



THE LITTLE
Chorister of Our Lady
OF CHARTRES.

IN this old city of Chartres, there was a poor widow named Marie, who had only one child, a son named Jean. She was obliged to work hard to obtain a scanty livelihood for herself and boy; her heart was divided between Heaven and him, and no hardship or privation distressed her while she had the solace of these two. Jean was very beautiful, with regular features, dark blue eyes and brown curling hair, lithe, active and graceful in his movements, while his countenance always shone with a pure, joyous expression. The boy's exceeding loveliness made him a pleasant sight for the eye to rest upon; but when his devotion, recollection and diligence were noticed, every one was edified who observed him assisting at the public services at the cathedral, and at length the Bishop's attention was attracted by his modest piety which, combined with his beautiful aspect, gave him an angelic appearance, and he appointed him a chorister of the cathedral. His heart was divided in three parts, one of which he gave to God, one to the Blessed Virgin, one to his mother, and all these three affections being in full exercise filled it to overflowing. He was never absent from a religious ceremony; there never came a festival of the Blessed Virgin without his being there to assist; and whenever a stranger passing through the narrow streets of Chartres happened to meet him and attracted by his innocent and modest beauty inquired his name, he invariably answered, with a sinless sort of pride: "I am a chorister of Our Lady of Chartres."

On the eve of *Corpus Christi*, the mother and son, who had been shriven, and were prepared to receive the "food of Angels" on the morning of the festival, returned to their