

(Continued from first page.)

consecrator anoints the patent twice with holy chrism, from rim to rim, in the form of a cross, and rubs the oil over the whole upper side of it, reciting at the same time the consecratory form. The same ceremony with a special address, prayer, and form, is performed over the chalice, except that the consecrator anoints the inside of the chalice twice from rim to rim, and rubs the oil over the inside of the cup. The consecrator then recites a prayer in which allusion is made to the symbolical meaning of the chalice and paten, the former of which, according to Benedict XIV (De Sacrificio Missae, Sect. I, n. 37), represents the tomb in which the body of Christ was laid, and the latter the stone which the tomb was closed. Finally, he sprinkles both vessels with holy water, saying nothing.

It is difficult to determine when the Church began to consecrate chalices and patens. Some liturgists are of opinion that the custom of doing so goes back to the time of St. Sixtus I (d. 127), who, by a decree, forbade any other than those constituted in Sacred orders to touch the sacred vessels (Rom. Breviary, 16 April). Even if this decree is authentic, it would probably only prove that the prohibition was made out of respect due to the vessels which contained the Sacred Species. Others refer to a passage of St. Ambrose (d. 397) in which he says that the *vas Ecclesiae* initiata may be sold for the relief of the poor. Commentators interpret *initia* to mean not consecrated, but rather used, or vessels which had been used for the sacred mysteries.

The ancient canons and decrees decide the material of which chalices and patens must be made, but they do not say a word of the consecration although they treat of the consecration of churches, altars, bishops, etc., hence we may conclude that chalices and patens were not consecrated by a special form before the thirteenth century.

Loss of Consecration.—The chalice and paten lose their consecration (1) when they are regilt; (2) when they become battered or broken to such an extent that it would be unbecoming to use them; (3) when the slightest slit or break appears in the chalice near the bottom, not so, however, if the break be near the upper part, so that without fear of spilling its contents consecration can take place in it; (4) when a break appears in the paten so large that particles may fall through it.

Bona Verum Liturgiarum libri duo (Turin, 1747-53); Martene, De antiqua Ecclesiae ritibus (Vesice, 1753) Bernard, Ours de liturgie romaine—le Pontifical (Paris, 1902), II; Amberger Pastoraltheologie (Ratisbon, 1884), II; Van der Stappen, Sacra Liturgia (Mechlin, 1902), III; Schulte, Consecranda (New York, 1907); Untch, Corso di Scienza Liturgica (Bologna, 1904); Stella, Institutiones (Rome, 1895).

A. J. SCHULTZ.

A Summer Episode

(By Sarah Frances Ashburton in Ave Maria.)

On a scheduled portion of a Piazza of a seashore hotel sat two ladies, one day in early summer. They were elegantly dressed—too elegantly for that time of day, which was wise in the morning. One leaned back in a large rocking-chair, fanning herself vigorously; the other was making a pretense of embroidery, though the wild roses begun several days before had not progressed beyond the second petal.

It was still early in the season, the hotel just beginning to receive its complement of guests. Said the elder of the two to her companion, whose acquaintance she had made that morning:

'I am afraid I shall find it very dull here, accustomed as I am to a great deal of society. Don't you feel the same?'

'I shall not mind it, as we expect to go in a few days,' replied the other.

This house has been the subject of litigation for many years. My husband, thinks, however, that it can be wound up satisfactorily to all parties this fall. He has been going about among the farmers and old residents taking depositions since Sunday.

The other stiffened perceptibly. 'Is your husband a—steno-grapher?'

Her vis a vis smiled serenely. 'No; he is Judge Wilcox she replied.

Judge Wilcox! Oh, I beg your pardon! but when you said—'

'It is of no importance, I assure you,' observed the lady of the embroidery, coldly; using her needle for a toothpick, and staring into vacancy with a far-away look in her eyes.

Her companion yielded the fan more slowly; she felt thoroughly uncomfortable. The Wilcozes were people well recognized as prominent members of a certain class of society, on the edge of which the other lady was still hovering, with a strong hope of soon passing the magic circle. What if by her tedious remark she had lost a precious opportunity.

The Judge's wife perceived her

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning that it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs.

They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

'I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and became so weak I could scarcely get around. I took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued its use, and six bottles made me a new woman. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her.' MRS. THOMAS LINDSAY, Wallaceburg, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.

embarrassment, and enjoyed it as only they can who delight in returning the son-thrusts they themselves are accustomed to receive. But the other was not so easily daunted.

'Yes,' she said thoughtfully, 'I ought to have known. I have so often heard my husband mention Judge Wilcox in the highest terms. I remember last year, at the time of the fall of that large apartment building in Clarendon Place, Mr. Sparks thought it a fine thing of the Judge to refuse to conduct the defence. No one is better calculated than he—my husband—to distinguish between good and bad work. And the masonry of that house was shockingly bad.'

