

THE DIVINE BANQUET.

The night before our divine Lord was about to give Himself up to be crucified, assembled with the apostles, He took bread and blessed it and gave it to them, and said: "Take ye and eat, for this is My Body." And taking wine He blessed it also, and said: "Take ye and drink, for this is My Blood, the chalice of the new and eternal testament which shall be shed for you and for many unto the remission of sin." And again: "My Body is my meat, and My Blood is drink indeed." Hence we have the mystery of our Lord's precious blood. It is the body to live and eat strong it must come through the remission of the blood. The blood is the field of life. It is the concentrated essence of the food we eat and drink, and is pumped and propelled by the heart, which is the motor of life, and is sent coursing through our veins to every part of our being. If the heart stops beating we are dead, and if the blood becomes poisoned we hasten to death. It is the same rule with regard to the soul. Our soul needs sustenance, and for this our Lord gives His Body and Blood and says: "Take ye and eat, take ye and drink," and declares that "unless we eat His Body and drink His Blood we shall not have life in us." His own perfect and eternal life He would give us, and through His Sacred Host, ever heating and burning for us, He pours out upon our souls His Precious Blood in streams frequent and plentiful in response to our prayers and aspirations, and gives Himself to us whole and entire every time we worthily receive Holy Communion. His Blood, therefore, is the life of our souls; and so our Lord says: "My Blood is drink, indeed." In natural food our bodies are recreated by that which we eat and drink, and yet it will happen that by excessive eating or by using strong and highly seasoned foods, our bodies will be ill served, and we do violence to poor nature, and we shorten our days as a consequence; but with the spiritual food the more we partake of it the stronger our souls become; the body and blood of our Lord are indeed the food and nourishment of our souls—"the bread of angels," "the means of eternal life," "the bread of the strong," and "the wine that maketh virgins." The precious blood of our Lord and Saviour becomes the endless stream of life, which causes every pulsation of the heart to be first and above all for Him. It is the power of every holy thought and the inspiration and means of every good act. Yes, more than this we cannot do anything without the divine blood; for since our Lord said that He is our life and that unless we eat His body and drink His blood we shall not have life in us, it follows that we must be fortified, renewed and strengthened by the precious blood if we would do anything worthy of eternity. How we glory in our ancestry, and how we feel strong and resolute of purpose when we remember that we are the children of the pure, the noble and the good! But what ancestry will compare with what we have through our divine Lord, the Son of the Most High, and Who took our nature that we might share His and become, as the apostle says, the very sons of God. To feel that we have the blood of the Son of God coursing and purifying our veins, that His heart is over with us, and that His very life is ours by grace; in a word, that we are all His, and give to Him our heart and our life which He asks us to do, that He may give us His Sacred heart; that He may live in us and we in Him, and be one with Him in hidden union now, that we may be one with Him face to face in heaven. Surely all this gives us reason to glory and rejoice and to proclaim, as did the chosen people of old: Where is there a God such as is our God! Let us, then, glory in our new life, the life of grace, which we enjoy through our Lord's precious blood. The remission that He is our life, and that this life is ours through the ever reigning power of His adorable blood, makes us have a consciousness of strength in our souls which causes us to aspire to lead the purest lives, and to do for God the bravest and noblest deeds that mortal ever did. We feel the spirit of heroism flowing through our veins, and we rise up to follow our great Captain, Christ, whether conqueror He leads us. This was the spirit of the martyrs, the confessors and the virgins; it should be our spirit, too, for we are their brethren, made so by nature, made more so by grace. The precious blood of Jesus will make us one in faith, in hope and in charity, for Christ is the cornerstone of the children of God. His blood is the sacred bond uniting them to Himself and to one another. Long live Jesus, Redeemer of the world; long live His most precious blood—the panacea for every spiritual ill—the life and success of every holy endeavor.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

Franciscan priest, Rev. P. Burkard Conrad, O. S. F., who is in charge of a congregation in one of those beautiful villages away up in the mountains of Switzerland.—Church Progress.

