

were found utterly useless. The condition of the beautiful patient became worse and worse. Ere nightfall, she was at the last extremity; and her silent attendants, watching and weeping round her bed, expected every moment to see her breathe her last. Such an event would have filled the whole village with alarm, had it occurred a few weeks previously. The presence of Lady Ellen in the house, of the Catholic priest would have set all the gossips babbling and cackling far and near. But on the present occasion, the personal preoccupations of the inhabitants hindered them from paying attention to anything but what was personal; and with the exception of a few private friends of the O'Byrne family, very few reflected that a beautiful and graceful girl—the angel of the county Wicklow—was then yielding her soul into the hands of her Maker.

The priest's house was a modest white mansion in the midst of the village, not far from the ruined church. At present the whole house seemed full of light; shadows passed and repassed across the windows, announcing that all was agitation in the interior. Five or six persons, grouped before the door, were whispering, murmuring, or talking in a low tone. Against the jamb of the door a man was leaning in perfect silence, with his hat drawn down upon his eyes, and something like a boarding pike in his right hand, as if he were a soldier keeping sentry.

"Where is the schoolmaster?" asked Daly the blind man, approaching the door.

Nobody answered; but Daly felt his hand grasped by the burning hand of the schoolmaster.

"Well," asked the breathless questioner, "is there any news! May-be there's a change for the best?"

The schoolmaster shook his head and remained silent.

"There is no hope Mr. Daly!" exclaimed the Widow Flanagan, who happened to be present, and who spoke as eagerly as if she told good news. "Old Betty has just gone out to try and get some medicine at Parson Bruce's, and says there is no hope! His Reverence has administered the last rites, and shed more tears than holy oil on his innocent sister."

Daly stood petrified, overwhelmed and motionless at this melancholy intelligence.

"I have sent two messengers to acquaint the Colonel with the state of his sister, but neither of them has returned. If his honor arrives now, I will be too late."

"Oh, true for you," exclaimed the Widow Flanagan; "Old Betty says that Miss O'Byrne will never hear the cock crow; but the soul has not yet left the body, or we should hear the Irish cry.—The O'Byrne family, respectable as they are, would not neglect any of the good old customs that our forefathers practiced."

"Silence!" interrupted Daly, pointing in the direction of the valley. "Don't ye hear! The firing is stopping in the Valley of the Good Messenger!"

The group listened in profound silence, but could hear nothing.

"The battle is over!" cried the blind man, in a solemn tone, "and we shall soon know who got the upper hand."

He had hardly pronounced these words, when the gallop of a horse was distinctly heard approaching the village; the cavalier passed like an arrow before the cottage doors crowded with inquiring heads, and finally pulled up before the priest's house. This horseman was Richard O'Byrne; his uniform was torn—his head was bare—his hands and face were black with powder and red with blood!

"Your honor!" cried the blind man who knew instinctively that this was O'Byrne; "one word your honor, in the name of Ireland!"

"The regular troops were beaten and forced to fall back; a considerable number of soldiers were crushed to pieces by fragments of rocks in the valley of the Good Messenger."

Daly with great difficulty, repressed a cry of triumph; but the others who had not the same reserve flew from the door uttering shouts of joy at the national triumph. Richard O'Byrne, without adding a word, threw his bridle to little Paddy Karangah, and was entering the house when the blind man exclaimed, "Your honor, I beg your honor's pardon—but maybe, your honor would—would tell me—"

"Man!" interrupted O'Byrne, "how can you arrest me on the threshold of this house of death?" He then added in a milder tone—"Excuse me Daly—my head is distracted!—But I have placed a guard to keep watch in the ravine. The greater part of the men are now returning to their cabins—you can question them—they know more than I do—can any one tell me how my sister is?"

Nobody answered; and Daly dropped his head.

"What? already!" exclaimed O'Byrne, interpreting their hesitation in the most fatal sense.

"No, no; your honor!" cried the schoolmaster; "she is not dead yet—and you may look at your own work!—go in, sir, and see the sister whom you sacrificed to political nonsense!—enter, enter, illustrious chief of the house of O'Byrne, who publicly dishonoured the race of Branduff—go in and see the most beautiful—the most innocent, and most touching creature that heaven ever placed upon earth, breathing her last sigh? Nobody but yourself could be so hardened by pride and ambition to look at such a sight without dying of grief!"