'Oh, your husband is a brick-mason, Mrs. Sparks?' said Mrs. Wilcox, sweetly, in the tone of one upon whom a light had suddenly dawned—who was feeling that she had had her inning and could afford to be gracious.

'A brick-mason!' exclaimed the other lady. 'Not at all! He is the Mr. Sparks of Sparks and Fowel.'

It was her turn to bridle, and bridle she did. The fan lay idle on her capacious lap, and she shook her head as though a bee had lighted beneath the puffs and curls that crowned it.

'And now I should beg your pardon, Mrs. Sparks!' was the amiable rejoinder from the lips of Mrs. Wilcox. 'And I am sure I do it with all my heart. The Judge has the highest opinion of Sparks and Fowel. I once heard him call them incorruptible.'

'Thank you!' murmured Mrs. Sparks, once more restored to equanimity.

For a moment there was silence—Mrs. Wilcox remembering that her husband had often said he would like to have the architect's legal business, and Mrs. Sparks hoping she might be able to bring the two men together for their mutual benefit.

With a spontaneous movement as though to manifest the incipient friendliness that was beginning to exist between them, the two ladies edged nearer each other.

'My husband is here (I don't mind telling you) on the business of the new Catholic Church,' said the architect's wife. 'You have heard, of course, that the rich Miss Van Anken is to build one—a sort of memorial chapel?'

'No, I haven't heard of it.' 'Yes, she is prepared to do it at once. She will be down here today or tomorrow to make the final arrangements. That is why we came.'

'Ah, I see!' observed Mrs. Wilcox, with increased respect for the firm of Sparks and Fowel—and correspondingly their female representative.

After that the fanning began once more, and the needle returned to its legitimate employment.

'By the way,' asked the architect's wife, 'have you seen the latest arrival?'

'No! gentleman or lady?'

Neither. Very likely some school-teacher or stenographer on her vacation. I wonder that they admit such people here. Probably they do it to eke out the servant's wages. I suppose rooms are cheap on the sixth floor.'

'Is she domiciled there?'

'Oh, I don't know! She walked up from the station and carried her own luggage—a very small, straw suit-case. I judge by what I saw.'

'I'm not particularly interested in that sort of people,' observed Mrs. Wilcox, languidly. 'But I agree with you, they ought to be kept in their place.'

'There she is now!' whispered Mrs. Sparks, as a young lady issued from a French window on the other side of the piazza; and, after a 'good-morning' to the ladies—who returned it with stony glances and stiff bends of the head—hastened briskly down the steps.

'Did you ever!' exclaimed Mrs. Wilcox, when she could command herself! 'The impertinence of some people. It is becoming almost intolerable,' said Mrs. Sparks.

'Probably she is a maid sent on in advance of her mistress or a governess,' replied Mrs. Wilcox. 'I see she came out of the most expensive inn in the house.'

'Give it to me at once!' exclaimed the girl, imperiously.

Mrs. Sparks laid the cross on the table.

'O dear! I do hope we are not going to be annoyed by a pack of children,' grumbled the other lady.

'I share your hope; but I imagine there is nothing to fear,' observed her friend. 'If she were a governess, the children would be with her. I fancy she is a lady's maid.'

'She is wearing a beautiful linen blouse.'

'Yes; and that blue cloth skirt must have been an expensive purchase. That kind of people put every cent they earn on their backs, you know.'

'She seems quite at her ease.'

'Oh, they always do! They are very adaptable.'

This remark called forth a ripple of laughter from the two ladies, who passed the remainder of the morning in more or less harmless gossip—carefully refraining, however, from wounding each other's feelings, though commenting freely on their faults and feelings of their absent friends and acquaintances.

About the middle of the afternoon Mrs. Wilcox sought a secluded summer-house, with a novel in her hand, preferring solitude to the company of her new friend, of which she had already grown slightly wearied.

Arriving there, she found the young woman of the linen blouse and tailor-made skirt seated at one of the small tables. She seemed to be examining a map or chart. She looked up pleasantly as the other woman entered, but Mrs. Wilcox gave no sign of having seen her. The girl sat very quietly, studying the papers before her; Mrs. Wilcox furtively watching her, resenting her presence and inwardly fuming at what, if she had expressed herself in words, she would have styled the 'odious self-possession of such persons.'

She was not to escape her new acquaintance, however. In a few moments Mrs. Parks came slowly along in the same direction. Glancing into the summer-house and seeing Mrs. Wilcox, she entered and seated herself in one of the wicker rocks. Presently the pair began a whispered conversation, which, if there is any truth in the accepted adage, should have caused their neighbor's ears to burn. But she was so deeply engrossed in her task that she took no heed of their loud whispers or peculiar glances. At length she arose and began to roll up the papers on the table, confining them with a wide rubber band. Suddenly she put her hand to her breast and uttered an exclamation. She looked on the table and under it, the two ladies watching her with silent curiosity.

