#### CAN A MOTHER FORGET?

In one of the poorest and most overcrowd ed parts of poor and overcrowded London stands a little whitewashed house, differing from the squalid places round it only in its perfect cleanliness-for on entering nothing but the plainest and most necessary furnish-

ings are to be found. One bitter night early in February there sat, in the hardly-furnished sitting room, a young priest. He was evidently expecting some one, and some one he loved; for from time to time, he stirred the fire and looked with something like a sigh at the meagre meal which was prepared on the table. " must not put on coals," he said to himself, "for if the fire is really bright when he comes in, he will grudge himself the warmth. I dare not make ready a comfortable meal, for he will grudge himself the food. It is always so, for he thinks that he alone can do without rest, warmth, and comfort; for oh! how tender and thoughtful he is about every one else!"

As he sat down again, the door opened to admit a tall, powerful man, looking weary beyond words, and wet to the skin. It needed not his clerical dress to assure any who saw him what his calling was; for in teresting as his face must have been under any circumstances, it was rendered beautiful by the beauty of holiness, and the strength and sweetness mingled in it made it like the face of an angel.

"Dear brother," he said, as he came in, "I can go out no more this night, for my body is so weary and my heart so sore that I feel helpless and dispirited as I have rarely felt before. The sin and the suffering, the wretchedness and poverty, above all, the cry of the children, are breaking my heart. And if mine-O Thou loving Shepherd! what must the suffering be to Thee, in Thy perfect purity and unequalled tenderness How long, O Lord, how long ?"

He sank down on a chair and buried his face in his hands for a few moments, while the younger priest looked at him sadly and anxiously. It was so unusual for Father Warren's face to be clouded and so rare for his spirit to be despondent that he felt sure something was wrong, and that overwork and constant exposure were at last beginning to tell even on his magnificent health and frame. "Now, dear father," he said beseechingly, "do put on dry clothes and rest this evening and take a long quiet sleep, for if you persist in this constant self-forgetfulness, you will have to give up work altogether, and I think no greater trouble could befall you and us than that."

"Well, truly," replied Father Warren, "I am resolved to go out no more this night, for, though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak." He had hardly finished speaking when a ring was heard at the door, and the servant entering, said, "Father, a lady desires to see you, and begs you will not refuse her."

"Let me go," said the young priest, jumping up. "It is too hard, this perpetual importunity. I will speak to her, and tell her how unfit you are to do anything more

or see any one this evening.' "Do so, my son," said Father Warren, "but let it be courteously and gently said as befits those who speak in the name of a gentle and never-weary Master."

The young man crossed himself and left the room; he returned, however, after a few minutes, with a disappointed and somewhat mortified air.

"She will have none of me, dear father, but desires to see you and you, only; and in very truth I feel myself asking for her; her pleading is so touching and her longing so earnest that I have gone over to her side and can resist her wish no longer."

Father Warren rose briskly and said Do not let her wait a moment longer. feel to blame that she has waited so long ed, and they spoke as neither had done for already Bring her in at once, I pray you," and while the priest hastened to obey he placed a chair near the fire, and muttering to himself, "Neither turneth a deaf car to any poor man," he put the teapot on the table and prepared to receive cordially the unexpected visitor.

dressed in black. She was exceedingly fair to see, beautiful in feature and carriage beyond most women; but there was an inexpressible charm far beyond even that-a dignity and perfection of manner and appearance such as Father Warren had never seen before.

Advancing toward him, she said in a low, clear, and most melodious voice : "Forgive me, dear father, for disturbing you so late, and on such a night; but no other could fulfill so well the mission which I ask you to undertake. Will you come with me to bring comfort and happiness to a departing and erring soul? and will you bring the Holy Sacrament with you, that, having confessed and been absolved, he may go hence in peace?"

"Dear lady," answered Father Warren, "I have not eaten since the morning. My clothes are wet through, and I am very weary. Another priest of God more worthy than I shall go with you.

"Nay," she said looking wistfully at him, "I pray you, go with me yourself, for to you was I sent, and the time is very short. beseech you to come with me and make no delay. By the love of the Blessed Mother for her Son, by the love of that Son for all his erring children, I emplore you come with me, and come quickly.

She pleaded so earnestly and tenderly, and yet with something of authority in her tone, that the father yielded; and forgetting all but her anxiety and that some one had need of him, he hastily put on a cloak and I there. left the house with her.

