learned to love. But as yet, thou knowest not His majesty, His goodness. Thou knowest Him not as the protector of thy virtue, the cherisher of thy innocence, the God who will one day judge thee, and who now demands from thee a life of unflinching virtue. But thou comest as a child would have come, brought by its mother to Bethlehem, and brought that thou mightest be smiled upon by Him; and thou wouldst have carried that blessing and that grace, knowing sufficient, if thou knewest who it was that mercifully entertained thee!

And who shall succeed? Is it the rough and unlettered artisan who has the six days of the week to labor, like Joseph, in the strength of his hand, and in the sweat of his brow for his daily bread; but, on the seventh day, comes to receive the bread of that day, the bread of life. His imagination is not capable of presenting before him brilliant or even tender pictures. His affections have never been cultivated so that they can exhibit themselves in words of tenderness, or in tears of consolation. His mind is rude as his body, but he has the sterling faith implanted in him in infancy, and he knows, if he cannot speak words of love, or melt in the presence of his Lord, he believes no less than the most devout soul that it is in that adorable Sacrament he receives his God. And he receives Him, apathetically, it may comparatively appear, or without emotion, but He comes into his heart with all its sterling solidity. It is the same Lord that he receives as others. He knows it, and he believes that, though he cannot fashion his words to express his gratitude, he receives on that day, and in that hour, the fulness of God's abundance, graces bought by Him who is the source of all, he goes away sanctified as much as the rest, and bearing in that vessel of clay, that rude pottery in which he is shaped, treasures of inestimable value.

It is thus that the Divine presence is the same in all, although it may manifest itself differently, and may be differently appreciated.

My Catholic brethren, I ask you if you will not love an institution in which God thus accomplishes in your behalf the very greatest of His mercies to man,—an institution in which, bestowing Himself upon you, He thereby makes your own whatever of grace

and salvation He brought into the world, or purchased upon the cross. Yes, we should pray that the hour may come, that, if possible, it may hasten before its time to us, the season when we may begin in a more solemn manner to proclaim our gratitude. "O Blessed Lord, hasten, if it please Thee, the scattering of ashes on our head, and strewing of sackcloth before Thee; hasten our penitential season of weeping and mourning; because with that there comes this Thy most glorious institution,—because in it thou more perfectly givest us the opportunity of uniting around Thee in Thy humble glory, there with angels adoring Thee, but with much more right, and with much more ground. O how will my weaker devotion be animated by what I will then see around me! When I see crowds of the poor who will remain for hours with hands clasped and eyes fixed upon Thee when exposed to adoration under the veils that cover Thee, and when I witness the earnestness that escapes through fervent lips, as through those of Anna, I know that Thou art adored,—that these beings whom the world despises, but who may well take their place among angels for beauty of holiness, and resoluteness of virtue, and, with them, be allowed to worship and adore. And when, on the other side, I hear escaping the sobs and moans of some poor sufferer, I know that the fragments of a broken heart are scattered before Thee; and Thou meekly bendest down, and gatherest them up, and bindest them, and healest them, and restorest them fully to joy and comfort. And when I see others motionless for hours, who seem to be absorbed only in the sense of Thy presence, and in loving gratitude for Thy benefits, almost enraptured before Thee; O how shall I feel consoled that thou hast cast in the midst of so many cold and apathetic as mine, so many souls that are true and loving to Thee, and still keep up amongst us the ancient fervor and persevering devotion."

And in the midst of this also wilt Thou be, Blessed Jesus, looking down upon all, and saying to one, "Go in peace, thy prayer is heard;" and darting into the hearts of others consolation amidst trouble and affliction, and sending poor afflicted hearts home in rest; and to others, speaking in words of affectionate reproach, and summoning them to abandon their sins, and return to Thee; and promising to all, those eternal blessings which Thou hast reserved for them who here on earth love Thee as Thou hast loved them, who put no measure to their affection, as Thou hast put none to Thine, and who will run eagerly to be often united in love and affection to Thee, by receiving Thee in these Thy adorable mysteries, and thus anticipating, as far as it is given to man, that more complete communion of affection which consummates and completes the glory of eternity!

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The mansion of the late Mr. Whaley, in St. Stephen's Green, which has just been purchased for the Catholic University, realised, it is said, the insignificant sum of £3,000, subject to the nominal rent of £15 per annum.—The house was originally erected at a cost to the late proprietor of £28,000. It is reported that the Archbishop of Dublin means to take up his quarters there; and another report has it that the residence was bought by Mr. Bianconi, of Clonmel, and by him presented as a gift to the Archbishop, who means to convert it into the archiepiscopal palace for the See of Dublin. The house directly faces the palace of the Government Archbishop, on the north side of the green.

His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, accompanied by the Rev. P. Conry, R.C.C., left town on Friday, for Connemara, where his Grace intends holding confirmations at the close of the mission of the Rev. Fathers Lockhart and Rindol, the results of which, in counteracting the efforts of "the soupers" in that distressed locality are most gratifying. Nearly every one of the few whom poverty drove to a temporary apostasy has returned to the one true fold of the Catholic Church.—*Tuam Herald*.

The Redemptorist Fathers have arrived in Dublin from Omagh, where, aided by the distinguished parish priest, Rev. Manasses O'Kane, and his clergy, the good fathers reaped a rich harvest for the glory of the Most High.

NEW CHURCHES.—A church has been purchased by the Catholics of Roxbury. It was formerly owned by the Free Will Baptists, and it is in a fine location, near the Boston line. The house is nearly new.—*Boston Pilot*.

WELL DONE CINCINNATI.—The Catholics of the "Queen City" have contributed twenty-three hundred dollars to the Irish University.—*Id.*

CONVERSIONS.—Beers, the celebrated German author, has been converted to the Catholic faith.

On Sunday, 23rd Jan., Mr. George Bridges, another of the converts that the close reasoning and earnest application of law studies have added to the Church, was ordained Sub-Deacon by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Salford. On the second Sunday of Lent he will receive the Holy Order of Priesthood.

A correspondent of the *Ireman* states that Mr. Thomas Drummond, of Balbriggan, was received into the Catholic Church, on the 16th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Grimley.

We are glad to have authority for announcing the conversion of the late Mr. Price, editor of the *Dublin Evening Packet*, a respectable Conservative and Protestant paper. Mr. Price, who was much esteemed and respected for his abilities and goodness of heart, was received into the Church during his last illness by the Rev. Dr. Quinn, then of Westlagan, and now P.P. of Athy.—*Tablet*.