

"She answered quietly: 'Father, do not accuse me of that. It was not I. It was Another. I can only tell you that you will not find that particle again.'

"Hearing this, I obliged her to explain. 'Father,' she said, "do not be at all troubled about that particle. I will tell you the truth as to my confessor and spiritual Father. That particle was brought and presented to me by Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself. My companions engaged me not to communicate this morning in order to avoid giving annoyance to certain persons. I was unwilling to be troublesome, but I had recourse to my Divine Spouse. He condescended to appear to me and, with His own sacred hands gave me that particle which you had consecrated. I received it from His own sacred hands. Rejoice, therefore, in Him, because I have received from Him this day a grace for which I can never sufficiently thank my God.' This explanation changed my sadness into joy. I was so encouraged by her words that I no longer experienced the slightest anxiety."

One word more, and we shall end a subject upon which we have so much that might be said. Catherine's life was filled with suffering. For thirteen weeks before her blessed death, she endured excessive torments, which along with the anguish of her soul increased daily. From Sexagesima till the last day of April, the day on which the Church celebrates her feast, she suffered incredibly, but with patience and holy joy. Thanking God for all that she endured, and offering her life to appease His anger and to preserve His Church from scandal, Catherine passed into the rest of the children of God.

SEEDS.

M. S. P.

From out Thy tabernacle, O Most Bright!

Scatter Thy golden seeds of light,

That flowers may spring up in my arid brain,

To seed and flower for thee again.

