

for those glorious lines, fit for the monument of a great soul:—

“If I were hanged on the highest hill  
I know whose love would follow me  
still;

If I were drowned in the deepest sea  
I know whose tears would come down  
to me;

If I were damned in body and soul  
I know whose prayers would make me  
whole,

Mother o' mine! Mother o' mine!”

And if, this morning, in passing out from the scenes of holy joy and heavenly association, you should find, on your homeward journey, some poor besotted, sin-cursed prodigal—shunned by man and forsaken by God—Nay, not forsaken by God, for God has never forsaken a soul created by the breath of His power—If some poor wandering child of Time should stagger across your path, I beseech you, remember, that—

“No matter how wayward his foot-  
steps have been,

No matter how deeply he's sunken in  
sin,

No matter how low is his standard of  
joy,

Though drunken and loathsome—

HE'S SOME MOTHER'S BOY.”

Is there any love on earth which will equal a mother's devotion? I quote: “Mr. Gladstone gave in Parliament, when announcing the death of Princess Alice, a touching story of sick-room ministration. The Princess' little boy was ill with diphtheria; the physician had cautioned her not to inhale the poisoned breath; the child was tossing