

you go to sleep promise our dear Lord you will try and be even better than I am sure you already are.

Whenever his Mamma was obliged to punish him, as happened sometimes,—for, after all he was only a lively boy, and who ever heard of a boy going through his never-ending pranks without—well, at least deserving a good scolding now and then?—her invariable punishment was to say in a stern voice: Go to your room, Sir? It may not sound much to you but to the sensitive heart of the child who loved her so dearly it seemed terrible, as without attempting to excuse himself he obeyed. But after a few minutes, he would come back all in tears, begging: “Mamma, please forgive me. I will be a good boy. I can’t bear you to call me, sir. I am your own little pet, Anthony! And of course, as you all know by experience, Mamma forgave him and kissed away his tears. Think of it children, his docility was so perfect that his mother, could say: ‘My son has never disobeyed me.’

In the innocence of his heart and the vivacity of his faith, this little lad of nine summers believed that the Lord Jesus came down visibly on the altar at the moment of consecration but that only the priest had a right to look upon him, while the people were obliged to bow down in order not to behold the glorious sight which would dazzle them.

One day, overcome with longing, he raised his head at the elevation and saw without the least surprise a resplendent globe of light surrounding the chalice. Ashamed of his temerity, he hurriedly bowed down like the rest of the congregation. It was not till long afterwards that he found out that this visible manifestation of Jesus’ presence was extraordinary and fervently thanked the kind Savior who had thus graciously deigned to strengthen his dawning faith. From that time the Blessed Eucharist became his life, his greatest delight. As a special favor, he asked to be allowed to serve the five o’clock Mass and often anticipating that early hour he remained praying outside the church waiting, as it were, the awakening of the dear Lord Jesus.

And now my story is ended and it’s time to say good-night; but before we do, won’t we all make up our minds to try to be as good obedient, kind and gentle as this little hero and when we are asked if we love Our dear Lord very much, answer like him: “Oh yes, I love Him as big as heaven and earth!”