

down in the Priest's hands: "My God I consecrate my purity to Thee; I make vow of perpetual chastity." What a glorious welcome for the Saviour, and what a virginal tabernacle He was preparing in the heart of His pupil, the future Apostle of His Sacred Heart.

About this time Blessed Margaret Mary's God Mother wished to have her live with her so that she might superintend her religious education. Her parents consented and Margaret at four years of age, went to live with this noble lady. If at first she missed her own home and her mother's caresses soon her new home became a source of delight, not indeed on account of its comforts and luxuries, but because she was so near the church and at liberty to go there as often as she pleased, and as she never went anywhere else her most prolonged absence caused no anxiety for she was always sure to be found prostrate before the altar. What did she do during the many hours she spent there? She herself scarcely knew; but she knew she loved to be there, that she was never tired or lonesome, that she could have remained there day and night without being hungry; that her only thought was to burn like the candles in God's Presence in order to give Him love for love.

She was there like the lamp that glowed before the Blessed Sacrament, but a living loving lamp; like the sheaf of roses that wafted its gracious perfume to the Tabernacled Christ, but a rose endowed with a free will that made each of her pulsations a breath of sweet homage most agreeable to the watching King.

How pleasing to Jesus in the Host were not those long wordless visits of His little lover of four years, and how often during those too short hours did she not sigh and pray for the First Communion day which only dawned for her when she was nine years old.

She hungered for God like Blessed Marie des Anges of the princely family of Fontanella. Marie began to yearn for her First Communion when she was only four years of age; she would have done or suffered anything to hasten its coming; her longing grew with her life so much so that she complained to our Lord of dying of hunger in sight of the Bread of Angels.