

"And does she do that every day?" the Sister asked.

"No; when she has committed a fault, she does not communicate."

"And do you really think Maude understands what it means to communicate?" questioned the Sister thoughtfully.

"Oh! yes," Mary quickly replied; "she knows perfectly well that it means receiving our Lord, and when she sees us rise and go to the altar rail, she always has tears in her eyes."

So much love and ardent desire could not be withstood, and little Maude was told she should make her first communion, all by herself, on the feast of the Sacred Heart — The child's eyes sparkled with joy, and more than ever she tried to be 'very good,' in order to prepare for her first *real* communion.

And it was a most touching sight to see this tiny girl receiving her dear Jesus, for whom she had sighed so ardently. All day long she was very quiet, and at each following communion showed the same touching fervour. On those days she would beg for permission to go to the chapel during recreation asking to be accompanied by some girl that *would not disturb her*.

—Would we all resembled little Maude, for *of such is the Kingdom of heaven!*

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Jesus dwells in the Blessed Sacrament as our Father among His children, as our Redeemer to complete His work, as our Sanctifier to continue it, as our Glorifier impatiently anticipating our endless union with Him, and as our Creator, perfecting, finishing and outstripping in Transubstantiation the most delicate processes of Creation, which without it would be unfinished.

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