

Praying Mothers

By S. D. Gordon

A good while ago in smoky, foggy, lovely London there was a fully surrendered, consecrated woman—gray-haired, bent back (she spent many hours a day over the washtub and the ironing board). She had a boy. He ran away to sea in his 'teens and for years she did not know where he was. And she prayed, of course. These praying mothers! And prayer never slips! Many a time the dew of her eyes mingled with the suds as she prayed for John on the high seas, she knew not where.

And the prayer was answered, of course. No real, simple prayer ever slipped yet. It cannot. John came to Jesus. And then he began telling others about Jesus, and he became known as "the sailor preacher" of London. And John Newton, London's sailor preacher, was the means of turning men—I will use a big word thoughtfully—by the thousands to Jesus.

Among the many that John Newton touched, there was one man, Thomas Scott—cultured, scholarly, moral, "didn't need a Saviour." Scott came to Jesus; and then Scott, as many of you know, by tongue and by pen—again I will use that big word—swayed thousands for Jesus.

Among the many that Scott touched there was one man, the very reverse of Scott—young, dyspeptic, melancholy, "too bad" for God to save. But Scott touched Cowper, and Cowper found out about a fountain filled with blood. And he was cleansed in the flood of blood. He wrote down his hymn, "There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood." Some folk do not like that hymn today. Some of the new hymn book makers are leaving it out. But the old hymn was sung, and saved people by the thousands.

And Cowper touched a man among the many: Wilberforce—clever, a Christian statesman, who was a lay preacher of the old school. And Wilberforce touched thousands of the great middle class (as they say yonder) of England and inspired the Empire to free its slaves.

And Wilberforce, among the many, touched one man, a vicar of the Church of England, in the Channel Isles, namely, Richmond. He was changed. And Richmond knew the story of the daughter of a milkman in an adjoining parish. She had had an unusual touch of the power of God. He wrote down her story. He called the little bit of a book, *The Dairyman's Daughter*. And *The Dairyman's Daughter* went into forty-odd foreign translations (a remarkable thing in that day). The little bit of a book went into peasant huts and king's palaces and all between and everywhere burning like a soft, intensive flame. And untold thousands of lives were touched and changed.

The center of the whole thing, an old woman—gray-haired, bent back, stubby fingers—bending over the washing and ironing as she prayed for her boy, John. And praying until John came . . . I am very clear about this; the Man on the Throne yonder, who came from the Throne to the cross and back, would say: "This woman, she was My friend. Through her prayer I could loosen out the power that touched untold thousands."

I have read the Bible through many times, and now make it a practice to read it through once every year. I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought and of rules of conduct.—Daniel Webster.

ON BEING A GOOD MOTHER

Oliver G. Wilson

"Rearing children," says Dorothy Dix, "is the most relentlessly logical process on earth. A mother always reaps what she sows."

To be a good mother requires foresight. Each girl should endeavor to build a body that is strong and straight. She must develop a disposition that is kind and cheerful, and that turns instinctively to God in worship.

To be a good mother requires brains, patience, perseverance, a sense of values and the ability to see the funny side of life.

The very first rule each mother should learn is: "He who would govern others must first learn to govern self." To lose patience and fly into a rage is a fearful example for your child. Remember children are great imitators.

A good mother must have enough love balanced with good sense, to keep from spoiling her child. The spoiled child is an unhappy child, and is always unpopular.

A well known psychologist says: "A child that is petulant and disobedient and a nuisance to everybody is merely a victim of parents who have been too incompetent or negligent to train it to obey."

We often hear the phrase: "He's only a child once, let him have what he wants if it will make him happy." The lesson taught the child is that whatever will make him happy is his desert. This is a first law in the principle of crime, and the child is being trained for disillusionment and heartbreak.

It is not what he wants that will make him happy, but fitting himself into the pattern of living with which he is surrounded. The child who is never taught lessons in adjustment to circumstances, who is never compelled to go without something desired, is growing up ignorant of the most basic principles of living.

Be firm but kind in training your child. Know what you want your child to do and, why you want him to do it. Make this clear to the child, then patiently insist that the child obey. If punishment is necessary, be sure that it is of the kind suited to the temperament of the child, and in keeping with the offence.

A quiet confidence in God and in life's situations, a poised spirit, a keen mind, a thoughtful tongue, a cheery hopefulness and helpfulness, an earnest purpose, in the mother will breathe itself into the child. And the reverse is just as true. Be in heart what you would have your child be in life.—Wesleyan Methodist.

CHRISTIAN MOTHERS

By Olivia C. Campbell

God gave us Christian mothers, sweet and dear,

To comfort little hearts and cheer;
And of His love He gave a part,
Safe anchored in each Christian mother's heart.
But as they work, He bids them pray,
Lest little feet should go astray.

God gave us Christian mothers, good and true,
To teach their children what to do;
For hope and patience are a part
Of every faithful Christian mother's heart.
So in His Word He bids them read
And all His thoughts and precepts heed.

"Behold Thy Mother"

By Rev. Roy T. Brumbaugh

"Behold thy mother!" These words were spoken by Jesus Christ as He was dying for the sins of the world. The Apostle John then took Mary into his own home and lovingly cared for her until she died.

What a "Mother's Day" that was! At that hour a sword was piercing the soul of Mary. Christ was on the cruel cross. Mary was bearing a cross. Her heart was breaking. Is not that typical of motherhood? Can there be true motherhood without sacrifice?

As long as "Mother's Day" is kept sensible and spiritual, its observance will do us good. If and when it deteriorates into sloppy sentimentalism, its observance should be dropped. Artificial sweetness, superlative sentiments, tear-drenched voices, "sob stuff," and related "gush" caricature true motherhood. However, unless we are hardened, our hearts will be warmed and thrilled on Mother's Day and other days.

Mothers, we salute you!

And what does Mother look like? Many artists have tried to paint her portrait, but no one has ever painted a true picture of a typical mother. She is a real flesh and blood being, not an angel. Neither does she sport a halo. The mother of the living room, the sick room, the kitchen, and the home is non-glamorous, but useful; and she is certainly not a celebrity according to the bobby-sox standards of a passing age. A mother may be good or bad. She may be lovable or despicable, spiritual or carnal, cruel or kind, heartless or Christ-like. The Bible tells us about every kind of mother from Eve, the fallen mother of the human race, to Eunice the believing mother of Timothy, the young Gospel preacher, who also had a wonderful grandmother. What a succession in Christ: grandmother, mother, son!

The home is central in society. Destroy the home and you destroy society. That is one of the many reasons why communism is so dangerous: it is a sworn enemy of home and of God who created the home. It is God's plan and command that parents, and not the state, should bring up children, and that according to the Word of God and not in conformity to a vicious ideology which trains children to disobey and betray parents. The home is important, and mother should be the living center of the domestic circle. Through love, teaching, and example, she molds the lives of her children. The maternal touch is superb.

The thoughts, disposition, and acts of a mother are frequently repeated in her child. Almost every sinner or saint, every criminal or patriot, every Christian or communist, was once held in a mother's arms. A few mothers are to blame for the downfall of their children. Most are not. I have heard a few curse their mothers; but most men praise them. The mother of Nero, a bloody Caesar, was a murderess. The mother of that tragic man of letters, Lord Byron, was self-centered, cruel, and vicious. The mother of Napoleon was energetic and forceful. The mother of George Washington was big-hearted and honest. The mother of Sir Walter Scott was poetic. The mother of John and Charles Wesley was godly, cultured, and prayerful. The mother of Augustine was so spiritual and strong in faith that her once wild son became a leading saint in the church of God.

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)