A strong biting wind and sharp sleety rain made walking difficult and conversation almost impossible, so he followed the lady silently as they sped quickly along the narrow streets. Father Warren could not but marvel exceedingly that the lady did not seem to be aware of wind nor rain nor anything round her, but with firm tread and head erect she walked calmly and quietly though very rapidly on.

She moved as one with a set purpose, while a smile of hope brightened her grave

At last after walking thus for a consider able distance, they came to one of those quiet, old-fashioned squares, once the chosen residence of the wealthiest Londoners, but now deserted for places further from the | always kept ready for him. crowded centre of the huge city.

She stopped at one of the houses, and, knocking firmly and decidedly at the door, she turned round to the priest and said : "I have shown you the place and told you of ; the sore need of one who lives there. I can I you who have losed the door so that her do no more, and must go now. May the I holy angel cannot come to you. Return to blessing of God the Father, the love of God

the Son, and the help of God the Spirit go ]

with you now." She turned rapidly away and was quickly out of sight, leaving the priesta little bewildered at receiving so solemn a blessing from a that there was nothing unsuitable nor unbecoming in her giving it.

Before, however, he had time to collect his thoughts or explain to himself what he who seemed rather astonished at his appearance. "I have been summoned to a dying bed," he said; "pray take me at once to the

room." The woman looked perplexed, and answered: "There ain't no dying beds here, nor hasn't been this long time. Thanks be to

Heaven, we're all well in this house Sir !" Father Warren, "for I was conducted here by a lady who fetched me herself to the very door, and was in much anxiety and haste."

"There's no lady got no right tofetch any one here, and mistake there surely is," said the woman, rather testily; but looking at the priest and recognizing his holy character, she went on : " But you had better come in and explain it to the young master-for sure am I he wouldn't like a beggar turned from the door on a cruel night like this, let alone a holy man like you, as is well known to the poor and needy." So saying, she led the priest into a most comfortable room where was seated alone a young man evidently waiting for his dinner, preparations for which were on the table before him.

"This reverend gentleman have been led astray, Sir, by some visiting lady, and brought out of 'is 'ome, where better he would have been on a night like this, as rampaging the streets to come to a 'ouse where dying beds there is none, and nothing but health and comfort, the Lord be praised. But I knew as you would not wish him sent away, Sir, for the sake of her as is gone, and perhaps you can put him in the way to find the right 'ouse.

The young man smiled, evidently well accustomed to the ways of his faithful old servant, and, rising courteously, led Father Warren to a seat by the blazing fire. "Why, you are wet through and through !" he said. "At least let me take off your cloak, and rest a little, while you tell me how I come to the honor of this visit."

The father could not withstand the genial greeting, and, sitting down, told the young man how he came there. As he tried to do this, however, he found himself quite at a lost to explain the impression the lady had made on him, and how powerless he felt to resist her opportunity, or even to question her as to where she was leading him.

His host was grieved and concerned a the useless fatigue and exposure he had gone through, and said: "I fear you have, in your ready self-sacrifice, given way too easily to some charitable lady, more zealous than judicious, who, in her desire to do much, has, to-night at least, done too much, and made a mistake in an address which we can neither of us rectify."

Father Warren shook his head sadly, for he felt how completely he had failed to represent truly his calm and dignified visitor, and he sighed as he thought how, after all,

her mission had failed. "I shall not let you go out again till you are thoroughly warm and fed," said the young man; "and you must just console yourself by the thought of the kindness you are doing in sharing my lonely dinner, and in giving me the pleasure of your company on such a dismal night as this.

The worn-out, hungry man yielded to the cordiality and heartiness of the bright youth's manner, and soon they were together as though they were old friends. They seemed drawn toward each other in some mysterious way, and their hearts were open-

"I once belonged to your church," said the lad in rather sad, regretful tones; "but I belong to no church now. Since my dear mother died, nothing seems of real interest, and I feel that if she were, indeed, living, in any state she would find some way to com-The door was gently opened by a tall lady, municate with me, for heaven itself could bring no joy to her if I were shut outside. And, indeed, it is much the same with me, for I have tried every kind of life to forget my loneliness, but everything becomes dreariness without her, and I have found no one to fill her place.

