Behald Thy mother" this was a sweet spirit in Jens in the hour of suggesting. Behold they mother we too aglen for get what mother means is you love your mother for & have us many of mine I remember how I wend to crawe some one to love me when I would get hurt or sich and I know that is mother had been there she would have done it to you who have superienced a mother love all there you send indeed have a had quel of lower gor her. "My mother was the making of me" sail Edison. lige I am to my mother" said moody Justhe shadow of every great mains farme walks his mother She has pain the grice of his oncess. him with the heard him every him he noved when he was a baby to we she ? the find day the baland for him and yoursel Colorage with him light. at hard the did the big thing and the people grained time. Many a king for gets who is the king maker

woo wou know that poemed horr ble to quote, about the som who so belied the hame that he lifted his mother brutalls cut her body, separated the heart, which fell to the ground and pegan to roll away the murderer pursuing it in vain; lie ran and ran, but the heart always rolled just beyond his reach; finally in weariness and exhaustion the unnatural mürderer fell heavily on his face, whereat the heart at once stopped, and speke, saying tenderly "My poor son, I hope your fall did not hurt you much?" Wounds cannot bresk a mother love, well do we know it ourselves. Our own mother loves on and on, despite bruises we have inflicted on her loving heart, despite cruel words and crueler neglect.

This day given There is such attaining as an unrature Mother Sorry when it is known that Her child is to orine, when it makes its opperance it is turned one to the hurse, and the woman called its mother laser buil little time you goriety. I know and who was been in the dance when the child was --This is not motherhood but mockery. Let me picture a mother the mother by site of morching him of wedeers. See H. P. may 1820 PLLI. Listen a mather greatest congot is est bededidie pod can give a chied no sueder holier, recollection can shir a soul than for the child after years of no tauch is so blessed, so andwring, as the touch of her haird upon the hand when we kneed at her knee.

I saw the picture of a father holding his little three year old gibt at his kap In the picture was obacun about him what he werthinking about as he and the little girl out done by the fire who had recently gone to heave. The hall girl looking with his few wind " gaddy why on the tear running down your fore" What a true picture this is of a home without a willer in motherhood never comils cost karely. She takes the broken liscuit she stay home and gives her real in the cor to theme are dise the wakes and has sited that the girls may have new and A. If is wonderful to see the audurance of mother hood when not ando bused with the strength of a man. It is really driesie, the mother gazing who the same to the form at the goldows has same to the love of the man when he was a bake. However much he has change & her love remain. The never fails. There was anne

or theories their a man laring in after life that learns at his mother's knee things he Tapon disease who hall me out of water, who sed chicke neck? nother stay of home dways her Corls. more in spent for cosheli rome Time Man is spent of the living mother, Dec D730 Pusting to 7 gor Del, & 732 x po remore like that which come from michrostrucus of mother Del 7330 Really great men have always revern ced her mothers. 1. Mc Kirley provided - his wice that good gar this works should be cared for I I orfield 1st thing he did after inauge did president wer to kin til and water 3 Ex- Pres. Loubet of France true to him mostles a little mortest gordner No awailed her in the of a she came with Good of regelables and lifted her and and they sal down and had a long talk together. In humbatury to a mother to he inthout adveation but more hunde alway get he children Hower of south is gone and there when the left little the and an interest the course to convergenmen that there ger be how she has grine her life ar askand of her,

mother love goes with no matter not how low Repling was right when he saw " If I were housed on highest hill makes o'ming mother o'mine I know whose law would Jallow still mother o'min a mother o' mine II I were drowned with deepert sea I know where tears would come down tome mother of min O mother o' mine It I were cursed at body and some mather o'mine O mother o'mine! I know where prayer would make me whole main o'mine O mother o' mine