

ment of Holy Orders; the reality and necessity of sacrifice; the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist under both kinds; the efficacy of prayer and Mass for the dead, and the existence of Purgatory. The truths of faith are necessarily expressed in words, and it is important that the language in which they are expressed should always remain the same, both as regards the words, and even more as regards their meaning. A vernacular being essentially a living language fluctuates, while an ancient tongue, like the Latin, is fixed and stable in its character. The latter is much better adapted to the exact expression of the Church's doctrine and rites in these liturgical forms which play so large a part in handing down to successive generations the revelation of God' (Gavin: *The Sacrifice of the Mass*, p. 30).

3. The Mass is something higher and greater than a mere prayer, in which the faithful have a part; it is a solemn sacrifice, a public, official acknowledgment of God's dominion offered in the name of the Church for the living and the dead. The people join in the Sacrifice; it is offered in the name of the Church, of which they are members, and for them; it is not, however offered by them, but by the God-made-Man through the ministry of one who has been specially set apart and strengthened by the graces of a Sacrament for that purpose. If that minister carries out all that is required the Sacrifice is duly offered, for it is above all an action. The faithful best assist at and take their part in that action, by following its course in a reverent and devout way.

The Storyteller

MRS. SPILLER'S 'TREATMENT'

Everything in Mrs. Spiller's kitchen fairly beamed with cleanliness, from the speckless window-panes, brilliant-yellow floor, shining range with its array of dazzling copper kettles, to the mistress of the house herself, whose stiffly starched gingham gown and apron creaked ominously as their weaver swayed to and fro in her rocking-chair.

Mehitable Spiller was a woman of fifty, sharp-featured and anxious of countenance, as became a strenuous housewife; for the 'Widder' Spiller had acquired a reputation not easily sustained. No woman for miles around made such bread and pies, such butter and cheese, as she; none equalled her in the number and gorgeousness of the home-made rugs and quilts that adorned her floors and beds.

Naturally the widow was not unmindful of the prestige she had gained, hence she repudiated with scorn brother Dan's frequent suggestion as to the expediency of introducing 'hired help' into her immaculate kitchen. She had kept house for Dan for many years, and the bachelor's single-blessedness was generally attributed to his sister's aversion to being superseded in the domestic domain by a sister-in-law. This was unjust to Mehitable, however: she was willing, nay anxious, that he should marry, provided he chose the 'right one'—that one, in her opinion, being Miss Charlotte Crandall. This young woman was an orphan, amiable and capable, and possessed of considerable means. What more could he desire?

Unfortunately, Mehitable had a conviction that every man required 'managing,' and, alas! Dan had a weakness for a youthfully pretty face which might upset the match-maker's plans, for Charlotte had neither extreme youth nor beauty to recommend her. Hence the widow refrained from urging her preference, though at the same time she discouraged his attentions to others.

Now it happened that Charlotte was just making a neighborly call on our friend. The spinster was a person of some consequence in these days, having recently returned from a two months' visit to Boston. The widow, as a stay-at-home body, was full of inquiries.

'I wonder, now,' she ventured, after a lull in her first storm of questions, 'ef you happened to hear anthin' 'bout that Christian Science that's round?'

The widow referred to the cult as one might to a contagious disease; but the visitor was too embarrassed to note the manner of speech.

'I never dreamed anybody up this way would hear the first thing 'bout that!' she exclaimed.

'Wall, I guess they hain't, 'ceptin' me,' returned the widow complacently. 'I run up ag'in it in an old paper—I'm pooty observin', you know—an' I thought right away 'twas more'n likely you'd be posted.'

Confusion and indecision were blended in Charlotte's rosy, freckled face. 'I never means to speak of it, an' I dunno's I orter,' said she, 'but I did hear consider'ble 'bout it. To tell the truth,' she added, spurred on by the growing interest in her companion's face, 'Ezry's folks was all carried away with it an' Maria's took lessons!'

'I wanter know!' ejaculated Mehitable delightedly. 'Then do jes' tell what it's like. It 'peared dretful queer to me.'

'Oh! it's wonderful! wonderful!' answered Charlotte impressively. 'Why, they say it's jest's easy as can be to cure folks of most ev'rythin.'

'Pear to me that's going to make it ruther bad for the doctors,' suggested Mehitable thoughtfully.

'Wall, of course ev'rybody don't b'lieve in it yet,' admitted Charlotte. 'I ain't sure's I do, though I did see Maria cure Ezry of a dreadful sick headache. It was one Sat'day afternoon, an' she'd been out shoppin'. He was groanin' an' takin' on terrible when she come home. She got right down an' give him a "treatment" 'fore she took off her hat, an' ef you'll b'lieve it he was up an' eating baked beans inside of an hour.'

'What's a "treatment"? demanded the practical Mehitable.

'Why, it was jest tellin' him he hadn't any headache, and that there wasn't any such thing as pain—she didn't speak out loud, she said it to herself, you know. She said some of 'em would have treated him that he hadn't any head, but she thought that was going too far.'

'I should say she went far 'nough, ef she could make anybody with sick headache hev a relish for baked beans,' observed the widow dryly.

'It did seem a'most mirac'lous,' said Charlotte. 'But that ain't anything to what they can do, 'cordin' to Maria. They give what she calls "absent treatment," an' cure folks without their sensin' it. Maria made Ezry's brother leave off smokin', an, he never mistrusted, till afterwards, what the reason was he didn't care any more for terbaccer. His wife was dreadful pleased.'

'That was cur'us, sure 'nough,' agreed the widow.

'Oh, I-ain't told you half I heard,' said Charlotte. 'I dunno's I b'lieve it all, but I guess there's somethin' in it. They say they can infloouence folks to do what's right in other things. But, dear me! how I've been runnin' on. I ought to be home this minute.'

'You musn't think of going till after supper,' urged the widow. 'Dan would be reel disappointed to miss seein' you.'

'I heard Dan was keein' comp'ny with Abbie Green,' remarked Charlotte, rather irrelevantly, a gleam of amusement in her demure gray eyes.

'That triflin' thing!' rejoined Dan's sister with asperity. 'He might 'a' waited on 'er home from prayer-meetin' or singin'-school, or somethin' like that, but nothin' more.'

'I was only sayin' what I heard,' responded Charlotte, tying the strings of her shade-hat. 'But reely, I must be goin'.'

There was a dissatisfied expression on Mehitable's thin face, as she watched her departing guest. 'Looks most's though she was runin' away from him,' she soliloquized. Then, shading her eyes from the western sun, she turned her head in the opposite direction, where a cloud of dust was visible in the distance. That dusty cloud meant that the cattle were straggling homeward, and that not far behind them was the master of the farm.