

“ ‘How did it happen?’ ‘Is she really dead?’ Is there no hope?’

“In French, German and English these questions were asked. In a moment the proprietor was at Miss Ormonde's side explaining that madame had been killed in a terrible lift accident, and little mademoiselle was very badly injured. He led the way to a room upstairs where she lay, still and white, the long, black lashes forming a perfect fringe on the face, pure as a lily. She was quite unconscious. The skull bone was fractured and the pressure on the brain must be relieved, but the doctors had little hope. She might recover consciousness, but she could not live long.

“A telegram summoned Mr. Raminoff from Odessa, but it would be days before he could arrive in Geneva, and meanwhile Miss Ormonde had baptized Shura. Once, like a flashlight, the torch of reason flickered for a moment, the great, dark eyes opened and smiled a look of recognition as her governess bent over her. The little hands sought for the precious crucifix. It was not there. Then she remembered, and in broken words told where she had left it the previous day in Bois Cerf. Ere the morrow's sun had set it was resting on the innocent heart that loved with so true and strong a love.

“On July 7th, 1906, Shura Raminoff left earth for Heaven, where she now scatters round the throne of our Lady the lilies that bloom but in pure hearts. She was laid to rest in the Jewish cemetery at Geneva—the one little Christian there, whose Requiem is chanted by the ceaseless ebb and flow of the silver lake from whose shores her soul soared Heavenwards.

“But, children, dear, there goes the bell for Benediction. I am sure you will all pray that you may love Jesus and His blessed Mother with a love something like that of our Lady's Lily, little Shura Raminoff.”

SR. M. GONZAGA.

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