"Nay, not so, dear boy," said Father Warren, very gently, "you have not tried everything-not faith and patience and perfect submission, with forgetfulness of self, the only things that can bring you peace and

"I do not want peace," replied the boyfor he was little more in his impetuous, loving heart-"I want happiness, I want my mother, I want my old full life back again. It cannot be true that she is living anywhere, in any condition, and has forgotten her only child, her boy, her companion and her friend. My father died suddenly of heart disease before I was born, and my mother and I were all in all to each other; we had not a thought apart. No! she is dead indeed! gone forever! Dust and ashes! and the sooner I am the same, the sooner will the aching of my heart be stopped, and

a useless life be over !" Father Warren was deeply moved by the passionate outcry and evident sincerity of the lad's grief. His mother had been dead for three years, and he had not allowed any thing to be touched or altered in the old house. He could not bear any change in her arrangements, and her books and work lay about as if she were still a living presence

As they talked together it became evident that the young man had drifted into disbelief of all kinds, and was tossed about on that dreary sea, forlorn and hopeless.

It would not become me to try and repeat the powerful arguments and loving pleadings used by the faithful servant of his Master to win back this lost soul.

The life of the priest was well known to the lad, and he remembered in what terms his mother had always spoken of him, how she had told of rank and wealth put aside by him, that he might the better bring comfort and hope to the poor neglected people among whom he lived, and his heart burned within him as the holy man pleaded with him more and more strongly to return to the fold he had left, but where his place was

"Come back, come back," he said, the faith and the Church which made your mother what she was -- what she is. It is you who, by unbelief and waywardness have raised the barrier between you. It is the Church of God. Confess your sins and I house and Lot.

receive absolution, remembering that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just men that need no repentance. Open your ears and your heart now, so that, through lady and a stranger, and yet with the feeling | my poor lips, you may hear your angel mother pleading with you for your soul's salvation-for another triumph for the

blessed Saviour's cross." I know not what further words he used, really felt about it all, the door was opened | nor dare I venture to describe the feelings by a stout, comfortable, respectable servant, of the youth as he listened; but, after a while, his better nature conquered entirely, and kneeling before the priest he cried "Receive me back again, I pray you, and bless me, even me also, O my Father !"

Father Warren, however, replied thoughtfully: "I think it wiser and better, my son, that you should take this solemn step when you are calmer and have fully considered it "There must be some mistake," replied | with prayer, for surely a second backsliding would be far more grevious than a first. will leave you now and return again to-morrow."

think of all you have said."

passed into the adjoining room, leaving the greatly that the natives did not move against

young man alone.

down, and found in the books, magazines, previously a rhinoceros had been captured little works of art, and pictures, further in a pit not far from the village, and on the evidences of the refinement and intelli- day he was killed and cut up a lion had gence which had been so marked in eve y- killed a mother and her child in revenge. thing he had seen in the house. But what arrested his attention most, and fascinated I asked. while it startled him, was the picture of a beautiful lady in full evening dress which eros.' hung over an old bureau, and beneath which was a vase of white flowers, evidently placed there by some loving hand.

new friend entered and said quickly, "You liberty to exercise my skill. are looking at the portrait of my mother! As we had only two or three muskets and wall between us had been broken down for distance of 200 feet, and it was about

it was very late before they parted for the | We were also in his line of vision. and his young friend did not appear.

seech thee !"

asleep," and he knocked loudly at the door. heard forty rods away.

when the Angel of Death came to fetch him | already begun to load the ox, when

"Who can doubt that it was his mother who came to me last night?" said the priest to himself; "for can a mother ever forget even in heaven, the child of her love on earth ?"

## Cost of an Introduction.

let me introduce you to my friend Mr. on.

glasses)-"Now, Brown, this introduction is not at all necessary. I've known Jones longer than you have. Jonesey, old boy, put it there." (They shake hands effusively.) scend and try to drive the bull away, when A while after Brown and Smith go out help came from an unexpected quarter. and Smith says : "Confound it, Brown, why

did you introduce me to that man Jones ! He borrowed ten dollars of me.' "You said you knew him better than did," returned Brown.

"Oh, well, I said that just for effect." "Well, it had its effect. you see." "Yes, and I am out ten dollars."

## The Princess's Yachting Dresses.

The Princess of Wales, writes the London correspondent of the Leeds Mercury, has jus had some new yachting dresses sent home by Redfern. One is in a blue and white striped boating flannel, with a skirt fitting like habit, and hemmed up at the edge in a deep fold, finished with several rows of stitching. With this is to be worn a loosely-fitting jacket with a small rolled collar. This is to be worn over a pale blue silk blouse, mad with a shirt front-a style of dress only quite recently adopted by the Princess.