O'Byrne put his hand on his sword when the first words of the schoolmaster fell upon his ear. But, on recognising the speaker, he suffered the blade to fall back into the scabbard, and stood motionless, hanging his head in perfect silence.—Daly, meantime, rudely pushed the schoolmaster to one side:—"Are you mad?" exclaimed Daly—"how can you speak to your lord, and be after redeeming the country, in such language!"

"But he has killed his sister!" exclaimed the schoolmaster, in a furious tone.—"May the memory of it poison the joy of his triumph—may he receive nothing save ingratitude and contempt from the people to whom he sacrificed the honor

of Julia O'Byrne. What is related to me, when Julia is dying—destruction to Ireland since it was that killed Julia—beautiful Julia."

The schoolmaster, howling in despair, threw himself on the ground, shaken and tossed by horrible convulsions. Richard gazed on him for a few moments in silence. "He was really in love with that poor girl," murmured Richard, with the air of one who makes a discovery. "Daly," he continued, "let every care be taken of this poor fellow. Assure him, when he recovers, that Julia shall be avenged. Yes, tell him so, tell him so; if he can find any consolation in a circumstance which must be the torture of my life."

So saying, he moved into the house, still mentally agonised by these unexpected testimonies of reprobation. As he hurried through the dark hall or vestibule of the house, his attention was attracted by a ray of light which gleamed through a chink in a door. Pushing this door open, he found himself in a saloon or parlor of the dwelling. Not only was this apartment destitute of luxury; its simplicity was austere and conventional. The clean floor was uncovered by a carpet—the walls were coated with a kind of brilliant stucco entirely devoid of ornamentation or bassi relievi. A few uncolored prints of a religious character hung upon the walls, while a carved crucifix, chiseled out of the black wood, termed "bog-oak," stood upon the mantel-piece. The furniture consisted of a few straw-bottomed chairs, a mahogany table, and *un prie Dieu*. Richard saw a man who appeared to be absorbed and bent by prayer or sorrow kneeling on this *prie Dieu*. By the dim light of a lamp which stood upon the mantel-piece, Richard discovered that this man was his brother Angus.

The priest turned his head as Richard entered the room, and indicated a place for him to kneel; but the latter, with his arm closed on his breast, remained erect and motionless.

Angus at length finished his prayer, rose from his knees, blessed himself, and said: "Why do you not join me, Rich?"

"Prayer is a serious thing," answered Richard, in a stern tone; "in order to be heard, the heart must be exempt from hate and anger; and such is not at present the state of my heart."

"Anger and hatred," asked the priest, in an apparent surprise. "And for whom should you entertain those sentiments, if not for yourself, who, by your mad enthusiasm, gave rise to the scandal which has killed our sister?"

"Let me not hear those distracting words.—Already have they rung in my ears, and agonised my heart, at your threshold; but if you repeat them—if you believe them—I shall go mad. In that state I shall perhaps ask you for some explanation of your conduct in exposing our innocent sister to infamous enterprises of our enemies—I shall arraign you as the author of the calamities which I am wrongfully accused of producing."

The priest turned pale; but, after an effort, repressed the tumultuous feelings which these accusations caused to swell and heave in his breast.

"Richard," he said at last, "you are my senior, and have a right perhaps to speak to me in this manner.—Whatever be your opinion of my past conduct, I know that my intentions were pure, and trust that God will forgive me. You are a man of the world, and I am a Christian priest. The vengeance which I denounce as a sin, you regard as a species of virtue."

Richard made no reply, but stood with a scowl on his brow, perusing the priest, while the latter was putting by his stole, and taking off his surplice. Meantime the door opened and lady Ellen appeared, but so changed by tears and grief that her features were scarcely recognizable.

"Colonel O'Byrne," she exclaimed, in a sad, low, trembling tone, "when poor Julia heard the noise at the door, she divined your return, and sent me to see if it was really yourself. She is eagerly desirous of seeing and embracing you.—She told me she was only waiting to see you in order—"

"Go on, Lady Ellen—in order?"

