

*Little Maude.*

A great and holy day has dawned on the convent of B. It is first communion day, and the white-robed, radiant-faced girls present the very picture of purest delight. All are beaming with inward happiness, — save one. Little Maude is ruefully contemplating Mary and Lucy, her sisters and first communicants too! She alone, poor little mite, was excluded from the celestial banquet, and her eyes are full of tears. If you ask her why she is sad, she answers with a deep sigh: "because Jesus did not come to me." The other girls are telling her she can communicate spiritually. "I did," she would say; "but Jesus didn't come!" Then she is told that she will make her first communion next year. "O but that's so far-off!" sighs the little maid with a mein so disconsolate as if you had asked her to wait a thousand years.

The kind Sisters were told all about Maude's great distress and from that time they observed her carefully. They soon noticed that the child very often whispered with her sister Mary during mass. Of course, Mary was called to order rather severely and told; she ought to know better than talk in church, thus setting a bad example to her schoolmates in general and her young sister in particular. Mary was silent. At last the teacher asked her what they two could have to tell each other at such moment.

"Please, sister," the girl replied timidly, "Maude wants to make her spiritual communion during mass and I have to help her."

"Well, and how do you help her?"

"Maude first examines her conscience by means of her prayer-book and I have to explain to her the things she can't understand; then she makes her act of contrition and after that she says: 'O dear Jesus, I believe in You; I hope in You; I love You; come into my heart!' And then she moves quite close up to me, so as not to be disturbed, and she adores Jesus."