

treasures of mercy and love placed at our disposal in the Mass, the bold though reverent words of St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi rise to our lips: 'Of a truth, Thou hast made a fool of Thyself, Christ, for the love of man.'

The Mass, then, is a sacrifice, for it fulfils all the conditions: (1) a visible thing is offered, namely, the Body and Blood of Christ under the appearances of bread and wine; (2) the offering is made by Christ Himself through His minister, consecrated for that purpose; (3) the Victim is destroyed in a mystical or symbolical fashion in the separate consecration of bread and wine; (4) the sacrifice is offered 'for all faithful Christians living and dead'; (5) men, through Christ, their Head, thereby pay to the sovereign majesty of God the homage due to It. No doubt Mass is often celebrated in honor of our Lady or the Saints; but it is never, it could not be, offered to them, they are not the objects of an act of worship. Indirectly, however, we do honor the Saints on these occasions: (a) for we return thanks to God for the graces vouchsafed to those glorious confessors of the Faith, and, as St. Augustine says, 'stimulate our ardor in the fight for the palm of victory, after the example of the Christian hero whose noble deeds we commemorate'; (b) and again we ask with confidence during the Holy Sacrifice for the help of the Saint's powerful intercession.'

The Sacrifice of our altars is substantially that of the Last Supper and Cross, for the same Jesus Christ offers and is offered in the one case and the other. But there are some differences: (1) in the sacrifice of the Last Supper and Cross Christ celebrated in person, whereas now He celebrates by the ministry of His priests; (2) then He consecrated His mortal Body, now through His representative He offers the same Body, but in its glorious and immortal life; (3) then He completed the sacrifice by the shedding of His Blood, now He makes the offering without such shedding; (4) the Mass satisfies for sins, only because it is Calvary over again, the application of merits and satisfactions gained once for all.

The Storyteller

THOU SHALT NOT COVET

Often as Mrs. Digby motored past the little green-shuttered house where the blacksmith lived, she would turn her face enviously to listen to the shouts of childish laughter that came from the hedged-in garden where the little ones played.

The smithy had seven children, and had much ado to feed and clothe and bring them up on his none too large earnings. And Mrs. Digby, the wife of the squire of Huntsville, possessed of everything that the heart of a woman is supposed to desire—riches, beauty, rank, and jewels that had excited society itself, envied the poor man with his whitening hair and stooped shoulders—envied every cottage woman she saw with a babe at her breast, because she was childless.

She had got into the way lately of coming round by Linnet lane, and calling on one pretext and another. And the children would rush to the gate to gaze at the great motor car; and the blacksmith's wife would fly to gather the little ones close to her like a motherly hen collecting her chicks. She grew to hate the green monster, that seemed to her like the car of Juggernaut, and she wished that Mrs. Digby would choose some other way. There sprang up in her mind a kind of dislike of this beautiful woman, with her imperious blue eyes and delicately-tinted face, and her magnificent motor coats, who came to envy her children. She knew better than if she had been told, that it was Bossy on whom the squire's wife had fastened her covetous gaze.

Bossy was three. All the other children were fair—even the fat, rollicking baby had hair like golden silk; but Bossy was dark—a wee, sturdy man, with black brows that frowned with the earnestness of his

thoughts, beautiful black eyes, and a scarlet mouth, that made all beholders long to snatch him up and kiss him, and a face as brown as a brigand's.

Bossy, pondering over the weighty matters in his alphabet-book, and trying to solve such profound problems as to why a big 'B' and a little 'a' should mean the voice of the sheep in the meadow, was a delicious sight; but to see him laughing, all the solemnity of his handsome little face broken up into dimples, was a vision of enchantment that could never be forgotten.

The mother shivered often at the light that sprang into the childless woman's face as she watched him, and though she tried to pity her and not to mind when she gathered Bossy up against her breast, and sought to coax him to come with her, the sight raised strange thoughts in her mind; and she sighed with relief when the great green car had glided away and left all her children with her.

'She is always wanting to take Bossy away with her,' the wife told her husband as they sat together. 'I suppose I ought to feel proud that she takes so much notice of him, but somehow it worries me.'

He looked at her as she bent her head over the tiny sock she was darning. He had often suspected that Bossy was the dearest to her of all her children, and now he was sure. He put his kind hand on her shoulder.

'This is foolish, dear. And you like the children to be admired, don't you?'

'Oh, yes!'

'She is childless, too,' said he, gently. 'Why should you not share a little of your happiness with her, and let her enjoy the society of Bossy for an hour or two? It would not rob you of anything, love.'

She compressed her lips tightly, and wove her needle in and out for a minute or two without speaking. Then she lifted another little sock from her piled-up basket, and held it out to him.

'Look at that, Richard. Bossy's feet wear through his socks sooner than any of the others—his little feet are never still, bless them!'

Then she dropped it on her lap, and, turning, hid her face against her husband's shoulder.

'Tired, love?'

'No, no! I think I'm too happy to ever feel tired, and I'm sure I've no time for it either, Richard I'm a selfish, jealous woman!'

'The least selfish woman in the world,' said the man tenderly.

'I'm not, Richard. If I were an unselfish woman I wouldn't begrudge another anything that I have, but somehow, when Mrs. Digby comes here in all her beautiful clothes, and with her beautiful face, and I see Bossy in her arms, and see her looking at him as though she were going to take him from me, I feel so strangely—as though something was going to happen—and I want to pull him away from her and run out of the room with him.'

'That is very foolish—very wrong, Kitty.'

'Yes, I know it is, for Bossy is mine, and only God can part us, and I am his mother. Richard, I won't be mean and selfish any longer: I'll be tender-hearted to all poor women who have not been sent my blessings, and I'll let Mrs. Digby have Bossy whenever she wants him for an hour or two, and I will fight against all these queer, wicked, jealous thoughts that come into my mind.'

And so Mr. Digby got her way at last, and the great green car was permitted to bear off Bossy.

It came at length that he often spent a day at a time up at the Hall, and when he returned he came with full hands, for nearly everyone in the little household had to share in Bossy's good fortune. Only the mother turned away often from the little baskets of game and other luxuries that were so useful an addition to that bare little larder; to her it all looked like bribery.

Up at the Hall the wee dark boy was waited on like a king, the very pick of the New York toyshops were sent down for his edification, and he played with his trains and his great Noah's Ark in the long white drawing-room, with a beautiful, eager woman always ready to join in all his games. It was fairyland to

"Pattillo"

THE BRIDAL PHOTOGRAPHER. Specialises in Artistic Portraiture Charming
Wedding Groups and Realistic Enlargements at Popular Prices!

GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.