

into words : for others may teach, a mother only can teach without teaching, give knowledge, as she gives life, the child not knowing. It had been to him, this Presence of our Lord, like the rising and setting of the sun, part of the every-day truth that had been about him always.

And now, on the day of his Communion, the mother's lesson is still doing its work. With full and entire surrender of self the youth flings his soul into the open wound of the Heart, as of old he flung his baby kisses up the church. He does not dream as yet that his heart could be given elsewhere, and warm with a new warmth was the "good-night, dear Lord," which he whispered as he bowed his forehead to the floor before he left the church on that happy night after his first Communion.

"Good-night, dear Lord, — perhaps the last," added the young soldier to himself, as he went slowly down the church of a small town on the coast of Africa after his confession. It was the evening before, all expected, his first battle. The mother's lesson still lived ; the soldier's heart was still true. As often as his soldier life would let him he paid an evening visit to his Lord, and still if the words were not spoken aloud, nor the kiss flung from the lips, the kiss was given, and the "Good-nigt," with as loyal a love as ever. "What am I to do, mother," he had asked, "on board of the ship, or under tent in the desert ? I cannot go and say Good-night."

"Turn your thoughts towards the Tabernacle at home," she answered, "and bid your Guardian Angel to pay the visit for you. Our Lord can see and hear from afar, and He will see your heart turn and hear your words in your breast. He looks for them every night. And I will wish Him good-night for you as well as for myself, and a mother has a right to speak for her boy."

"You have a right to speak for me if ever mother had," he answers as he kisses her with grateful love ; "and Saint Michael too, he will go for me. I am glad you called me Michael, Mother ; he's the Angel of the Mass, isn't he ?"

"Some good men have thought so, Michael."

And he loves the Tabernacle ; was it not he who cheered our Lord in His agony ? — so the Brother taught