

which flashed from the ciborium in his hand to a point far down the center aisle of the church. At the same moment the sacred particle left his trembling fingers and followed the luminous track as if it were a magnet.

Hushed in deep and solemn silence, the people saw the priest leave the Sanctuary, and walk down the aisle in the



First Communion of Bl. Imelda.

path of the shining light to the place where the little one, Imelda, knelt in tearful, longing love.

Over her head, like a bright star, hovered the Sacred Host, and her eyes were raised to It in joyful, childish wonder.