"In order to die in peace!" stammered lady Ellen with sobs.

(To be continued.)

REV. DR. CAHILL SERMON.

The following report of the splendid discourse delivered on last Christmas Day by Dr. Cahill, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, is copied from the *Irish American* of that city. The subject treated by the reverend lecturer, was the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation:—

St. Patrick's Cathedral was crowded to suffocation on Sunday last, owing to the announcement that the Rev. Dr. Cahill would preach at last Mass.

At half-past ten o'clock, Pontifical High Mass commenced, the Very Rev. Mr. Starrs being celebrant, and Rev. Messrs. O'Leary and Woods deacon and sub-deacon. His Grace Archbishop Hughes was present, with Rev. Messrs. McEvoy and Conron as deacons of honor.

At the Gospel, the Rev. Dr. Cahill ascended the platform of the altar, and from thence delivered the following discourse, which was listened to by the immense congregation with the deepest attention:—

My Lord Archbishop, Rev. Gentlemen and Brethren—I present to you, on the present occasion, the whole volume of the New Testament as my text.—The most important event that ever occurred or ever eternally can occur, has occurred in the anniversary of this day. At twelve o'clock last night, the Saviour of the world was born. The fact stands alone in the whole legislation of God. The logic of God frequently has thousands and tens of thousands of years between its propositions. Man's logic closes in an hour. We draw our premises in the morning and we conclude before noon. God's premises are often drawn ages and ages back into eternity; and their accomplishment may not take place for generations and generations, still His conclusions are infallible.

Millions of years before the foundation of this world was laid, the Son of God said to the Father.—The people of the earth do not please and satisfy you. You know the first transaction between you and me in the head of the book of the records of our own imperial throne. Did I not say, before the foundations of the world were laid, that I would come upon it, to substitute peace for anger in you, and save man? Last night, at twelve o'clock, that event was accomplished, though millions and millions and millions of years far back in eternity, that legislation was settled at the head of the book between God the Father and God the son. No doubt, the greatest event the world ever saw? God's anger appeased, infinitely appeased, infinity atoning for the infinite.

What was it that occurred last night at twelve o'clock? The Son said, Father, the sin of man against you has risen from the pride of the human heart. I shall appease that pride by humiliation which no tongue can tell. I shall humble myself to the very depths of the earth, by the infinity of my humiliation. In order that I may execute your commands clearly, because the will of man is finite, I shall no longer have any will. I give up the infinity of my will to you, and I shall make the human intellect real at beholding the depths of my humiliation. I know that human flesh with all its carnal appetites, has offended you. I shall, therefore, begin by making that flesh feel and suffer in my person the moment of my birth. I shall continue to afflict that flesh through the whole of its career, and shall make it pay the debt that it owes for its wicked inclinations. I shall bruise it; I shall break it; I shall bleed it;—I shall nail it to the Cross; I shall kill it. And out of that flesh which offended you I shall make a new life beyond the grave. This is the legislation that took place between you and me. And now, how did he come?

