

But the poor heart broken wife could not stand those awful scenes. Her health failed, she grew weaker and weaker day by day, yet for her little lad's sake made superhuman efforts to keep up. Amid such surroundings her bravest efforts were useless and shortly afterwards poor Jim was left motherless. For days before her death her little laddie never left her. She tried to disguise her own sorrow to comfort him and spoke to him wise words from the fulness of her anxious heart.

"Jim darling, when Mamma is gone you will be very good? Will you not dearie?"

"Yes Mamma," the little hero answered through blinding tears.

"You will say your prayers every day for Mamma's sake. Just as if Mamma were listening as of old?" But the brave little heart faltered and with a long sobbing sigh he pleaded: Oh Mamma take me with you! Do not leave me here alone."

"Darling I cannot." Ah if she only could! What would become of him left with an inebriate father and street arabs for companions.

Putting her arms round his neck and clasping him close she murmured: My God, I give Thee my boy.... O Mary, you were a mother, you know how I love my babe, how I fear for his future, how I grieve at leaving him. Be his Mother I implore you. Guard and protect him O blessed Father de Montfort whom I have invoked so often keep him in the faith.

Worn out with grief little Jim fell asleep and when he awoke the angels had taken Mamma to heaven.

(to be continued.)

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Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be as its close—then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some good strength or knowledge gained for yourselves."