

"Oh, no, my child, it is will that constitutes the sin."

"Then I beg Baptism as a favor. Grant it to me."

The ceremony took place in the midst of the most profound emotion of those who gathered to witness it. Holy Mass followed the baptismal ceremony, and after descending from the baptismal font, he received his Divine Lord and his God with the most lively transports of joy and pathos, as the celebrant turned round on the altar and presented to the happy youth,—the heavenly object of all his prayers,—the Eucharistic food for which he sighed so often is to-day the all powerful magnet of his soul, that draws from him intense acts of love and of holy faith.

Seldom was there witnessed so beautiful, a Catholic spectacle, so moving a manifestation of love and faith, as when on his knees between his mother and god-mother, he received into his heart the sweet child Jesus, who came to him, accompanied by His Heavenly Court. Nothing disturbed the happiness of the youthful Neophyte,—not even the fear of surprise from his Jewish father.

Six weeks afterwards he also received Holy Communion in company with his loving mother, on the Feast of All Saints and now came the "Crux"—the day of his proof—the first test to which his faith was subjected.

A few days afterwards his father presented to him a book, and said to him, "Let us go to pray."

"Papa, I cannot pray in this Jewish book."

"Why?"

"I am a Christian; I am a Catholic."

"Oh, my child, that is cruel deception. Surely you are not speaking seriously. I suppose, besides your baptism is not valid without my consent."

"You mistake, papa: I have already arrived at the age of knowing right from wrong, and I have sincere faith, and I have had ample instruction to make it valid."

The father was evidently violently irritated against his wife and son, but he suppressed it for a moment, lest his mode of vengeance might be disclosed.

Some days afterwards he left Paris, taking with him his son, and brought

him some hundreds of miles away from his mother. All her efforts to discover his present address were in vain. As the father placed him in a Protestant college, under an assumed name, it was, therefore nigh impossible to find his whereabouts. The affliction of the poor mother, deprived of her only earthly solace, was intense. Her solitude was to her a martyrdom. But the child, as Daniel in the Lions' den, was impervious to the violence of the attacks made against his faith: all the efforts done by his jailors to make him deny it were unavailable.

"I would wish dearly to see mother," he would repeatedly say amidst a flood of tears. "You will see her, but first abjure your faith." His calling jailors would repeat: "Oh, no; I am a Christian. I am a Catholic. I prefer to suffer everything—all—all—before the denial of my Holy Faith."

Many months did the poor mother, harassed with continuous suffering, display martyrlike, quiet bravery. The vicinity of Jesus in the Tabernacle was for her the unexpressible support she needed in the exile of her son. At last she received a letter from the most distant part of Germany, the contents of which were: "Look at this; your son is here." She at once, venturesome and trustful in our Divine Lord, hastened off on her long journey of some 300 miles, and at length arrived at the moment the family were assembled together, and entering without ceremony, she addressed them:

"My son, where is my son?"

"Your son," said one of them. "You will not see him until you swear before God that you will educate him in the Jewish faith, and that you will not allow him in any way to adhere to the religion he has embraced." Her efforts then were in vain, and nigh intolerably deep as had been her sense of his exile, for again she was deprived of the happiness of seeing him. However, a few months afterwards the father began to show that the fires of his malice were quenching, and that he commenced to relent in his vexatious persecution of his wife and son, and to show, particularly to the former, some sympathy. He agreed at last to permit her to see her son, but on the one condition, that at