

how much weaker he had grown. The books, the pictures, all were laid aside; only his rosary was his constant companion.

"Perhaps, after all, Loys, we'll say June," he said, as the thought crept into his heart that the boy might celebrate the feast of the Assumption with the countless hosts who press round the throne of Mary Immaculate.

The boy's eyes shone with love and joy, and, drawing forth a tiny package from under his pillow, he handed it to the priest.

"I did it for you," he said. "I meant to give it to you on the feast, but I'll give it now, and perhaps on the feast you'll bring Him to me."

The package, being opened, revealed a small statue of the Sacred Heart, exquisitely carved.

"How clever you are, Loys! Many a great sculptor couldn't do better—perhaps not so well, for love has glorified your work. I'm afraid I can't arrange for the day want, as I'll be so busy."

"We shall see," said Loys, gravely.

Yes, it was, after all, the feast of the Sacred Heart when the King of Love came to the little longing heart. The frail thread of life was worn, and now Loys lingering in agony on the threshold of eternity, was awaiting the coming of the Lord he loved so dearly. Father Logan, summoned in haste, feared lest he should be too late, but the boy's trembling voice reassured him as he crossed the threshold.

"I'm waiting, Father—oh, such terrible pain! But I know He will take me when He comes."

Then, folding his frail hands, he made his last confession and prepared to receive his Lord and love, and, having received, lay so still that he seemed lifeless. The moments passed. Father Logan feared when he noted the trembling of the hands that clasped the crucifix, and caught the whisper of the first aspiration he had taught him. "Heart of Jesus, burning with love—" He drew back. Not by word or motion would he break in on that holy moment, when the weary little soul was resting in the embrace of the Sacred Heart.