THE BADGE OF THE SACRED HEART

A TRUE STORY

ere talking of the Badge of the Sacred Heart; discussing its merits. One of our party was valiantly enthusiastic. As chaplain of a city hospital he had, he declared, witnessed wonderrel graces—cures, conversions, etc.—effected by the little badge. Through the influence of its grace most stubborn sinners finally yielded after refusing, again and again, to see a priest, or even o say a prayer.

But more wonderful than all these, it seemed to me, was the personal experi-nce of one who, in consequence, has ecome a most zealous promoter of de-rotion to the Sacred Heart. Let me relate the facts in her own words:

"A few years ago I made the acquain tance of a woman whom in many re-spects, I greatly admired. She came from Ireland to settle in America with her children—a large family, ranging from the tender age of two years to maidenhood and young manhood. As Irish people generally, they were all devout Catholics, except the mother. She was noticeably negli gent in matters of religion. I attributed this negligence to the fact that she was a convert. Once she told me the romantic better the state of the same to th of her conversion, when, as a en of sixteen, she had given up mother, home, religion—everything, to marry a young Catholic suitor. Braving the angry disapproval of the entire little Protestant stronghold in which she lived, she had secretly made her profession of faith as a Catholic and immedi married in the Catholic Church passing her own mother's door to attend Mass on Sunday morning. Neverthe-less, I often remarked her want of fervor, of earnestness, of loyalty which naturally would be expected as a result

"So matters continued till Death one home garden, passed in quietly, abode a moment, and departed with the rarest moment, and departed with the rarest blosson of all—the mother's youngest— a bright, sinless, little girl. Then, again, the mother's lack of piety was evident. When the other children spoke of the baby's happy future there seemed but a vague response in the mother's spirit, and once she went so far as to admit she could not satisfy herself that her baby was with God and that she would one day meet her in

"Circumstances brought us together better and to respect her more for her culture and her sterling character; though with this insight her negli-gence appeared all the more culpable.

'A time came when the father was called away for a prolonged absence. Shortly after, one morning, the children brought me a note from their mother. It was as a light thrown in upon depths of a soul which had the depths of a soul which had struggled for years unsided and mis understood. It revealed a marvelous truta. It chronicled an extraordinary sion. It told how my poor friend had, for twenty fi e years -ever since the time of her marriage-led a life of the time of her marriage—led a life of deseption, so to speak; in which she acted, appeared to be what all con-sidered her—a Catholic; while lo resitey, having renounced Protestant ism at the request of her husband, and Ism at the request of her husband, and unable to accept the truths of Catholicism, she had nothing. Her mind was in a cnaos. The principle truths of our holy Faith, so often stumbling blocks to those outside the fold, were vague as dancing shadows. As she admitted, the head well interacted is the control of the contro been well instructed in the fance justified with the false ideas that are not the special property of any age. Catholics were idolatrous, superstitious, and were able, through indulgence and are in the humble homes of Ireland so called intercessory prayer, to obtain to day, men and women and a license to commit sin. None about her dreamed of this state of her mind; least of all her nusband with the simple atl anding faith so characteristic of the Irish. Nor would she that they had discovered the truth. Indeed, it was went to Mass, even so irregularly and otherwise conformed to Catholic prac-tices. Parougnout these many years she had time and time again wished that she might have courage to open her mind to a priess, but as often failed. To loone in all the whole world had she spoken a syllable. Now a sudden grace had entered her soul, supplying the courage see so needed. Would I explain away a few of the difficulties I, in other words, dispel the heavy, sui en clouds that the light of faith migh flood her mind—ner soul—with an efful-gence that should never wane? This was the favor she in all humility begged of me, asking only that I guard her secret lest her children be scanda

