

of her works, "We go away from home and when we return and are asked, 'What has happened to-day?' we say 'O nothing particular,' when perhaps, we have had escapes at which the angels have marvelled. I will guide thee with mine eye."

Perhaps the first and deepest and truest intuition of childhood is the need of a mother's care. Nothing else can take its place. Have you ever seen a child in the hands of strangers weeping as if its little heart would break, and refusing to be comforted? Toys and candy proved of no avail, until at last it was taken to its mother, when straightway the childish grief was soothed in the melody of a mother's voice. Even so the human heart craves for the mother-love of God. There are voices crying out from the deep places of our souls that can be answered and stilled only by the God that made us for Himself. We may try to satisfy them with the tinsel baubles of this life, we may try to drown them in the clang and clamour of daily toil, but only when as children of the Great Father we pillow our heads upon the bosom of the Almighty, are we true to the deepest yearnings of our hearts.

Especially is this child-instinct strong in times of suffering and trouble. There is medicine in a mother's voice, and balm in a mother's touch that cannot be found in any drug store. As the hurt child runs to its mother who gathers him to her breast, and puts her ear close to the quivering mouth to hear the recital of grief and pain; as she administers comfort and sympathy and the pain vanishes, and the burden is lifted from the heart, and the sobs cease, and the sun shines again for the little child; so God bows down His ear to the cry of His distressed ones. In all their afflictions, He gives sympathy and consolation, and makes answer, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

The child may be wayward and sin-

ful, yet that cannot turn away a mother's love. When everyone else has lost confidence in the boy, when the consequences of sin come home to him, and others say "It serves him right," the mother's heart is bleeding for her erring child. With exquisite ear she hears the first sigh of penitence, and with open arms she freely pardons. O that every wayward child of sin knew that God loves like a mother! O that all who are counted outcasts by society, and who feel themselves to be almost castaways, knew that all through the years of their God-dishonoring lives, in spite of their ingratitude and sin, God's love, unchanged and unchangeable, has brooded over them, and yearned for them with a fervency surpassing the love of a mother!

When at last the wayward child, blinded by sin, like the blundering prodigal in the fifteenth of Luke, turns his back upon home and goes awandering into the far country, and no one knows where he is, except that very likely he is treading in paths of sin, even then a mother's love will follow him. He may cross oceans, and live under many a clime, but he cannot rid himself of the encircling love of his mother. These words of the well-known hymn :-

"Go for my wandering boy to-night,
Go search for him where you will,
But bring him to me with all his
blight,
And tell him I love him still."

find an echo in every mother's heart. But God who put this enduring love into the hearts of mothers, has Himself a heart so full of love, that in the person of Jesus Christ He came to this world to seek and to save the lost. His great mission was to look into the faces of His Father's erring children, and to tell them of the love that they were spurning.

But that is not all. When we have said all this about a mother's love, there