

Mother of Famous Sons.

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A lovely picture, dear to all hearts, is that of the mother keeping the cradle ajar with her foot, while her hands are busy with the tiny socks or the bigger socks, whose mending is sometimes the mother's only touch upon the household understanding. But the mother who would keep her hand upon the growing life must learn to deal with other points than those at the end of a needle, to weave stronger bonds than can be made of darning-cotton, and to sing the music to which the young new life keeps step, after the cradle is deserted and lullabies have ceased to charm.

That mothers have been doing these greater things all down the centuries is proved by the record of the noblest men of every nationality. The list is so long that a few names which it is possible to choose should be considered suggestive of the riches of the field rather than as illustrative of the great, amply proven fact that the dominant factor in most great lives has been the influence of the mother.

Washington's Mother.

Notwithstanding everybody's familiarity with her history and characteristics, the name of the mother of Washington has rightful precedence in our list. She was a beautiful girl, called the 'Rose of Epping Forest.' She married Augustine Washington, a widower and a gentleman of high standing and noble character, of large property and a considerable personal attractions. She was brought to the large old-fashioned colonial house on the banks of the Potomac, where we can fancy the bride covertly exploring her new home and scanning the footprints of her predecessor. In this voyage of discovery she was arrested by a small but rare treasury of books. The fly-leaf of one revealed the name of the owner, the first wife, 'Jane Washington.' Finding the inkhorn she wrote firmly beneath. 'And Mary Washington,' probably the first time she had written her new name. We all know how she read this book—it was Sir Matthew Hale's Contemplations—to her step sons and her own sons; how it was revered by George Washington, and how it is treasured today at our national Mecca, Mount Vernon, where both as mother and mistress Mary Washington led and guided her boy into the manhood that made him his country's leader and guide. Here, also, as the Revolutionary War went on, and her neighbors thronged her with plaudits and praises of her noble son—'their idol and hers—she restrained their extravagant words, saying simply, 'George seems to have deserved well of his country, but we must not praise too much; George has no forgotten his duty.'

When she heard of the surrender at Yorktown she raised her hands and fervently thanked heaven that all was over. She had not seen her son for seven years. Now he was coming home. No word of "glory" or "honors" fell from his lips or hers. Yet this thing among men had his reward. His mother had lived to welcome him back!

One has only to recall the familiar story of this noble mother's life to recognize its moulding power upon the patriot, the soldier and the statesman. His high temper and his habit of self-control were like hers as were his principals of equity and justice, his power of dealing with great and grave issues, and his habit of practical business detail. It was like her and like him, when she knew the world was regarding him as head of the nation, leader of victorious hosts, to say, "He has been a good son. I believe he has done his duty as a man."

The Mother of Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln's Mother, says Mrs. Bolton, to whose sketches we wish to acknowledge our debt, possessed but one book in the world, the Bible; and from this she taught her children daily. Of quick mind and retentive memory, Abraham soon came to know it by heart, and to look upon his gentle teacher as the embodiment of all the good precepts in the book. Afterward, when he governed thirty million people, he said: 'All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother. Blessings on her memory!' When he was ten years old, this saintly mother died of consumption, and was buried in a plain box under the trees near the cabin. For her boy the loss was irreparable. Day after day he sat on the grave and wept. A sad, far away look crept into his eyes, which those who saw him in the perils of his latter life well remember.

Phillips Brooks' Mother.

In the career of Phillips Brooks we have the tribute of a noble life to the influence of a noble mother. 'The son

Henry Ward Beecher's Mother.

Henry Ward Beecher says of his mother: 'I have only such a remembrance of her as you have of the clouds of ten years ago, yet no devout Catholic ever saw so much in the Virgin Mary as I have seen in my mother, who has been a presence to me ever since I can remember. Do you know why so often I speak what must seem to some of you rhapsody of woman? It is because I had a mother, and if I were to live a thousand years I could not express what seems to me to be the least that I owe to her. From her I received my love of the beautiful, my poetic temperament, from her also I received simplicity and childlike faith in God.' She studied literature and history while she spun flax, tying her books to the staff. No wonder then that her great son was an omnivorous reader. She wrote and spoke the French language fluently, painted on ivory, sang and played on the guitar, and was an expert with her needle. So meagre was the salary for the increasing household, only \$400 a year, that she started a select school in which she taught French, drawing, painting, and embroidery, beside the higher English branches. With all this work she found time to make herself the idol of her children.

Of Wendell Phillips, it is said that his love for his mother was a passion. 'Her earliest gift to him,' says Carlos Marty, 'was a bible. Her one counsel for him was, "be good, do good." That bible was his prized treasure for seventy years, and, says Mrs. Bolton, "Years after, when he stood up like a great oak in the forest, beat upon by wind and storm, he never forgot to keep his trust where his mother first taught him to place it. From her knowledge and common sense in political and mercantile affairs, he judged that other women must be able to take part in the world's work and therefore through life he asked for them an equal place in home and state."

William Lloyd Garrison.

