

Alas! that such calm moments should pass so quickly. The little, feeble frame quivered, the eyes opened widely, dark with intensest agony, the dewdrops gathered on the shrunken face. Yet even in this suffering he managed to whisper:

"He comes, Father, on the feast. He will take me. I'm not frightened now."

And, as his agony increased, not one cry or complaint broke from him, only the holy names of Jesus and Mary. Then the tremor ceased, the lids drooped over the shadowed eyes, and Father Logan, bending over him, caught the last utterance:

"Heart of Jesus, burning with love—"

In the eastern sky the light gathered and spread in faintest hues of rose and amber; the morning star, quivering on the deep blue of the zenith, paled before the coming day. Another feast of the Sacred Heart had dawned upon the waiting world, and in the darkened room the good priest knelt in prayer beside the little lifeless form of the weak lamb now gathered into the bosom of the Good Shepherd.

C. M.

RABBONI

Lord when I am dying how glad I shall be
 That the lamp of my life has been burnt out for Thee;
 That sorrow has darkened the pathway I trod,
 That thorns and not roses, were strewn o'er the sod;
 That anguish of spirit full often was mine,
 Since anguish of spirit so often was thine.
 O! Sweetest Rabboni how glad I shall be
 To die with the hope of a welcome from Thee.

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