

kept a heart not altogether hardened for her : he has thought of their poor home, and sent somewhat of his wealth to cheer them, and now and again, weary of pleasure, weary even of glory, he has wandered back in thought to the Church of Victories in Paris, and said over again the " Good-night " of his childhood. Those kisses flung up the church still live to plead for him, perchance ; perchance, too, the mother is still praying this moment with that strong prayer which is prayed after many years of a faithful life, after many sufferings borne, many good works done.

He is dying : the days left him are few, but he may still go about a little, carefully tended and watched by no unloving eyes. To-day he is cheered by an old friend from Europe who talks of familiar scenes still dear, and carries back his mind to home. They are passing the cathedral in Algiers, and his friend would go in, and the officer cannot choose but go with him. A cathedral in which there are many worshippers, of many nations and strangely varied dresses, different by form of face and color of skin, but all bowed together in the one worship at the Benediction and singing the one tongue. It was a scene to touch the heart, to awaken devotion.

It is over and the crowd is leaving the church, but the sick officer stays on. He has gone up near to the altar, he is prostrate on the floor, his head is bowed to the ground. His friend is anxious ; the sick man must not be out too late, nor too long. Still the officer lies there. Is he dead ? No, not dead, but alive again.

It is the hour at which in those old days he has flung his kisses up the church by his mother's side. She this moment is saying " Good-night " for him in the Church of Victories. The mother's lesson has burst, seedlike, through the hard soil. Up to the Tabernacle once more are going the repentant kisses ; to the Sacred Heart once more the loving " Good-night." The long bad dream is past and he is awake again, and before he leaves the church the priest