The labor question: "Is it six o'clock

Fire and brimstone left Sodom without

#### IN EASTERN AFRICA.

An Adventure With a Rhinoceros. Quiloa there was never a day in the four gentleman, as second guide, over the Tschyears of my stay in Eastern Africa that I ingel glacier, was dismissed at the village could not have scared up a rhinoceros had I of Ried, his services being no longer reliteral sense. You don't have to scare up ult., at daybreak, alone, with the object of this animal in Eastern Africa; he is always returning to Lauterbrunnen. He crossed that I could have sighted a rhinoceros with- route of the Tashingle Pass, he chose the out going to much trouble. They were as shorter one across the glacier between the numerous in the Worumbu district as cows | Mutthorn and the Tschingelhorn, where he about a country hamlet, and now and then | fell into a crevasse about 7 or 8 A. M. on Sun-The natives had but one way of killing hours later-a gentleman spending the sumthem, and that was by digging pits. When mer here, in ascending the Tschingelhorn an animal had fallen into one of the pits he with Fritz-Graf, of Lauterbrunnen, as guide, was lanced to death and his flesh and hide passed the spot where Linda was engulfed, made use of, but as THESE CONCEALED PITS

"Now, I beseech you, dear, father, were a menace to hunting parties, and as do not leave me so, unabsolved; but ifiul they were liable to be uncovered by other your wisdomyou think it well that I shou d animals, their use in Worumbu Land had reflect further alone, then go into my libra- been abandoned some time before I made ry and take there the rest you so much need my debut. As their hides made excellent for a few hours, while I remain here and sandals, ropes, harness, &c., and as the animals had become so bold that they would To this Father Warren assented, and charge right through the village, I wondered them. In a little time I learned that super-He looked around him before sitting stition was at the bottom of it. Three years

"Because he was the friend of the rhinoc-

"How do you know it was in revenge?"

"How do you know that?" "Because he did not drag the bodies away

to be eaten." "Where have I seen that face before?" he It was impossible to argue with such thought. "It seems fresh in my memory, people with any show of success, but cirand yet I have seen none such for many cumstances brought about the change of years." He took up a book and sat down be- heart I hoped for. We had some fine oxen fore the fire, trying to rest. Tired as he was, in the village, broken to ride or draw the he could not sleep, for the picture seemed to rude ploughs used by the natives, and one haunt and disturb him. Again and again day when one of the head man's wives was he rose to look at it, till suddenly it flashed scratching the earth with a plough drawn across him, "The lady that brought me here | by his finest ox, a rhinoceros charged from to-night! How like, and yet how differ- a thicket and ripped the ox open with one toss of his ugly horn. Orders were issued While he was still standing looking, his to make war on the animals, and I got full

It is very like her. Is she not beautiful? very little powder I had to resort to more a bit of his personal experiences on "Gamb-Can you not feel now how I must miss her primitive measures. The country was full sweet company every hour of the day? Is of paths made by big game, and I selected nedy states that during the summer seasonit not strange that I feel nearer her to-night a spot about a mile from the village where a from May to November—these steamers are to than at any time since she died and left me path ran through a large thicket of thorns. resort of scores of professional gamblers who alone? Indeed, I feel now as if she were With the help of the natives I here dug a especially infest the smokingroom, banishing not really dead-as if we must meet again. pit twelve feet long, six feet wide, and nine | quiet and decency therefrom, and polluting Will you receive my confession now, or ten feet deep, but we had not yet covered the whole atmosphere with their coarse father, and give me absolution before I sleep, it over when game appeared. We could language and objectional ways. But it is not and then I think I shall feel as if the black | see along the path on side of the pit for a only by professional blacklegs that gambling

AN JOUR BEFORE SUNDOWN, conversation it is not for us to intrude, but fresh toward him, and he lad our scent.

