

IMELDA'S ONLY COMMUNION

In the city of Bologna may be seen the tomb of a little child named Imelda Lambertini who died on the day of her First Communion. It was the month of May—our Lady's month, which we all love so dearly—and as the morning broke one might have felt that the day was going to be one of great joy in the heavenly court.

The sun shone brightly over this beautiful city. It trickled down the hills into the valleys and cheered up many a poor man's heart on his way to work. The people hurried to and fro, and the city was now wide awake with busy traffic. There was, however, one little spot where all was quiet and calm. It was the convent where little Imelda was to make her first Communion. Imelda was only a tiny girl, yet she loved our Lord very dearly. She often used to steal into the chapel and there she would tell our Lord how much she loved Him, and how she longed for the day to come when she would be allowed to receive Him. She loved to talk to our Lord, and tell Him all her little troubles and wants. How our dear Lord loved those moments little Imelda spent seated at His divine feet! Imelda had begged very hard to be allowed to join her happy companions who were to make their first Communion on this happy morning, but the nuns thought she was far too young; she must wait, they said, until she was older. Poor little Imelda was very sad, and lonely. She crept silently into the chapel and, owing to the crowd, was obliged to stay far away from the altar at the end of the church. She was alone in sadness and tears, because she could not receive Jesus, Whom she loved. Presently the happy band arrived in their snowy white dresses and veils; each pretty head was crowned with a wreath of flowers, and as they took places at the foot of the altar each little heart went out to Him, and longed for the happy moment so soon to come. The people crowded in and all eyes were riveted on the first communicants. No one thought of the sad, lonely, little heart at the end of