

Father Ryan lifted her up to the level of the Sacred Heart. The tiny arms were twined round the Sacred Neck, and as the pretty lips were pressed against the open wound, he heard her say :

"Jesus, I love you, and I am sorry for you, and you know I wouldn't hurt you."

Would that more often Jesus received such true, heartfelt, acts of reparatory love as His baby-lover poured out that day.

Once outside that chapel, Father Ryan said good-by to his little visitor, and helped her into her own garden through the gap in the hedge which she had made use of that day. That night, before the Blessed Sacrament, the priest prayed : "O Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus for the conversion of the Jews, and in particular for Rosebud."

A few days later, as he was walking near the hedge, thinking of Rosebud, he heard her calling him. She was at the gap with her arms full of roses, and her whole appearance showed that she had had hard work gathering them.

"These are for Jesus," she said, giving the flowers to him. "Do you think He will like them?"

The priest looked at the flowers, the choicest of their kind, and then at the beautiful child. "Rosebud," he said, slowly, "I know one little flower that Jesus would like better than gardens full of these."

The lovely face beamed with smiles as she cried with delight, "I see the little flower, 'cos I see Rosebud."

Nurse's voice calling stopped any further conversation, and Father Ryan walked to the church to lay the flowers on the shrine. They had evidently been culled by the child herself, for they bore marks which told of a struggle. One snow-white bud was stained with blood. Father Ryan singled it out, and placed it at the foot of the statue, offering at the same time the Precious Blood, that one day another Rosebud might find her way to those Sacred Feet.