Thou wert too good on earth to stay, So God has taken thee away,

Hence those sorrowing tears.

Join with the saints in realms of day,

And with your kindred Angels pray,

For those you left behind.

Think of those who mourn you hear,
Think of your parents' who were dear,
Oft bear them in your mind.

Nor let your supplications cease,
Until your friends repose in peace,
And up to Heaven ascend.
Where Father Son and Holy Ghost,
Infuse in all the heavenly host;
Those joys which never end.

Thomas Bayly.

ST. FRANCES OF ROME.

THE LOSS OF HER SON-HER CHARITY.

Francesca bereft of her husband and one of her sons, re mained alone with her two younger children. These were her only comfort, especially her little boy Evangelista who had been an angel from his infancy and Francesca's delight in this lovely child was indescribable. On one occasion, being on the knees of his father, who was devouring him with kisses the child's countenance turned suddenly pale and laying hold of a dagger he placed the point of it to his father's side and said sadly: "this will they do to you, my father." It happened that the parent was daugerously wounded in the exact place pointed out by his little son. To be with God was Evangelista's only bliss; at the early age of nine years he helped his mother in all the pains she took with his sister Agnes's education. But the second invasion of Rome was followed by famine and pestilence and little Evangelista sickened with it. Francesca was told that the son of her love was dy-After his confession holding his mother's hand he said:

"Mother mine, I have often told you that God would not leave me with you long; that He will have me dwell with His angels. Jesus is my treasure, my hope, and my joy. I have ever lived with Him in thought, in desire, in unutterable longings. Every day I have said 'Thy kingdom come;' and now He calls me to it. There is a crown prepared for me, my beloved mother. The Lord is about to give it to me, and we must part for awhile. But bless His name, oh my mother. Praise Him with me; for He delivers me from all that your love dreaded