

Corpus Christi, May 29th.

Lauda Sion.

Beloved Sion, praises sing
To Christ, your Saviour, Pastor, King.
Let echoes through the vault rebound,
While hymns and canticles resound.
Dare all you can, exhaust your skill,
Your praise will be deficient still.
A special theme to-day we treat,
A theme with mystery replete :—
That living and life-giving bread,
On which the cherished ones are fed.
Away with doubt, you must believe :
The manna which we now receive,
Fed twelve—the first fraternal band,
Who ate it from the Saviour's hand.
Sing anthems joyful, clear and sweet,
To make the jubilee complete.
This solemn day divinely great,
Proclaims the feasts primeval date.
This banquet sets old rites aside,
By Pasch in future to abide.
New Pasch, new King we gladly hail !
The ancient rites no more avail.
Old age gives way to buoyant youth,
And shadows wane before the truth ;
The gloom and darkness of the night,
Are scattered far by rays of light.
At supper Christ each guest addressed,
And thus His living will expressed :
"What I have done, do also ye ;
In doing this remember me."
Instructed well in rites divine,
We bless the bread, and bless the wine,
Then change them both to substance new
A saving host and victim true.
The Christian dogma is express,
And teaches all who faith profess,
That wine to blood is changed, and bread
To flesh by words effective said.
Against this truth the senses cry,
But faith their weakness will supply.
See Nature's Lord his law reverse :
Beneath the species quite diverse—
Mere signs of substance not possessed,
Is hid a wondrous, mighty Guest.
Be blood the drink, or flesh the fare,
In either kind Christ whole is there.
The honored guests who this partake
May species sunder, mar or break ;
Each fragment still the Host retains,
The smallest form Christ whole contains.
But one partakes, or thousands may,
The one receives as much as they ;
The food is eat, as proves the act,

Yet when partaken is intact.
The good and bad alike receive,
But yet unlike results achieve,
The good, the grace of life preserve,
The bad, eternal death deserve.
Meanwhile the Sacrament we break ;
Fear not, nor let your doubts awake.
Remember well each fragment hides
As much as in the whole abides.
For when this mystic food we take,
Not substance, only forms we break ;
He whom the broken form contains,
His stature and his state maintains.
Behold a wonder great indeed !
On angels' bread we pilgrims feed.
It is not meet at such repast
That children's food to dogs be cast.
The ancient types the future tell,
When manna in the desert fell,
When Isaac on the altar lay,
Or lamb was slain for paschal day.
Jesu, good pastor, and true bread,
Be then by tender mercy led.
While exiles feed us here, and guard ;
Awaiting still our due reward.
O Thou, who hast all might and ken,
Who feedest here the souls of men,
As, brethren, guests, co-heirs and friends
Receive us where joy never ends.

—Monthly Calendar.

F. S., S. J.

The Glorious Mysteries.

The "Alleluias" of Holy Church seem to vibrate in our souls as we contemplate the glorious mysteries and their golden radiance seems to illumine our chaplets of love.

According to the multitude of sorrows in our Blessed Mother's heart, the consolations of Easter, Olivet, Pentecost, and her Assumption and Coronation replenish her soul with impeachable joy. We cannot for a moment doubt the beautiful tradition, that Jesus appeared first to Mary when he rose from the dead. We cannot gather the bliss of their meeting, but we can rejoice in it and intone "Magnificat," and pray for Easter peace. With her, also, may our souls ascend, as it were with Him, to Heaven, by love, and yet remain on earth in patience, until He comes and takes us to Himself. Mary was in the Cenacle with the Apostles waiting for God's Holy Spirit, and