THE CROSS OUR SURE SALVATION.

It is related of the beloved St. Francis Xavier, that once when in great peril on the deep he fastened his crucifix to the mainmast of the imperilled ship, and exclaimed: "Lo—this is what one can do in the midst of peril!" And kneeling at the foot of his beloved cross he poured out his prayer to Him Who had before calmed the angry sea. Nor was this all. He induced the sailors to pray, and the storm ceased and the good ship was saved. Our holy ship the Church is in the storm which the hate of God's enemies has started; the wind of false words, the terrible waves of cruelty and persecution, are raging against her, but Christ is now sleeping now and the saints of the Church are watching, and above all the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Let us take the blessed crucifix into our lives, into actual constant use; let us take down the ever victorious banner of emulousness with the image of Him Who suffered for us, and through devotion to His holy cross and the power of the Crucified, His Holy Church, which He founded, will outride the storm. We have His word that she will not fail to the end of the world. In spite of the terrible battle and the sufferings we must endure for sins of omission, as well as for others, the great Church will be victorious. In the cross of Christ is our salvation, our hope, our inspiration, our strength! The blood of the martyrs, the seed of the Church, has not been shed in vain!—W. T. P. in Sacred Heart Review.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Cardinal Newman preached in the days of his Anglicanism, the following passage concerning animals, in interesting in its assertion of man's limited knowledge of the purpose, the sentiments, and the destiny of dumb creation: "We have more real knowledge about the angels than about the brutes. They have apparently, passions, habits and certain accountableness, but all is mystery about them. We do not know whether they can sin or not, whether they are under punishment, whether they are to live after this life. We inflict very great sufferings on a portion of them, and they in turn every now and then, seem to retaliate upon us as if by a wonderful law. We depend on them in various important ways: we use their labor, we eat their flesh. This, however, relates to such of them large and small, in vast forests or in the water, or in the air, and then say whether the presence of such countless multitudes, so various in their natures, so strange and wild in their shapes, living on the earth without ascertainable object, is not as mysterious as any thing which Scripture says about the angels? Is it not plain to our senses that there is a world inferior to us in the scale of beings, with which we are connected without understanding what it is?"

More interesting still, as showing more intimately the Cardinal's own feeling, is that prayer he composed to St. Philip Neri—of whom it is said: "He could not bear the slightest cruelty to be shown to animals under any pretext whatever." This is the prayer of St. Philip's son: "Philip, my glorious Advocate, teach me to look at all I see around me after thy pattern, as the creatures of God, who never forget that the same God who made me, made the whole world, and all men and animals that live in it. Gain me the grace to love all God's works for God's sake, and all men for the sake of my Lord and Saviour, Who has redeemed them by the Cross."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE ATONEMENT.

So late, so late, you come to bind our wounds, Oh sinner, for I had you but carried still. Two all too late! For Godly was the strife That my great God had for me, and I! Our night of bitterness and agony! Nay! may I not say that we forget Our claim, our married bond, our country's war. Her million famine graves—her ruined homes— Her waiting for her exiles' flag at the door. Nor can we quench at once the raging fires, In vain by the furious breath of our sin! But standing in the shadow of the Cross And looking on His white and dripping face— Hearing His voice that for ever cries— Pray for His murderers!—we too take heart And lay our hands in prayer for His sake. Forgive the wrongs of all the blood-dimmed years.—REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD, in Boston Pilot.

