

was soon to follow into heaven. He made his confession for death with simplicity, as in his days of health; and did not forget, according to his custom, to kiss lovingly his dear little crucifix. Then he waited in peace for death or rather for the coming of his Jesus. He had received Holy Communion that morning. He died the Sunday following, or rather entered into the life whose seed had been sown in his soul by the Eucharist.

Where Jesus Waits.

Day with its busy care is o'er,
 And I, at last, am free
 To enter at the open door
 Where Jesus waits for me.
 He sits upon His altar throne,
 The sacred lamp burns low;
 I kneel and speak to Him alone.
 "Lord, bless me ere I go."

He does not chide my long delay,
 He does not turn from me;
 I almost hear His sweet voice say,
 "Come, weary one, to Me."
 Yes, I am weary of earth's chains,
 I fain would rise to Thee;
 Weary of self and selfish aims,
 "Lord, set my spirit free."