

has been his real teacher or his real preparer. They have been preparing him for months ; his mother had 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 master'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 into words : for others may teach, a mother only can teach without teaching, give knowledge, as she gives life, the child not knowing. It had been to him, this Presence of our Lord, like the rising and setting of the sun, part of the every-day truth that had been about him always.

And now, on the day of his Communion, the mother's lesson is still doing its work. With full and entire surrender of self the youth flings his soul into the open wound of the Heart, as of old he flung his baby kisses up the church. He does not dream as yet that his heart could be given elsewhere, and warm with a new warmth was the " Good night, dear Lord," which he whispered, as he bowed his forehead to the floor before he left the church, on that happy night after his First Communion.

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" Good night, dear Lord — perhaps the last," added the young soldier to himself, as he went slowly down the church of a small town on the coast of Africa after his confession. It was the evening before, all expected his first battle. The mother's lesson still lived ; the soldier's heart was still true. As often as his soldier's life would let him, he paid an evening visit to his Lord, and still if the words