

going to Holy Communion, she put her child on the bench, saying in a low tone:

"Riette, I am going to Jesus. Be good!"  
And the darling made a sign of the head which meant:

"All right, mama. I shall not cry!"

Returning from the Holy Table, the pious mother took the little one again into her arms. If the babe wanted to say a word, the mother, pointing to her heart, would merely say. "Jesus!" and Henriette would keep still, knowing that Jesus was there, so near.

But Jesus found the child so beautiful that He took her into His paradise, in the month of November, 1911.

I went to the village to console the parents and weep with them. At sight of me, Antoine exclaimed:

"Ah! Father, it is we who have caused her death. We are so bad, so weak, and perhaps we should have spoiled her later. The good God who sees all, did not will to leave the angel on earth. He has taken her to heaven near Himself. May His will be done, and may He be blessed for having allowed us to have her nearly three years! How many little incidents I could relate to you about my daughter! They would fill a book as large as your breviary. Let me tell you some of them:

"It sometimes happened that, worn out after a day of hard labor, I threw myself on my mat to sleep without having said my prayers. Our Henriette, would never have done that. Every evening, we would see her kneeling down over there before that Crucifix on the wall. 'Little Jesus,' she would say, 'take care of papa, take care of mama, take care of Riette, take care of Sœur Denise' (one of the White Sisters of the mission of the Oudhias). 'Little Jesus, you are good. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.' Sometimes, having fallen asleep without saying her prayers, as soon as she awoke she would want the lamp lighted, recite her usual formula, and go to sleep again satisfied."

"On the very morning of her death," the poor mother told me, in her turn, "hearing the Sisters' bell, she turned toward me and said: 'Mama, I think it is the

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