

distributed to the people immediately after the Communion by the priest or deacon.'

The offerings are wheaten bread and grape wine. These are prescribed as essential, not because of their intrinsic value, but because Christ used them. With the wine at least a drop of water is mixed, and that for two reasons: first, our Lord, we have good ground for believing, mingled water with wine at the Last Supper, and secondly, the mixture represents the blood and water that flowed from Christ's side, and in which the Church was born. The wine and water may also be taken to represent Jesus Christ and His people. The wine will in a moment be changed into the Blood of Christ, and hence it requires no blessing; the water on the contrary is blessed because the people for whom it stands require to be blessed before being united with Christ. Suitable prayers are said as the elements of the Sacrifice are offered to God the Father, and the blessing of the Holy Ghost, the God of Holiness and Love, is invoked.

The priest now proceeds to wash the tips of the fingers, the thumb and forefinger, which at his ordination were consecrated for the offering of the Adorable Sacrifice, and as he does so he recites a portion of the twenty-fifth Psalm. This action symbolises the purity of soul, the removal of even the slightest stains of sin, required of the celebrant; 'for,' says St. Cyril, 'we should stand at the altar with spotless hands and purest hearts.'

The prayer 'Receive, O Holy Trinity' follows. The celebrant begs God to accept the offering just made not on account of his own merits or virtues, but for the sake of Jesus Christ, and in honor of Christ's Blessed Mother, the Apostles, and all the saints. 'Sacrifice is (1) the supreme act of worship to God alone. The offering is in memory of the Passion . . . (2) in memory of the Resurrection, for the immortal body of Jesus Christ is consecrated; (3) in memory of the Ascension, for Christ Who died for us and rose again in the same Body which lies in the Eucharist, has ascended into heaven to intercede for us. The Sacrifice is offered in honor of our Lady and the saints; not to them, and the motive is that our Lady and the saints may intercede for us in heaven. In honoring His Mother and the saints we honor our Lord in His best friends.'

After kissing the altar as a sign of affection for Him Whom it represents and for the relics of the saints therein contained, the priest turns towards the people and invites them to pray that the Sacrifice, theirs as well as his, may be acceptable in God's eyes.

The Offertory act closes with 'Secrets,' that is, secret prayers corresponding to the Collects, in which God is asked to accept the gifts and to make the offerers worthy.

The Storyteller

THE BANK RECEIPT

(BY ALICE DEASE.)

There was one missing—the spotted heifer that Maureen had petted all the summer through. Hugh frowned as he counted his little herd again. Why must women needs go pet the beasts, taking from them the fear that God Himself gave for their protection? But in a moment the frown was chased away by the remembrance of the girl followed everywhere by her pet, its ungainly limbs stumbling over banks and walls in valiant efforts to keep near the mistress that it loved.

'Take them home, Rory,' he said, turning to the thin-coated sheep-dog who crouched behind him in the heather. 'Home, I say!' as Rory's eyes questioned wistfully whether the task was to be carried out alone: then, very unwillingly, he lurched up towards the cattle, intimating with a short snapping bark that they were to continue their homeward way along the mountain-side. Far below, the outlines of the farm buildings showed as dark blotches against the grey expanse of

rough pasturage. The light had failed too much for the yellow of the thatch or even for the white walls to be distinguished, and Hugh realised that he must hurry if he was to reach the boggy lake, where he guessed the foolhardy beast had been trapped, before the night came on.

A cutting wind from the north-east swept on him as he breasted the hill, and a heavy cap of clouds hung on the heights above him. He had the track of the other cattle before him. They had wandered far that day in search of herbage, but all except the truant had come back before night to their usual haunts. Hugh knew the place they had been to, well: a little lake, sunk down in the heart of the mountain, with a treacherous band around it where the grass was green above, even in the winter-time, but underneath the bog made no foothold for the unwary; and, clambering at last to the topmost spur above him, Hugh was just able to make out a shapeless form on the green, held prisoned just as he expected. It was a steep climb down, for he chose a more direct path than that by which the cattle had come, but once beside the lake he did not take long to free the heifer. She was a small, light beast, and active enough to help herself as soon as her legs were partially freed, but she stood quite still, partly from fright, partly, perhaps, as an effect of the petting which Hugh considered had helped her disaster, whilst he wiped the bogstuff off her with handfuls of reeds and bracken.

It was not only from seeking cattle that Hugh was familiar with the track along which he now hurried his rescued charge. Far as it was from the road, or even from any other dwelling, this mountain-top had been chosen by a lone old woman as her home, and Hugh was a frequent visitor in the cabin where Katty Duggan lived, with her pair of goats and half a dozen of long-legged hens. They were both solitary beings, and maybe that was what had drawn them together. Hugh was a fever orphan. His parents had gone the same day to their long rest, and the boy, left behind, had never known any home but the corner of whatever farmhouse he happened to be working in. He had always looked forward to going to America when he came to be twenty years of age, for it is considered useless in Drinagh and around for lads to face the hard climate and harder work of the States any younger. But at nineteen Hugh had gone as servant boy to the Carmodys, just for a few months he had said; but the months had lengthened, and he had come to be twenty, and twenty-two, and soon he would be twenty-five, and yet he had not gone away. And, meanwhile, Maureen Carmody had grown to womanhood.

It was summer-time when Hugh came across old Katty Duggan. Every sod of turf for all her winter's firing had to be carried on her back from the turf banks far below right up the mountain to her cabin. He had taken the creel from her the first time they had met, for it went against him to see a woman, and an old woman worse than all, with her back bent over such a load. After that her turf-reek grew apace, for it was seldom an evening passed that he did not take up a basket or two, until all the lot was carried. Then he found that the water on the mountain was too brackish for the tea, and if ever the sheep or cattle brought him that way there was always a tin can in his hand with sweet fresh water in it, drawn from the well in the hollow. At first he had talked of the time when he'd be going, but soon that dropped, though Katty knew he had his passage paid, for she'd seen it in his hand the day he bought it with his hard-earned savings, and the old woman counted on having him till the end. And he was all she had now—all but for Paddy, so she maintained, in spite of everything; though the neighbors knew well that Paddy, too, had gone home, for hadn't he the two feet already in the grave when nothing would do him but to go off back to the States, and he only after coming home a few months; but there's no man so restless as he that has the wasting sickness on him, so Paddy had gone off 'to put the winter over him, beyond,' as he said. But that winter and twenty others had gone by, and no word had come to the old mother who still waited.

Hugh found her very ailing when, opening her