

Jesus' bell,' that is according to her way of talking, that of the Mass at which they would communicate.

"No, my child, I replied."

"I think it is, mama,' the little sick darling repeated, and she looked at me as if to see whether I was not going to the chapel to communicate.

"At the moment she entered into her agony, her father said; 'My daughter, do not be afraid, do not be afraid!'

"Her only reply was to knit her forehead. I repeated the same word, adding 'Jesus and Mary are there, there at Henriette's side!'

"At these words, our dear child began to smile like an angel, and while thus smiling, expired."

A White Father,  
*Missionnary in Kabyle.*



## A helpful little story.



A poor man, so poor that he had *nothing more than his eyes*, found out how to discover the great RICH ONE. For many years he passed the greater part of his days at His feet, looking at Him, listening to Him. From time to time, he said to Him only these words: "Lord, James is here before Thee," and then he was again silent. An hour or two later, he repeated: "My God, James is here before Thee." No other word passed his lips. Only with heart and soul did he utter his prayer so profound in its simplicity: "James is before Thee." At last, death came, and the holy man expired, Jesus having said to him these words: "James is going to be before Me for all eternity!" A holy priest on hearing this prayer, exclaimed: "That is the prayer of simple regard, self-abnegation, annihilation. It is sublime!"