

Divine Son Jesus, have been nourished and strengthened thereby. It is but fitting that they should thank the Lord for so many graces.' But the liturgical act of thanksgiving is very short: the Church wishes to leave priest and faithful free to speak to God in their own fashion.

Two prayers are read aloud from the Missal at the Epistle side—the Communion and Post-Communion. The Communion consists of an antiphon, the remnant of a long psalm, which was formerly sung during the Communion of the faithful. The Post-Communion is usually a prayer of thanksgiving and a petition for the protection of the saint whose feast is being celebrated. It corresponds with the Collect and Secret. Here is an example from the feast of St. Catherine of Siena: 'May the heavenly banquet, wherein we have been fed, obtain for us eternal life, as it also nourished the life of the body for the holy virgin Catherine.'

After kissing the altar, and greeting the people with the usual formula: 'The Lord be with you,' the celebrant dismisses the people: '*Ite, Missa est*.' ('Go, it is the dismissal'). On some days, however, during the penitential seasons of Advent and Lent, '*Benedicamus Domino*' ('Let us bless the Lord') is said instead, the reason being that in former times the people did not go away immediately on such days, but remained for further prayers. So at Requiem Masses, '*Requiescant in pace*' ('May they rest in peace') is said, because the Absolution at the catafalque or tomb is to follow. Up to the tenth or eleventh century the Mass ended here. The blessing with the prayer before it and the Last Gospel are comparatively late additions, being originally private devotions which the priest said as he walked to the sacristy.

The Gospel of St. John is usually said at the end of Mass, 'because it is a short summary of our belief. The sublime narrative which St. John, soaring with eagle's flight far above the earth, has written, is a confession of the greatest truths of Christianity. It reviews the mysteries of the Blessed Trinity, the wonders of creation, and recalls the Divine and Human Natures of Christ, His Teaching, His Passion, His Office of Priest and Victim in Holy Mass, the centre and soul of Catholic worship.'

The Storyteller

YESTERDAY'S ROSEBUD

It began to dawn on Lady Flora Treherne that she was getting older, and that the youngest daughter cannot forever remain young. Her elder sisters were already married and had children growing up about them, while she remained unwed, for she was the most beautiful of all the Earl's daughters and was well aware of the fact. Now on the eve of her twenty-seventh birthday she became aware that there was something wanting in her life, which one or two of those whom she had spurned in the days of her wanton youth might have supplied.

She looked in her mirror somewhat anxiously, for her father was a poor man and in a sense her face was still her principal fortune. She saw a change, but no lessening of beauty. The delicate bloom and the willowy form of her childhood had been succeeded by a fuller and more matured loveliness. But Lady Flora did not seem altogether satisfied with her scrutiny.

In a few years I shall be fat, actually fat and horrid, and she made a grimace at her reflection.

When she came down to the morning-room, she found her father sitting at the fire after his breakfast, and reading the *Times*.

'What news is there this morning, papa?' his daughter asked, touching his brow lightly with her lips.

'Nothing particular, I think,' Lord Mountbay answered. 'Oh, yes—I see that young Ronald Gower has been appointed Clerk of the Council. You remember him, Flora, don't you?'

The girl's face flushed.

'Yes, I remember him,' she answered softly.

'I always thought that boy was sure to get on,' Lord Mountbay continued, 'and his father would have been a great man if those accursed savages hadn't killed him. Don't you remember, Flora! The boy used to come to Mountbay sometimes, but I suppose you have forgotten. It's a long time ago and you were only a girl then. I wonder how it is we have lost sight of him.'

The girl winced at his words. A long time ago, surely—nearly ten years—and Lady Flora remembered more than her father about this boy. A very earnest boy he had seemed that summer day in the rose-garden at Mountbay, when he besought her to marry him and she had answered with laughter.

'Marry!' she had exclaimed. 'Why, it's too early to think of marriage and I but eighteen and all the world before me. If ever I marry it won't be for ten years at least.'

She remembered his grief-stricken face now better than she had remembered it earlier, and it was nearly ten years ago.

'Let us be friends,' she had answered him. 'It's too soon to think of marriage and that sort of thing. When one is engaged there is nothing to look forward to.'

He was only six years older than she, but he took his trouble bravely and with as much dignity as if he were forty.

'I shall always be your friend, Flora,' he answered. 'That is, of course, when you want me, which isn't likely now.'

'And you will come again to Mountbay?' she asked. 'It wouldn't be the same without you.'

'Thank you,' he said, 'but I don't think I can do that. It will be too—too different.'

He caught her hand and kissed it.

'There's no harm in that, is there,' he asked, 'when I'm going away?'

'Not a bit; and as I can't kiss you, I will kiss a rose and give it to you,' she said, laughing.

She broke a bud from the tree beside her, pressed it to her lips, and gave it to him. His hand shook as he took it.

'It is the pledge of our friendship,' she exclaimed.

'Yes, of our friendship,' he repeated.

That was the scene which she remembered now, and he—of course he had forgotten, since it was nearly ten years ago as her father said.

During those years she had remembered him sometimes as a thing inseparably connected with her youth, but as she grew older she realised him as an impossibility, since he was poor and she was poor, and in her world the poor must not mate with the poor.

And yet she had refused many offers from wealthy men. But now it was different; women said she would never marry and men believed it. She had acquired a reputation and must live up to it.

'She will never marry; she is too much devoted to her father,' said Lady Carroll, who had six marriageable daughters; and the other dowagers echoed her words. All of them expressed admiration of Lady Flora and congratulations on her self-sacrifice as they kissed her cheek.

Lady Flora smiled at these felicitations, but she was not over pleased at their assumption that she was no longer a rival of their daughters in the marriage market. Still the stubborn fact remained that she was on the eve of her twenty-seventh birthday and had no lover except Jack Cavendish, a handsome, intractable boy of twenty-three, whom she had alternately petted and chafed since he had worn Eton collars.

The thing of course was absurd, for Jack hadn't a cent and had just succeeded in being ploughed for the army. But women of twenty-seven are often less prudent than girls of eighteen. If Jack could only be made to do something then perhaps—

It was at Lady Windle's ball that she met Jack, three days after her twenty-seventh birthday. She was feeling rather bored listening to Major Courtenay, a distinguished officer and an authority on Jack. His handsome face was gloomy and discontented, and she