'I beg your pardon, ladies!' she said at last. 'I think I must have lost a precious gold cross after leaving the hotel.'

'Was it so very valuable?' asked Mrs. Sparks.

'To me, at least, it was,' rejoined the girl, resuming her search for the missing trinket.

As she moved the roll of papers from the spot where she had placed it on the table, the cross fell to the floor, resting at the feet of Mrs. Wilcox, who picked it up, and, instead of offering it at once to the owner, passed it to Mrs. Sparks who began to examine it. It was about two inches in length, beautifully chased, and encrusted with small diamonds. An enamelled leaf, studded with emeralds and rubies, lay across the centre. It was a most delicate piece of workmanship.

'Ah, I am so glad I did not lose it!' exclaimed the girl.

Mrs. Sparks continued to examine it.

'Did you ever see anything more beautiful?' she asked of her companion.

'Never!' was the reply. 'It is a chef-d'oeuvre certainly. And the design is so odd. The chasing is exquisite.'

'It must be very old,' observed Mrs. Sparks. 'It is fit for a queen.'

'It is reputed to have belonged to Catherine de' Medici,' said the girl, pleasantly; quite unsuspecting of what was passing in the minds of the other two ladies.

Now, Mrs. Sparks and her friend had, between them, only a hazy idea of who Catherine de' Medici had been. But they were aware of the fact that she had helped to make history; and while her past ownership of the cross served in their minds to make it more desirable and valuable, the fact of its possession by the present owner rendered it, in their opinion, doubly strange and suspicious. Mrs. Sparks, the more daring of the two, again turned it over in her hand before she asked:

'And where did you get it?'

The pale cheeks of the girl became crimson. She was small of stature, but her height seemed to overtop that of her rude inquirer as, with head thrown back and eyes flashing, she indignantly said:

'Madame, I am not at all aware that it concerns you. You have asked a most impertinent question. Have the goodness to hand me my cross.'

'Your cross said her interlocutor incredulously. 'What do you think, Mrs. Wilcox?'

'Give it to her, of course,' was the reply. 'It is none of our affair.'

'But I am almost sure it does not belong to her. Probably she has appropriated it to her own use as an ornament, during the absence of her employer, intending to replace it, and was very much alarmed when she thought it lost.'

'Give it to me at once!' exclaimed the girl, imperiously.

Mrs. Sparks laid the cross on the table.

'What insolence!' she muttered, as the girl, seizing the cross and the roll of paper, hurried from the arbor.

The animadversions and criticisms of the two ladies, their unkind suspicions and petty remarks on what had occurred, would not interest the reader. Let them be confined to the four walls of the summer-house, as unworthy of being recorded here. But fully an hour was occupied in discussing the incident, when the setting sun which warned them that the train which was to convey their respective, and we trust, respectable husbands might perhaps have already arrived.

So it proved. As they neared the hotel, Mrs. Wilcox perceived the Judge standing on the piazza, fanning himself with his broad Panama; while Mrs. Sparks could not repress an exclamation of astonishment at what her eyes beheld. Seated under the shade of a pergola near the driveway was her husband; and beside him, earnestly engaged in pointing out something on the unrolled chart she held, sat the girl whom she had insulted an hour previously. The upper bell had rung before they separated—the young girl going in the direction of the French window of the suite from which she had issued in the morning; while the architect came toward his wife, who was standing with Judge and Mrs. Wilcox awaiting him.

'Who is that girl, Ernest?' inquired Mrs. Sparks, after a hurried word of greeting and introduction.

'How do you happen to know her?'

'That is Miss Van Anken,' replied the architect, smilingly. 'She has come down for a day about the church.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Mrs. Wilcox, in a tone of unconcealed vexation.

'O—!' wailed Mrs. Sparks, in a voice that sounded like a cry of hopeless and unavailing despair.

She had relied much on the coming of Miss Van Anken's confidant, through her husband, of meeting that young lady; and counting upon the fact of being like the beneficiaries of religion, a Catholic—for such she was in name rather than practice. The belief they shared in common, added to the business relations between her husband and Miss Van Anken, had seemed to her sufficient to promise great things in a social way. She had looked forward with much pleasure to the moment when she would present the heiress to Mrs. Wilcox, whom, in her own narrow little heart, she already accused of being a 'snob.'

But one sudden and devastating blow had scattered her deeply-laid plans, and, dreadful to contemplate, it was her own hand that had worked their destruction! She had been over-taken by the Nemesis which occasionally lies in ambush for such as she. There was just one way of escape from the humiliation, the mortification, that awaited her; either to plead illness on the morrow and until Mrs. Wilcox should have departed, or herself depart. The latter plan was not feasible; she must remain with her husband, to whom she could explain nothing.

But she need not have passed a sleepless night, as she did; for Judge Wilcox and his wife left the hotel early next morning, while Miss Van Anken took her departure shortly after. And the architect never heard the story.

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