You have read the Gospel of this morning. Mary a virgin mother—a royal Virgin—the cousin of David, the king anointed, as it were, by the very hand of God himself, descended from him, his relative in the direct line of kingly genealogy, a genealogy founded and consecrated by the hand of the Imperial Ruler himself—Mary, the Mother of God, went from Nazareth to Bethlehem—sixteen English miles—without a penny in her pocket; and when she came to Bethlehem there was no room for her in the inn! Mary and Joseph retired outside of the village; and, finding her time approaching, they took refuge in the haunt of wild beasts, and there Mary brought forth the Saviour of the world, His little flesh trembling as he was wrapped in swaddling clothes and warmed in the manger by the breath of the ox and the ass. One can look at this only in silent astonishment. There is no language by which he is able to express himself upon this.—Even the angels of heaven were incapable of expressing the whole of that scene. "He came to his own and his own received him not." Was there ever such a phrase as that? "He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not." Oh, man! He came to his own, and his own received him not! The world was made by him and the world knew him not! Will you look at this picture and at that? And, while we look at the character of God the Father and God the Son, will you be pleased to think of the character of man. The Son of Man came to his own—and his own received him not." "He was in the world, and the world knew him not." The world was made by him, and it knew him not! Will you look at these two pictures!—they are both before you—the character of God and the character of man; the character of God in the infinity of His mercy, and the character of man in the infinity of His obduracy. When we read His history and represent it to you, he stands before you as the Son of God—assuming flesh? No; made flesh. He united himself as God to man so as to become flesh, born in a stable among beasts, in a foreign village; and the world that He made did not know Him! The nation to which He offered His first imperial blessing did not know him! Put that on canvass if you can. It is a subject for the internal reflection of the soul, but too great for the tongue to express. We have seen that man received Him not; yet, He gave men the power, but only the power, to become the sons of God. How beautiful is that! He did not make them but he gave them, but he gave them power to be made, by their own exertions. He gave them power to be made the sons of God, and no longer sons of men—no longer slaves of Satan. How? If they believe in His name. But, as long as they remained children of the flesh they could not be saved. As long as they remained children of men they were excluded from God. As long as they remained the slaves of Satan they were forever banished. But a new era has arrived! The Son of God has descended and lifted up the flesh, has come down and sanctified the flesh. The power of God has descended from the skies and given strength and power to man. Men are given the power to be reborn, according to this new legislation. Born of what? Not of blood; nor of the will of the flesh? He is altogether changed. Nor the will of man? No; but the will of God. A new fact. I am astonished. I cannot express it. I know very well that time was when every thing everywhere had no existence. There was nothing of all that is above us. No sun, no moon, no stars, I know it; I have read it. I believe it. He willed and he brought forth a new creation. With his imperial compass he swept the arch of space, and miriads of suns came forth at His word. He made the universe—built it up in a week. He lifted his imperial right hand and he carved on the blue page over my head His great name. I knew him capable of anything, but till I read this, I knew nothing of his making us brother of Christ by a new birth. I fancied he would leave us some means to remedy our deficiency—some plan suited to the infirmity of our nature; but, until this period, I protest, I had no conception that He was to take us above our own blood; not only above our blood, but that he was to take us altogether above the will of the flesh. By that He has put a new birth upon the whole of us, and with the birth of Christ we are no longer mere brethren of each other, but His brothers; no longer children of man, but children of God. And what a genealogy is that! Therefore, the wonderful acts of the Son of God into the flesh, as in the incredible, ineffable and unmitigable elevation of character—the new genealogy He has put upon ourselves, in being born not of the flesh and blood of man, but being born children of God.

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us. And we beheld His glory, the glory as it were, of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." This text leads me to one of the most beautiful, one of the grandest and most sublime facts of the whole legislation. He dwells with us from that hour to this. He remained among us thirty-three years personally—naturally—and when He left us He dwelt still among us sacramentally upon our altars. I can believe anything after that. I look upon him in the manger, believing, as I do, who He was, and exclaim—There is the God of the skies—Man; Infinite riches of His Father—Poverty; Infinite Majesty—Slavery; Immortality—the death of the God man! How incredible all that is! But it is all so beautiful it would be imperfect unless He remained to the end of the world. Without it that sacrifice would appear to be unfinished. I expect more, and I declare, therefore, that the most beautiful part is that text where he dwelt among us, not only when on the earth in the personal form, but He continues to the end of the earth in His sacramental form.

I know you will accompany me through the whole of the text by which that is established. I know you will ask me to give you the reasons that establish that supernatural fact. How delightful it would be to us, you say, not only that we believe this very fact, but to see the reasons put forth by which our faith will be strengthened, as it were, and conviction given to our belief. I will proceed to give you the texts—not of John, but of Christ Himself, and to lay before you, while you give me your breathless attention, the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, the doctrine of Transubstantiation—in the words and facts by which this permanent presence of Christ among us is infallibly established. They are taken from three sources—from St. John, chapter 6th; St. Matthew, chapter 26th; and St. Paul to the Corinthians, chapter 11th. You will suppose yourselves in the position of never having heard this question discussed before the present time. The verse is the 48th of the 6th chapter of John. "I am the bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the desert and are dead." I must settle these terms or I cannot advance a step. What is the meaning of the word eat? Is that an act of faith? No, not precisely, for we

