

religion. It is the prayer of prayers, which we are saying, a secret holy action which we are performing. Silence becomes the representative of the divine High Priest when celebrating the divine mystery. Truly, 'the Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him' (Habacuc ii., 20) (Nieuwbarn, p. 59).

The celebrant begins by raising his hands and eyes to heaven, for he is going to speak to God the Father, but he immediately lowers them and bows in humble supplication. He then kisses the altar, as a fresh sign of respect and love. These actions accompany the opening words of the 'Te Igitur,' in which the celebrant prays that God will sanctify the gifts offered and will protect, unite, govern, and give peace to the Church. Mention is specially made of the Supreme Pontiff, because as Ruler of the Church he stands in urgent need of help from the Mass, and of the Bishop of the diocese, as the centre of unity for his flock. This prayer for the whole Church gives all the faithful who are in the state of grace a share in the general fruit attached to every offering of the Sacrifice.

The Memento for the Living. The celebrant now proceeds to make a remembrance of those living persons for whose benefit the Mass is being specially offered, of those souls who are dear to him, and of those who are now assisting at the Sacrifice, for their very presence gives them a special claim to its fruits. For all these he begs redemption, salvation, and even bodily health. 'What a privilege it is indeed to be mentioned or thought of by a priest when he is about to accomplish the most awe-inspiring and the most sacred of possible acts. Ah, if only more faith were ours! . . . We shall learn one day, perhaps too late, what one more Mass, heard with faith and devotion—which are the two conditions named in the Memento—would have been worth with regard to eternity.'

The Storyteller

OUR FIRST BURGLAR

When our new suburban house was completed I took Sarah out to see it, and she liked it all but the stairs.

'Edgar,' she said, when she had ascended to the second floor, 'I don't know whether it is imagination or not, but it seems to me that these stairs are funny, some way. I can't understand it. They are not a long flight, and they are not unusually steep, but they seem to me unusually wearying. I never knew a short flight to tire me so, and I have climbed many flights in the six years we have lived in flats.'

'Perhaps, Sarah,' I said, with mild dissimulation, 'you are unusually tired to-day.'

The fact was that I had planned those stairs myself, and for a particular reason I had made the rise of each step three inches more than the customary height, and in this way I had saved two steps. I had also made the tread of the steps unusually narrow; and the reason was that I had found, from long experience, that stair carpet wears first on the tread of the steps, where the foot falls. By making the tread narrow, I reduced the wear on the carpet to a minimum. I believe in economy where it is possible. For the same reason I had the stair banisters made wide, with a saddle-like top to the newel post, to tempt my son and daughter to slide down stairs. The less they used the stairs the longer the carpet would last.

I need hardly say that Sarah has a fear of burglars—most women have. As for myself, I prefer not to meet a burglar. It is all very well to get up in the night and prowl about with a pistol in one hand, seeking to eliminate the life of a burglar, and some men may like it; but I am of a very excitable nature, and I am sure that if I did find a burglar, and succeeded in shooting him, I should be in such an excited state that I could not sleep again that night—and no man can afford to lose his night's rest.

There are other objections to shooting a burglar in the house, and these objections apply with double force when the house and its furnishings are entirely new. Although some of the rugs in our house were red, not all of them were; and I had no guarantee that if I shot a burglar he would lie down on a red rug to bleed to death. A burglar does not consider one's feelings, and would be quite as apt to bleed on a green rug, and spoil it, as not. Until burglarizing is properly regulated and burglars are educated, as they should be, in technical burglary schools, we cannot hope that a shot burglar will staunch his wound until he can find a red rug to lie down on.

And there are still other objections to shooting a burglar. If all burglars were fat, one of these would be removed; but perhaps a thin burglar might get in front of my revolver, and in that case the bullet would be likely to go right through him and continue on its way, and perhaps break a mirror or a cut-glass dish. I am a thin man myself, and if a burglar shot at me he might damage things in the same way.

I thought all these things over when we decided to build in the suburbs, for Sarah is very nervous about burglars, and makes me get up at the slightest noise and go poking about. But I knew that one is much less protected in a suburb than in town, and when I decided to build I studied the burglar protection matter most carefully. I desired some method by which I could finish up a regular burglar properly without having to leave my bed, for although Sarah is brave enough in sending me out of bed to catch a burglar, I knew she must suffer severe nerve strain during the time I was wandering about in the dark. Her objection to explosives had also to be considered, and I really had to exercise my brain more than common before I hit upon what I may now consider the only perfect method of handling burglars.

Several things coincided to suggest my method. One of these was Sarah's foolish notion that our silver must, every night, be brought from the dining-room and deposited under our bed. This I considered a most foolhardy tempting of fate. It coaxed any burglar who ordinarily would have quietly taken the silver from the dining-room and have then gone away peacefully, to enter our room. The knowledge that I lay in bed ready at any minute to spring out upon him would make him prepare his revolver, and his nervousness might make him shoot me, which would quite upset Sarah's nerves. I told Sarah so, but she had a hereditary instinct for bringing the silver to the bedroom, and insisted. I saw that in the suburban house this would be continued as 'bringing the silver upstairs,' and a trial of my carpet-saving stairs suggested to me my burglar-defeating plan. I had the apparatus built into the house, and I had the house planned to agree with the apparatus.

For several months after we moved into the house I had no burglars, but I felt no fear of them in any event. I was prepared for them.

In order not to make Sarah nervous, I explained to her that my invention of a silver-elevator was merely a time-saving device. From the top of the dining-room sideboard I ran upright tracks through the ceiling to the back of the hall above, and in these I placed a glass case, which could be run up and down the tracks like a dumb-waiter on a lift. All our servant had to do when she washed the silver was to put it in the glass case, and I had attached to the top of the case a stout steel cable which ran to the ceiling of the hall above, over a pulley, and so to our bedroom, which was at the front of the hall upstairs. By this means I could, when I was in bed, pull the cable, and the glass case of silver would rise to the second floor. Our bedroom door opened upon the hall, and from the bed I could see the glass case, but in order that I might be sure that the silver was there I put a small electric light in the case and kept it burning all night. Sarah was delighted with this arrangement, for in the morning all I had to do was to pay out the steel cable and the silver would descend to the dining-room, and the maid could have the table all set by the time breakfast was ready. Not once did Sarah have a suspicion that

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