

train at the wrong station, and had started on foot with the babe in her arms through the blinding storm to reach the village. Night overtook her, and she was on the point of giving up all as lost, when the light from this very window gave her courage to drag herself through the deep drifts and call for help as she sank exhausted in the snow.

"As she was telling her sad story, our tears and sobs mingled freely with her own—even father, stern as he always was, turned aside frequently to hide his emotion. Well children, to make a long story short—the stranger, worn out by sorrow and hardship, never arose from the bed into which our hands had placed her that night, and she gave up her soul to God, calling down His blessing on us and giving the little boy to our keeping.

"It was a sorrowful day when we laid poor Mary Farrell to rest in the village church yard; my very heart went out to the little orphan so strangely sent to our keeping. I made him my special charge, and happy indeed was I to see him growing nobler and handsomer day by day. Never from the time he began his innocent prattle, would he retire at night until I had told him again of his dear mother so glorious with angels of Heaven and how she would one day meet him at the Golden Gates. With his great blue eyes fixed upon me, he seemed to drink in every word. He was the pet of all the household—grandfather used to stroke his golden curls and tell him quaint old stories—even the farm hands forgot their rough ways and softened their voices in his presence. When I used to take him over to the village chapel on Sundays the children would gather about him after Mass and speak words of endearment, and the old folks would pat his little hand and speak many a fervent "God bless you child". Soon the day of his first communion arrived, and when I took him home from the chapel with me, the old house seemed filled with sunshine and happiness—how well I was repaid for all the care and attention I had bestowed upon him! But soon we noticed his cheeks growing pale and his blue eyes dull, and grandfather with a sad shake of the head said one day: "The boy is not long for