

The Sign of the Cross occurs very frequently during the Mass, and with many shades of meaning over and above its ordinary significations. Ever and always it is a profession of our belief in the mysteries of the Blessed Trinity, the Incarnation, the redeeming Death of Christ; an expression of our desire to be saved from our spiritual enemies through the sign in which our Saviour conquered sin; an act of consecration of ourselves to the service, even unto death, of our Lord. In the Mass, more particularly, the Sign of the Cross typifies the mysteries of faith. It is used to bless the assembled worshippers, and the unconsecrated elements of bread, wine, and water. After the Consecration it is made over the Body and Blood of Christ, not, of course, by way of blessing, but as a profession of faith in the reality of His present sacrifice; and it is made two, three, and five times in succession to symbolise the two natures of the God-made-Man, the three persons in God, and the five wounds of our Lord. When the priest makes the Sign of the Cross with the consecrated Host, he begs in all humility the blessing of Christ Crucified. The Sign of the Cross made before the reading of the Gospel on forehead, lips, and breast, 'denotes that we bear the Gospel in our mind, confess it with our lips, and love it with our hearts.'

The ceremony of washing the hands symbolises the purity of mind and heart which priest and worshippers must possess when they approach the altar of sacrifice.

Incense is offered to the Blessed Sacrament as an act of adoration, to the Book of the Gospels and to the relics as a mark of respect, to the celebrant and the elements of bread and wine as the bearer of our prayers, and to the assistant ministers and the worshippers in order to remind them to pray fervently. In general, the burning of incense symbolises the spirit of sacrifice that should accompany our prayers in order to make them acceptable to God.

The Storyteller

THE AWAKENING

'Of course Dave's a fool, but it can't be helped now.'

David Manson strode heavily across the piazza and sat down in a big chair. It was not time that had caused his broad shoulders to droop, nor years that had brought the listless expression to his saddened eyes. Rather it was the gradual breaking down of his peculiarly sensitive spirit.

He drew from his pocket a picture—the picture of the girl his son had married less than an hour before.

'I wish you were big and black-eyed and manag-ing-looking,' he said, addressing it disapprovingly. 'Then, maybe, Dave would be on the lookout and would dodge the bit. But you little women get the reins into your hands before we suspect what you're about, and you make us feel like brutes if we try to get them back, so you do the driving. And it isn't the way 'twas intended. It isn't right.'

Sighing, he thrust the picture back into his pocket and went into the kitchen to wash his sweater. It hurt Julia's side to wash sweaters.

There were always things for him to do for Julia in the house, and they seemed to be most urgent when the field-work called him, and when his muscles twitched with eagerness to be out in the open, directing his men, and leading in the race with storm or darkness.

His wife believed that she was not strong. To the world she was a pretty, plaintive little woman, but her greed for management was all the more rapacious because of her physical weakness; before David knew what was happening, he had been crowded into the background of his own affairs. He was far from stupid, but it had taken him a long time to learn that his wife was not the clinging, adoring woman he thought he had married.

Now he saw in the pictured curves of Marion's pretty mouth and in the serious expression of her frank

eyes the type of woman who can so easily bind a man to her chariot-wheels, and he was disappointed to think that Dave had repeated the mistake he himself had once made.

'I've prospered in spite of it,' he said, grimly, as he looked out of the window to the gently rolling hills. 'But I've got mighty little satisfaction out of it. And ten years ago we might have been where we are to-day if I'd had my say. But my judgment wasn't worth considering. Things had to wait till Dave got through college and gave his advice. It was good, too,' he ungrudgingly admitted.

He rubbed his sweater vigorously.

'If some men who have made fools of themselves reform,' he reflected, bitterly, 'everyone is happy; but if I should try to reform, I guess there'd be precious little rejoicing in this family.'

When he met his wife at the station that night, his mood had softened little.

'O David, she's sweet!' she said, in her thin, irritating voice. 'I wish you had gone. I don't know what she thinks.'

'Well, I spoke about it,' he reminded her, patiently.

'Why, David Manson, you know you didn't have time to get new clothes after they changed the date of the wedding, and your old ones are a sight! I wouldn't have had you go in those for a hundred dollars! Goodness knows I wish you'd keep yourself in better shape!'

'If she's worth her salt, she wouldn't care what I wore,' David contended.

'David,' said Mrs. Manson, in her usual fretful voice, 'I don't believe you realise what it means to have Dave marry Judge Blake's daughter.'

'What I'm realising it that she may not be the right kind of wife for Dave. I hope he won't begin by letting her manage him.'

Mrs. Manson shot a queer glance at her husband. 'I don't know what's got into you, David. But I know that I'm tired to death, and when I get home I'm going to bed and have you bring me some toast and tea.'

David did not share in the flutter of expectancy that preceded the home-coming of Dave and his bride. And when he took Marion's hand in his, and looking into her winsome face, caught the wistfulness in her straightforward gray eyes, he steeled his heart.

'She'd have me leave the haying to hold worsted for her if I'd do it,' he thought.

As the days went by, the conviction grew in Marion's mind that Dave's father did not like her. It troubled her more than she cared to admit; it marred the happiness of her first days on the farm.

'I wonder why he dislikes me?' she said to herself many times a day. 'I've got to find out.'

Her opportunity came one evening, when they were all sitting on the piazza in the long twilight.

'I must go and see to the colt,' Dave said. 'He was hot when I brought him in.'

'Let father go,' Mrs. Manson suggested. 'You're tired, dear.'

And Dave, who had always been influenced by his mother, looked expectantly toward his father. Mr. Manson got up slowly and started off to the barn.

Marion flushed, and rose.

'I'm going with your father,' she said.

Dave started to follow, but she said, 'Stay where you are, Dave,' and ran down the path.

'Why didn't you come to my wedding, and why don't you like me?' she asked, breathlessly, when she had overtaken Mr. Manson.

'Well, you see,' he explained slowly, 'I couldn't get any new clothes in time.'

'As if I would have cared about clothes!'

'Who says I don't like you?'

'You do, every time you look at me. But let's not talk about that now. I've seldom been on a farm till now, and I'm going to love it. I want you to tell me all about it.'

'Get Dave to.'

'Dave's all right, Mr. Manson, but do you suppose I would study music with the village teacher if