



Shall I go to Communion?

A fervent young student on leaving college had taken the firm resolution to receive communion very often and to approach the holy table in his parish church in the country at least once a month in order to give good example to an indifferent, careless congregation, among whom frequentation of the sacraments had fallen into almost general disuse.

He tells us himself what a hard struggle he once had to carry out his resolution: "Noticing that every one was watching me with ill-concealed curiosity, I began to grow nervous and embarrassed and was getting from bad to worse when the gentle tinkling of the *Agnus Dei* bell slightly changed the current of my thoughts but still left the momentous question 'shall I go to communion' undecided. If at least some one else would only go first! I looked around anxiously, but no one stirred. Evidently I must face that crowd alone. Prostration was no longer possible. The priest had communicated. I tried to rise and go to the altar but an incomprehensible inertia nailed me to my bench, I began to tremble and beads of perspiration broke out on my forehead. Fortu-