

"Our Father, help me to be good, for Jesus' sake."

It was the turning of a contrite human heart to its God, the cry of a soul conscious of its own helplessness and need, the cry which is above all others welcome in Heaven, and is never left unheeded or despised. It became the litany of Joyce Wyndham's life, and in the fulness of time bore its rich and precious harvest, which blessed her own soul, and shed much light upon the pathway of others.

THE END.