
REV. MOTHER TERESA DEASE

never heard to utter a word of the intimate communication of God with her soul on the morning when she made to the King of Kings the irrevocable offering of her whole heart. But one could judge from her solicitude in having children properly instructed for the reception of the Divine Guest, how fervent must have been her own preparation to receive her God, and what graces must have been bestowed on her on that eventful morn. Indeed on her deathbed the only cause of worry that seemed to disturb her, was, that a girl of thirteen years of age who had begun to receive instructions in the First Communion Class, had gone home for a holiday, and had not returned at the appointed time. To avoid giving the sufferer pain, the Religious tried to conceal the fact of the child's non-attendance; yet to her repeated inquiries a truthful answer had to be given, with the result, doubtless, of more fervent prayers reaching the Throne of Grace for the wayward child. Every period of life's existence comes to an end, but so gently, and often so gradually that, without seeming effort, one phase is merged in another unnoticed, and the toys of childhood are dropped from the hands, only that the same hands may more readily grasp the books that contain information to meet the calls of life.