

my mother is to be left *for ever*. Who is she? It is the one who first received me into her bosom with emotions of joy none can tell. Kind Reader, bear with me a little, as I linger a moment, to reflect on her love.

With what fondness and tenderness did she fondle me in her bosom, and watch over me as I slept in my cradle, without an attraction except my *helplessness*? As I grew, for me she has given the sleep of countless hours and the toils of countless days. How tenderly and anxiously has she watched over me in my sickness. How full has that loving bosom ever been of self-denial and solicitude, to promote my happiness! How ready to hear all my little grievances; and to sympathize with me in all my little troubles. O! how tenderly has she borne with me in all my waywardness; and how kindly reproved me for my faults. How often have I sat by her side, as she read, or taught me to read the blessed Bible; and often too, have I listened to her read some story of Redeeming love, or of the perishing condition of the heathen. How warm! How deep! must be the attachment to such a mother. Take one instance more of attachment, if possible, deeper and more binding. It is that of a daughter united to a fond and loving mother by all those influences, just mentioned; but still more—she is the reflected image of her mother, both in person and *soul*. Thus, in their bosoms exists a *sameness* of feelings, coincidence of views, and a oneness of sympathy. Hence, the mother is to her instead of all society; and by whose side is her choice and most pleasant seat. How is that seat to be deserted *for ever*, and those tender, sacred ties to be broken! This is a love the tenderest, sweetest, purest, strongest, and most binding of all earthly attachments.

Again, there is the father. Who knows his emotions of joy, as he first received me into his arms? and that love for me, which was then awakened in his bosom, O how deep! Direct your thoughts to its workings. What have been his self-denying labours, to support, educate, and provide for me? How often, under the heat and burden of the day, has he wiped away the sweat from his brow and returned home weary and faint from the cares and toils of the day. All this has he endured for me without a murmur. The very first risings of complaint, checked by the thought, it is *for my child*. O how