Again and again I read the note. until its unter were almost as familiar.
Realizing all that depended upon my
answer, I trembled lest in my earnestness I might make an unguarded step
and thus tumble into irreparable ruins the decises framework that was being built in her sensitive soul. Of course I prayed oh! how sincere!—at the same time thanking God Who had so blessed me with priceless faith. Then I did the only thing possible in such a circumstance. I explains matters to a zealous

grace? By chance one day I found my

And that answer? Only the act of a child—a couldent child of simple faith. Longing to have her mother a really fervent, faithful Catholic, this child, full of confidence, went to the Sacred Heart as to the author of every good and perfect gift. She besought that loving Heart to send a special grace to her mother; to pour into that mother's heart such a love that, unable to resist, she would be drawn to the practices of her hely faith. To accompractices of her hely faith. To accomplish this the child had recourse to the little wonder worker—the badge of the Sacred Heart. She recalled that our Lord and Himself promised to bless all who honored the image of His Sacred Heart; to bless all who wore the little Heart; to bless all who wore the little badge. If she might persuade the mother to do so! But then—perhaps it might displease her mother to thus, as it were, rebuke her for her indifference. In due time a happy thought came to her mind. She would conceal the little badge inside the time the hat was worn, the blest badge would be close—very close—to her mother. And meanwhile she would pray. The rest she left to the Sacred Heart.

"When the miracle was actually reported when the grace she had graved

wrought, when the grace she had crave had been granted, she, childlike, thought it a direct answer to her prayer; a personal favor from the Sacred Heart. But it will be only when all is revealed, and her young mind, having developed, has become attuned to the wonderful note become attuned to the wonderful note in the message of love, that she will be gin to realize the miraculous conversion granted through her confident appeal to the Sacred Heart."

And of a certainty those who read these facts will be prompted first to thank the loving Heart of Christ for their own priceless faith; then, in gratitude and confidence, resolve to do all in their power to make that Sacred Heart better known and loved .- Anna M. Gillin, in the Catholic Tribune.

THE ASHES OF A SAINT

Ireland is a land of holy

BY REV. D. A. CASEY

Ireland is a land of holy places. There is not a parish from Malin Head to Cape Clear but shelters some honored relic of the distant past when saintly men and women trod the green fields that even to-day are blessed. A ruined abbey, in the shadow of whose ivy-covered remains "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep;" a "holy well," where even to-day the faithful pay "rounds," that is, perform certain devotional exercises in honor of the Saint reputed to have blessed the waters: a mutilated to have blessed the waters; a mutilated shrine that sheltered the ashes of one of God's holy one's long since scattered to the winds by reforming iconoclasts. Jealously guarded by the descendants I lost no time in reading it, thinking it required an answer. Undoubtedly it required an answer, but not such an answer as might be penned in a hasty moment or two. Indeed it was such a note as I have never before nor since of the ancient Irish faith. Sacred relies of a by gone age, in their venerable and silence they preach more eld hoary quently than living voice the continuity of the twin passion that has moulded Ireland's destiny—love of God and love of country. Many of these shrines are world famous, and hence are as familiar to readers of the RECORD as they are to those who daily wander through the broken cloisters of Cionmacnoise, or broken cloisters of Cionmacnoise, or kneel above the ashes of Patrick, Brigid, and Columba, in the Cathedral of Down. Others are known only to local

> the faith of Ireland, and their children of to day still walk with God. Saints little children who may never be raised to the altars of the Church, but who are saints for all that. And it is the story of one of those present-day Irish Saints that we would tell.

we would tell.

"Sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year," writes Denis A.
McCarthy in one of his beautiful poems.
It is rone the less true that all Ireland
is beautiful in the May time. The fields
are never so green, the flowers are
never so fair, the birds never sing so
sweetly as in Mary's own dear month in
holy Ireland. There is a glamour over holy Ireland. There is a glamour over sea and sky, a freshness in everything, as if Mary's benedictions were wafted to you on the breezes that croon over bill and lake and stream. It would almost seem as if Mary had thus repaid her Irish children for their fidelity to her throughout many a bitter trial by making her month the fairest in a land

where every month has a haunting beauty peculiar to itself.

Oa one of those beautiful May evenings then, when all nature basked re-splendent under Mary's smile, we found ourselves one of a large number whose way led up the rather steep incline that, passing by the gates of North Monastery, whose cemetery holds the ashes of the gentle Catholic poet and playwright, Gerald Griffin, leads to the Industrial school of the Good Shepherd at Sunday's Well, in the city of Cork.
The gates stood invitingly open, and
passing through the beautiful grounds
with the school buildings to the left, we
came to the object of our quest. It is came to the object of our quest. It is the convent cometery, where sleep the faithful daughters of the Good Shephelicate framework by first winning her condence, he gradually built within a strong, enduring structure. And in a strong, enduring structure. And in a strong enduring structure. And in a strong enduring structure and in the centre of the come as week, a charged woman. From negligence and indifference she developed conscientions regularity, a ferveloped conscientions regularity, and above the sakes of the dealth of the first hand the formation of the first hand the formation of the firs the convent cemetery, where sleep the faithful daughters of the Good Shep-

press them to their lips, then reverently place them in their bosoms, and we, who know this people, know what reverence is theirs for those favored places that have known the footprints of a saint, marvel at the spectacle. Why make the grave of this orphan child a place of pilgrimage? Who was "Little Nellie of Holy God."