This is the note, soft and low and charitably sweet, that should be sounded in all the future songs of triumph of the Irish race. While Irish men cannot efface or forget the many centuries of English misrule, injustice and bloody torture inflicted on Erin by British statesmen, they can, following the example of the Saviour of the world, soften the bitterness that is in their hearts by honorably striving to forgive and disremember the past. We all need mercy and pardon from an eternal God and now it seems probable that the present generation of England will, in the near future, grant tardy justice to Ireland in the shape of a law for complete self-government or home rule, it would be profitable and chivalrous

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for us to adopt in our written and oral utterances a charitable and conciliating spirit. The Catholic Church has charity as an eternal truth, absolutely vital to salvation, from the pulpits and watch towers of the world. Proper criticism, tinged at least with a veneer of mercy and discrimination is forever lacking, and sometimes satire given in a friendly way is more powerful than vaudeville and brutal abuse as practiced in season and out of season by Editor Judge's New Whirl of the windy and fog laden atmosphere of Chicago. There are thousands of English-born Catholics who are naturally and patriotically attached to the land wherein they were born and spent the pleasant days of their childhood. Throwing the faults of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell and others in the faces of the present generation of England, except in self defense, is as obnoxious as resurrecting the unjust deeds of Queen Mary, Charles IX. of France, and his mother, Catherine DeMedici, to wound Catholics of all nations would be. Rev. James B. Dollard deserves instant admiration and honor for this timely poem, breathing, as it does, in a subtle manner, the awe inspiring love and forgiveness of Calvary.—Intermountain Catholic.

THE POET AND THE POPE.

I saw his face to-day; he looks a chief Who fears nor human rage, nor human guile; Upon his cheeks the twilight of a grief, But in that grief the starlight of a smile. Deep, gentle eyes, with drooping lids that to them are the homes where tears of sorrow dwell; A low voice—strangely sweet—whom very tones Tell how these lips speak of with God alone I kissed his hand, I felt his hand on mine; No man, he said; and then, in accents sweet, He blessed me; and a few more words he said, Then took me by the hand—the while he smiled— And, going, whispered: "Pray for me, my child."—FATHER IYAN.

DIED. LEAHY.—At Brock, Ont., on Nov. 13, 1906, Mrs. Wm. Leahy, aged forty six years, May her soul rest in peace!

Decorating the Altar. Your altar decorated with 4 dozen of carnations, assorted colors if you want them, will give it a very striking and attractive appearance. It will only cost you \$1.00. We pay express charges. Colors white, red, pink, blue and variegated colors. Write at once the Bradford Artificial Flower Co., Box 45 Brantford, Ont.

Advertisement for Shredded Wheat, featuring the text 'For Canada and Canadians!', 'Building enterprising Canadians is the work of', and 'A Canadian product, contains all the body-building, strength-giving material in the whole wheat grain, made digestible by steaming and shredding. Delicious for breakfast with milk or cream. Your grocer sells it.' Price: 13c. per carton, or 2 for 25c.

Advertisement for Red Rose Tea, stating 'Red Rose Tea "is good tea"', and 'Use a package and you will not be satisfied with any other tea.' Price: 25, 30, 35, 40, 50 and 60 cts. per lb. in lead packets.

Advertisement for Ambrose Kent & Sons, Limited, featuring an image of a watch and the text 'From Our Catalogue', 'The only authentic work on the subject ever issued and published at a price and terms within the means of all. Don't miss this opportunity.'

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Teachers Wanted for R. C. School, St. Joseph's, Brock, Ont. Salary \$400. Apply stating experience and qualifications. Address: Wm. J. Farley, Arthur, P. O. Ont. 1167-2.

Catholic Order of Foresters. Ald. Chas. S. O. Bondreast, Chief Ranger of St. Jean Baptiste Court, Ottawa, and Benjamin J. Asselin, Recording Secretary of St. Basil's Court, Brantford, have been appointed Organizers for the Ontario Jurisdiction, and are at work at present, in the interest of Catholic Forestry.

Advertisement for Truesdale Coal, stating 'We Have Plenty of Hard Coal, and it is Truesdale Coal', and 'which will surely give you satisfaction. It is a favorable time now to get in your requirements for the winter. Phone me. JOHN M. DALY, Phone 348, 19 York Street.'

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Advertisement for The Best Christmas Gift, featuring Benziger's Magazine, 'The Popular Catholic Family Monthly', Subscription, \$2.00 a year.

Advertisement for Catholic Home Annual, 1907, 'Profusely & beautifully illustrated', Price 25 Cents, listing contents and subscription information.