

as he bent down he heard her gasp, "Jesus—wants—Rosebud."

A slight shiver passed over the tiny frame and all was over. Rosebud had gone, to blossom for all eternity near to the Sacred Heart. At the foot of his crucifix, in a small glass box, Father Ryan keeps a faded white rosebud with dark stains on its petals, and night and morning, as his eyes fall on it, he breathes a fervent "Thank God," which is always followed by the prayer:

"O Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus for the conversion of the Jews." — *S. M. J., in Irish Messenger.*

TO ST. JOSEPH.

Blest Guardian of The Ever Blessed ONE
And of His Virgin Mother! Hear our cry
For aid, for succour! Thine to live, to die,
With JESUS and with Mary; Thine to run
The way of God's commandments and to shun
All taint of sin; through all our life be nigh,
That we, like Thee, in death at last may lie
Safe in the arms of Mary and Her SON.

Oh Patron of the Household of the Faith,
Protector of Thy clients! Intercede
For us, for ours, in ev'ry time of need;
In life be near us, nearer still at death;
Make us like Thee in thought and word and deed,
And ev'ry home a Home of Nazareth.

FRANCIS W. GREY