We heard her stowy from the Sister.

of pligrimage? Who was "Little Nellie of Holy God."
We heard her story from the Sister. It was on the 11th of May, 1907, that Nellie and Mary Horgan, two little motherless girls, came to the Convent of the Good Shepherd at Sunday's Weil. Nellie, the younger of the two, was not yet four years old, when, a few months previously, she had followed the remains of her mother, a victim to the dread scourge of consumption, to its lowly resting place amongst the graves of God's poor. And siready, in addition to a bad curvature of the spine, it was plain that the mother's fatal malady had marked the child for an early death. The rich child was placed in the infirmary, and from the very bedeath. The rich child was placed in the infirmary, and from the very be-ginning of her residence under the roof of the Good Shepherd those in charge of her were struck by amazing evi-dences of sanctity unusual in one so young. From many wonderful in-stances told us by the good Sister, and published with the permission of the Bishop of Cork, we select a few at ran-dom.

Nellie had an extraordinary devotion to the Infant Jesus. A little altar of the Divine Infant of Prague was placed beside her cot. She frequently asked for fresh flowers, and oil for the lamp that for fresh flowers, and oil for the lamp that burned before the statue. One day the girl who attended to Nellie while the nurse was visiting her other patient's, left the child to see to something in another room. Hearing someone move, she re-entered suddenly, not imagining for a moment that Nellie could have left her cot. What was her amazement left her cot. What was her amazement to see the child, holding a flower in her hand, vainly endeavoring to clambed back to bed! "Oh, you naught child!" said the girl, I'll tell Mothe child!" said the girl, I'll tell Mother when she comes that you stele a flower."
Later on the nun came in, and Nellie said to her: "Mudder, I'm sorry I took the flower; but I was only talking to Holy God and Him gived me the flower, Him did, Mudder."

It was the custom for the girl of

whom we have already spoken, to attend Mass and receive Holy Communion daily. One morning, not feeling well, nained in the kitchen and did no hear Mass. By some extraordinary in-tuition Nellie knew of the omission, and by and by when she same to look after her little charge, Nellie said to her, "You did not get Holy God to-day." The girl thought that perhaps the child had heard her moving about in the kitchen. She decided to test little Nellie. Accordingly the next time she took precautions so as not to be heard, but Nellie had the same reprimand for her," "Y ceive Holy God to day." You did not re-

"How do you know, love," said the girl. Didn't vou hear me go to the chapel?" "No matter," said the child,

"I know you didn't get Holy God."

Nellie grew daily weaker, and as her strength ebbed away her sufferings increased, but no complaint ever passed her childish lips. One morning Sister Immaculata and the nurse went to visit her after she had spent a very restless

"How are you to-day, darling?' asked the nurse. "I thought you would have been with Holy God by this

"Oh, no!" answered Nellie, "Holy God says I am not good enough to go "What do you know about Holy

God?" asked the nurse,
"Him did come an' stand dere," replied the child, pointing to the side of her cot, "and Him did say dat."

Nurse and Sister looked at each other in amazement. Where was He, Nellie ?" asked the

Dere," she repeated confidently, pointing to the same spot:
"And what was He like?" asked the Sister again.

ing her hands on her breast. Was it a childish fancy, or had God favored this little child as He had favored other chosen souls? After much deliberation. Sister and nurse decided

not to speak of the matter to anyone unless Nellie should again refer to it. We shall see that little Nellie, when on the threshold of eternity, solemnly re-peated the story of this visit of Holy

