

and the lad gave way to a fresh agony of tears. After a while he grew calmer, and said in a whisper: "Mother, pray for me—pray with me, that I may bear this cross with Christian fortitude, and be taught to forgive my enemies—yes, as He, the dear Master, forgave them," he continued, reverently folding his hands together, "and gave His life for sinners like me, and died, the just for the unjust."

'They prayed long and earnestly, that sorrowful mother and son. At length a light broke over the pallid countenance of the youth; he raised his head slowly and with difficulty from that dear mother's supporting arms, and gazed into her tearful eyes with a look of unutterable love. "Mother, blessed mother," he whispered, "the agony is over; I feel calm and happy now. Our prayers are accepted; the divine peace which Christ bestowed upon His disciples, His last, best gift, is filling my heart, and the anger