

If the path of life has led her son to fields of honor, her heart will glow with pride unspeakable. If he is called to war, she will bid him goodbye with dry eyes, although her heart is filled with tears. When he sleeps upon the tented field her spirit will keep watch. In the agony of waiting, she will die a thousand deaths, but will hide her torture. She will search for him among the slain and try with kisses to warm the unresponsive lips to life. She will coffin her heart with his body, and her soul will keep the eternal virgil of a deathless love.

"Mother love! It has produced, fondled, reared, inspired and glorified all the shadowy hosts who passed across the bank of time since man first raised his eyes toward heaven."

Think again of the years of prayer. How many of us can thank God for Christian, praying mothers? How many times have mother's prayers laid hold of us and led us in the paths of righteousness.

Let us thank God for Him who hung upon the cross hundreds of years ago and who looked down into His own mother's face and taught us the glory of motherhood.

And now, in closing, I bring a thought that has been beautifully expressed in these lines -

"God took unselfishness and love
Truth, wisdom, service lowly,
Ideals high as heaven above,
And purpose firm and holy;
He placed them in a tender heart,
Whose faith no grief could smother;
And gave these immortelles that hide
The sacred name of Mother."

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OUR PRAYER

We Thank Thee, Our Heavenly Father,
For the Victory Thou Hast
Brought Our Cause. We Thank
Thee That Thou In Thy Wisdom
Has Permitted Right And Freedom
To Prevail.

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