

"It is easy to die here", whispered the grateful heart. Turning once more he perceived his wife weeping bitterly her head resting on the grandfather's shoulder.

"Little Mother, don't, please, don't cry. I am glad to die. My day is done. I am confident that, despite my sins, God will receive me."

She presented the crucifix and he kissed it long and lovingly. Then, looking for the last time into his wife's face, he said :

"Little Mother, you have made my poor little home a place of rest, contentment and happiness. You helped me to cling to God in the dark, cheerless days. . . . now, the light is coming. . . . 'tis He. . . . Goodbye, God bless you !"

The *Requiescat in Pace* must have had a deep meaning all its own to the "little mother" as she looked into the still features and thanked God for these last comforting words.



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