

The little boys brightened for a moment, but presently looked doleful again.

"Who will hear us say our prayers?" asked Phil.

"And tuck in the counterpane?" supplemented Archie.

"And say the Litany and the 'Hail, Holy Queen' after we are in bed?" suggested Phil.

"And sing 'I am the Shepherd True'?" inquired Archie.

"Don't you think I can hear you say your prayers and tuck in the counterpane?" remonstrated Clara, a little reproachfully.

"Well, but you can't say the Litany."

"Yes, I can. I'm sure I've heard it often enough. And if I forget a bit, there's the book." That was a clencher, and satisfied the two young ones for a minute. Then they began again.

"And can you say 'Hail, Holy Queen'?"

"And sing the 'Shepherd True'?"

"Of course I can." So the little boys, being somewhat consoled, set themselves to study up next day's lessons.

At eight o'clock Phil and Archie went off to bed, and, to their great satisfaction, Clara proved equal to the occasion, and conducted, with all the success which could reasonably be expected, the little devotions to which their mother had accustomed them. We may observe that Mrs. Hope had found the half-hour spent with her children after their regular prayers were said, and when their young heads were already pressing their pillows, the very greatest assistance in their bringing-up. The children loved it, looked forward to it, would not have missed it for the world. The maternal caresses and the beautiful devotions went hand in hand; the time and circumstances were peculiarly favorable to softened hearts and good dispositions; and many an Act of Contrition