

"Well, somehow," said Mrs. Mary, "I still see something unbecoming in letting a little mite receive the Blessed Sacrament."

"Mrs. Mary," said Father Carson, "I asked you for reasons and you are giving me prejudices. The one thing unbecoming in God's sight is sin. Sin alone can make a soul ugly and disgusting to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. And where is He more sure of finding that snowy sinlessness, which His Sacred Heart so deeply delights in and longs for, than in the fresh, stainless heart of a simple, innocent child? And do you think, Mrs. Mary, that we are any of us much more than children in Jesus' sight? Ah, but we are naughty children, most of us, who have grown rebellious and wayward, and grieved our heavenly Father's Heart. We are spoiled children, who give Him anxiety and pain. But these tender little ones are as pure and spotless now as when He gathered them to His loving arms in the Sacrament of Baptism. And how He must yearn to keep them so all their lives! How He must long with all His mighty Heart to come to them every day, in the all-powerful Sacrament of Love, to quite preoccupy them, body and soul, and keep them all His own! Do you never look at Bobby's bright and innocent little face, Mrs. Mary, and wish that he might always be as pure, as good and white of soul, as he is now, when he is guileless and young?"

Mrs. Mary wiped away a furtive tear.

"Of course I do! What mother doesn't?" said she, "dear little fellow! I just hate to think of his ever growing up."

"And who can keep him pure and innocent so surely," said Father Carson, "as Jesus Himself, if He feeds him every morning with His Own Flesh and Blood? Would it not be the best, Mrs. Mary, to let Our Lord take early and daily possession of these pure little hearts, before the world, and the flesh, and the devil steal in and work sad ruin of their innocence?"

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(To be continued.)