

a fellow man's "good-night," or a baby's innocent "ta-ta." The clothes of the boy were the common Sunday clothing of a mechanic's child, but for the soul, washed clean by baptism, the mother was weaving a dainty robe with more than human skill.

"Good-night! dear Lord." He is a boy now. Years have passed on and he has begun to learn that wrong can be done, even by hearts which think they love, and tonight he has been to his first confession, and he has gone back to his mother's side with a more serious look than the little dimpled cheeks mostly wear. They have stayed to Benediction, and before they pass through the door he is still not to old to turn and kiss the little hand towards the Tabernacle — "Good-night, dear Lord" — and then as he slides his hand into his mother's, "Mother, I'm so sorry for being naughty to you."

The mother's lesson is doing its work; the dainty robe she wove is still dainty; it was because Michael's soul was still so white, his eyes still so clear, that he could see spots at all. "Naughty!" The mother knew only a little saint whose lips were still fit to fling a kiss to God.

Kneeling a few years older now, in the early morning, and other boys about him, with his body robed to-day in such comeliest dress as her poverty and labor could provide, he is to receive for the first time within himself the Lord to whom he has so often kissed his hand, to whom he has so often said the "Good-night" of an adoring, loving brother. He has been preparing for months; he has known all his Christian Doctrine well; but it is not the priest nor the good Brother of the Christian Doctrine who has been his real teacher or his real preparer. They have been preparing him for months; his mother has been preparing him for years; it is that baby kiss flung up the church to a real living Person who shall receive the kiss; it is that "Good-night, dear Jesus," lisped as often as "Good-night, dear Mother;" it is that love of our Lord made part and parcel of his love for his mother; it is that near presence of our Lord, which has made the priest's and masters's teaching come so easy to him, as if they taught him only what he knew before. He had learned it at his mother's breast; he had lived the Truth and loved it before he knew how to think it, or put it