

Vitoria, administered that of Confirmation. These facts were kept secret from the family circle. The little son, who knew all the details and minute circumstances of the domestic life, was ignorant of his mother's spiritual happiness. All the paternal ingenuity of the father could not persuade him to forget the glad emotion that thrilled his little love—the deep and holy impressions which he felt during the Corpus Christi processions, with its accompaniment of fragrant flowers, its curls of sweet smoke from aromatic guns, its starry lights, its tumult of song. Above all and before all, the holy Eucharist was his dream by day and by night, so surrounded was he by sheer love, so penetrated was his little breast by the darts of heavenly joy.

Every night, first assuring himself that his father was sleeping soundly, he would arise from his little cot and pray for a long time: "Oh, my Jesus," he would say, "when will I conclude my fast. Oh! when will I receive you, my dear Saviour, so that I may press you fondly to my heart, oh, my Lord and my God." That which occupied his mind most sensibly was the great change he remarked in his mother. Since their return from the Peninsula, her habits were so altered, that he imagined she were a different being from what she had been; every act of hers seemed so different from those of the past. One day he said to her: "Mamma, tell me truly whether you were baptized or not, so that my mind may not be so often thinking over it." The mother was perplexed by the question, but without awaiting for an answer, he said to her: "Oh, mamma, I see it already. I anticipate your answer. You are a Christian. With delight, I pardon you for what you have done, because I hope Jesus, in his loving goodness, will unite me soon in the same faith with you. Oh, await your first Communion for me. The mother, agitated between joy and fear, at length confessed to her son that she went to Holy Communion daily. The child burst into tears and sobbed audibly, and raised himself up and threw his little arms around her neck, caressing her, and with his warm kisses fondly embraced her.

"Oh, why did you not await for me,

at least permit me to be at your side when Jesus was in your heart, in order that I could too embrace the Divine Child, so amiable, so kind to us.

"Oh, dear mamma, the first time, keep for me some of your Communion, for you know that a mother divides everything with her children, mamma." At the impressive ceremony of the first Communion of the little children of the parish in which he resided in the French capital, he succeeded in evading the vigilance of his father, and was present, concealed in a dark corner of the church. The sight of so many of his own age, of both sexes, tastefully dressed, filled him with enthusiasm and transports of joy. At this time the mother wrote to her Rev. brother, that she could no longer resist the tears of her son, who was threatening to go and beg baptism from the first priest he would meet. She was completely perplexed, knowing that he had the necessary conditions for receiving it.

After reflecting over all the difficulties that surrounded the fulfillment of his youthful wishes, and knowing the opposition his father would inevitably impose to a public ceremony, it was arranged that the revered uncle should journey secretly from Bilbas, Spain, to Paris. When the child entered the church accompanied by his mother, where he was to receive the waters of baptism. The pious son of Our Lady of Mount Carmel addressed to him this solemn interrogatory:

"What do you beg, my child?"

"Baptism," was the firm reply.

"But do you know well that to-morrow, perhaps, they will strive to oblige you to enter the synagogue in order that you may take part in a ceremonial, abhorrent to your feelings, since it is abolished by the New Law?" "Do not fear, revered uncle, I solemnly abjure the Jewish faith." "But they would demand from you by threats, that you should tramp the crucifix in hatred of our Holy Father."

"I do not fear, uncle; I would die first, but perhaps they may succeed," he added, "in tying my feet and hands, and that in spite of shouts, they would by force place my feet over the crucifix; yet, when I would not have consented to it, I would not have apostized."