

## The little Flower of Bologna.

NO province of the land of beauty is more full of sweet tales of childhood and its winning ways than that of Bologna, which is famed throughout Italy as a place of pilgrimage, because of the tomb of the patroness of First Communicants, the Blessed Imelda, venerated there.

The glad Easter sunshine of that year of grace fell upon a band of little ones, whose pure hearts were wooing the Good Shepherd, upon whose breast they had been fed with the sweets of innocence, to give them still further proof of His love by admitting them, for the first time, to the Eucharistic Feast.

The good nuns, who had prepared them for the "Great Day," walked slowly and reverently with their little charges to the altar rail, then knelt behind them, like visible guardian angels, uniting with the throng of glad spirits whose joy it is to minister at each altar, where Jesus feeds, for the first time, the little ones of His flock.

Far back in the church knelt a little girl, seven years old, who, like another Agnes, had been feeding among the lilies, dreaming only of Jesus, the Spouse of virgin souls.

Too young she seemed, despite unusual precocity, to be allowed to approach the divine Eucharist with the others.

Vainly had she pleaded with her teachers, who, thinking her only a *bambino*, soothed her and caressingly assured her that the sweet Jesus would wait for her and give her His own precious Gift when she was older and wiser.

How little even the holiest of teachers know of the power of a child's pure heart over the Heart of Him who became a child for love of us!

Little did the good nuns dream of the secrets between their petted darling and Him who loved her more fondly than they. Wistfully she gazes on the white-veiled children who pass her, and her beautiful eyes are filled with tears as she whispers to the Divine Host about to welcome them to His table: "Ah! Why may I not also go to Thee, dear Bambino Jesus?"

The thinking of the altar bell announced the solemn moment of Communion, and the priest, holding the Blessed Sacrament in his fingers, was saying "*Domine, non sum dignus*," when he was startled by a dazzling ray of light