

## *In Rheims Cathedral.*

I was roused from my reverie by a slight noise and looking for the cause saw in one of the lateral chapels, a fat little boy, a child sexton putting booklets on about fifty empty chairs: Curious to see what they were, I approached, and the little lad handed me one saying: Its for the Communion Mass on Thursday.

The book consisted of about thirty pages, the liturgy of the Mass followed by a collection of hymns and prayers.

I was reading it when a band of little ones, boys and girls, marched up the aisle divided into two columns, filed into the chairs; a young priest then came and stood among them in the center of the aisle, and in a perfectly modulated voice began to speak right and left, something after the fashion of an orchestra leader, while a priest vested mounted the altar steps. The Children's Communion Mass was about to begin.

The young priest read aloud, from the booklet, a brief explanation of the Divine Sacrifice, then immediately said a prayer and all together the fifty children responded. The celebrant was enacting Calvary's drama, those little ones marshalled by the young priest were singing the Sacred Victim's praises. I did not see them, to do so I would have had to turn my head, and as I knew they were not there for me, to gaze at I refrained, but was glad to note exuded in the clear sweet voices that reached me innocence, childlike simplicity, purity of beings untouched by aught that might have sullied their innate purity or grieved the tender Heart of the fond Lover of children.