

that was, my dear,' she wound up, smiling a little wistfully.

'I know,' said the girl humbly, rising wearily and starting to put up her tumbled hair. 'I was tried and found wanting, I suppose. But I really wasn't as mercenary and mean as I made it appear. It wasn't so much the house as it was what he said; and then pride stepped in, and temper. Oh, I've had my lesson, mother! This has taught me. I made a resolve coming home that if you and father would forgive me, I will never so far forget myself again!' passionately. 'I've often tried you with my sullen temper, I know; but this time—this time—' her voice broke and the tears overflowed again.

There was a tap at the door, and the maid stepped in with a visitor's card. Mrs. Jamieson nodded, and then went over to the weeping girl.

'Lie down, dear, and rest till I come back, and then we'll have a good talk,' she said, kissing her tenderly.

When she came back in the course of three-quarters of an hour, she found Kathleen outwardly composed, seated at her mother's desk writing.

'There's a messenger downstairs with a package for you, Kathleen,' she said casually.

'What is it, I wonder?' listlessly. The music of gay voices floated up to her as she glanced out of the window, and she saw two of her girl friends passing, laughing and chatting in careless gaiety. 'How happy they are,' she thought, not enviously, but with a curious coldness, 'and how miserable I am!' Her leaden feet carried her slowly to the door of the library. Then she stopped, startled. A film came over her eyes.

John Hunter came forward with outstretched hand, smiling rather constrainedly.

'I sold that house, Kathleen,' he said, in a voice that shook despite his best efforts, 'and we can buy another one any time you are ready.'

'Jack!' A glow like the dawn overspread the girl's face from brow to chin.

'But, mother,' Kathleen said later in the day, 'I'm sorry he sold the house. Of course it would be no sacrifice to live there, the place is really so lovely, but I feel as though it would have evened things up better if we could have gone to live there. I should like to make up to Jack in some measure for all the misery and trouble I caused him.'

'It is too bad,' remarked her mother, thoughtfully, 'for I believe Jack lost on the deal. You see the improvements cost so much.'

The girl's face shadowed. 'Oh, mother!' she exclaimed, almost tearfully.

A sudden thought came to Mrs. Jamieson.

'Do you really mean what you say, Kathleen? Would you like to live there?' she asked.

'Of course I do. Why?' rather breathlessly from her daughter.

'Then you might go and call Jack up and tell him so. I don't think the sale is completed. You certainly do owe him that much.'

But she was speaking to the air, for joy winged the feet that flew down the stairs.

The mother smiled as a jubilant voice called gaily a few moments afterward:

'It's all right, mother, he's going to keep the house!' Then she sighed involuntarily.

'I do hope the child has learned her lesson,' she murmured.—*Extension Magazine.*

#### SYMPATHY.

If there is one person who deserves sympathy it is surely he who suffers from chronic colds. A sudden change in the weather or going out into the night air from a heated room, is quite enough to bring on the trouble. Usually the tendency to catch cold is due to a generally run-down condition, and the treatment should take the form of a tonic like BAXTER'S LUNG PRESERVER. It is pleasant to take, gives sure results, and is quite harmless; for children and adults you cannot find a better cough or cold remedy. 1/10 a bottle from all chemists and stores, or by post direct.

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## THE CHURCH AND LITERATURE

### SOME EMINENT WRITERS—SONS OF THE CHURCH.

(For the *N.Z. Tablet* by 'DALETH.')

#### IV.—RACINE.

The source of all aesthetic emotion in a people is its religion; the sacred ceremonies, the music, the indefinable feeling attending the worship of the unknown give rise to a passion which is assignable to no other cause. The Greeks first experienced the need for some external display of this emotion; hence the institution of the Dionysiac festivals which culminated in the tragedies of the great triad—Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. The Christian Church, too, had, in France, as in Spain, its liturgical dramas, and its mystery plays. Thus it has been given as a rule that all drama has proceeded from the Church; a French critic has put it better in saying that 'the Christian drama proceeds from the Christian Church.'

The Holy Mass is in itself a great drama, in its alternate chant and recitation, in its dialogue between the officiating priest and his acolytes, in its gradual symbolic progress towards the climax of the Consecration, in its whole signification. The daily Office, commemorating Pope and Martyr, Doctor and Confessor, recounting the sufferings of the Saints and the struggles of the faithful soul, meditating on the final judgment, and heaven, and purgatory, and hell, constitutes a dramatic poem awaiting only the distinction of the characters and the distribution of the parts.

The Offices of Holy Week seem set designedly in dramatic form, with the procession on Palm Sunday, the closing of the doors, and the re-entrance after the thrice-repeated knocking of the priest; Tenebræ, with the extinguishing one by one of the candles and the dirge-like 'Miserere'; the momentary exultation on Holy Thursday and the relapse into the awful gloom of Good Friday; has not all this a spectacular beauty which no secular drama can ever hope to equal?

But it is on the Friday of Holy Week that the nearest approach to pure stage effect is made, when the Passion is sung by three voices, representing the Christ, the People, the Priests and the Judges, and the chorus of Grecian tragedy. The intense solemnity of the Mass of the Presanctified gives the spectator the feeling that he is assisting at,—nay, is a participant in, a world's tragedy. The Good Friday of the Catholic Church is a day that has no parallel—a day of mourning, desolation, and woe.

In France, on the great feasts, were enacted what were known as liturgical dramas. As in Spain, these grew more popular; and, the language becoming more and more settled, the drama became proportionately secularised until it reached the height of its development in the seventeenth century, in the finished tragedies of Corneille and Racine.

The origin of comedy was different. This found its source in the hastily improvised farces and buffoonery of travelling jugglers, who provided amusement at the fairs and on occasions of public rejoicing. There were, besides, representations in the colleges of the comedies of Aristophanes and Plautus. The form of the liturgical drama showed how the scattered elements of classical comedy and medieval buffoonery might be combined to produce a new style in dramatic performances. A school of comedy thus arose which found its master in the great Molière.

While its comedy is world-famous, the tragic drama of France has remained strictly national. Its use of the three so-called classical rules of unity of action, time, and place, became, in the eyes of foreigners at least, an abuse of what should be in reality a very secondary means to an end. The action on the stage was hampered; long speeches, to the foreigners a bore, but to the Frenchman a source of the keenest delight,

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