

little form starts up in bed. "Oh, mamma, mamma! there isn't any book!"

"No book?" Mamma is puzzled.

"No, none on the stand to read the Mass in."

"But, my darling, can you not use one of your little picture books?"

"Oh; no! no, mamma! it must be a big book — a real Mass book."

"A Mass book? Oh!" And mamma pauses, thinking. She nods her head as if some one were speaking to her in a whisper — her guardian angel? — or perhaps Jean's? Then she smiles happily, and, bending, kisses the rosy little mouth. "Go to sleep, your Reverence, you'll have your Missal soon — in a few days. Just dream they are sending it from Rome." ...

During several succeeding evenings, after the chatter of the little ones had subsided into sweet slumber, when Master Jean was seeing himself (O beautiful dream!) celebrating Mass in a stately, sun-lit cathedral, served by angels in surplices of azure Mamma is busily

