

the Church looked upon the whole matter as one of discipline, it may be mentioned that the sick, who could not consume the Host, which in those days was very large, were allowed to receive under the species of wine alone.

(3) *The Mass of the Presanctified.* 'In the Latin Church on Good Friday, and in the Greek Church on all fasting days, there is no Mass; that is, no consecration proper; but the Sacrament is received under the species of Bread alone. It is true that in the Latin Church at the present day, Communion not being given on Good Friday, the celebrant alone so receives; but in ancient times in the Latin Church, and down to this very day in the Greek Churches, the practice of communicating the people at the Mass of the Presanctified existed and exists, and the Communion was, and is, given with the species of Bread that has been consecrated at a previous Mass. As the Mass of the Presanctified was "ancient" as far back as the 14th century, we have a striking demonstration of the ancient Church thought of the validity of Communion under one kind.'

(4) *Communion of children.* In the early days of the Church children often communicated even before they came to the use of reason. Sometimes they received one kind only, bread or wine, sometimes both.

For the rest, our Lord's action at the Last Supper is still imitated at every Mass by one person at least, for the celebrant always receives under both kinds.

The Storyteller

ANNETTE

It was in a little French tea-room, off Fourth Avenue, where New York's fashionable shoppers are accustomed to linger over a cup of tea or chocolate, that I had first met Annette, a little French girl, with big black and very lustrous eyes. I had just been to the dressmaker's to have a fitting, and had dropped in for a moment's rest and refreshment. The very fact of being in the place was refreshing. With its little red lamps, its hanging baskets of wistaria, and its dainty pictures, it was for all the world like the little shops in Paris. I found Annette quite alone, and after taking my order, we fell to talking—I forget now just how—about herself, and before I had left we had become so friendly that I was always glad when I found myself in the neighborhood of the tea-room, in order that I might see and talk to Annette.

Some three years after our first meeting I was equally surprised and delighted on entering the establishment to find Annette, no longer the little French girl, but now a beautiful young woman, elegantly gowned, sitting at one of the little tables, under an exquisite Oriental lamp. It was the first time that I had seen her since the wedding—hers—and you cannot imagine how glad we were to have a little *tete-a-tete* in this quiet, I might say romantic, spot; for when my story is finished you will quite agree that the adjective 'romantic' is very aptly applied. After some conversation she related to me the following about herself and Billie, who, by the way, is my nephew:

I had been here about six or eight months as waitress when I first met Mr. Bartlett, and after that I saw him almost every day for as many months more. From the first moment I saw him I liked him. I shall never forget the way in which he was dressed on that day. He wore a light gray suit, a soft silk shirt, with a turn-down collar, and such a beautiful soft lavender tie, and right at the bottom were the initials 'W.B.' in monogram. I wondered who had worked them on so nicely for him. You may think it strange that I should note all these details, but you know I have always been fond of dress and nice things, and always admire them, and we have so very few men come in here wearing soft shirts and soft collars that I was particularly observant. He selected this table, the very table we are at now, under this Oriental lamp, and as long as

he had been coming in I have never seen him at another.

He never spoke, except to give his order, and then with what a beautiful accent! Sometimes he used French, and more often English, but he spoke both so beautifully that for a long time I wondered whether he was French or English. When he was finished I always brought him the matches, and he would light his cigar—and they were, like him, good; for though the gentlemen who came in always smoked good cigars, I never liked them; but Mr. Bartlett's I liked. Then he would slip a coin under the saucer for me and go out.

Several times I felt myself impelled to run to the window to see in which direction he had gone, but it did not seem proper for me to do it, so I curbed my curiosity.

After he was gone I always found myself thinking of him and wondering who he was, and try as I would, I could not put him out of my mind. Often I wished he would say something to me. I did not particularly care what—I just loved to hear his voice, it was so musical, so sweet, and if he would only look up at me through those large, brown eyes, I felt better for it the whole day. Thus things went on for some time.

One day he failed to come in. I cannot describe to you how I felt. Although we had not exchanged a single word other than giving of the order, I felt an indescribable longing to see him, if it were only to see him passing the street. I worried for him. Was he sick? Had he gone away never to return? These were some of the possibilities that occurred to me. That night I could not sleep. Mother noticed it and wondered. Ah, *ma mere*, this was the first and only thing that I had ever kept from you. But the idea was so foolish that I simply could not tell her—she would only laugh and scold.

Next day as the hands on the little gilt clock neared four, I went to the window, and just as I looked out, there I spied him coming towards the door. On his arm leaned a tall, beautifully gowned woman, about his own age, with a face so beautiful that although in my foolish conceit I considered her my rival, I could not but like her. Her skin was of that peculiar, soft tint bred only on the farm and in the convent, and in her carriage there was a something that was suggestive of the swan.

As they entered she turned to him and smiled, and he led her to his table. I would have given anything to have exchanged places with her at that moment.

After I had taken their order I stood over in the shadow and watched them. They were chatting like two children. I just loved her to make him smile, for every time that he smiled I caught a glimpse of two rows of the whitest teeth that I have ever seen. Suddenly she caught sight of the monogram at the bottom of his tie. She leaned over the table and took it between her fingers, so delicately, so daintily.

'Oh, Billie,' she exclaimed, 'how beautiful that is!' She lifted the end of the tie, and letting it fall between her long white fingers, she examined it critically.

'That is beautiful, Billie!' she exclaimed. That name 'Billie' rang through me. She pronounced it so sweetly, so languidly, lingering on the liquid 'l's. I would have loved to have disliked her for her familiarity, but could not.

While I busied myself about the table opposite, I noticed that they were watching me, and I felt that their conversation was about me; why, I could not say, I just felt it, sort of mental telepathy, no doubt.

I ran to the window after they went out, to see in what direction they had gone, and saw them enter the little church a few doors below on the other side of the street.

The following evening when he came in he appeared rather strange. Several times I thought he was about to speak to me, but each time I was disappointed. Finally when I brought him the matches for his cigar, he looked me full in the face.

'Might I ask your name?' he inquired.

'You might,' I replied.

"Pattillo"

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