

How George Kept his Promise.

A TRUE STORY.

Many years ago, in a Catholic school at Rouen, France, a boy of ten years was among the First Communicants. He was handsome, studious, fond of play, yet pure and pious as an angel. He went to confession once a fortnight and was especially devout to the Blessed Virgin. As the great day approached he prepared for it in the most edifying manner. Finally, on the evening before he said to his teacher, who was also his confessor: Father, I have thought of something. I want to keep my white cravat that I shall wear to-morrow, and put it on always when I go to Holy Communion, so that I may be reminded never to commit a mortal sin. Do you think that would be a good plan?"

"Do you mean that you wish never to wear it except when you approach the Holy Sacrament, George?"

"Yes, Father, that is what I mean."

"I think it a very good plan. Have you said anything to your mother about it?"

"Not yet, Father; but I will."

The pious mother of the boy was pleased at the resolution he had taken, and readily gave her approval; and from that time forward George never approached the Holy Table without his white cravat. Some of his companions, especially after he began to grow older, joked him about it, thinking it an attachment of a little vanity which he could not renounce; and he did not contradict them. Whenever the boy went to the Sacraments—and that was frequently—his white cravat went also.

George had entered upon his last year of philosophy when the Franco-Prussian war threw two countries into grief