

and before he leaves the church the priest has promised to call the next morning and hear the confession delayed for years.

"Where am I, François? I thought I was home at Our Lady of Victories. Send for a priest, send quickly. I have not long to live." The thought of his babyhood and of his many "Good-nights" has been with him since he left the Cathedral, the memory of that First Communion and his whole offering of himself, the promise to his mother as he left her always to send home his "Good-night" to the Dweller in the Tabernacle. No: he must not wait till morning. Send for a priest; what have I been doing? — I have wasted my life on baubles.

And that night a true confession and a true communion, and for a few nights after the old "Good-night" of his childhood said with a hot heart of love, at the hour at which he used to kneel in Paris flinging his baby kisses up the church. A few days spent in patient suffering and in so leaving the riches that had come to him that the Dweller in the Tabernacle shall be honored, till the end of time, if so it may be, in Algiers, where he had strayed from the Tabernacle, and in Paris, where he had learned to love it. And then, after a few days, the last "Good-night," spoken when the lips could scarcely speak — the baby lesson lisped painfully again — and a last kiss flung to the dear church at home when the lips could speak no more.

And the mother has triumphed — when do good mothers not triumph? — and her lesson has outlived lesson of priest and teacher, and Our Lady of Victories has won still another victory, and the soul of the child, so early trained to love, has gone to offer repentant kisses which will not be refused to the very wounded Heart, no more in a Tabernacle, Itself.

For a mother's early lesson, strong with a mother's love, can hardly die.

