

A Convert of the Holy Eucharist.

A TRUE STORY.



FOR a long time I called her Miss Charity. Not knowing her true name, this epithet, to my mind, suited her well. Later, when I grew to know her better, I still clung to the old name. And now, after this touching incident has occurred, she herself cherishes the title. So "Miss Charity" it shall be. Of "Miss Charity" I might tell you many stories: how she assisted the poor in all manner of ways; how she worked early and late in the various enterprises created to meet the current needs of the church; how she was identified with every good work in the parish. But these are incidents such as are found in all localities. I prefer to tell you of another in her history — a secret; and yet so beautiful and edifying a fact that I know even she herself would not object to my relating it.

Let me first mention one important point: "Miss Charity" was not a practical Catholic. Marvel as you may, it is nevertheless true. I remember when I first heard of her negligence. I was quite astonished, knowing that her sisters, who made their home with her, were particularly faithful in their devotions. They, it seemed, by unusual piety would make reparation for her indifference. For years, they confided to me, "Miss Charity" had not attended Mass, and of course had not gone to Confession. In the knowledge of these facts, her great goodness of heart seemed a marvel to me. I pondered it again and again, recalling the beautiful incident related in the life of our Divine Lord, when he rewarded the charity of the Samaritan woman with the inestimable gift of Faith. Would He do less for this poor soul who had strayed from His sheltering fold? We shall see.

Her sisters, solicitous for her conversion, had "Miss Charity" enrolled as a member of the Altar Society