

is changed into the sacred Body of the Redeemer' (Nieuwbarn, p. 65). Acting and speaking thus in the person of Christ, the priest pronounces the words of Consecration, which are based on the Scriptural narrative: 'Who the day before He suffered took bread into His holy and venerable hands, and with His eyes lifted up towards heaven, to Thee, God, His Almighty Father, giving thanks to Thee, did bless, break, and give to His disciples, saying: Take and eat ye all of this: for this is My Body.' The simple words produce the greatest of miracles; the whole substance of the bread is changed into the substance of our Lord's Body, the outward appearances of bread alone remaining. And as Christ's Body is now in its glorified state inseparable from His Blood, this conversion of the bread into His Body necessarily brings on the altar His Blood too, and with both must come the Soul and Divinity. So that Christ, whole and entire, is present under the appearance of bread.

But our Lord wished to have the Consecration under wine as well as bread, in order the better to bring out the sacrificial character of the Eucharist, for these separate consecrations represent in a mystical way the death of Christ, the real parting of the Body and Blood on the Cross. 'In like manner, after He had supped, taking also this excellent Chalice into His holy and venerable hands, and giving Thee thanks, He blessed, and gave to His disciples, saying: Take and drink ye all of this: For this is the chalice of My Blood of the New and Eternal Testament: the Mystery of Faith; which shall be shed for you, and for many, to the remission of sins. As often as ye do these things, ye shall do them in remembrance of Me.' Here a like miracle takes place. By virtue of the words, the wine in converted into the Blood of Christ, but where the Blood is, Body, Soul, and Divinity must be also. The Divine Victim has now come upon the altar, has been offered up for the remission of sins, and mystically immolated.

After pronouncing the words of consecration over the bread, the priest kneels in adoration, and then lifts up the sacred host—God in His White Disguise—that It may be seen and adored by the people. An indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days may be gained by those who then look at the sacred host, and say with St. Thomas, 'My Lord and my God.' And the words of reverent homage written by another St. Thomas rise to the lips:

'Thee, hidden God, devoutly I adore,
Believe Thee present, and Thy grace implore;
To Thee my soul submits each power, each sense,
And views with awe Thy veiled Omnipotence.

'And since, sweet Jesus, here it is not given,
To see Thy Face unveiled, as 'tis in heaven,
Grant me the boon I thirst for, so to gaze
Upon Thy glories through endless days.'

The Storyteller

OUR LADY'S ROSARY

It has been such a beautiful visit. Marian's eyes, apparently viewing from the car window the gliding and receding scenery, were grave and retrospective. She was going home now, after a delightful vacation spent with her aunt, confident that though the visit was over, the romance of it was not. She glanced down at the books and candy and flowers, piled high on the seat beside her, which he had placed there in the way of a man with a maid when he considers her charming. He had been frankly attentive throughout her visit, while her aunt had been jubilant over what she designated Marian's 'catch.' Remembering the word, Marian grew just a trifle grave: her aunt was a very different type from the girl's mother, the latter being a convert to the Catholic faith, while Aunt Emma was quite ignorant on religious subjects. With a smile

Marian recalled explaining that she could not eat meat on Friday; and her aunt had inquired solicitously: 'Wouldn't she eat a little if it was boiled, and it was mutton?' evidently considering her something in the nature of a Jewess. She reflected now with some uneasiness, that she knew nothing of the religious principles of Edmund Norris; but surely it would not be difficult to show him the truth of Catholicism—were not his ideals already Catholic? She remembered what he had said in regard to his ideal woman: before all things she must be good, with a heart as innocent and undefiled as that of some little child. Smiling, he had added that she must have grey eyes, and light brown hair that curled.

At the last he had held her hand for a very long time, much to Marian's embarrassment and the amusement of her fellow-passengers—and she had promised him letters. Surely her romance had only begun!

But now the girl gathered up her belongings, and peeped into the mirror to straighten her hat, as she was nearing her destination; and soon she was in the midst of a bevy of brothers and sisters who had come to the station to meet her and escort her home.

It was late that night before Marian finished talking things over with her mother, who was an invalid, seldom able to leave her room. She had spoken of Edmund Norris; how attentive he had been, and how very nice he was—quite innocently telling about the ideal woman, though leaving out as irrelevant what he had said about the grey eyes and curly hair.

Mrs. Newcomb sighed, and did not tell the girl that the ideal woman of any man is good. Perhaps they had not been wise in allowing Marian to visit her worldly aunt; but she had needed a change, and the invitation had seemed most opportune. She (Mrs. Newcomb) would write to her sister and ask her for full particulars in regard to Edmund Norris.

The next few days passed very happily for Marian. She was living over again in imagination all her beautiful summer romance. Then one morning came a letter; and at once she fled to the privacy of her own room to open it.

'My dear one,' it began, 'I had thought my first letter to you would have been a formal affair. I had meant to woo you slowly, fearing that any impetuosity on my part would prove fatal to the blossom that is your love; but since you have gone, I can realise only this: I want you to be my wife just as soon as it can possibly be managed. Every thought of mine is a thought of you; every pulse-beat of my heart is a longing for your presence. Dearest, there is something I am going to tell you. I had thought at first it was not necessary, believing that should it come to your knowledge after our marriage, I could explain things satisfactorily; but I feel now that such a deception might wound you irreparably. Dear love of mine, you cannot know how dear you are to me; how your sweet face—pure, beautiful, and fair, came to my life's—unrest as some white dove of peace; for, before I ever saw or knew you, there was a face I loved—a face as beautiful, perhaps, as yours is beautiful, but with an evil loveliness, where yours is fair in goodness. Yes, I was married to her; but the law freed me, and it is ended, passed from my wife forever. My Marian, write to me at once, I entreat, when you receive this, to tell me that our love may go on as before, and that soon I may come for you, my own white dove of peace, to take you away as my bride.'

Marian sat quite still and folded the letter carefully, folded it many times, until it was a very small thing; this letter in which was folded away forever her brief and happy romance.

She rose and went to her desk, for this thing must be put out of her life at once, while the pain in her heart was only a stunned, half-sensible anguish. Very concise and clear was the little note when written, in which Mr. Norris was informed that in the eyes of the Catholic Church death only could sever the marriage tie between Christians; consequently, Marian could no longer consider his proposal, and requested that he hold no further communication with her.

She paused uncertainly by her mother's door on her way out to mail the letter, wishing for her sym-

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