

From feeling aught of earth's most poignant grief!
And fill these children of my soul with love,
The love of Thee! 'Tis ever new, the love of God to man,
The love of Jesus to the sin-dyed soul!"

And so he spake, and evening's shades drew near,
And still the theme of *Love* was on his tongue,
Until, at last, as if his hundred years,
Impatient, clamored for a brief repose,
The sweet words faltered on the saint's pale lips,
His eyelids drooped, and sleep with noiseless wings
Descended. Then uprose the glorious moon,
And touched with light the sleeper's silver hair,
And the disciples gazed with love upon
The gentle teacher of their tender years.

And, as they gazed, the starry sky grew bright
With radiance not of earth, and brighter still,
Until at length the heavens themselves were oped,
And in the highest place, at God's right hand,
They saw the "Crucified" in splendor clothed,
And from His Sacred Heart the brilliant light.
And, as they gazed they saw their master's form,
His hoary head upon that Sacred Heart,
As when in youth, the night before the doom,
At supper he inclined on Jesus' breast.

And, gazing thus, they hear his gentle voice:
Repeating, as in ecstasy of bliss:
"My little children, God alone is love!
Oh! as He loved you, one another love!"
And then the vision faded from their eyes,
And naught remained to them but silent night
And form of marble beauty whence the soul had fled.

S. M. C.