

Oh ! what anguish for the poor father to see that little hand laid accusingly on his heart ! Its touch pierces him through and through like a sharp-edged sword, his face grows ashen, unable to stand, he throws himself on a sofa close by and buries his face in his hands. The tears proudly repressed on the morning of the First Communion have full vent now, they fall in torrents washing away the hardness of scepticism, the blindness which had fallen upon him, and prevented him from discerning the path of virtue ever since he had abandoned that of religion. "I am a murderer," he sobbed, "I have killed my little angel... I am not worthy to live..." "My friend, God does not wish for your death but for your conversion."

At the sound of this strange voice, the unhappy man raised his head and saw standing beside him the missionary Father who had come to visit his little First communicant of a few days previous and had heard his bitter self-accusations.

"Take courage, my good friend," he added, "come with me, come and tell me all your sorrow and its cause."

Together they left the room and when Angeline's father returned, a short time afterwards, his face was transfigured... but how much more changed was his soul !

By a superhuman effort, Angeline raised herself in bed and putting her arms round his neck, kissed him fondly : whispering weakly, "I knew very well you were the dearest and the best of Papas... Oh ! how good is dear Jesus of my First Communion. He has made me so happy."

She fell back exhausted and closed her eyes in supreme bliss as if every earthly longing were satisfied. Shortly afterwards, her pure young life went out in accepted sacrifice for an erring loved one.

Bitter tears were shed in Angeline's home that day, but up there, in the heavenly Jerusalem, the Seraphim sang triumphant and victorious : because there was one more angel safe in heaven and one more just man on earth.

