

fault? Was it with father or mother? As a rule the mothers have been on the right side. John Randolph, the Southern statesman, wrote: "I should have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection, namely, the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and on bended knees, taught me to say, 'Our Father who art in Heaven.' " Robert G. Ingersoll, the eloquent agnostic orator, acknowledged, publicly, the many criticisms credited to him, concerning his father, who was a Congregational preacher of narrow views and unreasonable prejudices; but even though challenged again and again by T. DeWitt Talmage and other well-known American divines, he never questioned, in public or private, the Christian character and consistency of his mother's life.

"What have you left now?" said an agnostic to a young man after he had listened to a brilliant oration by the most eloquent infidel advocate of the present generation—"What have you left now?" The young man's answer was expressed in three words: "MY MOTHER'S LIFE!"

Said one friend to another: "Which translation of the Bible do you prefer—the authorized version, the revised, or the American?" His answer was: "I prefer my mother's translation!" His mother had made the doctrines of the New Testament real, vital and substantial. Her life had been an incarnation of Christian ideals.

The greatest letters ever written, measured by their influence, were written by a mother's hand. These are the genuine love letters of the world. Writ-