



## My First Missal.

**N**EVER in the memory of nurse had Master Jean gone to bed so late or so noisily. Usually after the family night prayers, while good-nights and kisses were being exchanged, half-past eight would ring from the cuckoo clock in the hall, and the sandman would begin his rounds. Oh, that sand ! Jean's eyes, and even his mouth, would be already full of it, and he would give himself up to old Marguerite docile, blind, mute — grumbling, did you say ? Oh, no ; only *snoring* ! But this evening, feast of St. Sylvester — what bright looks ! What activity ! My ! how he chatters !

“ I'll show them to you to-morrow — my gifts, my little altar !... You'll see if it isn't fine ! It is made of polished wood like papa's secretary, with four candles, four candlesticks, and a golden chalice, and a stand for the book, and a real tabernacle — see, here is the key ! And then I've got a vestment — everything, you know ! It was Aunt Germaine who embroidered it ... white, and flowers around the cross, and then — ”

But here old Marguerite interposed : “ Come, come now, Master Jean, your little brothers are asleep long ago... Why, it is nearly 10 o'clock ! ”

Jean does not easily go to sleep. He is too happy ; also, he is a little anxious. When one is six years old, one thinks of so many things. By and by, mamma comes softly counting her beads. Peeping between the snowy curtains, she meets two bright questioning eyes. The