

There he had listened to the story of his wrongs. But the death-bed scene he had witnessed had made a greater impression upon his mind than any thing else. Even though it were the incoherent ravings of a poor daughter of Erin, he could not forget that prayer, "Curse them with a great and mighty famine such as never was before throughout the length and breadth of the land, cut off everything from which intoxicating drinks can be made. Starve them until they shall see the wickedness of perverting Thy bounty into that which takes the bread from the mouths of Thy children, and give it unto dogs until they shall see the iniquity of changing Thy good gifts into a curse."

"Curse them! curse them! Oh, Lord, starve them," had been the burden of her prayer; "they can stand it as well as I can." And as Mr. Bretman stood there for hours waiting for one bright moment when he might lead the poor weary soul home to the Saviour of sinners, he had formed this prayer. It had come like an echo of her prayers, and found a place in her heart, and Uncle John found himself many times repeating that prayer, and adding, "I can bear it as well as they can, and it is Thy way of putting an end to this abomination of desolation; not my will but Thine be done."

The poor woman had walked all those weary miles to see her boy, and found him in a jail. Not able to pay his debts, how could he help his mother? It was in vain for her to talk to Mr. Wilder. Her boy had got into jail; all he had got to do was to swear out; "you had better tell him so, marm"; its all the advice I have to give." And this, without a kind word, was all she received. Mrs. Wilder said, "she would not have the old woman about her house; they have had trouble enough with them already,—such a thankless race. After all she'd done for Jim Magee, she was not going to take the old woman's sauce."

So Jim's mother plodded her way back to her lonely dwelling, and one day Uncle John found her with naught to eat in the house, and a wild delirious fever had set in. She who had left her native land years ago to avoid starvation by famine, had at last starved to death in a land of plenty.

So they let Jim out of jail to attend his mother's funeral. After the burial Jim thought of Mr. Bretman. "I'll go straight to him, and he will tell me what to do. Shure if I've got a friend but me dead mother, it's him. I'll tell him it was me own fault me mother starved, and nobody else, shure. And if I'd only listened to her we might both be livin' in pace and plinty."

One can scarcely realize the sad lonely feelings which came