

had been telling him about the terrible accident which had killed their father, and of their having to leave the pretty little cottage, with the front sitting-room, and then of their mother's suffering, and want, and illness, and death; and perhaps he was thinking, that if he had not gone away, things might not have been so bad. Quite on to the end of his life, Jim will be very sorry to remember that his last word to his father was an angry word, and that his mother died in hunger and need, when he, her only son, who should have been her shelter from both, was far away, doing nothing for her.

After mamma and papa came in, Jim told us all about what he had been doing for the last thirteen years, since he ran away from home. He said he had gone on board a ship and worked his passage out to Alexandria. There he had got a situation in some engineering works which were going on in the neighbourhood. He had very little money at first, but when the master saw that he meant to stick to his work, he kept raising his wages until he was able to lay something by. Jim said he had always been fond of mechanics, and had learned as much as he could about that sort of thing at school,