

were not spoken aloud, nor the kiss flung from the lips, the kiss was given, and the "Good-night," with as loyal a love as ever.

"What am I to do, mother," he had asked, "on board of the ship, or under tent in the desert? I cannot go and say Good-night."

"Turn your thoughts towards the Tabernacle at home," she answered, "and bid your Guardian Angel to pay the visit for you. Our Lord can see and hear from afar, and he will see your heart turn and hear your words clearly. He looks for them every night. And I will wish Him good-night for you as well as for myself, and a mother has a right to speak for her boy."

"You have a right to speak for me if ever mother had," he answers as he kisses her with grateful love; "and Saint Michael, too; he will go for me. I am glad you called me Michael, mother; he's the angel of the Mass, isn't he?"

"Some good men have thought so, Michael."

"And he loves the Tabernacle; was it not he who cheered our Lord in His Agony?—so the Brother taught us one day in church."

"Yes; and he was captain of the first army that fought for God; and as you must go to the wars, Michael, you could have no better friend to help you."

"Then my Guardian Angel and St. Michael shall carry my 'Good-night' home into our church every night, mother, when you are saying yours."

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A wounded soldier sending his "Good-nights" home by his Guardian Angel as he had promised; and yet perhaps, could we have seen, as the Angel saw who bore them, not quick-winged and silver-winged, those "Good-nights," as of yore. What made them heavier, burdens for the Angel to bear?