

composed of the faithful ones who are always present, and of others not so faithful, but summoned now by Christ and eager to begin again. The celebrant at the altar pronounces the sacred words of Consecration, and the Most Pure Babe is ready to be taken into our hearts. He deals more intimately with us than He did with the Wise Men and the shepherds!

Yes, it is the same—the same Christmas. The world will go on, always having its worldlings who scoff at religion. Ever and ever shall we hear old objections in new garments. This must be. But side by side with the foolish, will be found the wise.

## BENEDICTION, CHRISTMAS DAY

---

*SEBASTIAN CARLSON, O.P.*

Now the Host  
Is raised on high;  
In the Monstrance  
God is nigh!

See not there  
A wafer white,  
But an Infant  
Lapped in Light.

Mary holds  
Him in her hands;  
Magi kiss His  
Swaddling bands.

Come, adore  
Creation's boast!  
See the Child,  
Forget the host.