

THE REAL PRESENCE

Continued from page 1.

or a thousand places at one time.

Some persons ask how it is possible for the whole body of Christ to be in a little wafer; but the great Newton said that by the power of God the earth could be compressed into a cubic inch. Nobody knows what is the constitution of matter. It is not necessary for us to prove how the body of Christ is present in the seeming wafer, but merely to show that it is not a manifest contradiction. There is nothing contradictory in the doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament either to human reason or to scientific facts. It is a supernatural mystery.

MYSTERIES INEVITABLE.

"We have no difficulty," continued Father Drummond, "in daily life in admitting natural mysteries which no one can explain. Who knows the real nature of electricity, and yet who doubts the reality of that wonderful agent? Similarly, we must admit mysteries in God's dealings with man, because the very nature of God is beyond our ken. The archdeacon says 'No one, not even the ritualists or Romanists (he is improving his manners; he now calls us Romanists. Some day he will call us, as he ought to do, Roman Catholics.) would like to affirm that wicked people actually eat the body of the Lord and drink His blood at the last supper.' In this the archdeacon is grievously mistaken. Catholics teach most explicitly that even wicked people actually eat the body of the Lord and, in this they follow the teaching of I Corinthians, 11, 27, 'Whosoever shall eat this bread and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord' for he that eateth and drinketh unworthily eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body'. These words are strong confirmation of the doctrine of the real presence. St. Paul says, as you will observe, that the wicked who receive the sacrament eat and drink damnation to themselves. Now, if the sacrament were a symbol, no such awful threat could be justly uttered. If the wicked communicant incurs damnation, he must have committed an awful sacrilege on what St. Paul himself calls the Lord's Body. Thus Catholics believe that even the wicked receive the real body of Christ when they take the Blessed Sacrament, but by doing so they commit sacrilege and their souls become blacker.

"At the last supper Christ said to His disciples, 'This is my body, which is broken for you.' Therefore, it is the real body that was bruised in the Passion. 'This is my blood, the blood which is shed for you', the very same blood poured out on Calvary. This is no figure; men do not speak in figures when they are about to die. When a man establishes a rite he does it in the clearest and most explicit language.

"Thus the circumstances in connection with the establishment of the sacrament prove the real presence of the body and blood. The Catholic Church has always believed this, and has given the strongest proofs for it. It is one of the fundamental doctrines; it is the very wellspring of spiritual life in the Catholic Church."

At the conclusion of his sermon, Father Drummond said he would reply to Archdeacon Fortin's "most disgraceful sermon" on the confessional on Sunday evening, Dec. 18, provided the sore throat, from which he suffered, has disappeared by that time.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

Donahoe's Magazine.

Was there one angel left in heaven on the first Christmas night? Downward they swept, and the glow of the vision was on their faces. Each saw his brother, like a tall, fair flame, sweep onward; the wild winds fled from them; once again, as at the beginning of creation, the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. The music of the spheres rang jubilant echoes to their seraphic chorus, as, thirty-three years later, the same music of exultant stars and planets and luminous nebulae would greet the Man-God ascending homeward, Conqueror, to His Father's throne.

Swifter than light the angel cohorts come. Something drew them all earthward, as surely as in heaven the Beatific Vision drew them always to the Throne. In the wintry midnight, when the darkness is the deepest, the Light of the whole world had come, and had come for us sinful men. Then and forever afterwards,—whether stars shine, or snows are falling,—on Christmas night, close to us, closer than at any other time, the angels are.

Perhaps no human being has ever been allowed to go so far in showing to his fellow-men the entire Christmas panorama as the prose-poet Father Faber in his extraordinary book entitled: Bethlehem. It is one long Advent and Yuletide meditation, well fitted "to quicken and brighten the fires of Christmas in childlike hearts." He has told us an interesting fact concerning it. His other books he wrote, he says, "to please other people," but this book he wrote to please himself. We may read it again again, year after year, in preparation for the blessed feast of Christ's Nativity; and, year after year, find in it something new, helpful and beautiful.

