

require your rising daily at 6.15, you would rise at 6.15 and think no more about it. I know you boys well enough for that. Therefore, it is not early rising that keeps you away from daily Communion."

"We are not fit," said Dick. "That's the real reason."

"A worthless reason," returned Father Casey. "For that matter, nobody is fit. Our Divine Saviour knew that when He instituted the Blessed Eucharist and commanded us to receive it. He requires but two things when we receive this great Gift: that we be in the state of grace and have a good intention. There is one, and only one, all-sufficient reason that keeps you boys away. You need not try to mislead me. I know what it is."

"What?"

"You simply don't want to."

For a few moments the young men said nothing. Then O'Keefe, who had been leaning carelessly against the mantelpiece, drew a chair near the priest, sat down quietly, and said:

"Father Tim, I see you are in earnest. But what you say gives me a decided shock. Is it possible you mean we fellows should go to Communion every day?"

"There is not the slightest doubt about it, my boy."

"Father, I accept your word as true. But it is as much at variance with the view I have always held that I find it hard to adjust my mind to it. Would you explain the whole matter to us?"

"Gladly," returned the priest. "Receiving Holy Communion is receiving God into your own body. It seems almost irreverence to try to describe such a wonderful operation of divine love with such poor, halting words. Only in silent prayer and deep thought can we catch some faint idea of what this means. Jesus desires you to receive this sublime sacrament every day. Try to grasp what I say: Jesus Christ, the great God of heaven and earth, wants you to communicate daily. He not only wants you to do something—He wants you to permit Him to do something—He wants you to permit Him to get near you—to unite Himself with you in that most intimate union which, in His love for you, He seeks and craves. Would it be possible to find, in heaven or on earth, a reason stronger than this?"

"But does He want this of everybody—even of us?"

"He wants it of everybody, even of you."

"You took me up a minute ago for saying we are not fit. But, Father, it surely looks to me that we are not fit to communicate daily."

"Listen," said the priest, "there was formerly a great deal of misunderstanding on that point. The Pope, the visible representative of Jesus Christ on earth, has spoken, and the question is settled forever. He has solemnly declared that everybody without exception should receive daily if possible and that only two conditions are required to make one fit, first to be free from mortal sin, and secondly, to have a good intention."

"Father," said Barney, "it is a hard thing to do. However, if God desires it of me, I don't want to be a coward and refuse because it is hard. But isn't it almost impossible for young fellows like us?"

"You mean getting up so early every morning?"

"Oh, no; I think I'm man enough to do that. It's the constant restraint."

"Restraint in what?"

"Father, I'll be plain. Here, for example, I fall in with a crowd of fellows and they get telling shady stories. If I were a daily communicant, I should have to be continually on my guard not to encourage them or to fall into the same thing myself. Or I go out with a girl. I'd have to be always looking out not to be too free with her in any way. Why, even I'd have to watch my step at a dance or a show or simply in regard to what I look at in walking down the street."

"You mean, if you were a daily communicant, you would have to exercise continual restraint in order not to commit mortal sin or to put yourself in the proximate danger of committing mortal sin?"

"Exactly."

"My boy, you have to exercise that much restraint over yourself, even though you are only a yearly communicant. You can never make a good confession unless you are resolved, with a genuine man's resolution, always to exercise that much restraint over yourself. Isn't that true?"

"Well, yes, Father, when we come down to brass tacks, what you say is true. We are in this world for only one thing—to serve God. Mortal sin is a deadly outrage against God. The least we can do is to be always on our guard not to outrage Him by mortal sin."

"I know," said Father Casey gently, "that you boys are trying to do this now. But you find it hard. That is because you have the wrong adjustment. You are making the salvation of your soul your secondary instead of your principal business. It won't work. The world to-day is such that you can't live like a man of the world without being a traitor to God. You have attempted to make a compromise with sin. It can't be done. Begin daily Communion, and you will have the occasion and the strength to cast this ignoble compromise to the winds. You dread

confession now because you must examine back over a month or more and try to see how often you came out on top and how often you went under in this compromise business. The result is always difficult and always unsatisfactory. Can't you see that, instead of making the struggle harder, you would make it much easier by being a daily communicant? Communion gives strength. To some it gives a feeling of piety; to some it doesn't. Feeling has absolutely nothing to do with the matter. Communion gives strength—this is certain—it is a dogma of faith. Strength is what you want. You want it every day. Go to Communion every day, and you will get it. Confession will be easier because you will confess oftener and you will keep a closer check on yourself."

"But suppose a fellow should make a slip?"

"If it is clearly a mortal sin, go to confession that night or the next morning, before Mass. But don't miss one Communion on account of it. The very fact that you slip shows how much you need the constant help of Communion. Go to confession. That is not too much to do if you are facing the problem of your eternal destiny like a man and not like a baby. If the slip is a venial sin or a doubtful mortal sin, make a good act of contrition and go to Communion without any fear."

"I suppose there would be all kinds of talk if three young fellows like us were to begin daily Communion," mused Dave.

"For two or three mornings," replied the priest, "the neighbors would say, 'Look who's here.' After that they would take it as a matter of course."

"I guess that is about right," assented Barney. "Other people bother their heads about us far less than we imagine."

"Quite true, Barney, quite true—of all but one. There is one true friend who thinks of you always. He longs for your company and is lonely when you keep away from Him. It is His cause I am pleading," said Father Casey.

—REV. C. D. McENNIERY in *The Liguorian*.

D. F. MacCarthy, a Great Poet

(By G. F. CUMING, in the *Irish World*.)

With bounding step up Freedom's rugged side, Advance!

Knowledge will lead thee to the dazzling heights, Advance!

Tolerance will teach and guard thy brother's rights, Advance!

Faint not! for thee a pitying Future waits, Advance!

Be wise, be just, with will as fixed as Fate's Advance!

—D. F. MacCarthy.

A town-bred bard, having been born in Dublin on May 26, 1817, Denis Florence MacCarthy, nevertheless, received his most vivid impressions from external nature. Love of all its shifting pageants is evident in his verse. Always, too, there is love of Ireland. Ireland is almost exclusively the theme and inspiration of his original poems, which possess, in a high degree, grace, tenderness, and gaiety, intermingled with that

touch of pathos which one finds in the best Irish poetry.

MacCarthy's first verses were published in the *Dublin Satirist*, before he had completed his seventeenth year. In 1843, he began contributing a series of political poems to the *Nation*, over the signature "Desmond." These contributions were marked by moderation and good taste. Like many of his contemporaries, MacCarthy espoused the Repeal movement, and joined in the work of political associations; but his political interests were always subordinate to his literary tastes. He remained with the O'Connell party on the final disruption of the Repeal Association.

Did Not Follow Law.

MacCarthy was called to the Bar in 1846, but did not practise. In that year he edited a book of Irish Ballads, with an introductory essay on the history and religion