



and goes to the little church — the church in which his first Mass will be celebrated to-morrow. And as he kneels there, a distraction comes—has the Mass been marked out in the missal. Lighting a candle at the corner of the altar he finds the missal and rearranges the ribbons, glances at the preface, when suddenly he stops — there was another missal long ago when he was a little boy. And it had colored pictures and ribbons and gilt and all. And wasn't he proud on that day, and wasn't another proud? There was a stir in the shadows down near the church, a sound of some one weeping. The priest is there in an instant — it was his mother. She, too, had come to the Lord to thank Him for what He had done for her. He said : " I was thinking that probably I would not now be here turning the leaves of this missal if I had not read another Mass book — the first one, you know, the one you gave me when I was a little boy long ago." He kissed her warmly and said " Mother, if I am so happy today I owe it to you and to your First Missal."

