

old Saint, who bore my dead father's name, and who somehow seemed so real and tangible to me. If you will listen to me, I'll recite the prayer for you : Great Saint Joseph, my patron, Spouse of the Virgin Mary, and Foster-Father of the Child Jesus, protect me during my life and especially at the hour of my death, Amen."

"It is very beautiful. I am sure St. Joseph will reward you for your fidelity by granting you the grace to make a good confession."

"Sister," he almost moaned, hiding his head in the



pillow, "I do want to make my confession... but... you know it's so long since I made my last, that old soldier as I am, I tell you frankly I cannot."

"Take courage. St Joseph will help you. It is almost time for the Almoner's daily visit and when he comes I'll tell him your desire."

She had scarcely finished speaking when the priest advanced smiling brightly, and cordially asked the poor sufferer about his health.

"How I feel just now matter but little Father, what does, is the fact that I must die soon, that no skill can save me and that the end is liable to come at any moment."