

"Nice?" echoed the Sister. "Nothing could be more lovely. Is there some relative, perhaps, for whom you should wish to make the offering?"

"No, Sister, Papa and mamma are always praying and having Masses said for the grandpapa and grandmamma who are dead. And I don't know of any other friends".

"Well, then, what would be your wish?"

"I thought it might be a good thing to offer it for some neglected soul."

"Indeed it would," said Sister Margaret, much edified.

"Then I will do that," said Jessie, simply, and the matter was spoken of no more.

On the morning of First Communion day the children marched in procession from the convent to the church, with that look upon their young faces which no human being ever wears except on that memorable occasion. Jessie and her companion were the last to run the gauntlet of admiring criticism from the crowds that lined the sidewalks and surged up to the steps. A lady richly attired was passing in a carriage driven by a liveried coachman. The horses began to kick, and Jessie swerved aside with her companion, for the first time raising her eyes, which had been bent upon the ground. They met those of the lady, large, dark and sorrowful, with a haughty expression that repelled the child even in that brief moment. But something in that innocent gaze caught the attention of the occupant of the carriage. She hesitated, leaned forward, and ordering her coachman to stop, alighted from her vehicle and slowly entered the church into which the crowd had already disappeared. Once inside she edged her way forward, and soon found herself, in the pew just behind Jessie, who was seated in the last row of first Communicants.

The Mass proceeded, and the lady sat during the greater part of it, half kneeling at the Elevation. Her face was pale and outwardly calm, but the occasional twitching of her lips betrayed the existence of strong hidden emotion. After a few words from the officiating priest before the Communion, the children advanced to the rail. As Jessie once more reentered the pew, her hands clasped together, her young face radiant and glorified by the sublime act she had just performed, the lady bent forward in a vain

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