

## A SIMPLE STORY.



DOOR Jacques ! He little thought how much he impressed me when seated on the edge of the big arm-chair in the parlor of the Presbytery, he interrupted the catechism lesson to tell me fragments of the touching story of his life—a story sad as the sighing of the autumn winds through the leafless trees of the forest ! His words filled my heart with pity and many a silent tear dimmed my eyes as I sat and watched him.

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At six years of age he had lost that dearest of friends, his mother ; and his father, a man professing no religion, had married again, this time a poor washer-woman who in her better days had been a fervent Catholic, but who for years had had but one thought : how to earn sufficient to meet her daily wants. For several months after this marriage everything had gone on well enough. Then came a change : the father was stricken down with paralysis. Everything was sold, even the clothes of the sick man, to pay the doctor, to settle the bills for medicine, and lastly to meet the funeral expenses.

The only link that bound Jacques to his new mother was broken. Would they drift apart ? . . . No, for charity, the inseparable companion of honest poverty, inspired in the heart of the wretched woman the resolution to be a mother indeed to the helpless orphan. She would never leave him. They would share together the bread of misery—even this very often they did not have.

How often, shivering and naked, alone in the wretched hovel where he awaited the return of his new mother, Jacques cried with despair and hunger. During these long hours of waiting two loved sounds, however, had made their way to his heavy heart and called him for a few moments from his sad thoughts. One