

God is my fellow-man, God is my food, God is my ransom from Satan's slavery, God is my reward in heaven. And all this, is it not both typified and realized in Holy Communion? For then God the Son is granted to us in personal and most intimate possession.

No wonder, then, that the late Supreme Pontiff, Pius X., urges all Catholics to go frequently to Communion, to go every day if they can, but keep free from mortal sin; to bring their littlest children to Communion as soon as they can be made to understand that it is God who is going to be given them; and bids us make our whole lives worthy of such a divine privilege by the practise of all Christian virtues. Yet many among us are backward; some from timidity, multitudes from base sinfulness. Well may the Pope cry out to us with St. John the Baptist "There hath stood One in the midst of you whom you know not."



The Ray of Sunshine.

I am only a little ray of sunshine, always smiling, always gay, very curious, and at times a little indiscreet, for I glide in everywhere through cracks and key holes.

One day I was sad, very sad, I had entered a church through a stained-glass window, colouring vividly the red robes and the blue mantles of the saints, and I amused myself in gilding the floor of the church and in dotting the walls with diamonds and precious stones, when I heard a voice sighing: "O, I am always alone!"

Where did the voice come from? I hung on to the statues and interviewed them one by one. I wrought a crown of rubies and emeralds and sapphires and amethysts around their brows. But my caresses and flatteries were in vain; they remained sphinx-like, rigid and dumb, refusing to betray their secrets. And again I heard the voice: "O, I am always alone!"