

Harry Fletcher's First Communion.

Harry Fletcher (I have taken the liberty to change his name) is a dear little child living in the South. From the very earliest years of his still early youth, he showed in every act the workings of divine grace in his pure and stainless soul. I dare say Harry will live and die with God's greatest gift unstained, unsullied, — I mean Baptismal innocence.

When the little fellow made his First Communion in a Convent, where his aunt is now Réverend Mother, he was between the age of seven and eight. His recollection and deep earnest devotion far outpast many a maturer communicant's, even in those hallowed walls. Shortly after the great event his aunt asked him, "Harry, what did you ask our dear Lord this morning?"

Turning his candid eyes up to meet those of the good Sister, the child answered: "oh auntie, I must not tell." He did not, nor did the Sister inquire further, for she knew that one of God's little ones' and God Himself were sharing a secret.

Two years elapsed. Mrs. Fletcher said to Harry, one day, "Harry, I believe I'll cut off your curls. You are getting to be a big boy now."

The child quickly answered, "Do, Mother, but you must save them."

"Why should I save them?" asked the mother surprised at the boy's earnestness.

"You might like to look at them when I am a priest!" the innocent little boy answered.

"Are you going to be a priest, Harry?"

"Mother, I am going to tell you a secret. When I made my First Communion, I asked God to make me a priest; but I also asked Him that if I could not be a good priest, not to let me become a priest at all! I never told any one my secret."