Here is what he says of Christmas Eve:—"The sun sets, on the twenty-fourth of December, on the low roofs of Bethlehem, and gleams with wan gold on its stony ridge. The stars come out, one by one. Heaven is empty of angels, but they show not

their bright presences up among the stars. Ride men are jostling God in the alleys of that Oriental village, and shutting their doors in His mother's face. Time itself, as if it were sentient, seems to get tremulous and eager, as though the hand of its angel shook as it draws on towards midnight. Bethlehem is at that moment the very centre of God's creation. Still the minutes pass. The plumage of the night grows deeper and darker. How purple is the dome of heaven above those pastoral slopes, dusky spotted with recumbent sheep; and how silently the stars drift down the southern steep of the midnight sky! Yet a few moments and the Eternal Word will come!"

Then the vision broadens and lengthens, and we know that it is the Desired of all nations who lies there, so lowly and little and altogether lovely, on Mary's happy heart; and from the wide, wild world of heathendom's vague unrest,—from the Jewish people thrilled with true prophetic yearning,—from all Christian lips through all the ages, till the last Mass be said,—we hear, in the first Christmas midnight, one strong, intense petition rise: "Thy Kingdom come, O God! Thy Kingdom come!"

It is a joy to loving hearts to remember that, close to our Blessed Lord, during all His Infancy, as afterwards at the foot of His harder bed of death, was His Immaculate Mother. She

perceived, more truly than all other created souls together could do, that it was the world's Creator and Redeemer, her God and her All, Who lay upon her breast. She foresaw the painful future, but above all she saw the unflinching love.

A BULLET IMBEDDED IN THE HEART FOR THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS.

A correspondent of the BALTIMORE SUN, writing from Morgantown, W. Va., asserts that a man named William B. Smallridge, who died a few days ago at Glenville, in Gilmer County, carried a bullet in his heart for thirty-seven years. He was a member of company E, first West Virginia infantry, in the civil war, and in September, 1861, while marching through Gilmer County, was shot by some one in ambush, the bullet entering Smallridge's chest at the lower point of the scapula, on the left side, passing thence directly through the left lung into the left ventricle of the heart. The force of the bullet was so broken that it did not penetrate the wall, but the regimental surgeon pronounced the wound fatal and left Smallridge to die. He did not die, however, but was sent back up the Little Kanawha River in a skiff to his home, in Glenville, where he recovered and has since lived. A few weeks ago, while on his death bed, he asked Dr. G. O. Brown to make an examination of the wound after his death. This Dr.

Brown and Dr. O. B. Beer did and found the bullet imbedded in the heart. The man had never suffered from any disturbance of the heart. His death was due to cancer. This report is confirmed by Dr. Beer in a letter in the Cincinnati LANCET-CLINIC of November 19, 1898.

A PECULIAR CHERRY TREE.

Crawfordville, Ind.—A peculiar botanical phenomenon is reported from Linden. In the yard of the Rev. J. W. Dudley stands a large cherry tree, which several days ago bloomed for a second time this season. This fact in itself was not so remarkable, as that ever since the tree has been in bloom it has been giving off a continual mist—a mist of sufficient quantity to keep the ground under the tree soaking wet. The boughs and leaves of the tree drip with moisture and everything adjacent to it is saturated. A person may stand beneath the limbs and almost at once will become conscious of the fine mist, which is constantly given off. Should a person stand under the tree for fifteen minutes his clothes would be fairly soaked. Several small limbs have been cut off in the effort to solve the mystery attaching to the tree, but their structure and condition present no unusual appearance. The mist at times is most apparent on dry days. The tree this year bore a large crop of cherries and seems to be a remarkably healthy and vigorous plant.

I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. I have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tablets in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small 5 cent boxes of the Tablets and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before—but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now.

A. T. DEWITT.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, bought some and tried them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tablets for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like.

Mrs. MARY GORMAN CLARKE.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she wanted me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

Mrs. J. BROOKMYER.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I cannot myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Rowland, Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with good results.

Mrs. BESSIE WIDMANN.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper endorsing Ripans Tablets. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tablets regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tablets in the house and when she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tablets regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tablets.

ANTON H. BLAUER.

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My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a sallow color. Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions.

E. W. PRICE.

A new style packet containing TEN R-I-P-A-N-S Tablets packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (50 Tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the R-I-P-A-N-S CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABLETS) will be sent for five cents. R-I-P-A-N-S TABLETS may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

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