

They had gone to thank the kind friends who had given Nora the white fluffy Communion dress she was to wear next day. The child was really tired, and lost no time ensconcing herself on her fathers knee, her head resting against his shoulder.

In this comfortable position, she was not long in falling asleep, and was soon the centre of an admiring crowd. There was something in Noras frail figure, oval face and golden curls, which, contrasting with her fathers giant frame and dark features, appealed to everyone. Together they embodied the ideas of weakness and protection. Men peered over their newspapers and resolved, in the future, to please their innocent prattle. Some young ladies wished themselves husbands of the type they imagined Mike represented; and a little orphan girl, who sat opposite, felt a tear trickling down her cheek.

Mike had become aware of all this, and enjoyed it immensely. He was gazing around in an unconcerned way, as if all that people imagined of him were true, when Nora, suddenly opening her eyes, asked him to assist at her First Communion in the morning. He thought of refusing, but restrained the words that rose to his lips. Keen eyes were watching. He must play the ideal father. So, smiling he consented. Nora was happy. Her father was never known to break a promise. So far, the novena to Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament had been successful.

The familiar ceremony of First Communion was over. The children presented the wonted pretty sight, and, as usual, Jesus must have been pleased with the welcome He received in their pure hearts. Father Brady was addressing the little ones on the great privilege just accorded them, and on the part Holy Communion was to play in after life.

True to his promise, Mike Dempsey sat in his old pew. He thought the preachers remarks all right for women and