William Lloyd Garrison's mother, too, was a noble woman, deeply religious, willing to bear all and brave all for conscience sake. Very poor, there was no chance for William, either in school, or college. When he was seven, his mother, having found work for herself as a nurse for the sick, placed the child with a deacon of the town. At sixteen he wrote an article for the Newburyport Herald, signing it, "An Old Bachelor." It was his mother who, six hundred miles away engaged at the sick bed of a patient, shared his delight and surprise when he saw it really in print. It was she who, through her long and loving letters, kept him in courage and gave him the inspiration to battle, that lasted long after the hand that perked them had ceased its work.

It was Samuel Johnson's mother to whom he said in his last letter; 'You have been the best mother, and, I believe, the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and of all that I have omitted to do well.' It was to defray her funeral expenses that in the evenings of one week he wrote Raselas, for which he received five hundred dollars.

Bishop Hall speaks of his mother's "life as saint-like. Never any lips so preached piety, never any soul that more accurately practiced it. He gave her credit for much of the character and influence that made him a power in the church."

"A Model for Mothers."

It was Garibaldi who says of his mother, a woman of humble station: 'She was a model for mothers. Her tender affection for me has, perhaps, been excessive; but I do not owe to her love, to her angel like character, the little good that belongs to mine? Often, amidst the most arduous scenes of my tumultuous life, when I have passed unharmed through the breakers of the ocean or the hailstorms of battle, she has seemed present with me. I have, in fancy, seen her on her knees before the Most High—my dear mother!—imploping

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imagination and perverting their moral sense with flashy and sensational fiction. Edison, partly from inclination, partly from over-consciousness, was wading through such ponderous tomes as Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Hume's History of England and History of the Reformation. We are justified in the inference that through such books as these, no boy, however remarkable, waded without the encouragement and comprehension of the woman who could bestow not only the instructor's gift, but the mother's sympathy and love.

for the life of her son, and I have believed in the efficacy of her prayers. 'Give me the mothers of the nation to educate, and you may do what you like with the boys,' was one of his favorite maxims.

In all the touching examples of the influence of motherhood, there is no story more tender than that of the devotion and the prayers that were rewarded finally by the conversion of St. Augustine. The heart connection of son and mother was indeed 'a fellowship of kindred minds.'

The Mother Of Napoleon.

The mother of Napoleon Bonaparte was the mother also of twelve other children, eight of whom were living when she was left a widow, at the age of thirty-five, Napoleon said of her: 'She managed everything with a prudence which could neither have been expected from her sex nor from her age. She watched over us with a solicitude unexampled. Every low sentiment, every ungenerous affection, was discouraged and discarded. She suffered nothing but that which was grand and elevated to take root in our youthful undertakings. She abhorred falsehood, and would not tolerate the slightest act of disobedience. None of our faults were overlooked. Losses, privations, fatigue, had no effect upon her. She endured all, braved all. She had the energy of a man, combined with the gentleness and delicacy of a woman.' Such was Napoleon's love for her that he confessed to his friend, when in exile at St. Helena, that in all his vicissitudes, only once had he been tempted to suicide, from which he was saved by the loan of a sum of money, from a friend, which sum he sent at once to relieve the distress of his mother.

Betraying Buckles.

General Duhesme was a distinguished French veteran, slain by the Prussians after the route of Waterloo. He was full of resource, and had great skill and presence of mind. At Pescara, when he was in great danger, a large fortress in front and a savage insurrection in his rear, his own common sense saved him.

'Who commands at Pescara?' he asked a soldier.
'There are two.'
'What is the grade of the chief in command?'
'A brigadier-general.'
'His name?'
'De Piastramaggiore.'
'His title?'
'A marquis.'
'His age?'
'About seventy.'
'Is he well preserved? Does he keep his color?'
'He is thin and pallid.'
'Is his voice strong and manly?'
'It is weak and dull.'
'Is he lively, gay?'
'Neither the one nor the other.'
'What does he wear on his head?'
'He is powdered, and his hair is done in locks.'
'Has he boots and spurs?'
'No; he wears silk stockings, shoes and great buckles.'
'Great buckles!' cried Duhesme. 'Bring up the guns and begin firing. The place is mine.'

Hard Question.

'The world is round, and it goes round, Uncle Rastus,' said the small grandson of the old colored man's former owner. 'Don't you understand about it?'
'No, honey, I can't say I does,' admitted Uncle Rastus, surveying the well-varnished apple with which his little guest had illustrated his argument. 'What holds de world up, dat's w'at I'd like to know, chile?'
'Why, it goes round the sun Uncle Rastus,' said the boy, eagerly, 'and the sun holds it up by the law of attraction.'
'Um, honey, I reckon you ain't gone quite far 'nough in yo' reasoning yet,' said the old man, with a smile of patronizing good nature. 'In dat case, w'at would keep de world up 'when de sun's done gone down? Answer me dat, chile.'

'H— I believe that my father and your mother were once very fond of each other. She—Yes, I have often heard mamma say she was more than half sorry they ever got divorced.'

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