

"God! what suffering!" said the lady, her eyes
 shining with tears. "Wait a little while, and I
 will give you plenty to eat and drink. That poor boy
 was dreaming of a priest saying mass. Are you
 sure?" inquired the lady of the sick woman.
 "Yes," was the answer, "and my boy never saw a
 priest saying mass".

Encouraging them to be of good cheer, and promising to
 return soon, the lady departed. She went to the
 Fathers, and told Father D... of the sufferers.
 A short time he was down with them, the lady
 attending him, and carrying some nourishment
 for him. No sooner had the priest entered than the
 lady exclaimed: "There he is, and the angels are
 with him. He was here last night."

Hot tears fell thick and fast down the good
 lady's cheeks as he viewed the misery and heard
 the tale of woe, and it is needless to add that besides
 attending them with bodily food, he gave to their
 souls the water of Baptism to refresh them,
 the Bread of Life to feed them. He found them
 ready to believe, and he gave them all the consolation
 of the Church. They were too reduced to recover,
 when they died, he stood by them feeling in his
 heart that God had taken pity on their sorrows, and
 that He who had placed in the sick boy's mind
 the idea of a Priest.

—(*The Sodalist.*)