

children and she, and already another spirit was springing up in the home.

The Feast of the Sacred Heart arrived at length. Joy was on the face of creation, joy in the hearts of all in Father Burke's parish, especially in the hearts of the First Communicants, who were also that day made members of the Apostleship of Prayer and invested with the Brown Scapular, and there was joy in the loving Heart of God as It beat the faster that glad Festival, beneath the accidents of the great Sacrament. Another happiness had been given to Mary that day, as well—the reward of her loyal obedience, it seemed. Her husband's hours had been changed, and he would in future be able also to join the little family group that intended, in fair weather and in dark, to offer the Sacred Heart the homage of their own hearts' daily hospitality.

Time has passed since then, but it has only confirmed and strengthened in the minds of the happy parents the impression which almost immediately rewarded Mary's efforts at the unforgotten First Communion time, namely, that now at last the children's hearts and souls were won. For a happier, more affectionate and united family does not exist. Thomas himself attributes all the security and happiness in his life to that daily Bread, and, through It, he looks forward to a peaceful entry into the everlasting Harbour in the golden sunset. His mother and sisters are of the same opinion, for their practice is the same, and Mary and they are the greatest friends. There is no room for little jealousies between them, for, as Mary laughingly says, "'Twas the Holy Father himself and Father Burke who managed the children; I couldn't do it,"—and changed them into the splendid characters they give promise of, she might have added.

For the children's hearts and souls were not only won but kept. And that because the sweet memories of their First Communion day have never been permitted to fade, but are kept a living reality, renewed each day at morning Mass.

THAMONDA.