

Catholic life bound the faithful into a compact whole that the powers of the world could neither bend nor break. During the long and harrowing years of trial the Blessed Eucharist 'was, in addition, the recognised source of strength and courage in persecution and difficulty, whereby the martyrs triumphed, the confessors stood firm in the faith, the virgins rose above the world, and the whole Church withstood the attacks of the devil.' The days of peace that followed allowed the Church to develop her Eucharistic liturgy, which now began to spread over Europe, 'establishing itself in the cathedral and parish churches, which by degrees covered the land, august in its uniformity, attracting the populations round its altars, dominating civil and even political life, and equally effective and impressive whether it was celebrated by a single minister or with all the aids and resources of Church and State' (Hedley). In answer to rising difficulties, doubts, and heresies, the abiding faith of the people during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries found expression in processions, in the public carrying of the Host to the dying, and in the institution of the Feast of Corpus Christi. Once more, as if to make reparation for the blasphemies of heresy, especially at the Reformation period, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed for public veneration upon the altars of the Church throughout the world. Between the years 1600 and 1900, the highest form of veneration—that of love and obedience—has been shown in the growing practice of frequent Communion.

This development of outward devotion to the Blessed Sacrament should not surprise us; there is much to learn about it, and men cannot take in all at once. 'At first, Christians had to learn that it was a common banquet wherein Christ united Himself to the souls of His servants. They had to come to see that it was the "clean oblation" of the New Testament. Had it been presented to them, at first, with the incense and light of later days, with the genuflexions and elevations which came in their good time, it would appear that the Church could not have taken in to the full the great truths connected with the sacramental and sacrificial aspects of the august dispensation' (Hedley, p. 255).

The Storyteller

DOCTOR MORROW

'It will be better for the good doctor when his son dies,' said a passer-by.

'Hush! Let him not hear you say it, my friend, or he will kill you with a glance of his great black eyes. This son is his one hope—his ambition—he lives only for him.'

'True; and cares not how few his other patients, so that he can but watch and nurse his son. But it is true he would be better off if it ended as I said; for while he tends him like a doting mother the other doctor finds his business growing bigger day by day.'

'Look,' said his companion, and pointed to a shadow on the blind of the house they were passing. 'That is the room, and that is the doctor's shadow.'

Against the blind was seen the tall form of the doctor, pouring something from a phial.

'Doctor and nurse, father and mother all in one,' said the first speaker as the shadow vanished and they passed on. 'Doctor Morrow is a good man if ever man was, and deserves a good ending to it all.'

Within the room where the speakers had seen the momentary shadow Doctor Morrow raised the patient gently in his strong arm, gave him the medicine he had prepared, and sat again at the bedside to watch and hope.

Ten weeks had passed since the lonely widower had started his fight against death, and it had been a brave fight in which he had sacrificed health and practice and done all that mortal man could do. And now at the end of the tenth week defeat seemed to stare him in the face. The heightened color on the strong-built but

attenuated face, and the lustre of the deep grey eyes, could not deceive one so expert as he: he dreaded them more than he had dreaded the pale cheeks and lack-lustre eyes which preceded them. For slowly and steadily the fever was getting the upper hand; he had played his last card, and prayed until prayer seemed to wither on his lips, and now any hour—almost any moment—might rob him of the life for which he had so dearly fought. Of the prospect of the future, if God should so will it that Death was to be victor, he dare not think. It was not the outlook of his business prospects that he thought of, though he knew full well that the utter neglect of his practice had well-nigh ruined him; but the thought of taking up that struggle for the place he had lost if the son whom he so loved should be taken from him brought a film even to the strong eyes of the man whose business had so often taken him face to face with death.

So strained were his nerves with the night vigils and constant watching that a ring at his bell which sounded at that moment made him start nervously.

'Ten o'clock, Frank, and a visitor. Surely they know I am too busy.'

The servant brought up a card, and at the sight of the name upon it his cheek flushed.

'The Duchess of Lille,' he muttered. 'What can have made her send so far when the Court Doctor is so close at hand? But no, no,' he said, putting the card upon the table, 'you must tell her Grace's servant that Doctor Morrow is engaged. Doctor Berger, in the next street, will doubtless attend.'

'It is not a servant,' answered the girl; 'it is the duchess herself who has come. I said that I feared you could not stir from home, and at first she cried, and then said she would wait until you would see her.'

'The duchess herself,' he replied; 'and at this time of night!'

He thought for a moment; then, 'Wait with Mr. Frank for an instant or two until I return,' he said to the woman, and haggard and worn looking, went quickly downstairs to the reception room. As he entered the room the Duchess of Lille rose hurriedly, and without waiting for him to speak, crossed to him and shook his hand.

'Your son—how is he?' she asked quickly.

'No better—perhaps worse,' he replied. 'It is almost beyond me. God must decide. But your Grace's visit?'

'Is about my daughter, Doctor Morrow. She is dying—nay, God help me! may be already dead. All the doctors have despaired—they cannot fathom the cause—they cannot stay the fearful waste. One gives her a day, another only a few hours to live, and all the time they do not even know what is killing her. Oh, doctor, it is cruel, cruel! And at the last, when I have offered half my fortune for a cure, that useless Doctor of the Court half-niggardly mentions your name. "He is clever and may know," he mutters; and when I turn upon him like a wolf to know why he did not send for you himself he tells me it is useless—and then he tells me why. But could I sit there and see her die and leave a stone unturned? It is ten miles, as you know, and I had four horses put to my carriage to bring me here the quicker. Oh, doctor, can you leave him? Three hours—four hours at the most—for fresh horses shall bring you back again as fast as man can urge them.'

She spoke in tones that were eloquent of her earnestness and her despair, but before the doctor was only the face of his dying son in the room above.

'You ask me more than I can do,' he answered. 'Think what it means to me, those three hours in which my son might even be breathing his last, and I not here to help him, to cool his hot brow, to hold his restless hand. I have scarcely stirred from the house these ten weeks. He is all that is left to me in the world, and God knows how I have struggled for his life.'

'Alas, alas, they said it would be hopeless,' she moaned, 'and yet I prayed—oh, how I prayed each moment of the journey that it might be otherwise; that your son might be better, that something might

"Pattillo"

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