

«Thank God you have come», said the old man, kissing the priest's hand. «My wife has been sick and ailing for a long time, but tonight she seems to me to be weaker than ever. Her end must surely be near.»

While these words were spoken the sick woman opened her eyes.

Father Damen took her thin hand and bent over her. There was no time to be lost.

«You should have sent for me earlier, my good man», said he to the husband, «still I hope to God I am not too late».

He heard the poor woman's confession, then hurried back to the church as quickly as he could to bring the Holy Viaticum to the sick room. While the dying woman with the deepest devotion prepared herself to receive the Blessed Sacrament for the last time, the old man, with the help of some other inmates of the house, got the room ready for the entrance of the Divine Visitor.

When the priest returned, the old woman was rapidly nearing her end. With every sign of inward longing and joy she received the Holy Viaticum. An angelic smile lighted up her sunken features and the peace of heaven seemed already to overshadow her.

A sudden idea occurred to the priest, and he asked the old man if he ever had any children.

«Yes, indeed,» was the answer, «two dear good little boys, whose greatest delight was to serve Mass; but the good God took them away from us in their childhood». The dying woman also heard and understood the question. A glimmering of the actual truth then dazed on the priest's mind. He bent over her and said softly, «Would you like to know who brought me to you tonight? And as she nodded affirmatively, he continued, «It was your two little sons, who came from heaven and showed me the way here, in order that you might not die without