

Besides houses in St. Catharines, Thorold, Barrie and Oshawa, in the Diocese of Toronto, the Mother House has sent vigorous colonies to several places in the Dioceses of Hamilton, London and Peterborough. The number in these communities was 173, and they had charge of two academies, eighteen parochial schools, with 3615 children, and eleven charitable institutes.

M. M. B.

### FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

It was not till the thirteenth century that the Church established a special festival in honour of the Blessed Sacrament. From Apostolic times the Institution of the Eucharist had been celebrated on Thursday in Holy Week, the day before Good Friday, but since at that season the Church and her children are occupied specially with the consideration of Christ's Passion, it was desirable that some other day should be chosen, and a special feast instituted in order to concentrate the attention of the Christian world on the great dogma of the Real Presence, and also to pay due homage to that great Mystery. For the first ten centuries of the Church no Christian, no heretic even, had dared to deny or even cast a shadow of doubt on the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar, through Transubstantiation. In the eleventh century, however, heresiarchs began to attack this inexplicable Mystery of Love, but their pernicious errors were refuted on all sides, not only by learned Churchmen, but also by the Councils of the Church held in A.D. 1050, A.D. 1059, and A.D. 1078, when the true doctrine of Transubstantiation was clearly defined. It frequently pleases God to work through very humble instruments, and the weaker and more humble the instrument, the greater usually the success of the work. It was through the instrumentality of a feeble and most humble woman, St. Juliana of Cornillon, a Belgian nun, that the Church has instituted a Feast which, to the end of time, will bear witness to our Lord's presence, in His divine humanity, in the midst of His Church. The life of Juliana, called St. Juliana in the Papal Bulls, though she does not appear to have been formally canonized, was one of most remarkable holiness and humility, and from an early age she was continually seeing, in spirit, a full moon with a dark spot disfiguring its clear shining. She was given to understand, interiorly, that this dark spot signified a feast which was wanting among those celebrated by the Church. It was also revealed to her that it was God's desire that such a Feast should be established. For twenty years she kept this secret revelation to herself, and when at length she discovered it to wise and prudent persons, she met with much contradiction, as is so often the case with a work proceeding from God. However, various holy and pious persons were, one after the other, won over to belief in the authenticity of the revelations made to St. Juliana, and finally Pope John XXII. firmly established the feast of Corpus Christi in the Church, giving it an Octave, and ordering its celebration to be accompanied by a solemn Procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Previously to this, in A.D. 1264, Pope Urban IV. had instituted the festival of Corpus Christi, and had desired that a special Mass and Office for it should be written. St. Bonaventura and St. Thomas of Aquinas each prepared these, and appeared before the Pope to read what they had written. Humbly kneeling, St. Thomas read his manuscript, and so unapproachably beautiful was his work that St. Bonaventura, through a deep sense of humility, tore up the manuscript he himself had prepared, loudly proclaiming that the work of St. Thomas was alone worthy of being used at so great and holy a Feast!

The feast of Corpus Christi has then been established throughout the whole world by the authority of the Roman Pontiffs, and in itself, as well as in the devotions to which it has given birth, its establishment may be looked on as the commencement of a new phase of Eucharistic worship, in which Processions, Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament, Forty Hours' Exposition, organized Adoration find a fitting place and testify to the Church's faith in the Real Presence.

Commencing by the First Vespers of the Feast, the Church, in St. Thomas' majestic language, sings of the divine banquet and of the "High Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedech," and she continues to do so throughout all her offices of the day and of the Octave. Nor does she forget to pay a touching

homage to the Virgin Mother, who gave birth to our Lord's Eucharistic Body. Those who have denied the Son's Real Presence in the Mystery of Love, have also misunderstood the Mother, but the Church ever unite Mother and Son. On this great day in Catholic countries, the faithful lovingly prepare the roads and ways through which our dear Lord will be triumphantly borne. Flowers, banners, all that is most lovely and costly, is employed in decorating even the very walls by which He will pass, and Altars of Repose are prepared on which He will be temporarily placed for Adoration. Sweet music will send forth its lovely strains, sometimes even cannon will resound, for the King of kings is making His royal progress. As if the very woods trembled at this thought they yield their leafy boughs and their verdure is scattered around. The Mass ended, the highest of the local clergy reverently carries the Monstrance containing Him beneath a sumptuous baldacchino borne aloft by the hands of the noblest and best among the laity, and onward He comes amidst clouds of sweet-smelling incense.

"'Tis God! 'tis God! the very God

Whose power both man and angel made"—(Faber.)  
and amidst the kneeling crowd He passes shedding benedictions on all! To the inspiring sounds of the *Lauda Sion* and other eucharistic hymns, He is borne along the appointed course, and finally (in some places) exposed on the altar of the Church for the adoration of the faithful during the Octave.

White is the colour appointed for the vestments to be used on all feasts of the Blessed Sacrament, a fitting emblem of the divine purity of the Bread of Angels. In countries where the Catholic religion is not the national religion the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament does not usually pass through the streets and public ways.

G. M. WARD.

### BITS OF TRAVEL.

#### A DAY ON THE RHINE.

You may think it impossible within the space of five minutes in a foreign country to settle your hotel bill, order a conveyance, ride to the railway depot, secure your order for a ticket, get a seat in the right carriage bound for the particular country, say in Europe to which, you are going and avoid being arrested or having your baggage confiscated, but it has been done, and what is more the cabman—the licensed conveyancer—was not allowed to charge more than double the proper fare. To say that I did that would be a hollow boast—an untruthful egotism—a shameful obliquity of narrative. We did it, that is, the Conservatory student from Leipsic, assisted and obstructed by a large number of the inhabitants of Frankfort. I was a passive, silent and wondering spectator. At eight o'clock we finished at the Hotel Schwaun in that notable city what they call a breakfast in Germany—five such breakfasts would be what your boy takes to school for his lunch—and five minutes thereafter the train left the nearest station for Bebrich, a little town on the Rhine within sight of Mayence. The Hotel Schwaun is more famous for being the identical spot where the Franco-German war of 1870 was concluded than it is for the number of things they offer you for breakfast, but that is neither here nor there. We had a good dinner the day before in the courtyard and drank two bottles of wine in deference to the local custom and to the absence of anything else to drink. I forget how many thousand pfenning our bill was, but as it takes ten (or perhaps a hundred) of them to make a penny our expenses were not more than a couple of dollars per day for each. It is well to warn travellers about this foreign money. The hotel bill of Mark Twain at Naples is only the ordinary traveller's fact—instead of twenty-two thousand rees, it is ten thousand or so pfenning. I have two credible witnesses, one a Cologne pipe costing six hundred, When we reached Bebrich, an hour's ride, and were starving after the German breakfast, the Conservatory student thought well of buying some delicious fruit; I took the change—the heaviest bundle. If they pay taxes in Germany in pfenning it must cost them considerable for store room to hold them.

I did not expect to reach Bebrich or the Rhine so rapidly and the reader may like to know how in a slow going country so much could be done in so short a time as we had at Frankfort. It will explain the most of it when I say that the student talked German with a fluency and force that paralyzed the conveyancer. In that dialect of the Goths and in what I