know that they put manna into their mouths. It was a sort of thing like flour which they collected in the morning before six o'clock, and they did eat it. Then, in the next verse, He says—"This is the bread that cometh down from Heaven, that if any man eat of it he shall not die." Singular bread.—We all die on natural bread. It is clearly, then, not natural bread. "I am the living bread which came down from Heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh for the life of the world." Astonishing doctrine that. You will ask me, "Is that the Eucharist?" Yes. The Blessed Eucharist of the Catholic Church is the body and blood—the soul and divinity of Jesus Christ under the appearance of bread and wine—the whole substance of the bread being changed into His body, and the whole substance of the wine being changed into His blood.—Astonishing doctrine—never was anything like that—certainly. If I were allowed to speak to the Lord, then I would have said, I can believe that your flesh can give life, but how can it be that the bread you give is your flesh? The Jews said, "How can this man give us his flesh to put into our mouths and eat?" The text says they "strove" among themselves. Now that word "strove," in English, is not a perfect translation of the Greek word for which it is put, and which signifies men contending as in the field of battle—violently contending. We have, then, in this case, the whole congregation—not part—quarrelling among themselves—getting into a universal, violent altercation—as to how this man could give them his flesh to eat—put into their mouths and eat. 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."—You are lost, perdition is upon you unless you eat His flesh and drink His blood, or be in the mental condition to do it and implicitly wish for it. Awful statement! Can this be more bread? Again, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day." Do you see how the heart of Christ leaves for mankind? How he plunges the soul down to eternal perdition, and next lifts it up to heaven?—"For he says my flesh is meat indeed (alithos) and my blood is drink indeed (alithos)." "Indeed" (alithos)—means a positive fact—no image—no metaphor—no allegory. It is an obvious plain statement. Again, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood abideth in me and I in him." We are identified. This is the object of His mission. I enter into Him and He into me. It is like the sun rising over the whole vegetable kingdom banishing darkness, and everything grows beneath it. The Son of Man rises over whole generations of men, and they abide in Him and He in them. This is glorious! This is grand! I could not see how we were born into the new life; I did not know how we could banish the idea of our flesh genealogy and get a new one; but I hear it now. "As the living Father hath sent me," (a positive affirmation) "and as I live by the Father"—another oath—"so he also that eateth me, and the same also shall live by me." Here we have the fact affirmed with two positive oaths: "As my Father hath sent me—I swear by my mediatorial mission;—As I live by the Father,"—by my mediatorial existence—he who believes in Me is no longer himself, he is a new man. His flesh is saturated, embodied and identified in Me. Text after text occurs, "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." But the objector says: You say that the Eucharist is the body and blood—the soul and the divinity of Christ; that the whole substance of the bread is changed into the body of Christ and the whole substance of the wine changed into the blood of Christ? Certainly. Not so, he says, it is simply a memorial of his sufferings and death, bread remaining bread—and wine remaining wine, and the text is to be spiritually received. Very well. Let us read it then in the spiritual sense. "Amen, Amen, I say unto you, except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man—and you drink the blood of the Son of Man—and you believe in me, you shall not have life in you." The word is against him. God forbid that anything done in the name of Christ should be looked upon as novel. But if it means the spirit I cannot comprehend how man can eat—eat—the original of which means, put into his mouth. The words of the text are, "My flesh is meat indeed"—that is, is meat—a positive fact. If you mean that this is a spiritual doctrine, *per se*, I cannot make any sense of the text. I do not desire to introduce quibbles of logic, but to take the statements of Christ himself. The text says, "Many therefore of his disciples, hearing it, said: This saying is hard and who can bear it?" What is so hard? Are you not all Jews? Is not the whole of your doctrine memorials and types? Yes. Have you not got the show-bread, the doves, the oxen, the goats, the pigeons? Are not all your sacrifices types and figures? Yes. Does he speak to you then as he did—meaning types and figures, when the whole of your religion is typical? Why do you say this is a hard saying? You can look and judge whether he meant to deal in figures, or whether he meant the plain fact, that he intended to give his flesh to men to eat. Again: "Jesus knowing in himself that His disciples murmured at this said to them: Doth this scandalize you? What, then, if you shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was before?" Will you think I would bring three mysteries to prove that the sun shines through yonder glass? Would God the Father bring it to prove the doctrine of a memorial? Read this as you would read Shakespeare. I ask of you: no more in listening to me than a man would talking to a man. I am speaking like an honest man talking to honest men,—mouth to mouth, intellect to intellect. What could He mean in presenting three mysteries, not yet taken place, to prove this fact? Is it not a clear case that He desired to go to the depths of that mystery and make them comprehend it as far as he could make them? He says:—"It is the spirit that quickeneth—the flesh profiteth nothing. The words I have spoken unto you are spirit and life." But, you say to me, how can you say the flesh profiteth nothing? Does that mean the flesh of Christ? Decidedly not. In every other case he says my flesh; now he says the flesh—human flesh. So Jesus asks of Peter: Peter, do you believe in me? I do. Do you love me? Certainly. Who am I? Christ, the son of God. "Blessed art thou Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto you but my Father who is in Heaven." You did not know it of yourself, but through the grace of God, without which you can understand nothing, I am talking to you of things above nature, but you are judging of me by nature. The flesh will not do; it profits you nothing, for the doctrine I teach you is above the flesh. How beautiful! What I tell you is the spirit of life—the grace of God—comes from God, and cannot come from yourself. Will you judge of Me by the impulses of your own mind? I am talking of things only to be known by faith—a mystery. The words I have spoken are of that class. And He says to them: "There are some of you that believe not." For Jesus knew from the beginning who they were who believed not, and who would betray him. And he said: Therefore did I say unto you that no man can come to me unless he be given him by my Father. After this many of His disciples went back and walked no more with him. Then Jesus said to the twelve, will you also go away? I undertake to say that they were going away, else why did he ask the question? The twelve, after this, were actually going away, petrified, astonished, that the bread He gave was His flesh, and that they were to put that in their mouths and eat! "And