For so young a child, little Nellie had made marvellous progress in religious knowledge. She manifested a wonder-ful devotion to the Passion. They gave her a crucifix, and when her own anffer ings became almost unbearable, she would take it in her little hand, stare at would take it in her little hand, stare at it fixedly, and whisper, "Poor Holy God!" Her recital of the rosary was particularly edifying. She kissed each bead as her childish lips formed the Hail Mary. "One evening," writes the Kev. Mother, "while I was sitting beside her cot I said to her: 'Shall I talk to you, Baby, or shall I say the rosary?' 'Say your rosary. Mudder,' she an-'Say your rosary, Mudder,' she answered. I had only said a few Hail Marys when I heard her whisper, 'Kneel down, Mudder,' I paid no attention and continued to 'be end of the first decade, when she repeated, in quite a determined tone, 'Kneel down,

Mudder,' and I had to finish the rosary on my knees." on my knees."

The Sisters were so impressed with the piety and knowledge of the dear child that they had begun to entertain the wish that she would receive the sacrament of confirmation before God would call her to Himself. Prayers had here offered for that intention between the confirmation to the confirmation before the confirmation that the confirmation that the confirmation that the confirmation is the confirmation to the confirmation that the confirmation is the confirmation to the confirmation that the confirmation is the confirmation that the confirmation th

the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, although no human information would

reached her,

"Holy God is not in de lock-up today," she would say, "take me down to
Him." And now those who tended
the little sofferer would hear her repeat sadly to herself:—"I want Holy
God! Oh! I wonder when He will God! Oh! I wonder when He will come! I want Him to come into my heart, I'm longing for Him." Sometimes Nellie was so weak that nurse deemed it imprudent to leave her to attend morning Mass. But Nellie always insisted on her going. "Mudder, go down to Mass," she would say, "an' get Holy God an' come back to kiss me. Den you can go back to de chapel Den you can go back to de chapel again." The nurse could do as Nellie wished, but not a word would the child wished, but not a word would the child allow her to speak. She would not have her interrupt her thanksgiving. One evening she said to Rev Mother: "Mudder, to-morrow morning when you get Holy God, will you bring Him up to me?" "To-morrow morning," the mother answered, "I shall ask Holy God to be very fond of you, and I shall come up to see you after Mass." That evening Nellie said to her nurse: "Mudder Francis is goin' to bring me Holy God in de morrin'." Before daybreak Nellie was awake and called to her nurse: "Mudder! Mudder! please get up an' clean de house 'cause Holy get up an' clean de house 'cause Holy God is comin' up to me to-day," After-wards when Rev. Mother appeared with-out "Holy God" her disappointment was so keen that she wept bitterly. During so keen that she wept bitterly. During the day she was strangely silent. "Mudder," she said, in the evening, "I did tink I could have Holy God today." During the following days Nellie lay so still and silent that more than once they thought the end had come. When they enquired if she wanted anything, she would answer sadly, yet resignedly, "No mudder, I was only tinkin' bout Holy God."

A distinguished member of the Jesuit

A distinguished member of the Jesuit Order, then conducting the annual retreat for the Sisters, was requested to question the child and see if she really desired to receive our Lord. It must be borne in mind that the decree of Pius X. concerning the first Communion of little children had not yet been published. The Jesuit Father, therefore, proceeded with the greatest caution, and not until be had had several conference with little Nellis all be feel between ences with little Nellie did he feel him self entitled to formulate his decision self entitled to formulate his decision.

"With regard to the reception of this sacrament," he writes, "Nellie had arrived at the use of reason. I firmly believe that the child was endowed in no ordinary degree with an ardent love of God, with an intense desire to be united to Him in Holy Communion."

This decision was communicated to the Bishop, who weighed the matter carefully and finally consented. Nellie's joy was and finally[consented. Nellie's joy was indescribable. "I will hab Holy God in my heart, I will hab Holy God in my my heart, I will nat floly God in my heart," was all she would say that day. She could not sleep that night. Every now and then she would awake nurse, asking if it were yet time to rise. "The stars are gone, Mudder," she would say,

'tis time to get up now."