night, and it was arranged that they should An African rhinoceros has no more sense opposed, the only reply he could give was meet again at the 7 o'clock service in the of fear than a rock. All other animals do that he had no authority from the company mission-room chapel the following morning. | more or less reasoning. The elephant will to interfere. In answer to the question, Imagine then the disappointment of Father | run away when the odds are against him, Warren when the service began and ended and the buffalo will calculate his chances a simple answer. All Atlantic steamships before an attack, unless come upon too sud- are furnished with a supply of wines and He was very sad. Accustomed as he was | denly. The rhinoceros, on the contrary, | liquors. Those who gamble generally drink to disappointments of this kind, he had never seems to have the idea that he owns the -some of them largely. To abolish felt one so keenly as this before. He had earth, and whenever anything moves he gambling on board would, therefore, tend to been so confident of the lad's carnestness, of makes a rush to destroy it. We were on reduce the surplus very appreciably. Thus, the strength of his resolve, that he would the far side of the pit, and as soon as we for the sake of increasing their revenues, renot give up hope. "I will go and see him," saw the beast we sprang up and waved our putable commercial companies sanction and he thought, "before I return home or break arms to attract him. He accepted the de- encourage a practice which is demorlaising my fast. Holy Mother, go with me, I be- fiance, lowered his head, and as he came for and immoral, the companion of other and He hastened away, and not without some | tended to run away, and the old fellow was | harm to society. difficulty found the house again. He was on the brink of the pit before he suspected not surprised to find the blinds down and no the job we had put up on him. He uttered sign of life, for it was not yet 8 o'clock. "Ah! a loud "Woof!" tried to put on the airhere is the explanation," he exclaimed cheer- brakes, and next moment landed square on fully. "Unaccustomed to such early hours, his head in the bottom of the pit, breaking of an event which, it says, occurred a day both servants and master are still probably his neck with a crack which could have been or two ago. Two gentlemen-a journalist

It was quickly opened by the same ser- At a later date we caught two more in this hotel in one of the avenues radiating from vant as the evening before. But oh ! how pit, and as we dug other pits in different | the Arc de Triomphe, where they had spent changed in her appearance. Her eyes were localities, and secured other prizes the beasts the evening. Unfortunately the concierge's streaming with tears, and she looked ten finally got it into their heads that the neigh- cordon was broken, and he could not find years older. In a voice broken by sobs she | borhood was dangerous, and therefore drew | the key. It was impossible for the visitors said: "He is dead. He is gone. Passed further away. There was an old banana to get out or for the tenants of the house away in the night in his sleep; no sound, no grove about two miles from the village, and who were abroad to get in. Our two gentlecry. The best master that ever lived. He now and then the women and boys would go told my husband to call him very early, and up and bring down a number of bunches. when he went to do so he found him lying They had always brought them on their promised to find a locksmith. All the shops calm and quiet, like a marble image." | backs or slung on a pole, but one day I made Father Warren passed by her silently into a pad for one of the oxen and brought six the room, and there, indeed, he found him large bunches down on his back to show lying calm and quiet, and very peaceful, what could be done. After this all the fruit to find an officer, they asked where was the but with such a look of bright happiness on | was brought down that way, and I generally his beautiful young face as showed plainly went with the party. We had reached the that he had felt neither solitude nor fear grove one morning about 9 o'clock, and had

## A WILD BULL APPEARED

in an open space a few rods off, and issued challenge to our ox to fight him. Now and then some of the cattle go astray and adopt wild life, and in such cases they are very fierce and dangerous. That this bull meant to attack us there could be no doubt, and the women and children ran away at once with Brown and Smith step into a saloon and cries of alarm. There was only one man bemeet Jones. Brown and Jones salute each | sides myself, and, as we had no weapons, his other and then Brown says, "Mr. Smith, suggestion that we climb a tree was acted

The bull pawed, and bellowed, and tore Mr. Smith (who has had several social up the earth, all the time coming a little nearer, and our ox was too frightened to even run away. He stood and trembled, and ap pealed to us, and I had determined to de-

> The open space in which the bull stood was about an acre in extent, and surrounded on three sides by thorny thickets. Paths led through these thicketsat intervals and all of a sudden we caught sight of a male rhinoceros debouching from one of these paths into the open. He had heard the racket, and wanted to take a hand in the row. He paused a moment to spuff the air is as follows: and get the lay of the ground, and then charged the bull. The latter stood broadside on, and did not see him, but as the rhinoceros made his charge his heavy tread betrayed his presence, and the buil wheeled to meet him. They were now head on and in a bee line, and we held our breath as they losed. The bull might as well have stood for a locomotive. The rhinoceros had his a kiss, from me, little jaw close to the ground, and as they came went backward in a heap, his head almost | touching and pathetic letter, with its baby torn off by the single blow. As he lay there, love and unquestioning faith and illustration bleeding and kicking, the beast gored him of the love between children and mother again and again, and left him only when that passeth understanding. The whole serve our ox the same way, but he went Clarke is kind to me, but she is not like away without coming nearer.

