

his ministers, and the faithful.' (Vandeur, pp. 132-3.)

The Commingling of the two Species follows immediately. The priest takes the smallest of the three parts into which he has divided the Host and drops it into the chalice, saying as he does so: 'May this mingling and consecration of the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ (that is, the mingling of the consecrated Body, etc.) be to us that receive It, effectual to eternal life.' The idea is to recall to mind the fact that Christ, whole and undivided, is present under both Species, and may be taken to represent the glorious Resurrection, when Christ's Soul and Body were united once again.

The Agnus Dei. From the beginning of the Canon up to this point all the prayers have been directed to God the Father; we could hardly pray to our Lord, since in this part of the Mass He is a Victim. But now this Victim is soon to be consumed by the celebrant, and it is fitting that He should be directly addressed. Hence in words borrowed from John the Baptist the priest continues, striking his breast in token of sorrow: 'Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us . . . have mercy on us . . . grant us peace.' In Masses for the Dead from the twelfth century at least, the last words of the invocations are changed into 'Grant them rest . . . grant them everlasting rest'—the rest of heaven that the souls in purgatory ceaselessly crave.

'The "Agnus Dei" is, a preparatory prayer for Holy Communion. So great is the mystery of love about to be wrought, and such the purity it demands, that priest and people feel the need of imploring mercy from the Immaculate Lamb, Who effaces all our sinful stains. They pray for peace—"that peace of God which surpasses all understanding" (Phil. iv., 7), and which will prepare them to receive with recollection and devotion Him Who is about to come to them.'

Three prayers follow in which the priest begs from our Lord the gift of final perseverance and interior union with Him, fear and humility in receiving, and the salutary fruits of the Divine Presence.

The Storyteller

THE WOOING OF BETTY

The kitchen was in 'apple-pie order,' as Mrs. Warner would have said, and Betty took her patchwork down to the spring-house. In the little cobblestone pavilion the water gurgled and bubbled about the great bright cans of morning's milk, and the air sifting through the wild cucumber vine was heavenly sweet. Betty, in her gown of blue print, sang a little snatch of song in sheer lightness of heart as she found her crewels.

The lithe young figure of the man that had been lying along the warm wall straightened itself, swung briskly erect and strode up the walk between the flowering currants.

'Hello, little Miss Betty!' he said, suddenly, filling the spring-house door.

'Land, Cassius!' cried Betty, and blushed divinely. 'I didn't hear you.'

'I thought you'd never get done,' he said, and came in, tossing his big straw hat on the floor while he drank from the tin cup that in two musical pinhole streams leaked into the trough.

'You been waitin'?' demanded Betty.

'Most an hour,' confessed Cassius Holmes.

He sat down beside her, his blithe sun-burnt face beautiful in its eagerness. 'I saw your mother go by while I was milkin', he said, 'so I knew you was alone.'

'You'd ought to be home,' she said, severely, 'rye time, so. You'll never make a farmer, Cassius.'

'Yes, I shall,' he said, seriously. 'I love the old place over there. But I got something better to think about. That's what it is, Betty—'

'You take hold of that skein,' she said. 'I ain't

got but a minute to work. I took fifteen minutes off, an' now I must—'

His strong brown fingers closed over the skein and over both her hands.

'Betty,' he said, pleadingly, 'ain't things any better?'

She shook her head, her eyes on the clasped hands while she struggled feebly to free her own.

'What's she say?' pursued Cassius.

'Mother?' said Betty. 'Oh, nothin'.'

'You ain't said anything to her yet?' asked Cassius, wistfully.

'No, no!' cried Betty, hurriedly. 'Cassius Holmes, you let go. You hurt my hand.'

But the little fingers had ceased fluttering, and Cassius only held them the more closely.

'Betty!' he burst out, passionately. 'It ain't fair! It ain't right, to you nor to me neither! Don't you see it ain't? I tell you, Betty, you've got to tell her.'

'I can't, Cass,' said Betty, helplessly. Her mouth was quivering, but he drew his conclusion relentlessly.

'Then you don't love me—that's all about it,' he said, quietly, and withdrew his hands.

Her own went swiftly out and caught his fingers tightly.

'Cass!' she cried, breathlessly, 'I do, I do! I've told you a hundred times I do with my whole heart. But, oh, if you knew how hard it is—'

'I know,' he said, gently. 'I do know, dear. But it's been hard for other girls, too. See—there's Sinie an' 'Lizabeth an' Livey—it's been hard for 'em all. You don't think you love your mother better'n all the other girls in the world—do you, now?'

Betty was forcing the tears back, and she went over it all patiently, as she had been over it before to this man who would not understand.

'Sinie's got brothers 'n sisters,' she said. 'Lizabeth Ann's father's alive. An' Livey an' her mother never did get along. Don't you see, Cass? Every one of 'em was glad to leave home—they said so. Anybody could be married that way. But we—'

There was a sob in Betty's throat, and she shook her head mutely.

'Mother ain't like their mothers,' she said, simply. 'You see that, don't you? She'll die if I leave her, Cass.'

He looked at her, wondering if she could be right, and certain that she was wrong.

'Did she ever say so?' he asked, fairly.

'Cassius Holmes!' cried Betty, indignantly. 'No, of course she never said so. Mother ain't like that. If she was, it'd be easier. She never says a word, but I know. Why, think of her here, even's an' nights an' meals, all alone in the house! I couldn't do it.'

'Liddy would come an' stay home,' he suggested.

'Liddy Ann!' said Betty, contemptuously. 'What company'd she be, I'd like to know? Besides, it ain't company mother wants. It's me.'

Cassius struggled dumbly with this for a few minutes, and disbelieved the whole matter.

'Why, the whole world wouldn't be married if they was like you!' he cried.

'That's just it!' flashed Betty, 'but they ain't like me. Mother is my mother, an' not theirs. She's different, I tell you, Cass. You're selfish, an' you want me to be selfish, an'—'

She broke down and cried helplessly on his coat sleeve.

'There, there,' he said, soothingly. 'You needn't marry me—at least to-day you needn't, if you won't cry, Betty.'

The man sighed, wearily but very tenderly, and looked above her bright head, away over the meadow, all the joy gone out of his eyes. He patted her shoulder as he would soothe a child.

'There, there, dear,' he said; 'we won't talk any more about it now.'

One eye, blue as the print gown, was shown to him.

'You ain't angry, Cass?'

'No,' he answered, 'no angry, of course. Only disappointed again, an' hurt—I'm hurt, Betty, because