

God ; and it is the last sacred ceremony which the priest performs when the eyes of the dying Christian are closed forever in that eternal sleep that knows no waking. And at last when the melancholy funeral procession retires slowly down the aisles of the church and through the busy streets of the city the only image that strikes the eye of the beholder and rivets his attention for the moment is the retreating form of the dark funeral cross. Thus in all the stages of human existence, through all the various vicissitudes of human life, from the cradle to the grave, the Sign of the Cross is the standard and shield of the Christian's life—the memorial of the crucifixion, the token of Christianity, the symbol of Catholicity. It proclaims from the pinnacle of honor where it has been placed by centuries of love and reverence that Christians must be faithful followers of their Master who died and reigned on Calvary's cross.

“Fulfilled is all that David told  
In true prophetic song of old,  
Amidst the nations, God, saith he  
Hath reigned and triumphed from the Tree.”

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#### A LEAF FROM AN OLD BOOK.

“APRIL the nineteenth : Yesterday I was minded by a new feel in the air of spring of the good we learned last year from Niccolo Petrucci ; and this morning at sun-up, whiles there were none of the curious about I put a trowel within a cloth pouch or bag, as one might call it, which the children do use in bearing their books ; then going some hundred yards to where I guessed the ground would be favourable, I came upon a patch of tender greens under the foot-walk, but upon that side where the sun shines in the morning. Digging with the trowel wherever there showed the speared leaf of the herb I sought, soon I was rewarded for the search, which needs much patience as well as skill, and for the aching that cometh easily upon one whom, alas, youth so often reminds that we are no more playfellows, and that the body must even bear the penances of age. As my trowel brings up from the sand the tiny golden stems of which the green spears are the pinnacles, it sometimes glads me to think, or mayhap it saddens, how little men know of the good that is to be found under their very feet, were they but wise enough to seek it there. For sure it is that of all growing things sent by a bountiful Providence none hath received such contumely as the dandelion. The eye looketh with disdain, or even without noting, upon whole acres of the gorgeous golden blossoms, or when the time is quickly sped, upon like acres of downy spheres transcendently light and beautiful. The world hath no grudge to utter against these beauties, for their profusion maketh them to be no longer precious. But the wise should know that it is with dandelions as with men and women, those which are to be held dear and desirable are away from the full light where all may see and disregard. Even as it is good to seek out the souls that beautify in humility, so it is good to go by yourself when the days are warmer unto places where sand is newly heaped, or where the furrows of the autumn plough have not yet been levelled. Here one is a true miner after gold, for the