Simon Peter answered:—What right have you to answer, Simon Peter; He does not address you? There is the Pope at the foot of Christ Himself, speaking for the twelve. That is like a flash of electricity in the soul. You hear the judge say, Gentlemen of the jury, do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty? The foreman answers, Who gave him the right to speak. The legislation of the country. "Will you also go away?" And Peter answered—What right have you, Peter? By the appointment of Christ my master, in whose person I am speaking. The Pope—Peter, chief of all the Apostles—speaking the sentiments of the other eleven! What does Peter say? "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. We believe that thou art Christ the Son of the living God." I say, what kind of an answer is that?—"Lord to whom shall we go?" I do not know any one on earth who can answer the question; I say, Peter, are you a Jew? I am. I do not know a man in the whole world who can tell the meaning of what you have uttered—neither Jew nor Gentile. We know nothing about it; it is new; we never heard it before; but I tell you, we know you are Christ, and that you speak the words of eternal life; we believe that by faith. And what does Christ say?—"Have I not chosen you twelve? Could he say more? It is like a father receiving back his prodigal child, when he has made his submission. He folds him to his bosom, exclaiming, "My son—my own child!" "Have I not chosen you twelve?" my Disciples—my own Disciples!

This is the longest of my arguments. I argue a case fairly before you, as a barrister, learned in the law, argues his case; and like an honest man I read my text. But, says one to me, I want to ask you a question; I desire to say to you that, as far as you have gone the words are all in favor of the idea that His flesh was the bread. Is it His flesh, literally in its form, that they were required to eat? Certainly not. His flesh is according to the word. He states it fairly, and the argumentation is so clear and the circumstances are so evident, and all the facts presented, direct or collateral, are so strong and so irrefutable. In all these cases He said bread, and we must now go to the 26th chapter of Matthew, and 36th verse; we have it there in a few words: "Whilst they were at supper, Jesus took bread."

