

boy" who had never been baptized, seated with the Catholic children before the "box." She knew Percy fairly well, and was quite a friend to the little boy; in fact, the picture of the Crucifixion to which we have referred was in her house. She immediately spoke to the Sister in charge of the class.

"Sister, isn't that Percy Brown?"

"Yes; Percy is going to make his first confession. He is well prepared."

"But, Sister, don't you know every one belonging to him is Protestant? Why, the child has never been baptized in any church."

"What!" exclaimed the Sister, turning pale, "Percy not a Catholic—not baptized, you say?"

"He is not a Catholic and has never been baptized," repeated the lady. "I live next door."

The Sister lost no time in going over to Percy and telling him that he could not go to confession—that she did not know that he was not a Catholic. The effect upon Percy was startling.

"Oh! Sister," he sobbed. "I am a Catholic. I do want to go and tell my sins. I ain't a Protestant."

His grief was heart-breaking. The children all stood up and looked at the little fellow, thinking he was re-proved for some misdemeanor; and the priest, hearing the noise, came out of the confessional and asked what was the matter. The Sister told him. Looking at the tear-stained little face and the swimming blue eyes, the priest smiled and said:

"Why, my boy, what is the reason you want to go to confession?"

"To tell my sins," said the little six year old, between his sobs.

"But your sins cannot be forgiven by absolution. You have never been baptized."

"Well, then, baptize me, Father, and let me go to confession."

The priest hesitated. The little face was thoughtful, even though drenched with tears.