

look at the agonized Face of the statue he trudged away. After a few steps he turned round to give one last look. Some snow was blown off the shoulders of the figure, and horrorstruck, Jackie thought he saw it shiver.

Letting his precious burden fall and forgetting everything in his pity, and with a wild desire to comfort the sufferer, he ran back.

"Poor, dear Jesus, how cold you must be!" he said, as he took off his cloak and throwing it over his arm, clambered up, helped by the projection made by the girdle until he could reach the shoulders, then threw the cloak round them and secured it as well as he could.

Descending and looking up, satisfied that he had done all that was in his power, he said: "You will not be quite so cold now, Jesus," and turned away happy.

This time he must go on; mother would be waiting and longing for him and the bright fire that he would soon have blazing in the stove.

But he was very weary and, as he once more lifted his burden, he felt stiff with cold and fatigue, but with a smile on his lips he groped his way slowly homeward.

He was not far from home (nearer than he knew.), but as he passed a bank which was a little sheltered by some fir-trees, he felt compelled to rest.

"Just for one moment," he murmured. He was very drowsy, but he knew he must not give way to sleep. He would struggle against that, but he must rest—rest—just—for—one—one.....

Weariness had conquered. Jack fell asleep!

Yes, he woke again and at home, though when he first opened his eyes, he wondered where he was! Where were the snow, the sheltered beauty of the woods, and the icy gusts of wind? A soft balmy breeze was blowing on him, laden with the scent of flowers. Where was the bundle of sticks? He heard music, too, such as he had never heard before. Wondering he rose and was amazed to see that he was clothed in white, and that round his shoulders he wore a blue mantle, blue as the summer's sky, exactly like the one the Mother of God, the