

for the tray. She glanced in the hall mirror at the reflection of her flushed face, and nodded to it gravely.

'It's a good thing for you, Miss Impertinence, that you are new. If you had been here a year, your retreat might not have been so orderly.'

For a few moments after Marion had left them, Dave and his mother sat silent.

'Mother,' Dave said, and his voice was a little hushed, 'it isn't so, is it?'

Mrs Manson tried to be honest.

'I don't think so,' she said, slowly.

'Well, we must make sure.'

For several days Mr. Manson was confined in his room; yet they were the most satisfying days that he had known for a long time.

Marion read to him and surrounded him with the books that she had found he loved. Together they planned to turn the spacious upper hall into a library; she was to have all her father's books and many other things sent on for the room.

'I'll build some fine bookcases,' Dave said, enthusiastically. 'But I am afraid it will be cold there in the winter.'

Then Mrs. Manson made a suggestion. She was a little shy, a little reluctant to show her approval, but she had become thoughtful since Marion's onslaught, and she was putting her desires farther into the background than she ever had done before.

'There's a Franklin stove in the attic. We could have it fixed up, and it would be almost as good as a fireplace.'

'You dear!' Marion cried. 'Thank you!'

It was not altogether the stove for which Marion was expressing thanks.

So the partnership expanded and grew big enough to include them all. Every morning Dave came in for advice, and the wonder in Mr. Manson's eyes gave place to contentment.

On a night late in the summer there was to be a mass-meeting in the village. A state issue that especially affected the neighborhood was to be discussed.

'It's damp; do you think you'd better go?' Mrs. Manson asked her husband, anxiously.

'Don't you worry about me, Julia,' he replied.

'Of course I'm going.'

Near the close of the meeting the chairman startled the Manson family by calling on Mr. Manson to express his views on the question.

Mr. Manson drew a sharp breath. She had almost forgotten that her husband had an intelligence apart from hers, and the thought of his speaking was as terrifying to her as the prospect of addressing the meeting herself would have been.

She clutched at his coat to keep him from rising. On the other side, Marion was urging him on.

He rose slowly: but when once he was on his feet, the old exultation that he had felt in his brief college days, when he was a leader in the debates, surged over him.

Quietly and forcibly, with no attempt at oratory, he laid before the people the facts as he saw them and the logical inferences. There was not a better speech made, and after he had finished, there was no one who did not clearly understand the issue.

He sat down, and was surprised at the burst of applause.

'O Father Manson, you're fine!' Marion exclaimed, when they were in the carriage. 'I think I'm going to cry.'

'I didn't know it was in you, David,' his wife said, with her hand on his arm. That remark made up for the scrubbing of many floors.

The next morning Marion went to the city. She returned while the Mansons were at dinner, and entered the dining-room, bearing a great bouquet of flowers.

'For the assemblyman-to-be!' she said, dramatically, and gave it to Mr. Manson.

'What are you talking about?' Dave asked, bewildered.

'There were two men sitting in front of me on the train this morning,' she answered. 'They were talking about father's speech, and they said he was the

one man to send up to the legislature this fall. I don't know who they were, but they were personages.'

'They didn't mean Dave?' Mrs. Manson asked, anxiously.

'I should think not! They said father could go now, because young Dave had settled down.'

David Manson rose. The stoop had disappeared from his body and the last trace of sadness from his eyes. The past was gone. Before him stretched a future of usefulness and activity,—a new and splendid opportunity—and he was content.

THE NEW 'RITUS SERVANDUS'

We have been asked to reproduce the following notice of the new (English) *Ritus Servandus*, which appears in the columns of the *London Tablet*:—

The new *Ritus Servandus in Solemni Expositione et Benedictione SSi Sacramenti*, expected for several years past, has at length been issued by Messrs. Burns and Oates in the name of the Bishops of England and Wales. Its observance is obligatory throughout the three Provinces of Westminster, Birmingham, and Liverpool, and in the Preface their Lordships remind the clergy to study and put its regulations into practice with minute care.

The former *Ritus*, issued in the year before the restoration of the hierarchy, was due to the initiative of Cardinal Wiseman, then Bishop of Melipotamus and Vicar-Apostolic of the London District. Throughout his episcopate he was animated by a keen desire to foster a greater devotion amongst the faithful to the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. The third of the four resolutions which he wrote down during the retreat preparatory to his consecration as Bishop, in 1840, was 'to promote devotion to the Blessed Sacrament by Exposition and the Forty Hours' Adoration.' And he faithfully carried it into effect by introducing the practice of the Forty Hours' Prayer and by encouraging more frequent Benedictions. But his characteristic love for the correctness and dignity of ritual was offended by the various abuses and the lack of uniformity that had crept into the Benediction service. We can, therefore, easily understand the motives that urged the Vicars-Apostolic to draw up the first *Ritus*. In their own words: 'Vicariis Apostolicis visum est et divini cultus decori et fidelium aedificationi consultum fore, si unicus tantum modus tam sacrum peragendi opus ubique locorum constitueretur.' And the pattern on which they intended to model this uniform rite was, as a matter of course, the rite in use at Rome, as was expressly stated in the first Provincial Council of Westminster.

Since Wiseman's day, Benediction has become more and more popular, until it now forms, if not the main, at least the most attractive element of Catholic devotion in the eyes of the faithful. It is, therefore, of the first importance that the performance of this sacred rite should be carefully regulated. But, as the Bishops point out in the 'Praemonenda' to the new *Ritus*, the old *Ritus* has long been out of date in many respects. Even in the beginning it did not precisely correspond with the use of Rome; and during the sixty-three years that have since elapsed many important laws have been made, always in the sense indicated by the 'practice of the City.' The old *Ritus* has therefore ceased to answer the wishes of its framers. In these circumstances, then, the Bishops, acting on the same motives as the Vicars-Apostolic ('quosque idem movet cum Romano more consensus'), caused a new *Ritus* to be drawn up, which should embody, in a brief and summary manner, the essential parts of the Church's legislation, as far as it bears on the Benediction service.

As guaranty for the correctness of the new *Ritus* we have not only the fact that it is prescribed by the hierarchy of the three Provinces, but also the seal and the formal sanction of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. The official approbation bears the signatures of the secretaries both of the Sacred Congregation of Rites and of the Liturgical Commission of the same

Ken. Mayo

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