

ten in the red ink of human affection, baptized with the tears of spiritual anxiety, and caressed by the hands of an unselfish devotion. No wonder the young lad from the country said that he found three things in his mother's letter: Money, Love and Tears. This is the trinity of a mother's love made manifest.

A mother whose name has passed into history, once wrote to her boy, saying: "If you could see me kissing your picture and then, after awhile, taking it up again, and, with tears in my eyes, calling you 'My Beloved Son,' you would comprehend what it costs me, sometimes, to use the stern language of authority and even to occasion you moments of pain."

The mightiest prayers ever offered have ascended from a mother's lips. "My mother's prayers haunt me like a ghost!" said the conscious stricken sailor when slipping down the ratlines one night as though stung into nervousness by an unwelcome thought. "I knew that my mother would be praying for me" said one who became a famous American bishop. "I knew that my mother would be praying for me—and it helped me!"

The swiftest thing in the universe is a mother's prayer. From London to Edinburgh in a flash! From Montreal to Winnipeg in a flash! From Winnipeg to Vancouver in a flash! Oh, what a wonderful arrow of light, tipped with fire, aflame with love, winged with faith and vibrating with spiritual force. A mother's prayer is a thought of love passing through the universal heart of God and on its way from soul to soul. I seem to hear the reply of the Bishop