It was the first Friday of the month the 6th of December, 1907, a day of holy love and reparation, when throughout the Universal Church, sympathetic hearts approach their Hidden God to tell Him that though all the world for sake Him they will still prove true When they brought her into the chapel When they brought her into the chapel, that tiny, sickly child, clothed in white, and wearing the wreath and veil of First Communion, a solemn hush fell upon the plous congregation. They could almost fancy they heard the whispered welcome from the Tabernacle, "Suffer the little children to come note. Me." The priest came forth. The priest came forth robed in the livery of the Dispensers of the Mysteries, and undid the bars that enclosed the Prisoner of Love, And "Holy God" had come into little Nellie's heart. "The child," writes the Jesuit Father already referred the "literally hungered for her God, and Jesuit Father already received "literally hungered for her God, and received Him from my hands in a transport of love." The little children raised their voices in the joyous strains but her house harm, but to things of earth, in silent conference with "Holy God" Who dwelt within her heart. All that day was spent by the child in uninterrupted communion with

her heavenly guest. It soon became evident that little Nellie's days were numbered. In addition to her other maladies the jaw had been attacked by carles. But the noisome odor completely disappeared after her Holy Communion. Nellie was now enrolled in the Sodality of the Children of Mary. She received the

Last Sacraments. But still her lingering martyrdom continued. The days of torture glided into weeks of agony. One great consolation cheered the little sufferer. She was now allowed to "get poor Holy God" daily. Before her Communion she would not speak an unnecessary word. She even asked her nurse not to speak to her until after Mass. After her Communion she would ask to be turned toward the wall so that the different objects about the room might not dis-tract her. Her thanksgiving usually tract her. Her thanksgiving usually lasted for hours; on one occasion it lasted until evening. "Her fortitude in suffering was heroic," writes the Bishop of Cork. "She was afflicted with many maladies, among them caries of the jawbone. The wound had to be treated with disinfectants every day, which cannot the child intense main. treated with distinctions every day, which caused the child intense pain. She endured the agony without a complaint or even an exclamation, always clasping the crucifix tightly in her little hands." "Holy God suffered far more on de cross for me," she would say. Her sublime confidence in the

for little Nellie they sounded a death-knell. The dreadful malady of consump-tion was hastening to conclude its work of devastation. The jaw bone was disof devastation. The jaw bone was disintegrating, and soon several little
pieces came away. While others wept
at the pathetic sight Neilie was happy
and resigned. "Why are you crying,
Mudder?" she said one day to the
Superioress, "you should be glad dat I
am goin' to Holy God." Everthing
spoke to her of Holy God. The clouds
that she saw through the window of the
sick room were "the friends and sick room were "the friends and angels of Holy God." When she heard the merry laughter of her little friends at play she was glad that "Holy God's children" were so happy. She could at play she was glad that "Holy God's children" were so happy. She could not suffer to have artificial flowers on her little altar. "Take dem away," she said, "dey are too stiff for Holy God; I want Holy God's own flowers." Sometimes they asked her if she were not lonely and afraid during their absence, but the answer was always the same: "Oh, no! I was talkin' to Holy God." If they questioned her further she would only say, "Holy God says I muss not speak of these tings." She had been asked to pray for the recovery of a well-known Jesuit Father. "Holy God is very fond of Pader—," she said a few days later, "he will get better, a few days later, "he will get better, but he will never see me." Her words

proved true. Shortly after Christmas she was en Shortly after Christmas she was en-rolled in the Apostleship of Prayer. After this her prayers for the Church and the Pope became more incessant. One day Rev. Mother showed her a pic-ture of the Sacred Heart The child ex-

ture of the Sacred Heart. The child examined it closely. "Dat is not da way I saw Holy God," she said.
"How did you see Him?" asked the mother. "Dis way," answered Nellie, crossing her hands on her breast as on the occasion when she spoke of her vision to Sister Immaculata and the nurse. The Mother was astounded; she Had not heard of this "visit of Holy God" before. She spoke to the Sister and the nurse, and they declared their

As her days drew to a close her hunger for the Blessed Sacrament beme more and more intense.
"I want Holy God, I want Holy God."

"Will it soon be morning, mudder?" she said one night. "Try and sleep, dear," answered the nurse, Father—will not be here for a

nurse, Father—will now long while yet."
"Go and call him, an' tell him I want
"Go and call him, an' tell him I want

"Go and call him, an' tell him I want Holy God. Does he lib in the garden mudder?"

