

(3) There is no trace in the New Testament of any divine precept binding the faithful to receive the Sacrament under both kinds. No doubt our Lord at the Last Supper said to the Apostles, Drink ye all of this, but there is nothing to show that His words were intended for any but those present. And if, in point of fact, the Apostles did receive under both kinds, we cannot thence conclude that the same practice was to continue for all time, else we should also say that many other circumstances, evidently accidental, connected with the first celebration of the Eucharist should be repeated. Nor can the words of Christ in St. John vi., 54 ('Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood,' etc.) be pressed against the modern Catholic custom. 'The command that is given is to partake of the Body and Blood of the Lord. But surely, such partaking is verified even if one partake of the Host merely. The Holy Eucharist was instituted as a meal, or eating. In human custom, a man is said to "eat," or "make a meal," or "partake," even if one abstain from using a cup or drinking vessel. And, on the other hand, to partake of liquid, or quasi-liquid, nourishment out of a cup would justly be called making a meal. If, therefore, it be true that the Body and Blood of the Lord are wholly under either species, there is nothing in any command of Christ—so far as the sixth chapter of St. John goes—that bids us do more than join in that heavenly meal which is rendered possible by the Eucharistic Presence under either species. We are commanded to eat and drink the holy Body and Blood—not the species of bread and the species of wine' (Hedley, p. 98). Our Lord used this expressive language for a twofold purpose: to bring out the reality of His Presence in the Eucharist, and to show that the Sacrament was to be food and drink for the soul. But that is exactly what Catholic teaching has always insisted on, for the Church has always said that our Lord is really and wholly present, really and wholly received, under either species.

The Storyteller

THE AWAKENING OF MAYWELL

Father Haynes was the only passenger to alight from the train. The mail sack was tossed out, a trunk dropped heavily on the platform, the engine tooted and the train was off again.

'Traffic is rushing—by Maywell,' he thought. 'Not a soul in sight but the station agent.' He glanced down the one street of the village which was to be his home for an indefinite period, and although it was yet early in the evening, it seemed deserted. 'Must be a God-forsaken place,' he mused; 'a hermit's life for me. I guess I'll have to make the best of it.'

Going over to the station, he introduced himself to the agent. The agent was affable. His duties not being onerous, he was always glad to relieve the monotony of existence—and his mind—by engaging in conversation with any one similarly disposed.

'Oh, yes; there is a Catholic church in town, he told Father Haynes, in answer to his query. 'And a rectory, too; doesn't look like a palace, to be sure, but it's a house anyway.'

'Are there many Catholics here?'

'Don't know for sure. I reckon there must be quite a few scattered around. There's Pat Reardon and Herman Reckers and Frank Hogan, and—some other names I can't recall now. This is a fine country for hunting,' he broke off. 'Game is plentiful. Over in the hills west of here one can find deer and quail, and down on the marshes ducks and geese in abundance. Do you hunt, Father?'

'Occasionally—that is, when I can get a day off: for the past seven years, however, I did not have much opportunity to indulge in the sport.'

'Well, you'll have lots of time here, I'm thinking, nothing doing in this town, and I don't believe there'll be much doing in your line, either.'

As Father Haynes bade him good-night, he called out cheerily: 'I hope you'll like it here, Father. Drop into the office whenever you happen along and we'll have a talk.'

The good Father had no difficulty in locating the church. There it stood on the edge of the little town, a small frame structure with its cross pointing heavenward. Inquiring at a house in the vicinity, he was directed to Mrs. Corby's, where he would find the keys.

Mrs. Corby gave him a cordial welcome. 'Sure, Father, we didn't know you were coming, or we would have things fixed up a bit for you. Here, Jimmy (to her first-born) you run down to the house and light the fire for the Father, while I get him a bite to eat. We thought we were never going to see a priest again, after poor Father Jones, God rest him, died. The dear, good man kilt himself entirely, slaving for these on-grateful haythens. I hope they'll treat yer Reverence better. 'Tis a poor place you are coming to, but the place wouldn't be so bad if the people were half right.'

And so she rattled on, busied meanwhile with sundry pots and pans which soon began to emit an appetising odor.

Father Haynes had been assistant priest in a parish near the southern border of the diocese for the last seven years, ever since his ordination. A man of fine physique, of genial and sunny disposition and winning ways, he accomplished much good, especially among the youthful members of the flock. They admired him for his manly qualities almost as much as for his sincere piety and priestly character. He found them responsive to his every appeal, whether for picnic, concert, or fair, they always put forth their best efforts to raise funds for the cause of religion. And now, from being assistant in a well-organised parish where religion and charity were flourishing, it was the will of his bishop to transfer him to this scattered mission, where, if reports were true, there was little of the love of God or man. But the optimism of youth and health was his; and he resolved to be 'all things to all men'; to face the difficulties with courage, relying 'not on the wisdom of man, but on the power of God.'

At Mass on Sunday the little church was packed to the doors. Many who had been strangers to the house of God for years were drawn by curiosity to see the 'strange priest.' And Father Haynes evidently made a good impression, judging by their comments after Mass. 'He looks all right,' was the general verdict. 'The sermon was fine, and he didn't scold; doesn't appear stuck up, either; wonder if he likes hunting.' And Mickey Mulligan, of pugilistic tendencies, was heard to remark: 'Gee! I wouldn't care to have him tackle me. He has a powerful shoulder, and I bet he can punch some.'

For the first couple of weeks Father Haynes kept his eyes and his ears wide open. He was carefully sizing up the situation. The people, he observed, were not so very bad, in the ordinary sense of the word. They were passionately devoted to sports and games, and had a perfect craze for hunting and fishing. Living in the heart of a fertile valley, shut in from the strife and bustle of the mad, money-making world, they knew only two seasons—seed-time and harvest. They had consequently more time for play than for work. They were a light-hearted, careful people, innocent for the most part of the ways of the world without and indifferent toward religion; religion did not enter seriously into their lives. When Sunday came there was a ball game, which of course they could not miss for any consideration; or the fishing was fine over at the river; or the excitement of the chase led them on. There was always something which they preferred before Mass. And so the ordinary Sunday congregatoin was made up mainly of the 'devout female sex.' Such was the condition of things which confronted Father Haynes: not so much positive evil as religious indifference. How would he set about remedying this sad state of affairs? How would he reach the hearts of these frivolous people? After much prayer and thought he resolved to become one of them, go out with them, enter into the spirit of their sports and games, even organise hunting parties, and thus, with God's help, perhaps, gain their souls. He would be 'all things to all men, that he might gain all to Christ.'

"Pattillo"

THE BRIDAL PHOTOGRAPHER.

Specialists in Artistic Portraiture. Charming Wedding Groups and Realistic Enlargements at Popular Prices!