

Her eyes filled with tears and the rosy lips quivered piteously. Father Ryan with great haste turned the conversation by suggesting that she should dine with him.

The invitation was graciously declined. Rosebud said she would rather stay where she was.

"Who is that?" she asked suddenly, pointing to a statue of the Sacred Heart.

"That is Jesus," was the answer. "Would you like to go nearer to Him?"

Rosebud agreed to the proposal immediately, and together they walked to the top of the chapel, the child all the time repeating the name "Jesus" as if she had heard it for the first time. That she might have a better view, the priest raised her in his arms, and long and earnestly Rosebud looked at the statue, examining every little detail.

"Why is He holding out His hand?" she whispered, after a long silence. "What does He want me to give Him?"

"He wants your heart, Rosebud," said Father Ryan; then, seeing how puzzled she looked, he added, "He wants you to love Him so much that you will give Him whatever you love best."

Rosebud considered for a minute, and then she said decidedly, "I love flowers best; I will bring Jesus some."

There was another long pause, and then the child, pointing to the wounded Heart, asked, "Who hurt Him? Oh! who hurt Him so sore?"

"The Jews did." Father Ryan, as he answered her, was wondering to what religion the child belonged. Her answer enlightened him.

"Jews," she repeated, as if the name suggested something, and then after a pause she said, "Nurse says I am a Jew; but, oh! I didn't hurt Him, really I didn't, I didn't."

The thought excited her so dreadfully that Father Ryan had to assure her he believed her, and to prevent another outbreak, told her it was time for them to go.

"First let me kiss Him," she pleaded.