

that angels may then prepare to accompany your soul ! I should then say to them, " Let me go down, that I may be near him in his dread hour, as he was with me when I laid my head to rest. I will wipe the death-sweat from his brow, I will smooth his pillow for sleep. The most faithful wife, the most affectionate children, could not smooth it like a mother's hand. The welcome of my love greeted him in the morning of life ; let it accompany him in its evening."

But the angel will forbid it, and say : " Stay, our hands are tenderer, and our arms softer than yours. You could only smooth his pillow, we can bear him upwards."

" Will they speak thus ? " Watch and pray !

And I too watch and pray. But I will wait for you at that hour at the gate of Paradise, hand in hand with your dear loving father. His eye sparkles, he has words of affection ready for you. You are coming ! Not to the left, but to us, in the name of Jesus—I stretch out my arms—blessed be God !

Till then, under the protection of the All-merciful—farewell And when the time comes, in the Saviour's name,—farewell !