

love which in our sloth and indifference we incur at every hour of the day.' The punishment due to sin forgiven is also affected by the Mass; though to what extent we do not know. One Mass would of itself cancel this temporal punishment in the case of those who offer the Sacrifice, those who hear it, and those for whom it is offered, were it not that limits are placed to its efficacy by God, Who wishes the remission of the punishment due to sin, like the remission of the sins themselves to depend as a condition on man's own exertion. It would seem then that the Eucharistic Sacrifice directly and immediately cancels some part of the punishment attaching to forgiven sin; the remission of the other part depends on the offerer's measure of devotion, his acts of sorrow and love. 'Perhaps it could never be otherwise as long as the creature is in a state of probation: to extinguish all liability automatically would go far towards putting an end to probation' (Hedley). This happy effect of the Mass is felt by the needy souls in Purgatory as well, for though they cannot hear the Mass themselves, their friends on earth can offer it for their benefit. Here again we cannot say how and in what measure the punishment due to sin forgiven is cancelled, but it would seem that Christ wishes much to depend on the ready goodwill and fervent prayer of those on earth as they assist at the Sacrifice of the Mass.

Fourthly, the Mass is a sacrifice of impetration, a pleading through Jesus Christ, with the whole of the power of His Passion for graces and favors, spiritual and temporal, for wants of soul and body, for ourselves and for others. The whole Church thus benefits by every Mass that is offered; so do all the Church's children so far as some graces are concerned. But naturally those who assist at a Mass can receive a greater share in its fruits than those who are absent, for in this renewal of Calvary the graces of redemption are most abundantly poured out; and the better their dispositions, the greater their faith and devotion, the greater the benefits that will be reaped.

The Storyteller

A PROVIDENTIAL HAPPENING

Father Mullin had but little time to think of the beauty of the country, though the hills, through which he often had to drive many a weary mile, were exquisite in the variegated greens that clothed 'the incommunicable trees,' and that sense of mystery and loneliness that haunted all the forest paths.

Exhausted by hard work and privation, as he was, and, with a natural delicacy of constitution that had led some wiseacres to declare that he would never live to be ordained, it would have been quite possible that he gave more thought to the rough hills, roads, and the scorching yellow sand, through which he had to urge his horse painfully. But, in fact, the burning, eager heart of the man was as little concerned with one as with the other. The beauty, if it appealed to him at all, must have appealed subconsciously; and as for the weariness, what did that matter, in comparison with the souls that might be saved but that were perishing all around him, exposed to innumerable hostile influences. For there he was, entirely without resources, making a hand-to-hand fight against the proselytisers, or the advocates of agnosticism or indifferentism, who were making use of every material advantage to draw away from the fold the children of the faith. Money was supplied to them all in profusion, whilst he, who remained for himself not one cent of his salary and reduced his own personal needs to a minimum, was abjectly poor, deprived of everything material that could assist his work and enable him to sustain that long and cruel warfare. With the exception of a handful of Irish people and a few Mexicans, from over the boundaries of the State, practising Catholics there were none, though there were plenty of people with Catholic names, some of whom even acknowledged to

having been born in the faith, or to be, at least, sons and daughters of Catholics. Most of these could not be persuaded to accept Father Mullin's ministrations, even when they were literally thrust upon them, and their children swelled the schools and Sunday schools of whichever one of the denominations could offer them the greatest advantages. To such a pass had the need of priests, of churches, and of schools brought that extensive portion of the Lord's vineyard. Amid the sluggish indifference of Catholics, and a hostility on the part of non-Catholics scarcely credible to those who inhabit the more civilised portions of the country, in loneliness and isolation, in a daily routine of hardship and privation, which he felt most sensibly when it extended to the service of the altar, or when it directly interfered with his work, Father Mullin spent the days and the weeks and years with never a thought behind him to the comfort in which he had been brought up, to the love and devotion of his family, in which he had been an idolised youngest son, and the circle of friends who had predicted great things of his future.

He had managed to get the four walls of his little church roofed in, at the cost, on his part, not only of financial strain and anxiety, but of hard manual labor as well, for to his impetuous nature it had been impossible to stand by and watch other men toiling or, to see the pittance he had managed to scrape together being expended by delay in construction and by the employment of more workers. So he was to be seen helping to haul pulleys, to lay foundations of brick and mortar, or to drive in nails or pins. His long, slender, delicate hands, that had occasioned many prognostics as to his health, were now roughened and browned and toil-worn.

He had then erected a church, as it were, with his heart's blood, for he had faced insult and calumny, and, in a few instances, even rough usage in collecting the sums that were needed, besides having written scores of begging letters to the North. Of these latter but few indeed had met with any response. People whom he knew—as the popular expression puts it—to be 'rolling in luxury' had not deigned to write a word in answer to his appeal, nor to send even a small gift, a dollar or a half-dollar, nor even the cents which, as the priest reflected, multiplied, would have put him beyond worry. He had waited, he had gone to the post office, a distance of some miles, every day with the hope that some one would respond—former friends, college mates, millionaires, philanthropists. For to him, who was giving his youth and his manhood—the remnant of his strength—for that sacred cause, it seemed incredible that no one would respond to that cry from the darkness of these God-forgetting regions. His own father and brother, both in very moderate circumstances, had sent him all that they could afford—they and a very few others. For the rest, blank, dreary silence. And yet some of the names which the priest had written so confidently on the outside of the letters, belonged to those who were reported in the papers as piling up millions, as building superb residences, as the owners of motor cars or boats, or even of aeroplanes, or as giving inordinately large subscriptions to objects that were doubtful, if not positively harmful to society and to religion.

'Dear God,' Father Mullin murmured to himself, after one of his futile journeys to the post office, 'I wonder if they've got the faith at all, when they won't contribute one of those dollars, that they throw away so lightly on all sorts of things, while souls are perishing here for what they would spend on cigars or the theatre.'

It was the groaning of his anguished heart, as a lonely and dejected figure he pursued his homeward way, and looked up to the stars above him, as if in their clear radiance and in the infinitude of these worlds unnumbered he might find some answer to his query. Though his very soul within him was wrung with the bitterness of the thought that God's glory was lessened, and His redemption in many souls made void for the want of those material advantages, that long, steady gaze up into the firmament seemed to calm and soothe his troubled mind.

'God forgive me,' he said within himself, 'for

"Pattillo"

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