

Stories of Girl Mothers. Very pathetic are the Sisters' tales of some of their patients. There was little A., only fourteen! looking such a child in her short frock and pinafore with fair curls about her shoulders. One morning after prayer she came to the Matron, who knelt with her while she asked God's forgiveness. Afterwards she expressed a wish that she was as good as Sister, but added sadly, 'Of course I can't be now.' The first day or two after her baby was born she was too dazed to realize it was her baby, but before long loved it dearly, and when her own mother refused to have the infant at home cried, 'Oh, I could not be parted from my baby.'

One day she was asked if a certain hymn was her favourite. She replied, 'No, Sister, but I have a favourite.' Pressed to name it, she looked up so sweetly, yet gravely, and repeated the opening lines of 'My faith looks up to Thee.' She went to have her baby registered, and the Registrar asked, 'And what little girl is this?' To the shame of our boasted civilization, the reply was, 'This is the mother!'