"No, Nellie, he is very far away, down in the city. I could not get him now."
At last morning came and the little one's holy craving was satisfied. This was the question already referred to, when her thanksgiving lasted until evening. She lay perfectly still in her evening. She lay perfectly still in her little cot, turned towards the window. At a quarter to five she turned suddenly ound and said to the Sister, "on, mudder I'm so happy. I've been talking to Holy God." Her voice trembled with delight her face, previously so dusky with the ravages of disease, was now white as milk. Her cheeks glowed as a smiling peach. Her large eyes shone with a strange brilliancy. Her smile had a sweetness not of earth, and around the ed was the distinct aroms of incense. Nellie was going to Holy God. She forgot her sufferings in the anticipation

of the joy that was soon to be hers. She would go to Him on His own day, she said. She could wear her First Communion dress, she could go in nurse's arms, and they should make a dress for nurse. On Thursday, January 30th, the rosary tickets were distributed by lot amongst the children, and Nellie in her turn drew hers. It proved to be to fall upon the following Sunday, raised their voices in the joyous strains of the First Communion hymn, but life and death. Sunday came, and all ong the sufferer's se turn to kneel in prayer around the little revered more than the poor shepberd oot. Towards three o'clock the little sufferer became quite caim, and remained motionless for about an hour. mained motionless for about an hour. Her eyes were fixed on something which she seemed to see at the foot of the bed. "There was an extraordinary look in those lovely eyes," the Sister said, "it was not the sightless, glazed expression of the dying." Then she moved. Her eyes now filled with tears, it seemed with tears of joy. She tried to rise and draw near to that "semething" on which she gazed so longingly. thing" on which she gazed so longingly, and then she smiled. From the movement of her lips she seemed to speak with someone, and raising here eyes, she followed with a look of supernatural love that "something" which seemed now to hover above her head. Presently, with the ecatatic smile of one who Him whom her soul loveth and will not let Him go," little Nellie fled to Hoty God. It was 4 o'clock on Sunday, February 2nd, 1908, the Feast of the Purification and of the Presentation of Child Jesus in the Temple. Thus she

went to Holy God "on His own day." Nellie was then four years, five months, and eight days old. and eight days old.

They buried the holy child in the public cemetery of St. Joseph across the Lee, and as the story of her holy life spread amongst the public, the little grave gradually became a shrine and strange rumors were abroad of wonderful graces obtained through the latercester of little Nation 1. sion of little Nellie. It was now sought to have the remains transferred to

Christmas gift. The child's face, before so pale and haggard, was glowing
now. Her eyes were bright with some
strauge, unwonted brilliancy. "If ever
anyone was in ecstasy," declares an
eye-witness, "Nellie certainly was
then."

bright as if it had been recently
po ished. Everything was exactly as
on the day of little Nellie's death. On
spend a day at the birthplace and girlhood of the heroine. Tae hamlet looks
was laid in its final resting place in the
cemetery of the Good Shepherd. And
then." there, one evening towards the end of May, we made one of the large number of pilgrims that knelt above the ashes of "Little Nellie of Holy God." The ecclesiastical authorities are already engaged investigating the many wonder cree to convince these plous pilgrims that little Nellie is a Saint of 'Hoty God." And as you kneel there, not knowing whether to believe or doubt, a strange feeling as of something super natural steals over you, and you too fine yourself praying to this new child-saint of First Communion. Twelve months before Our Holy Father issued his Decree on Children's Communio Ne'lie's little comrades made a No vena to their saintly dead com panion that she would obtain for her little companions and all little children throughout the world the great children throughout the world the great favour of receiving Holy Communion as near to the age that she received it as possible who then thought such a remarkable change in Church discipline was possible? And yet we know the sequel. May we not think that it is to little Nellie we owe this wonderful privilege granted to the little ones of Christ's flock! After the Papal Decree had been issued the little children of had been issued the little children of Nellie's school wrote a letter to the Holy Father in which they related Nellie's wonderful life and the fact of the Novena. The Holy Father sent them a gracious reply in which he urges them to imitate "their companion Nellie, who was called to heaven while still a child, where she is praying for them, for their families, for the Sisters, for their superiors, and especially for their very venerable Bishop, to all of who earnestly impart the Apostolic

earnestly impart the Apostolic blessing." Rome moves slowly, yet in God's
good time we may hope to see this holy
Irish child proclaimed the patro: saint
of Child Communion. Meanwhile,
whilst waiting the decision of the
ecclesiastical authorities, we set down this short sketch of her life in the hon that it may serve as a beautiful example to our dear Canadian children, and may prove an incentive to them to become as devoted to Our Eucharistic Lord as was "Little Nellie of Holy God." The "Life of Little Nellie" already been written in Italian by Rev. Don Ugo Descuffl, and dedicated by special permission, to Pius X. In a Roman publication there appears with the Imprimatur of the Master of the

