

angel form was ever present in the life of the great preacher. She haunted his thoughts in youth. She hovered over the study hours of his maturity. She lingered near the sacred desk as her famous son entered the Holy of Holies in the hour of prayer and petition. She stood by him in the moments of his fierce oratorical conflicts when he stood before angry mobs and opposing elements. I sometimes think that the sweetest mother is an angel mother—a mother who has passed over the Jordan flood, and for whom we wear the white flower of a never fading memory.

James G. Blaine, the famous American statesman, doted upon the fond memory of his mother. He says, "The last message my mother left, in her conscious moments, was for me. The last words she uttered was my name." Daniel O'Connell, the magnificent Irish orator, when he first heard of the institution of slavery, exclaimed: "When first I heard of the idea of property in man, it sounded to me as if some one was trampling upon my mother's grave!" What a telling comparison plucked from the wing of memory! What an eloquent tribute to the one whose revered remains rested in that grave! This chain of sacred contributions, like a necklace of jewels, like a rosary of fond memories, like the glittering flash of an ever recurring thought, like a thing of beauty forever, runs through all the pages of history and biography. How poor the man who has never felt the pressure of a mother's kiss and in the corridors of whose memory there lingers no sound or echo of a mother's voice.

The first university is the university