

The die was cast, the dread suspense was o'er,
The Sacred Heart possessed one trophy more ;
He who on earth that white-robed soul had craved
Saw him in glory numbered with the saved.
This his reward for tears and anguish past,
To see that soul in Paradise at last ;
On earth as strangers, now no more to part,
Together praising Jesus' Sacred Heart ;
Clasped to that Heart, both in one same embrace,
Sharing forever the sunshine of God's Face

Written for "THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD."

THE WREATH UNFADED.

TWO children knelt side by side at the sanctuary railing of a little village church on the day of their First Communion. They were twins—brother and sister, the two only children of a Mr. and Mrs. Gray. The early morning sun streamed in through the open windows, across the little altar covered with fragrant snowy flowers, upon the dark head of the girl crowned with a wreath of white roses, and the golden curly head of the boy who carried on his breast a large bouquet. No sound broke the stillness save the murmuring of the priest officiating, and the morning songs of the birds outside.

Those beautiful young souls : what a happy day for them, a day of pure joy when the spotless angels hovered around to chant their songs of love and gratitude to their great Creator, who had entered for the first time—hidden in the Holy Eucharist—those two young hearts.

Mass came to an end and the children returned home—the love of Jesus pervading their whole being. Kneeling at the feet of their good and virtuous mother, they exclaimed : " Oh dearest Mother, pardon, we implore you, the pangs our faults have caused you in the past, and for the future, we shall be faithful lovers of Jesus and Mary." The mother clasped them to her bosom, assured them that they had never caused her pain, and placing her right hand on both heads, gave them her benediction.