### Wonderful Escape of a Swiss Guide.

The following account of the escape of Christian Linda, a Lauterbrunnen guide, is sent to the Times by a correspondent at From the day of deserting my ship at Murren. Linda having accompanied a been so inclined. I don't mean this in a quired. He left Ried on Sunday, the 27th ready to scare somebody else up. I mean the Petersgrat, and instead of taking the they did great damage to the growing crops. | day. On Wednesday morning-that is 72 and, noticing an ice-axe on the edge of the crevasse, peered down, and saw Linda at the bottom. A rope was let down, which Linda was fortunately able to secure round his waist. With difficulty he was raised to the month of the crevasse, but being a very heavy man, his two rescuers were not powerful enough to bringhim to the surface. It was then decided that the gentleman should remain on the glacier while Grat obtained the necessary tackle and assistance to rescue the ice-entombed man. These were obtained at the Steinberg hut, or chalet, and when Linda was hauled up he was found to be nearly dead. He was carried to the Steinberg hut, and was removed to the hospital at Interlaken, his recovery being doubtful. During the 72 hours Linda was in the crevasse he had no food, for he was so tightly jammed between the walls of ice he could not get at the provisions he carried in a bag on his back, He was, however, able to lick the ice with his tongue. It is estimated that he was found at a depth of 50 feet. No one will be surprised to hear that his hands and feet are terribly frostbitten; the marvel is that situated as he was for so many hours without food to sustain animal heat, he was not frozen to death. Again, it is remarkable that the rescuers should have passed over not only the exact spot where Linda fell in, but just in time to save him.

#### Gambling on Atlantic Steamers.

In the North American Review, Captain William Kennedy, late commander of the White Star steamship Germanic, contributes ling on Atlantic Steamers." Captain Kenis carried on on shipboard. A common form of gambling among respectable passeng-"Willingly, my son," answered the good and some of the men were cutting poles and ers is to bet on the mileage the ship makes brush to cover the pit, when I saw a rhinoc- in 24 hours, and the excitement that accom-Into that solemn interview and subsequent eros in the path below. The wind blew panies it is intense. Upon being questioned by passengers as to why he permitted a a practice to which he was known to be Why do the companies sanction it? he gives us he made the ground tremble. We pre- worse evils, and all calculated to do infinite

## A Useful Burglar.

A Paris newspaper tells an amusing story and an artist-were about to leave a small men, who knew a tenant on the ground floor, got out by one of his windows and were shut, however, and none of the locksmiths in the quarter would take the trouble to answer when the bell was rung. Failing nearest police station. Meanwhile it was one o'clock, and a long line of benighted tenants were drawn up before the fast-closed door. Their would-be deliverers were beginning to lose courage, when a very suspiciouslookingi::dividualstumbledagainst them. The artist stopped the man quietly, and said-"I beg your pardon, sir, but you don't happen to have a jemmy and a set of false keys in your pockets?" The man looked at them suspiciously for a moment, and then whispered-"Is it to crack a crib ?" The artist explained to the night wanderer what was the service they required of him. "All right. But get the inquisitive people out of the way. I don't want to give free lessons." The burglar opened the door in the twinkling of an eye, amid a perfect chorus of thanks. The two gentlemen wanted to give the honest burglar a couple of francs, but drawing himself up with dignity, he exclaimed- "Sir! among pals !"

# A Touching Appeal From a Child.

In the Cincinnati Post-office, recently, in the general deposit of mail gathered at noon, was a much-thumbed and tear-stained postal card. The writing upon it was in a child's hand, trembling and uncertain. The address was "My dear mama in heven." The let-

"dear mama-I am so lonesome sins you went to heven, i want to go to you, the time seems so long, you said i could come to you. Mrs. Clarke is kind to me but she is not like you. you sho this to God and send for me sure, my arm hurts me so and you wil it would be well in heven. i send you

Cold indeed must be the heart that does together he flung up his head and the bull not moisten the eye that looks upon that life was extinct. We expected him to world of pathos is in the child's cry. "Mrs.