"What did he say in John?" "The bread I give is my flesh." And now "Jesus took bread and blessed it, and broke it, and gave it to his Disciples, and said, take ye and eat: this is—Bread?" No, no, but, positively, "This is my body." He has come now, at the Last Supper, to make His will. When does a father make his will? When he is going to leave his children. And what time does Christ make his will? When He is going to leave His Disciples—to die. What does he give them—Kingdoms and Empires? No; His Kingdom was not of this world. What then? A thing infinite like himself. He gave them His body and His blood. "For except you eat the Flesh of the son of man and drink His blood you shall not have life." And taking the chalice, he gave thanks, and gave to them, saying; drink ye all of this. For this is my blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins." He has fulfilled His word amidst the solemn silence of the Apostles. Not a word. They knew not an argument. The thing is settled. The silence of the Apostles is the most eloquent argumentation. "This is my blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins." Is that to be taken in a spiritual sense? How could the blood of a spirit forgive sin? How could the blood of a spirit be shed? Am I too strong Am I going outside the principles of philosophy? Can it be that the blood of a spirit is shed? that the blood of a memorial is shed—the blood of bread is shed and the blood of wine is shed?

I now come to St. Paul to the Corinthians, chapter 11 and verse 23. When St. Paul wrote that letter, he was 500 miles distant from that people. He says: "I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you." St. Paul was not converted until after Christ was crucified; and Paul tells us a most wonderful thing: I did not hear it from Peter, nor from one of the Apostles. He told it to me himself. He did indeed. People of Corinth, I assure you Christ told me personally Himself what I am going to tell you now. And what did he tell St. Paul? "That the Lord Jesus, on the same night on which He was betrayed, took bread, and when He had given thanks He broke it and said, take ye and eat; this is my body which shall be delivered for you; do this in commemoration of Me." After he told me what He did, He told me to do it also. He did not say think of it—reflect upon it, but do it in action. "In like manner, also, the chalice after He had supped saying 'This chalice is the New Testament in my blood.' He told me that—This do ye as often as you shall drink, for the commemoration of Me." Corinthians, He told me that. He told me more. He told me as I now tell you—"Whoever shall eat this bread and drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily shall be guilty of the body and of the blood of the Lord." St. Paul was a scholar and knew the meaning of words. He knew that to be guilty of a man's blood was to kill him, and before he expired, St. Paul wanted to tell them wonderful things. St. Paul bread and blessed and broke it, and He told me to do it. He took the chalice and told me to do it. And Paul says that whoever ate or drank this wine unworthily should be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. How can a man be guilty of the blood of bread? Mark you, a most terrible crime! "But let every man prove himself." Prove himself? What is that? Examine himself—examine his conscience. In the imperative mood. They must remember that if they are unworthy they were guilty of the blood of the Lord. He does not say, it is a good thing to eat. No. I command you Corinthians, that you prove yourselves, and eat the bread and drink the wine worthily. "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of God and drink his blood you shall not have life in you." I think, beyond all dispute, that the doctrine of the Catholic Church is clear, decided, infallible and irrefutably proven that the Eucharist is the body and blood—the soul and divinity of Jesus Christ.

But do you mean to say that the bread is transubstantiated into the body of Christ? Yes. By what? By His word. He made the world by His word.—And out of what did He make it? Nothing. Transubstantiation? Decidedly. Transubstantiation in nature is not such a thing as ought to surprise any one. There is scarcely anything in the world that is not an evidence of transubstantiation. The straw that supports the ear of corn, submitted to the test of chemical science, is stone—a pillar of stone: the corn itself is composed of phosphorus, potash, sulphur and charcoal, and other elements. All the wood we see around us, rose over a little budding plant; the silk on the imperial shoulders, came from the tree, and was transubstantiated through the silk worm. It is as if the Father said, I have kept you in the world making your whole life a succession of proofs of transubstantiation, that you may be able to comprehend the great transubstantiation. I kept the world for 4,000 years, and in order that it should not be taken by surprise, I kept the whole world in being by transubstantiation before your faces. It will be a kind of easy advance to my mind to go from nature to grace by nice comparisons. St. Paul said He took bread and broke it, and commanded me to do so; and the line of authority is perfect from St. Paul down to me. Your Archbishop, God bless him and give him long life—has given authority to priests—he has his command from another bishop—and he from another, until you finally go back to Christ Himself He tells me to do it, and I do it. But you ask, "By your own power?" Not at all. I have none. But the Holy Ghost has power and His words are put into my mouth for official purposes, and I am commanded by my Bishop to do that on the altar. I do it and I believe, therefore, when I speak the words of consecration, that the bread is changed to His body and the wine to His blood. But my opponent says, there is one