

yet remains something more to be told, and that is, that a mother will not hesitate to sacrifice her own life to save the life of the child she bore.

The Marquis of Lorne, in his "Sketches of Canada," relates how some years ago the wife of one of a band of Christian Indians on Manitoulin Island, wandered with her child in her arms too near the edge of the shore ice, in the spring of the year. The piece on which she stood suddenly broke off, and before help could be given, floated out into Lake Huron beyond reach. Death overtook both, but it was seen by those who found them that the mother's thoughts were all for her child. She had taken everything there was about herself and wrapped it about her babe. When at last, overcome by cold and exhaustion, she lay down to die, she arranged her body so that even in death it should shelter her child—her face bending over it with a fond expression that death itself was not able to obliterate. O sacred mystery of a mother's love! There is nothing like it, but the love of God in Christ, constraining Him to be crucified in the likeness of sinful flesh, that

we might be clothed in His righteousness and have eternal life.

"Like a cradle, rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Hangs this green earth, swinging,
turning,
Noiseless, jarless, safe and slow,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as little babes that suffer,
Toss and moan and cannot rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best.
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins bowed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great heart of God! whose loving
Cannot hindered be nor crossed,
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost.
Love Divine! of such great loving,
Only mothers know the cost,—
Cost of love, which all love passing
Gave itself to save the lost."



Why those fears? Behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship.
Spread the sails and catch the breezes,
Sent to waft us o'er the deep,
To the regions,
Where the mourners cease to weep.

—Selected.