

When the time came for Communion, they marched up to the altar, and the priest carrying the Ciborium came down to them.

What poet but will exalt and admire the Church when she raises the Sacred Host on high and gives it first of all to a little child of seven; who will gainsay it is giving him a formidable arm against baseness, a light which those who possess testify to be their guiding star, their treasure.

And now when they file back I watch them attentively, so innocent looking, so happy, so neat and clean, so utterly unconscious of the slightest trace of human respect, bearing themselves like little athletes but with a quaint serious dignity that bespeaks their faith and reverence. And I thought how much more angelic than human they seemed, and involuntarily a prayer went up that they might ever remain thus—unspotted from the world, loyal, loving, faithful followers of the Eucharistic Christ.

No words of mine can adequately express my admiration at their admirable training; a training destined to assure their earthly happiness as well as their eternal salvation.

After Mass the young priest gave them a short practical sermon which concluded somewhat as follows: "Let us ever and always say, as fearlessly, as lovingly, as constantly and as faithfully as Bayard, Joan of Arc and our patron saints: Live Christ: Yes let Him live in our hearts, let all our affections be His; let Him live in our lives, let Him transform and change us into His life—by daily Communion".

In thus appealing to all that is noblest and best, in holding up for their imitation those heroic saintly figures