

Only twenty-three years upon earth. A child—a student—and an humble novice and scholastic of the Society of Jesus. No great heroic deeds that the world would wonder at mark the short career; yet, when the world's heroes shall have passed away and their names be forgotten, that of Aloysius shall still be honored upon the altar, and the memory of his virtues shall fill young hearts with emulation as it does to-day, three hundred years after his thrice happy death.

A child like other children, and yet how unlike! Consecrated to God from his earliest infancy by a pious mother, we find him at the age of seven renewing that consecration, aspiring to Christian perfection, and devoting himself to long hours of prayer. At nine, before an altar of Mary in a little church in Florence, his heart filled with admiration and zeal and filial love for the spotless Virgin, he makes to her his first religious vow. How tenderly our dear Mother must have looked upon this holy child, how carefully she must have guarded this pure heart, until at last she led him to the altar to receive her Divine Son for the first time.

The first Communion of Aloysius shines out resplendently in his life. The first Communion of an angel! Only he was an angel with a human heart, for it is to man alone that Jesus gives Himself in the Bread of life. Oh blessed Aloysius, the rapture of the Seraphim was thine; it shone upon thy brow and beamed from out thy holy eyes! Those pure beings who surrounded thee, who cast no shadow about them, and through whom the radiant