Sacred Palace, the following prayer:
"Lord Jesus, Who hast said, 'Suffer the "Lord Jesus, Who hast said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me.' we give Thee thanks for having deigned to permeate with Thy sweetness the soul of little Nellie by inspiring her with a great devotion to Thy Holy Passion and a vehement desire to receive Thee in the Divine Eucharist, and by giving Thyself to her in Communion from her most tender infancy. Grant, O Divine Friend of the children, that all Thy designs of love and mercy concerning Thy little servant may be accomplished for Thy greater glory and for the edification of the little children of the entire world. May the example of little Nellie, to gether with her heaven'y intercession draw the little friends of Jesus close to the altar rails, and may it enkindle it all hearts a holy hunger for the Bread of Eternal life.

AT THE HOME OF JOAN OF ARC

There is no character in history whose tory is at once so beautiful, so heroic and so trapic as that of the your

France—Jeanne d'Arc.
It appeals alike to the young and to
the old, to the learned and the un learned, to the pessant in the cottage and the prince in the palace and few there are who have not felt the tears start as they read the life of the young beroine. France sacrificed its saviour, but to-day no other of its heroes and nding to behold. The Sisters came in beroines, save Nacoleon is idelized and maid seem so real, nowhere does she so appeal to you as she doe- in the little village of her birth.

Domremy lies in the northesstern part of France, in the hilly department of the Vosges. If is off from the main

looked when Jeanne herself walked along its harrow street or tended her father's sheep on the hillside. One marvels that in such a quiet, rural, retired spot one could have gone forth to make so much history.

A little grey hamlet, of perhaps thirty or forty houses, on the side of a low hill, that slopes down to the meadow of the Meuse, with a church tower rising in the micst, an old stone bridge, and the ruins of an old castle, which was perhaps dismantled before Jeanne's timethis is Domremy of the present day. haps dismantied before Jeanne's time—
this is Domremy of the present day.
The village is a farming community and
the ways of its people are primitive and
simple. Every one of its inhabitants,
except the priest and a colony of nuns,
work in the fields. They wear wooden
shoes and know very little more about the world than did Jeanne's father and mother. To visit Domremy is like going back into the Middle Ages.

In the middle of the village stands

the church the same church that Jeanne attended, a large, barn like structure, with a square stunted tower surmounted by a cross. The tower has a clock on it and to the left of the entrance on a high pedestal is a bronze statue of Jeanne. It represents her in a haif-kneeling posture, and is not so striking as the statue of the heroic maid at Rouen. Above the main entrance is a great allegorical painting on canvas, tacked against the wall. Among its figures is that of Jeanne in her white armor, with saints and warriors in various guises, which is somewhat contusing in their signification

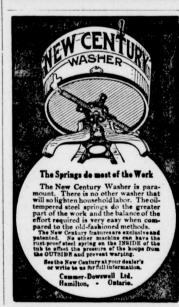
and meaning.

Close to the church is Jeanne d'Arc's cottage, which looks as much like a big shed as snything. It has a very high front and the roof slopes back all one way to the rear. The interior is used as a museum, and is cold and cheerless with no suggestion of its once having been a home. But there is the big fire-place before which Jeanne used to sit and knit in the winter evenings, and overhead is the timbered ceiling, wholly unchanged from her day. Many and many a time the maid must have passed in and out of this door and her childish

teet have pattered upon the floor.

At the back of the house is the garden with its narrow paths and little plots of dowers and vegetables, where Jeanne used to wander in the twilight hours and listen to the bells of the nearby church and where the voices first spoke to her. Dear little shepherd maiden, it all comes back—the lowly life and the humble toil, her innocent and dreamy and the sad, tragic end-as we wander over the little yard, and we can almost see Jeanne sitting there and listening to the voices that called her to her splendor and her fate. The house and grounds are the property of the council

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